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

READ THIS! HEED THIS!

IF A NEW SUIT YOU NEED,
IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED,
This ANNOUNCEMENT to Read!

Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to furnish every man and boy to whom this comes greeting with

MADE-UP CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining counties. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

WE ARE SELLING A MAN'S GOOD BUSINESS SUIT Hard throughout, for $2.75 This suit invites and defies all competition.

WE ARE SELLING A Man's Good Business Suit for $4.00. The same kind of a suit was sold last season for $5.00.

WE ARE SELLING A Man's White DUCK VEST for 50 cents, which sold last season, and was considered cheap, for $1.25.

WE ARE SELLING GOOD SUITS FOR BOYS from 8 to 12 years old, with long pants, for $3.00, which surpass anything of the kind you ever saw for the money.

WE ARE SELLING NEAT SUITS FOR BOYS, from 4 to 8 years old, at 75 cents, which astonish all who see them; and good WOOL HATS for men and boys at 40 and 50 cents.

WE ARE SELLING MEN'S GOOD WORKING PANTS, Hard throughout, at from 65 cents to $1.00.

WE ARE SELLING Men's Good Overalls at 25 cts. and up, and good CALICO SHIRTS for 40 cents, sold everywhere for 75 cts.

WE ARE SELLING BOYS' SUITS in 3 PIECES, for any age from 4 to 8 yrs., for $2.00; considered cheap last season at $3.50.

All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other articles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the

YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
Opposite Opera House, ALTOONA, PA.

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.

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 bowels and system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in most obstinate cases, clothing 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.

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.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

The Truth Tritely Told.
THE NEW STORE OF
S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST
SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!
And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine their various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and therefore propose to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.
CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.—tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.
are speedily and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale to all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous matter, which has been the cause of many years standing, have been cured, when Pills, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of the wonderful curative powers of this new remedy. Not to be confounded with Alcoholic 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. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt. (Will send post paid.)

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that N. J. Freidhoff, of the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned all his property in John A. Blair and John Lloyd, of said borough, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of said N. J. Freidhoff; all persons, therefore, indebted to the said N. J. Freidhoff will make payment to the said Assignees, and those having claims or demands will make them known the same without delay.
JOHN A. BLAIR, } Assignees.
JOHN LLOYD, }
Ebensburg, April 29, 1881.—6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PETER ADAMS, Sr., dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Adams, late of Cheerfield township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN M. LITZINGER, } Executors.
MARTIN L. CARL, }
Cheerfield Twp., April 29, 1881.—6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN ECKLEY, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of John Eckley, late of Summerhill borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
ELIZABETH ECKLEY, Administratrix.
Summit, April 29, 1881.—6t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
May properly be called the "Hercules" of medicine, for it cleanses Nature's augean stables, and allows the recuperative powers of the system to do the work of restoration to health. No medicine cures; Nature alone cures. This Aperient opens the proper avenues, the functions are promoted to resume their work, and the patient gets well.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the world. Lasts longer than any other. Always in good condition. Cures sores, cuts, bruises and corns. Costs but little more than the imitations. Every package has the trade mark. Call for the genuine, and take no other.

PEGGING AWAY.

There was an old shoemaker, sturdy as steel,
Of great wealth and repute in his day,
Who, if questioned his secret of luck to reveal,
Would chirp like a bird on a spray:
"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,
Or liking for it," he would say,
"As it is that forever, through thick and through thin,
You should keep a-pegging away."

I have found a maxim of value whose truth
Observation has proved in the main,
And which might well be vaunted a watchword for youth
In the labor of hand and of brain.
For if genius and talent are cast
Into work of strongest display,
You can never be sure of achievement at last
Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shopmen who might into statesmen have grown,
Politicians for hand work made;
Some poets who better in shop had shone,
And mechanics best suited for trade;
But when once in the harness, however its fit,
Buckle down to your work night and day,
Secure the triumph of hand and of wit
If you only keep pegging away.

