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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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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.

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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.

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OLD RELIABLE STORES
OLD RELIABLE STORES!

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

STRONG EASY SUITS..... $6.50
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Great variety SACK and CUTAWAY SUITS.. 10.00
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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 general 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,
very 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 at Esquimaux Beaver at $10 to $15.00, and the Chinchilla overcoats at $18 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.
W. H. LATERNER, One of the Salesmen.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Christopher Geonz, dec'd. Letters testamentary to the estate of Christopher Geonz, late of Washington township, dec'd., having 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.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE!—ROBERT GILLAN and wife, of Blacklick township, Cambria county, having made an assignment of their property to the undersigned for the benefit of their creditors, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to them to make payment to me, and having claims against said parties will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
J. A. SHOEMAKER, Assignee.
Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.-3t.

$5 and UPWARDS. Parties with limited means interested in Mining enterprises, at *bottom rates*, please send address for *free* prospectus to OSMAR FLETCHER, 97 Broadway, N. Y. City

$72 a week, $12a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address *True & Co.*, Augusta, Me.

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.

$10,000
Worth of NEW GOODS of all kind will be opened this week at
Corn's Store, in Chest Springs.
Everybody should remember that we are NOW OPENING the largest and most complete stock of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.,
For the HOLIDAY TRADE ever offered for sale in Cambria county. Mr. Corn has just returned from New York and Philadelphia, where he has purchased an immense stock of fashionable goods at the lowest figures. Everybody, therefore, should go to
Corn's Store, Chest Springs,
WHERE THEY MAY DEPEND UPON GETTING
GREAT BARGAINS
In everything they buy. The biggest stock of goods on the Allegheny Mountains, we repeat, will be
OPENED THIS WEEK
At Corn's New Store, in Chest Springs.
BRING YOUR CASH OR PRODUCE.
SIX ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS.
☞ Mr. Corn himself, aided by an efficient corps of clerks, will be in attendance and always ready, willing and anxious to wait on you all, either old or young, large or small. Thankful to
Farmers, Lumbermen and Citizens Generally
for their past patronage, and hoping for a continuance of the same, we remain
STRICTLY CASH OR PRODUCE FOR GOODS. Yours, Respectfully,
S. B. CORN & CO.

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.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA
A CURE GUARANTEED, 25 CENTS BY USING
DR METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS
HEADACHE CURED — DYSPEPSIA RELIEVED
DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.
A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.
are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works upon natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (It will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

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.

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.-6m.

"THE EMERALD ISLE."

[Epithets and phrases of general significance in human affairs and world description become the common property of the people. They belong to the tongues rather than to the books, and are used without quotation credit. "The Emerald Isle," descriptive of Ireland, is such a phrase. It was first used by somebody—no one knows who—but the anonymous author was careful to point out its first appearance in a poem of his or hers. The poem is preserved in vol. ix. of the Belfast *Monthly Magazine*, 1812, printed and published by Joseph Smyth. It is introduced by a statement that it was written and first published in 1795, and evidently the phrase soon came into general use. The author was anxious that its connection with the poem should not be lost, and to preserve the emerald in its original setting was the object of its republication in the magazine. The following is the poem complete, and the sentiments are those of the sons of Erin to-day.]

ERIN.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green island—He saw it was good.
The em'rald of Europe: it sparkled, it shone
In the ring of this world the most precious stone.

In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice bless'd,
With back turned to Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands, proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp to the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is cast o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past, tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of the heart makes the white bosom rise.

O sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time
When religion was—war; and our country—a crime!
When man, in God's image, inverted His plan,
And moulded their god from the image of man.

When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger—a friend; and the native—a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children distress'd,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.

When with Pale for the body, and Pale for the soul,
Church and State join'd in compact to conquer the whole;
And while Shannon ran red with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance, and pronounc'd it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.

Let my sons, like the leaves of the shamrock, unite:
A partition of seets from one foot-stalk of right;
Give each his full share of this earth and yon sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas for poor Erin, that some still are seen
Who would dye the grass red in their hatred to green!
Yet oh! when you're up and they down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they did not give.

Arm of Erin, prove strong! but be gentle as brave;
And uplifted to strike, still be ready to save;
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good; and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue;
And the daughters of Erin her triumph shall share;
With their full-swelling chest and their fair-flowing hair.

Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest on that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Erin, awake! and make haste to be bless'd:
Rise, arch of the ocean! Rise, queen of the West!

THE PILOT'S STORY.