There are times in all tasks when the fiend discontent,
Advises a pause or a change,
And, on field far away and irrevelent bent,
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed, but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey;
And then, more persistent and stanch than before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Leave fitful endeavors for such as would cast
Their spendthrift existence in vain,
For the secret of wealth, in the present and past,
And of fame, and of honor, is plain,
It lies not in change, nor in sentiment nice,
Nor in wayward exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's honest advice,
To keep pegging and pegging away.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

WHICH, BEING ALTOGETHER TRUE, IS MUCH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

SHOWING THAT DIRECT EVIDENCE MAY BE AS UNTRUSTWORTHY AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"I never would convict a man on circumstantial evidence if I were a juror—never! NEVER!"

The speaker was a distinguished criminal lawyer of nearly forty years' active practice and whose fame extended far beyond the limits of his own State.

We had been discussing a recent *cause célèbre* in which, upon purely circumstantial evidence, a man had been convicted of an atrocious murder, although many of those most familiar with the circumstances of the case entertained the gravest doubts about the justice of his conviction, and had been swung off into eternity, protesting his absolute innocence with his latest breath and calling upon God to send his soul straightway to hell if he was not telling the truth.

As most of our party were lawyers the conversation naturally enough drifted into a discussion of the dangers arising from convicting accused persons, whose own mouths were closed, upon purely circumstantial evidence, in the absence of any direct and positive proof of guilt, and case after case was cited in which, after conviction and execution, the entire innocence of the supposed culprit had been clearly demonstrated. Most of the laymen present agreed with the distinguished lawyer whose very positive expression of opinion has been quoted, while the majority of the lawyers contended, with that earnestness for which lawyers are noted when advocating their own side of any question, that justice could never miscarry when careful judges guard against the possibility of unsafe verdicts by refusing to permit a conviction except when every link in the chain of circumstantial evidence has been established beyond doubt and the whole chain been made so perfect and complete as to leave no room for any consistent hypothesis of innocence.

"The first murder case I ever tried," said one of them, "was stranger than fiction, as you will admit, and is quite as remarkable as any of the cases you have referred to where innocent men have been wrongfully convicted upon circumstantial evidence. It ought to have been reported as an example of the unreliability of the direct and positive testimony of eye-witnesses who tell what they believe to be the truth."

He then related the main points of what was certainly a most remarkable and dramatic trial, and which constitutes a fair offset to some of the honorable cases to be found in every work on circumstantial evidence. The narrative produced so strong an impression upon my own mind that subsequently with his consent, I put it into the following shape, having carefully compared it with his note of testimony taken upon the trial of the case. It can be relied on as absolutely correct, with the exception that I have used fictitious names, for reasons which will readily be appeciated when it is known that most of the actors in the drama are still living.

One winter evening about 8 o'clock in the early days of the war, in the quiet little town of——, while patroling the streets to pick up stragglers from the camp on the outskirts of the town, Corporal Julius Frye was shot and killed by one of three men of bad character, who were in company and in open enmity with the soldiers. The men were arrested, committed to prison and brought to trial at the next term of court. Two of them were gamblers and desperadoes and supposed to have more than once had their hands stained in human blood. The third, whom I shall call Short, though bearing an uneviable reputation, was regarded as one unlikely to slay a fellow-man except under compulsion of circumstances. On account of the character of the men and the trouble they had already brought upon quiet, law-abiding citizens the sentiment of the whole community was strongly against them.

In order to clearly understand the force of the testimony given upon the trial and the subsequent result it is important to bear in mind the physical peculiarities, dress and general appearance of each of the three prisoners.

Short was a small man, not more than five feet six inches in height, slender, weighing scarcely 130 pounds, with bright, fiery-red hair and side-whiskers, and at the time of the murder wore a white felt hat and an old light-blue army overcoat.

Ryan was fully six feet in height, of robust frame, dressed in dark clothes and wore a Derby hat.

Grey was a heavy, broad shouldered man of medium height, weighing fully 200 pounds, with a full black beard reaching nearly to his waist. But as the evidence subsequently showed that he had not fired the shot it is unnecessary to describe his appearance more minutely.

Certainly it is difficult to imagine two men more unlike than Short and Ryan or less liable to be mistaken for each other even by strangers, much less by their acquaintances. There was no possibility here for a case of mistaken identity.

Short and Ryan were tried together, with their consent—Grey having asked for and obtained a separate trial—and each was defended by a separate counsel.

After the preliminary proof relating to the post-mortem examination, the cause of death and the identification of the body of the deceased as the person named in the indictment the Commonwealth called as its first witness a woman, Mary Bowen. She bore a bad name for chastity, but nobody questioned her integrity or purpose to tell, reluctantly, it is true, the whole truth. The prisoners were all her friends and constant visitors to her drinking saloon, of which she was proprietress. She was a woman of powerful physique, almost masculine frame, great force of character and more than ordinary intelligence.

From her testimony it appeared that a colored woman with whom she had some difficulty had hit her on the head with a stone and ran, and the three prisoners coming up at that moment, started with her up the street in pursuit of the fugitive. Although the night was dark there was snow on the ground, and a gas lamp near by gave sufficient light to enable one to recognize a person with ease some feet away. After running about one hundred yards the pursuers came to the corner of an alley and stopped under the gas lamp, being challenged by the deceased, who was in uniform, in company with one of his squad. She swore that when the corporal called "halt" Short, whom she had known intimately for years replied, "Go to h——l," and, while standing at her side, so that their elbows were touching, both being immediately under the gaslight, he pulled out a pistol, pointed it at the deceased, who was four or five feet from him, and fired and then ran down the alley, the deceased pursuing him, she heard four or five more shots fired and immediately the deceased returned, wounded, and Short disappeared. While the shots were being fired she saw both Ryan and Grey standing at the corner some feet away from her and after that they separated and she went home. It was also proved that the alley was bounded, on either side, by high fences, difficult to climb, and led down to a stream of water about fifty feet wide and three or four feet deep. No traces of footsteps were found in the snow except those of one man leading down into this stream, and it was evident that the person who had fired had not climbed either fence, but had waded through the stream and disappeared on the other side.

The next witness was the soldier who stood close by the deceased when the first shot was fired, and who, not knowing the prisoners, described the person who fired and ran down the alley as the man with red-hair and side-whiskers, dressed in a light-blue army overcoat and white soft hat, and upon being directed to look at the three prisoners immediately identified Short as the man whom he had seen do the shooting.

The testimony of these witnesses was in no wise shaken upon cross-examination.

Then the sworn anti-mortem statement of the deceased, taken by a magistrate, was read to the jury. He said that he had known Short personally for some time, but he never had any difficulty with him. He fully identified him as the man who had fired the first shot and then ran down the alley, firing one shot after another until he fired the last and fatal shot almost in the face of the deceased. He also fully described the clothing worn by Short as it had been described by the other witnesses.

These were all the witnesses to the occurrence, except the prisoner's themselves, and, of couse, they could not be heard. The case against Short seemed to be as conclusively made out as though a score of witnesses had sworn that they had seen him do the shooting. Neither the Judge, jury, nor the spectators entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and when the Commonwealth, at this point, closed its case, it seemed as though the fatal rope was already around his neck and his escape impossible.

Ryan heaved a sigh of relief which was audible throughout the whole court room, for he was safe; there was not one word of testimony against him or any circumstances tending to show any previous arrangement or concert of action between him and Short.

After a whispered consultation between the counsel for the defense one of them rose and moved the Court to direct the jury to forthwith return a verdict of "not guilty" as to Ryan, in order that he might be called as a witness for the other prisoner. This was resisted by the District Attorney, and, after lengthy and elaborate arguments, the Court decided that it was bound to grant the motion, and accordingly Ryan was declared "not guilty" and the verdict recorded.