We had grown up together, Mollie and I, our parents being near neighbors, and—which does not always follow—firm friends as well. They were poor and I suspect that fact had much to do with their friendship, for opportunities were always turning up for helping one another; and I have often noticed that when near neighbors are well off and have no need for mutual help there is very seldom any friendship between them; there is more apt to be jealousy and competition.

Our parents being such good friends it naturally resulted that Mollie and I should follow their example. We went to school together, read together, played together; and, somehow, when Mollie was eighteen and I was twenty, we agreed to travel together all the rest of our lives, and were very happy in that agreement; in fact, no other would have seemed right or natural, either to us or our parents.

From the earliest days of my boyhood I had a fondness for the water, haunting the palatial steamboats that floated on the great Mississippi river, on whose banks nestled the city in which we dwelt, and at the period to which I am about to refer I had just secured a position as pilot on a small freight steamer.

It was not much of a position, to be sure, nor was there much of a salary attached to it; but, small as it was, Mollie and I decided that we could make it answer for two people, neither of them extravagant or unreasonable; besides which I had hopes of better times to come, as I had received words of commendation from my employers and promises of speedy promotion.

So early one bright morning, having obtained a day's leave of absence, Mollie and I were married, and stepping into a carriage I hired for the occasion we started off, having decided on a day's excursion to a celebrated cave near by, this being all the wedding trip we could allow ourselves—not that we cared the least, however; we were too happy to be in the least disturbed by any shortcomings of the sum or purse.

We had scarcely driven beyond our own street when we were brought to a halt. A messenger whom I recognized as belonging to our steamboat company hailed me.

"Here's a note for you from the Superintendent."

Thus it ran:

"Am sorry to have to recall your leave today, but you must immediately go on board the Mobilia, which is ready to start up the river. The pilot is too ill to attend to duty, and you are appointed to take his place for the present."

"There goes our bridal trip all to smash," said I as Mollie read the note.

"Why so?" she asked.

"You see I must go to the pilot house of the Mobilia."

"Very well," she replied. "We shall just go up the river instead of to the cave. Drive on, Rob; let us go down to the wharf in state."

"But you can't go in the pilot house with me, little goose."

"Of course not; but I can sit on the deck outside," laughed Mollie, "and we can cast languishing glances at each other."

And so it came to pass that I took possession of the Mobilia's pilot house, my heart glowing with love and pride—with love, for there just below me, on the deck, sat my sweet bride; with pride, because the Mobilia was one of the finest of the beautiful floating palaces of the Mississippi, and to pilot such a one had for years been the height of my ambition.

The steamer was fitted up with a double cabin, one above the other; the upper one opening upon a small deck, reaching out toward the bow, near the centre of which, on a raised platform, was placed the pilot house. The deck was always occupied by passengers and this morning it was particularly crowded, for the boat was heavily laden with people taking advantage of the beautiful weather to make an excursion up the river.

Some rough fellow jostled against Mollie's chair after a while, and she rose and passed down into the cabin, "to get a drink of water," she whispered to me as she passed; but I suspect it was to prevent the bursting of the thunder clouds she saw gathering on my brow.

I saw the insolent fellow made no attempt to follow my dear one, so I gave myself up to my own happy thoughts, and looking out into the far distant, peaceful shores of the river, over whose placid bosom we were moving so swiftly, there rose from my heart a glad, silent hymn of rejoicing.

But suddenly a cry broke from the cabin behind me that effectually changed the subject of my thoughts.

"Fire! fire! fire!" A horrible cry at all times, but most horrible of all when it rings forth in the midst of gay, unsuspicious hundreds floating in fancied security in the midst of the waters.

An instant's awe-struck silence succeeded that awful cry, and then three hundred voices of men, women and children united in fearful heart-rending shrieks for help.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Aye! there was no mistake about it, nor false alarm. No one could tell how it had commenced, but there it was creeping along the roof of the upper cabin, with the deadly flames greedily lapping up every scrap of awning and curtain they could find upon their way, ever and anon darting long tongues of flame down to the floor to clasp the light chairs and tables and settees in their fiery embrace.

As well seek with sieve to scoop up the waters of the great river on which the Mobilia floated as to try to subdue the roaring, devouring enemy that had seized upon the ill-fated steamer.

The people darted down from the blazing upper cabin to the forward deck below, where as yet the foe had made but little headway, and there our brave captain—who was that *rara avis*, "the right man in the right place"—succeeded in partially quelling the panic.