Then came a scene as dramatic to those present as anything ever witnessed on the stage. Without any opening speech by Short's counsel, Ryan, in obedience to a nod from his attorney, stepped out of the prisoners' dock and into the witness-box, looked around the court room, took up the Bible and was sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth." Every head was bent forward, every ear was on the alert, every eye fixed on the witness—something startling was expected. Would he attempt to show that Short had done the shooting in self-defense? That seemed the only thing possible. But how could he be believed in the face of the positive testimony of three witnesses, two of them living and in the court room, and one of them dead—murdered.

Ryan stood for a moment looking down and then slowly lifting his eyes to the bench, in a silence, in which the falling of a feather might have been heard, he said:

"May I ask the Court a question?".

The venerable Judge, evidently surprised at being interrogated, looked at him and said: "Certainly, sir."

"I understand that I am acquitted," said Ryan, pausing for a moment, and then continuing; "I want to know from the Court whether anything I may say now can ever be used against me in any way?"

"What did he mean? What need for that question? Everyone looked at his neighbor inquiringly.

The flush of the Judge showed that he, at least, understood what it meant—an attempt to swear his guilty companion out of the hangman's grasp. Then, in a tone of unmistakable indignation, came the answer:

"I am sorry to say, sir, that nothing you may say now can be used against you; that is, on a trial of murder. You have been acquitted."

Ryan's face grew pale, and then red, and he said, slowly and distinctly:

"It was I who fired all the shots—not Short."

Most of the faces in the court room wore looks of incredulity; some of indignation at the hardened wickedness of the man who had just been declared innocent and who, by his own statement, was guilty of murder, if he was not guilty of perjury.

But, quietly and calmly, without a tremor, as coolly as though he was describing some trivial occurence which he had causually witnessed, Ryan went on step by step, detailing all that had occurred, and when he had finished his story there was probably not a person present who was only fully convinced not only that Ryan had told the simple truth, but also that he himself fired the fatal shot in self-defence, or at least under such circumstances of danger as would have led the jury to acquit him.

He detailed how he had fired the first shot from a small, singled-barreled pistol in the air without any purpose except to give his challenger a scare, and then ran down the alley and upon being closely pursued by the deceased with sabre drawn and ready to strike, he was compelled to pull out a revolver and fire several shots towards his pursuer, who was rapidly gaining on him, so as to keep him back; and that when he had but one shot left he stumbled over a large stone and fell on his knees, and at this moment the deceased struck at him with the sabre, cutting him slightly in the cheeks, and, being thus pressed, he aimed and fired the last shot, which subsequently proved fatal. He further told how, upon recovering his feet, he ran, waded through the stream and finding that he had lost his hat when he fell, retraced his steps, recrossed the stream, found the hat and then went to a hotel, where he was seen by several witnesses to dry his wet clothing. His manner, his bearing and his story itself convinced his hearers that he was telling the truth.

But, so that nothing might be wanting if any doubt remained in the minds of the Judge or the jury, witnesses of undoubted veracity who were called corroborated him as to the condition of his clothing and the cut on his cheeks within fifteen minutes after the occurence. Besides it was shown that although the man who had fired had waded through the streams, Short's clothing was perfectly dry.

It is unnecessary to say that Short was promptly acquitted and warmly congratulated on one of the narrowest escapes ever made by any man in a court room. Nothing could have saved him had the court refused to direct the acquittal of Ryan and allow him to testify.

The deceased corporal, the soldier and Mary Bowen were—*mistaken*. That was all there was about it.

So much for the *occasional* unreliability of the direct testimony of honest eye witnesses.

And so much, also, for giving the accused an opportunity to be heard on the witness-stand, the denial of which by the law is one of the relics of barbarism which still disgrace its administration in some States at this late day.