"Keep quiet," he ordered, "keep quiet, and stay where you are, or I will not answer for the lives of any of you. The steward will provide every one of you with life preservers, but there is no reason for anyone to go overboad—not yet awhile, at any rate, unless suicide is desired. Keep quite, I say. Pilot, head her straight for the land, half a mile ahead." We were at least twice that distance from the shore. "Engineer, put on all steam—crowd her on! We will run a race with the foul fiend who has boarded the Mobilia."

There was an instant's pause, and then, with a groan and a surge, with the timbers creaking and the windows rattling, and, as though in mortal terror, the Mobilia gathered herself up to run her last race.

Each passing moment the flames crept on and on, never pausing in their terrible march. Fortunately they leaped upward rather than downward, so there was as yet but little danger of the panic-stricken crowd on the lower deck.

But the pilot house was directly in the track of the flames, and already their advance guard was beginning to surround me, singeing my hair and eyebrows.

Suddenly there was a murmer among the people below and the next instant a light form flew up the ladder leading to the little deck by the pilot house, and, before I could say a word, my precious Mollie had thrown open the door, and closing it again, stood by my side.

"Mollie, Mollie!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, go back, go back! Don't you see how the flames are creeping towards us here? Go, go, my dearest, my own true wife! Don't unman me by making me fear for you. Go down where I can feel you have a chance of safety."

"Bob Thorne!" she exclaimed, her eyes eyes looking straight into mine, "Am I your wife?"

"Surely, surely, thank God!" I muttered. "But go, go!"

"My post is here, just as yours is," she answered firmly. "I will stay here, Rob, and if you die I will die, too. We will make our wedding trip together, my dear husband, even if it be into the next world. Keep to your duty, and never mind me, Rob. There is hope for us yet, and if the worst comes, why"—and a grave, sweet smile crept around her lips—"we are still together, dear love."

I saw it was no use urging her any more, and besides something swelled in my throat, so I just gripped the wheel hard and looked right ahead, though everything looked dim just then, and my devoted darling stood calmly at my side, watching the flames that were creeping closer and closer upon us, leaping around the pilot house like hungry demons impatient for their prey.

"Thorne," cried the captain, "come down. Lower her and yourself over the rail. We'll catch you. You cannot stay there any longer. We are very near the shore now, and the rest we'll take our chances on."

It was an awful temptation. I knew that did I follow the captain's advice, both Mollie and I would be safe, for I was a good swimmer, and should the boat not reach the shore, I could save her and myself; but then if I did this would I not deliberatelty expose every one of the eight hundred souls on board to destruction? True, the boat might keep to her course during the short space remaining to be passed merely from the impetus of her approach, but again she might not—and then?

I looked at my dear wife inquiringly. "Stick to your post, Rob," she said.

"No, sir!" I shouted back. "I shall stick to my post; I shall stay here till I run her clear to the shore or die first."

"My brave Rob!—my noble Rob!" murmured Mollie,

But alas for my devoted Mollie! Alas for me! Not the pilot house only, but the entire deck around it was now surrounded by flames. It was too late to lower ourselves to the deck below. The railing was all ablaze.

My arms, released from the guardianship over the wheel, clasped Mollie close to my heart; but my eyes and brain were busy seeking for some mode of escape from death that seemed each instant more certain.

All at once my eyes rested on the paddle-box. It had not taken fire yet; the flying spray had saved it. I had only to dash across the flame-swept deck and fling open a little door in its side, which afforded ready access to the water beneath in safety. No sooner thought of than done.

"Take my hand, Mollie," I said, "and run with me. We shall be saved, after all. Wrap your shawl across your mouth. Now, run—run!"

Leaping down on the deck, we sped, hand in hand, to the paddle-box. I dashed open the little door, and pushing Mollie inside, passed in myself and drew the door close again, shutting out the eager flames, whose angry roar pursued us as we dropped gently down into the shallow water and crept from beneath the wheel.

Our appearance was hailed with a shout of delight and relief, for all had given us up as lost, and we must have been but for the Heaven-inspired thought of the pilot house.

Now that the danger was over, poor little Mollie fainted, and no wonder.

But she soon came out all right, and as the people began to find out that "the brave little girl," as they choose to call her, was really a bride of only a few hours, and that we were on our wedding trip, there was a regular ovation, followed up by nine deafening cheers.

The island upon which the Mobilia had been beached was low, sandy and uninhabited, altogether not an inviting place for three hundred people, without a particle of shelter, to pass a half day upon; yet even in this plight there were few grumblers in our midst.