LAWYER XXX.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE RAM AT CHURCH.—Mollie had a little ram, fleece black as rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he em-i-grated to.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hi-la-rious grew to see him walk demure-ly into Dea-con Al-len's pew!

The wor-thy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad, brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again; but ah! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head!

The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep, but several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him thro' the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast, so "Ah!" he says, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called: "Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieve and sorry am!"

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, Rammy, rammy, ram; rammy, rammy, rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town."

The ram looked meek, and on he came, with "rammy, rammy, ram; rammy, ram, ram, rammy, rammy, ram; the nicey, pretty ram."

The ram quick dropped its humble air and rose from off its feet; and when the parson lit he lay beneath the hindmost seat.

And as he shot out the open door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town—I think 'twas "Yuba Dam!"—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

DIDN'T WANT TO DESTROY HARMONY.—The other night a policeman observed a man hanging around the entrance of a Michigan avenue hall in a queer sort of a way, and he asked him if he belonged to the order in session up stairs. The man replied that he did, and the officer inquired, "Then why don't you go up?" "Well, I was thinking of it." "Haven't been expelled, have you?" "Oh, no." "Aren't afraid of anybody?" "No, sir." "And you haven't lost your interest?" "I might as well tell you," said the man, after beating around a while longer. "I went down to Toledo a few days ago, and somehow the story came back here that I was drowned. My lodge thereupon passed resolutions to the effect that I was honest, upright and liberal, and a shining ornament, and what was its loss was my gain. I wasn't drowned, as you see, but I kind o' hate to walk in on 'em and bust those resolutions. I've tried it three times, and I can't get higher up than the fifth stair before I weaken."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE of our free-for-all-poets sends in an able effort commencing:

In all the land the wheat fields stand,
Golden ripe and fair to see,
And bending low the reapers go,
Swinging their cradles merrily—
All but Rupert—why not he?

Probably Rupert is in the next field making love to the farmer's daughter. In any event, his absence from the place where work is being done shows that this young man's head is not hilly.

EMERSON SAYS: "A beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad." Emerson errs. Thousands have gazed upon Forepaugh's "most beautiful woman in the land," and yet not a single beholder has been driven nobly mad. Nor a married beholder, either, for that matter.

IF any one tells you that Aleck Stephens and Sara Bernhardt have been hired to Barnum, who intends to exhibit them as Cleopatra's knitting needles, don't believe the yarn. There's no truth in knit.

THE OLD SWITCH TENDER'S STORY.

HOW HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY SAVED MANY LIVES, BUT KILLED HIS BOY.

"It's nigh eleven years now since I first come onto this road. For the first three years I was a brakeman, and if I'd stuck to it, I might have been conductor by this time—who knows? My character was good and I've always been a steady man. But you see, sir, it wasn't to be. My wife always objected to my runnin' on the train, it kept me so much away from home, not to speak of the danger; and so at the end of the third year, when our little boy was born, she begged me so hard to give it up, that I consented, and the company put me in this place, where I've been ever since. It's not hard! I've only got to tend one switch and do odd jobs about the depot. The pay is just as good as what I got before, only there's no chance for promotion; but then I'm at home all the time, which makes it up. I live only a little way across the bridge, in the outskirts of the town which you see the other side of the river—small white house with an elm tree in the yard; you can see it from the other end of the switch.

"So you think the river very beautiful at this season of the year? Well, sir, I dare say it is. I thought so once myself, but I don't take any pleasure in looking at it now, and I haven't for many a day. Its green banks and its clear water, with the sunlight a sparklin' on it only makes it seem the crueler, as if it laughed over the misery it caused human bein's. But my opinions haven't anything to do with what you came to ask me about, and so I'll come to the point at once.

"It will be four years on Monday, the thirteenth of next month—which is May—that after eatin' my breakfast and smokin' my pipe, which latter operation I generally gets through with about eleven o'clock, I started across the bridge, takin' with me my little boy Willie, who, at the time was just risin' four years. He was awful tickled at bein' allowed to come out with me, as his mother kept him mostly around the house, havin', like most women, a great fear of the trains. I don't think I ever see a finer mornin', the sun well up, but not too warm, a white cloud here and there in the blue sky, the trees and grass green and fresh and glistenin' in the dew, and beneath us the river flowin' bright and clear, just as you see it now, sir.

"My heart beat light, and havin' nothin' on my mind—I had just finished payin' for my house the week before—I began to think on comparin' my troubles with my blessin's, that after all it would be hard to find a better place than this same world we live in.

"The time table was a little different then from what it is now. The freight train came down at 7:30 a. m., switched off, and waited for the express to go by, which followed it some fifteen minutes later.

"I reached the switch about fifteen minutes ahead of time—I always do—and settin' down on a tie, I filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, while little Willie gathered pebbles, and, throwin' 'em in the water, laughed and shouted at the sparkles they made. Finally he ventured down to the edge of the water, and picked one of the lillies that grew there in abundance, he came in great glee and held it down at my feet. I put the flower in my jacket pocket carefully, so as not to bruise it, intendin' to show it to his mother. He lisped out that some pretty blue ones grew farther down, and begged me to let him go and get one of them; but as it was almost train time I wouldn't let him; and takin' him some ten or fifteen yards from the track, set him down by the side of a tree—that maple yonder—and told him to stop there till I called him. The time for the train came and went, and still no sign of it. I grew nervous and didn't notice my boy.

"Minute after minute passed away, and at last, when I began to be certain that some accident had happened, it came in sight just five minutes before the express was due, which I knew could not be more than three miles behind. I saw at once the cause of the delay. The train was long and heavy, and the engine—number forty-two, which the fireman had christened Old Rickety—was the worst on the road. The switch was all ready, but the train moved so slowly that the last car had hardly left the main track when I heard the whistle of the express, and the next minute she rounded the bend at full speed. I knew that I didn't have any too much time to get the switch in position, and I went at my work with a will, when suddenly I heard a scream, and turning around I saw Willie strugglin' in the water.

"For a moment the sight of my child's danger overpowered everything else, and quick as thought I sprang for the river; but before I got half the distance, the whistle of the approachin' train rang in my ears like a trumpet, and the thought of my duty and the hundreds of lives that might be sacrificed if I deserted my post, flashed through my brain as quick as lightnin', while all the time there was a feelin' about my heart I can't tell in words—I only know it was worse than death—beseechin' me to save my boy.

"The conflict couldn't have lasted more than two seconds, and how the one feelin' got the best of the other I never knew. I haven't got any recollection of turnin' back, but the next thing I do remember, I was at the switch workin' away like mad. I never had such strength. I felt that I could have wrenched up the solid iron rails and bent them like straw, yet I didn't seem to see anything about me distinctly, neither rails nor ties, but dimly and mistily as in a dream.

"What I did see as plainly as I do now—although it was behind me—was the clear and beautiful river flowin' on in the mornin' sun, and in the midst of it my little Willie weakly strugglin', while the bright, cruel waves dashed in his face and seemed to laugh. I had no ear for the roar of the nearin' train, but all I heard—or seemed to hear—were the cries to his father for help growin' fainter and fainter, and then the horrible gurglin' sound as he sunk finally and his last breath rose to the surface.

"At last the switch was all right, and although it is a short job at best, and I must have done it that time quicker than I ever can again, yet it seemed longer than the longest summer day; but it was done, and I rushed to the river and gazed eagerly around for some sign that might tell me where to plunge in to the rescue of my child. But there was nothin' but the sunlight that glinted brightly on the little wavelets that shone mockingly in my face as they hurried onward. I don't remember anything further—there was a great chokin' in my throat, a huge weight of lead seemed to fall on my brain, and all was black.