There was no room in our hearts for any feeling but that of thankfulness for our preservation from a fearful death; and after the peril of the last hour or two it seemed a small matter to wait patiently for the coming of the relief boats that we knew were sure to arrive before many hours went by.

Though some miles from any large city, we knew that the burning steamer must have been seen from the farm houses scattered sparsely along the river bank, and that from these notices of the disaster would be sent to the nearest town. And so it was. Before nightfall several small steamers arrived, and after that but a few hours elapsed before we found ourselves safely at home and our adventurous wedding trip at an end.

But the result was not ended by any means. The terrible nervous strain I had endured, combined with the severe burns I had received, threw me prostrate on a bed of sickness.

When I was able to report for duty again, two weeks later, I learned that a noble gift from the Mobilia's grateful passengers—no less a sum than $2,000—lay in the bank awaiting my order. Not only this, but the steamboat company had voted me a gold medal and the appointment of pilot of the finest steamer on their line.

Years have gone by since my brave wife and I had so nearly journeyed out of the world on our wedding trip. From pilot I have come to be captain and part owner of one of those beautiful floating palaces that used to excite my envy; but never do I pass without a sickening shudder the little island where the Mobilia won the last race—a race of fire against steam, of life against death.

A DUTCH VICTORY.—The other day a German called on grocer to pay a bill, giving him a ten dollar note. The grocer examined it closely and said:

"Hello, where did you get this note?"

"Vot ish de reason mit dose note?" replied the honest Teuton. "Don't she vast good, hein?"

"Good!" answered the grocer. "Why your a lucky man; that note is worth $10.20."

"Ish dot so? Why for?"

"You see the signature over here, don't you?"

"Dose tings like corkscrew mit de worms? Yah."

"Well, that's Spinner's signature."

"Vell?"

"Well, Mr. New is now treasurer of the United States."

"You don't tole me so, vel?"

"Well, the notes signed by Mr. Spinner are getting scarce, and the people pay five per cent. more for them than the new issue.'

"Py shimney! Ish dot so?"

"Let me see your bills. Why, every one of them is a Spinner. Man alive, your fortune is made!"

In pursuance of the grocer's advice, Mr. Schneider called at the sub-treasury to get the premium on his bills.

What success he had is impossible to state, but he was seen later in the evening lurking around the street by which the grocer must go home, and being accosted by an acquaintance, the following conversation took place:

"Der peoples from Sharmony fight well, hein?"

"Oh yes; the Germans are unquestionably a military nation of the first class."

"Some big fights, hein?"

"Yes."

"Leipsic?"

"Yes,"

"Und Sadowa?"

"Certainly."

"Und Worth?"

"Yes."

"Und Mars-la-Tour, und Gravelotte, und Sedan?"

"Of course."

"Dose vas all big battles and de Dutch licked."

"Yes."

"Vell, you joost vait till dot grocery store shuts himself, and you saw a Dutch victory vot make you forget all dem little ones."

WHILE a Chicago girl was leaning over the railing of the veranda one night, singing "I'm Waiting, My Darling, for Thee," her long-legged lover sneaked out of the shrubbery. "Birdie!" "Amanda?" They embraced. "Have you missed me?" she murmured. "Missed you, my angel? does the lonely dove miss—" But there came a dull, hollow thud, as if some one had hit an old stump with a maul, and he shot out in the darkness, while a voice as deep as a bass horn said: "Birdie has gone, Amanda, and you can turn the gas out in the parlor and go to bed."

"JOHNNY," said his father as the boy took the primal biscuit from the plate, "don't you know that it is impolite to help yourself before your elders?" "Why, pa, mother told me to help myself before you." "What do you mean, sir?" asked his father, while his mother looked up with astonishment depicted in every feature. "Why, I heard mother tell Aunt Hannah that she hoped I wouldn't take after you, and so I thought I'd take my biscuit first."

LOCHINVAR—READJUSTED.

Oh, William Mahone is come out of his State,
Throughout the wide border the lightest his weight:
Save his balancing vote he weapon had none,
He came all unasked and he came all alone,
And the man he believed in was William Mahone!

He stayed not for Wise, and he stopped not for Jones;
He crossed party lines through brambles and stones;
But ere he alighted at Capitol gate,
The committees were waiting—the General came late;
"Readjuster," in peace—in the Senate alone,
Was there ever a man like William Mahone?

So boldly he entered the Capitol Hall,
'Mid st Democrats, Radicals, pages and all!
Said Senator Hill, with his hand on his sword
(For the men who had bought him said never a word),
"Oh, come you in peace here, your faults to condone,
And to vote with your party, Mr. William Mahone?"