"When I came to my senses it was three weeks afterwards, with my old woman, God bless her! sittin' alongside of my bed, holdin' my hands in hers. The doctor said I had made a close shave of it, and at first I felt sorry I had lived at all; but that didn't last long, for I knew there was another one—her that sat by me—that had suffered more than me, and so I tried to get better in order to console her. It was two weeks before I was out of bed, and quite two months before I was able to go around. I shall never be the same man again. The company pensioned me and didn't want me to do any more work at all, but I couldnt bear to be idle. You see, sir, I wasn't brought up to it; and, strange as it may appear, I didn't feel like workin' anywhere except in the old place.—I seem to be closer to my boy there.

"I found the lily he had gathered, just as I had placed it, in my jacket pocket, and gave it to his mother. She has it yet in a little glass case on the mantle-piece, all withered and faded, and there sir, it will always be, in sight of us both, till our time comes to join him."

A BOY'S POCKET AND A GIRL'S POCKET.—Tommy is twelve years old. His sister is sweet sixteen and a-half. The other morning Mary accosted her mother with "Ma, see what a lot of stuff I found in Tommy's pockets," and she deposited on the table the following articles, to-wit: Eight marbles, one top, a broken-bladed knife, a leather strap, a buckle, a bunch of old keys, a fishing line, a piece of lead, a smooth stone, four pieces of slate pencil, a worn out pocket-book, an oyster shell, a wounded jewsharp, a piece of blue glass, a rubber ball, lump of chalk, two dried fish-worms, a sling-shot, piece of Indian rubber, two corks, a fractured comb, piece of licorice root, a song book, two medals and a juvenile land tortoise. Tommy looked thoughtfully, as the contents of his pockets were deposited before the eyes of his mother, and sullenly remarked that it "was none of Sis' business, and wanted her to let his trousers alone."

Next day Tommy captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress, and carrying the contents to his mother, sarcastically observed, in the presence of Mary: "Ma, just see what a lot of trash I found in Sis' pocket!" and he produced from his hat the following knick knacks, viz: Three hair-pins, a soiled glove, a piece of chewing gum, three cards, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate pencils, another piece of chewing gum, photograph, piece of orange, broken tooth brush, more chewing gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nickle, two sour balls, gaiter heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey-club, gaiter-buttoner, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handled pen-knife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt-buckle, box of rouge, another piece of chewing-gum, fragment of looking-glass, a peach-stone, a piece of damasse silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's new dress' an artificial flower, a horse-hair ring, and a long brown hair entangled in a hunk of taffy.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph on his roguish face. His sister made an ineffectual grab for him, and as he passed into the street he heard her voice calling, "You nasty little brat, if you get at my pocket again I'll slap your face." Tommy thinks honors are easy.

A SAD SCENE.—A Galway correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* draws this pathetic picture of Irish distress:

Another sad sight of Irish misery was seen here a few days ago—another cargo of our poor and down-trodden people wafted away into exile, away over the Atlantic to far distant America. It was with sadness I watched the group of emigrants wending their sorrowful way to the docks—the poor girls leaning on the arms of their sorrowful and heart-broken parents, the fine, manly young men in the first bloom of life, their heads bowed down in silent agony. Oh, it was a sight to move the hardest heart. At length the group got on board the tug which was to convey them to the vessel. It was here that the pent up grief burst out. Here a young man flung his arms around his old father's neck, sobbing like a child, perhaps bidding him the last farewell. One young man particularly attracted my attention.—He was a fine young able bodied man, a native of Connemara. He was standing on the wharf a few moments before the tug came alongside; he was engaged in earnest conversation with an old grey headed man, whom he styled father. The signal was given for all passengers to get on board. This, it seems, roused him, for immediately he caught the old man in his arms and kissed him repeatedly, saying, "Father asthore, do not grieve so; I will work, and soon earn enough to see you soon in America, where you will not fear eviction any longer. Give me your blessing, father, and I will not forget you when I go abroad." The tug was ready now; the whistle was given; then there was a piercing wail from many a heart-broken parent and child, which must have winged its way to the throne of the God of justice. I watched the tug glide along in the still morning air, and thought, perhaps, all those poor emigrants might never reach their destination. How many ships that have left our ports bearing our poor famished people have gone down beneath the Atlantic, leaving the bones of our kindred to whiten on the bottom of the dreary waste of waters! Oh, Heaven, is there any remedy to stop this heart-rending scene? What could not the Land bill do if it were to meet the expectations of our people? But no.—To quote the words of a modern orator, "Ireland asks England for bread, and gets nothing but a stone."

THE POWER OF HEAT AND COLD.—With the single exception of water, all substances in nature expand or become larger when heated, and contract and become smaller when cooled. In winter much steeple is higher in summer than in winter. Metals show this action plainer than other bodies; and, as a consequence, Southwark Bridge, being constructed entirely of iron, is shorter in cold weather than in warm. If the sun shines but a few minutes on the great iron tubular bridge near Bangor, its length has increased visibly. A cannon-ball which would pass through a curtain-ring while cold would not do so after being placed in boiling water. The tire wheels previous to their being fixed are made hot, in order that by their contraction they may bind the work the firmer. One of those wise provisions of nature with which the universe is governed may be illustrated by water, which, as we have just observed, is an exception to this rule of contraction and expansion. From a certain fixed temperature (forty degrees Fahrenheit) it expands either by cooling or heating. The force with which it expands is enormous. It has been calculated that a globe of water an inch in diameter expands, in freezing, with a force superior to the resistance of thirteen and a half tons' weight. This peculiar property of water is taking advantage of in splitting slate. At Colley Western, the slate is dug up from quarries in large blocks, which are placed in an opposite direction to that which they had in the quarries, and the rain is allowed to fall on them, which soon penetrates their fissures, when the sharp frost freezes the water, which, expanding with its usual force, splits the slate into thin layers.

PERUNA had a remarkably good effect on my daughter's Paralysis.—W. E. DUNCAN, Sewickly, Pa.

A SKATER'S RACE FOR LIFE.

Under the head of "Recollections of Fifty Years Ago," which has formed the caption of a goodly number of interesting sketches contributed to its local columns, we find the following in the last issue of the *Venango Spectator*, published at Franklin, Pa.:

As early as 1820 two hunters were encamped on Tionesta, near the spot now occupied by Newtown Mills. The men had come less for the purpose of hunting than to see the country, to examine the streams, to search for pine timber and ascertain what facilities there were for getting it to market. The only settler in that region then, above Oldtown, was Kingsley. Hezekiah May lived at Oldtown, three miles above the mouth of Tionesta. It was at or near Kingsley's shanty where these men had their camp.

One bright moonlight night, one of the hunters, a young man of twenty-three years, concluded to have a little pastime on skates, of which exercise he was very fond. A severe cold snap had made three or four inches of smooth, solid ice, and Smith, the young explorer in question, had not forgotten his skates among his other traps. On this bright December night he calculated to have a little sport all by himself. After a few preliminary flourishes in front of his camp to see that his skates were securely fastened he started for a run of a few miles up the creek. In telling his own story, as I heard it shortly after the occurrence, he said: "I had gone perhaps two miles up the large stream. The night was almost as light as day and very calm. I could hear the echo of the ring of my steel skates on the shore as I passed swiftly along. Coming to the mouth of a smaller stream on my right I concluded to explore it a short distance. It was very crooked. In going up it some three-quarters of a mile I think I must have travelled fully two miles. Its average width was about sixty feet. Both banks of the stream were heavily timbered, principally with hemlock, and the branches interlocked, forming a complete canopy over my head, making it quite dark in comparison with the broad creek I had just left. How long I might have enjoyed the delight of the exercise and the beautiful scenery of this little stream I cannot tell. I was unpleasantly interrupted by a strange sound which I supposed at first was the hooting of an owl. As I list