"I long wooed your party, my suit you denied,
My vote is engaged, but not on your side,
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To vote but one measure and then to resign;
There's a party here present more liberal, I own,
Who gladly will bribe Mr. William Mahone?"

So weaxen his form and so brazen his face
That ne'er did the hall meet such a disgrace,
While Conkling did fret and Logan did fume
And Democrats tittered all over the room,
And Cameron whispered, almost with a groan,
"'Twas a high price we paid for William Mahone?"

There was swearing 'mong braves of the Democrat clan—
Tuckers, Huntons and Daniels, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing by Johnston and Lee,
But Billy Mahone ne'er more did they see!
To plunder a State and her debt to disown,
Was there ever a statesman like W. Mahone?

—*Washington Star.*

SEVEN TIMES A WIDOW.

For the benefit of that venturesome class of people who, like those possessed of an irresistible desire to risk their lives among savage African tribes, would—the sad shipwrecks of so many of their friends notwithstanding—venture on the treacherous sea of matrimony—for their benefit, I repeat, says a Vienna correspondent of the London *Globe*, it becomes an imperative duty for me to make known a unique chance of connubial bliss which has lately come to my notice. It is of Katharina Chasna, of Verbo, in Upper Hungary, that I speak, and let him that would secure a prize in the marriage market hasten to the land of pomade and paprika, and without a moment's delay make her his own. For time is pressing; she has often been snapped up, and will in all probability be very soon snapped up again. A wife who thoroughly understands her social duties, and who is perfect in her paces, is, I take it, universally acknowledged to be a "desideratum;" and if the lady I have now the honor to introduce to public notice does not fulfill this condition, then nobody ever will. For, like her sister in holy writ, she has had seven husbands, and the last one has just died.—Here, however, the simile comes to an end; for instead of the sevenfold widow following her masters, Katharina Chasna is as sound as a bell, and, if what is generally said be true, has but one anxiety in life, and that is to get married—"sobald als moglich!" Our heroine—surely she must be a heroine—first married at seventeen. She began her crusade against the opposite sex modestly enough, for she selected a shoemaker, who, however, succumbed to consumption at the end of fifteen months. He hardly lasted as long as one of his own pairs of shoes—best quality. Number two was a much tougher customer. He entered the list at the ripe age of eighty-seven, held out thirteen years, and died a fortnight after his 100th birthday. How long he would have lasted under favorable conditions is an interesting but now bootless speculation. The affair so preyed on Katharina's mind that she was fain to marry within one month for consolation, and this time it was a widower, who, however, came to a watery grave, for he died of dropsy after four years of bliss. All this ill-luck was beginning to tell on Katharina's spirits, and she determined now to invest in something "warranted to last." She lent a modest ear to the burning tale of a stalwart farmer of 28; but alas! he succumbed to an "accident," almost before the expiration of the honeymoon (whether he committed suicide is not clear). I will spare you the next three husbands, the last of whom died on Wednesday. Suffice it that fate seemed to pursue them all, and hustled them one after the other into the "great unknown." If Katharina does not marry again soon it will be her own fault, for suitors are after her.—Although between 40 and 45, she is still strikingly handsome, has a splendid figure, abundant black hair, and does not look a day over 35. But, ah! well a day! she has cast her flashing eyes on a youth of 21, who is himself over head and ears in love with some one else. The mayor of a neighboring town, a rich widower of 77, is said to have become quite childish on the subject of Katharina, and humbly mumbles his suit. She will doubtless take him out of "pique."

ABOUT EDITORS.—Every editor loves to have his friends, and particularly his readers, call on him. They belong to the same family, as it were. But when you call to see the editor don't stay too long. Editors are generally very busy in business hours. If you have any suggestion to make or news to communicate, state it in as few words as possible. Don't offer any excuses, or indulge in a long preface to what you have to say.—Blurt it right out; tell the editor you wish him well, and bid him good day. Editors dote on such men as that; they love to receive calls from them. Don't argue with them; don't try to do it; he has no time for argument while at work.

When you write to an editor for publication, make it short—boil it down. Pitch right into the middle of your subject, and be sure to stop writing when you are through. Editors always like something fresh and original in the way of communications, and are especially fond of news. But the editor must always be the judge of what is worthy of publication. Of course, every writer thinks his own production the best, just as every mother thinks her baby the prettiest that ever was born. But the editor may be so stupid as to have a different opinion. If so, it can't be helped. Don't try to argue him out of his notion. If he is too stupid to appreciate a good thing, you can't expect to remedy his dullness. You may think you are a good deal smarter than the editor, and that may be true, but the editor is the responsible party and you are not. There is no class of men so anxious to please a majority of the people as editors are. There is no class of people so covetous of the good opinion of others. It is well to remember that fact.

THREE RAILROAD STORIES.

A CAT-RIGGED SAIL CAR—A STAMPEDE—A WILD PRAIRIE LOCOMOTIVE.

R. R. Randall, of Lincoln, Neb., was in Toledo a few days since, and related an incident of his first experience in railroading in Illinois. This was in 1845, and Mr. Randall was then a boy. The Springfield & Meredocia Railroad, at present forming the oldest link in the great Wabash system, had just been built.

One bright Sabbath morning, while all good little boys were at Sunday school, Mr Randall, with four other urchins, going out on an exploring expedition in search of fresh mischief, found a flat-car standing on a side track. The boys, after many experiments, hit upon a plan to propel the car. A strong breeze was sweeping across the prairies.—They obtained a piece of scantling and a sheet, and rigged a sail upon the car. The wind rose, the sail filled, and the car moved down the track. By the time it reached the main track a good speed had been obtained, and the boys, enjoying their first trip upon the railroad, were in high glee. The car swept on down the main track, gaining speed every moment. Houses, corn-fields, gardens, and orchards were passed in quick succession but the car sped on, its velocity never slackening. The boys were becoming uneasy. They were getting too much of a good thing. They tried to lower the sail, but in that they failed, with the car in such rapid motion. They could not even stand upon their feet. An engine whistle attracted the attention of the boys. Down the track approaching them at full speed was a train.—The boys all jumped from the car into the soft mud. As they scrambled out of the mud and dived into the adjoining corn-field, Mr. Randall says he remembers the impression of a shock, and something going up into the air behind him. Fortunately no one on the train was hurt, but the collision made a great stir in the neighborhood at the time. The boys, covered with mud, never stopped running until they reached home. The country was scoured for the persons who wrecked the train, but even to this day, now thirty-six years since the occurrence, the boys have kept the secret of their first ride on the Wabash.

The railroad builders of that day had some peculiar ideas. The western terminus of the Springfield & Meredocia was located in the public square in Jacksonville, right in the heart of the city. When the road was finished, a grand excursion was given to Jacksonville. Thousands of people, very few of whom had seen a locomotive, came into the city from the surrounding country. The streets adjoining the square were literally packed with all kinds of vehicles. Some one cried out, "The train is coming!" The people rushed into the square to see the wonderful sight, and left the horses and wagons standing all around the square. The engine, then an object much more frightful to dumb brutes than now, came puffing and screaming and panting down into the square, throwing out great clouds of steam and black smoke, the engineer evidently intent upon showing the people how much fuss the old thing could make. The horses outside panted and snorted in imitation of the terrible iron monster which was frightening them to distraction. Then a stampede commenced, and such a stampede was never seen before. A thousand runaways were in full blast at the same time. Mr. Randall estimated that in three minutes after the arrival of the first train in Jacksonville a half dozen whole vehicles of any description could not be found in Morgan county. Fortunately, but few persons were seriously injured, but such a wreck of wheel carriages was never seen before nor since.

At this time serious doubts were entertained of the success of railroading, the principal argument being that the cost of building the roads was too great. Judge Sample, a well-known gentleman of Springfield, proposed to solve the problem by dispensing with the road-bed and the track. He invented and built a monster engine, which, without road-bed or track, he proposed should traverse the prairies between Chicago and St. Louis, drawing after it long trains of wagons, just as many as the farmers along the route should choose to hitch on. He made the first experiment with his monster engine, built after the fashion of the railroad engine of that day, on the prairies near Springfield, in the summer of 1845. The engine had nearly completed a circuit of five or six miles over the rough, uneven surface of the prairie, crushing down the tall grass in its track, when, getting up considerable speed on the home-stretch, it struck an unusually large gopher hill and toppled over, breaking some of the machinery. The trip from Chicago to St. Louis was never made.—*Railroader.*

THE CLEAN NEWSPAPERS.—There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals who make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting scandals and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized today than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that, as people in all ranks of life, who wish to protect their own at least from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called "enterprising" because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing the sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous time. The sickly sentimental story papers, and wild ranger and pirate story books, are slowly yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of decent newspaper it may be said, that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young and old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase the journal that devotes itself to sickening rev