THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞To persons residing outside the county to cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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

☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if 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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Advertising Rates.

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

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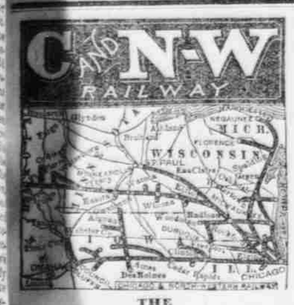

THE
Chicago & North-Western
RAILWAY
Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the
LEADING RAILWAY
—OF THE—
WEST AND NORTHWEST!
It is the short and best route between Chicago and all points in
Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, DENVER, LEADVILLE, SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,
Deadwood, Sioux City.
Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all points in the Territories and in the West. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Brookings, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.
At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'ys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.
At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, Chicago & Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.
☞Close connections made at Junction Points.
It is the ONLY LINE running
PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS
—BETWEEN—
CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.
Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this Road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.
If you want the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, and will ☞TAKE NONE OTHER.
☞All Tickets Legally Good Tickets by this Line.
MARVIN HUGHITT,
Pd V. P. and General Manager, Chicago.
[4-19.] WESTWARD. [1y-1

THE GREAT
BURLINGTON ROUTE.
☞No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.
The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.
The unequaled inducements offered by this line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: Elegant Reclining Chair Cars, (Schwabe) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Reclining Chairs, reserved for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.
Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.
☞Bear in mind you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.
Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.
Information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to
J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
304 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
and 319 Broadway, New York.
JAMES N. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.
J. J. POTTER, Gen. Manager, Chicago.

TO CARD COLLECTORS!
1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.
2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.
3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.
4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'
I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by V. BARKER & BRO., Ebensburg. [4-1.-s.o.w.6m.]

ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY
NEAR LATROBE, PA.
NEARLY half a century old, from which some of the most prominent and cultivated ladies of Pennsylvania and elsewhere have graduated, offers thorough educational aids and highest advantages of refining influences.
Pupils admitted at any time. Yearly expense $203.
Address:
SISTERS OF MERCY,
Beatty's P. O.,
[9-16.-4t. Westmoreland Co., Pa.

VASSAR COLLEGE!
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
A LIBERAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN. Ex[illegible] for entrance, Sept. 14th. Catalogues [illegible] application to W. L. DEAN, Registrar.
[illegible]-1881.

Hollidaysville (Pa.) Ladies' Seminary.
[illegible] grounds, commodious buildings, [illegible]ful location, THOROUGH INSTRUCTION. [illegible] year begins September 14, 1881. Apply [illegible] Catalogues to REV. T. R. EWING, [illegible]-1881.-2m. Principal

M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, [illegible]burg, Pa. Office on Centre street, [illegible] from High street. [8-27.'75.]

PLANING MILL
AT PUBLIC SALE!

THE undersigned will offer at public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1881,

At 2 o'CLOCK, P. M., the property formerly occupied by the "Ebensburg Mining and Manufacturing Co., situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., comprising

One Acre of Ground,

fronting on the Ebensburg and Cresson Branch of the P. R. R., having thereon erected a

LARGE PLANING MILL!

42x60 ft., three stories high, with **Boiler Shed,** 12x65 feet, thereto attached. The Machinery consists of

1 Forty-Horse Power Engine and Boiler;

1 Combined Planer, 24 inches wide, for surfacing and grooving; **1 Surface Planer,** 20 in. wide; **3 Circular Rip Saws,** with lift tables; **2 Circular Cross-cut Saws,** with slide tables; **1 Swing Circular Cross-cut Saw; 1 Double-Headed Shaping Machine,** with iron frame; **1 Centre Lathe; 1 Hand Lathe,** with complete set of Tools, **1 Polishing Drum,** 12 feet long; **1 Moulding Machine,** with slide heads. All the above described Machinery, with necessary Shafting, Belting and Pulleys, is in good working order, and there is an abundant supply of running water on the premises. Said buildings were erected specially for and have been used in the manufacture of Flooring, Siding, Balusters, all kinds of Handrails, Brush Blocks, &c. Cherry, ash, poplar, linn, sugar, beech, maple and white pine lumber to be had at moderate prices. There is also erected on the premises a

Two Story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE
Containing SIX ROOMS and a CELLAR.

☞TERMS MADE KNOWN ON DAY OF SALE.☜

JOHN A. BLAIR,
W. B. BONACKER, } Assignees.
Ebensburg, Sept. 16, 1881.-2t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
Real ESTATE!

BY virtue of an *alias* order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned Assignee of Geo. G. Robaugh will expose to sale at public auction or outcry, at the hotel of P. F. Kirby, in Wilmore borough, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1881,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, divested of all liens, to wit:

A PIECE or PARCEL of LAND

situate in the township of Summerhill, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Mrs. Ann Keating, Joseph Miller, August Reich, and others, containing **35 Acres,** more or less. Also,

A PIECE or PARCEL of LAND

situate in the township of Jackson, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Joseph Burkhart, Mary Rorabaugh, and others, containing **310 Acres,** more or less. This tract of land is three miles distant from Summerhill Station, Pa. R. R., is well covered with an excellent quality of saw timber, and is supposed to be underlaid with two veins of coal. Also,

A PIECE or PARCEL of LAND

situate in the township of Cambria, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Matthias Burkholder, F. A. Shoemaker, and others, containing **135 Acres,** more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.

☞One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

Assignee of GEO. G. ROBAUGH.
Wilmore, Sept. 9, 1881.-2t.

Grist-Mill Machinery!
FOR SALE!

THE undersigned offers for sale all the Machinery of a First-Class Grist Mill, located in the building formerly owned by C. H. Supper, Main street, Johnstown. It has a capacity of

FOUR RUN OF BURRS,

WITH ALL NECESSARY

Gearing, Bolting Chests,
SMUT and BRUSH MACHINES,
BRAN DUSTER

And everything else required in a Mill of the kind. All the material is guaranteed to be of the very best manufacture.

The only reason for selling is that I wish to use the building for other purposes, and hence the machinery will be sold very cheap and on easy terms. Apply to or address

JOHN HENDERSON,
Furniture Dealer,
Sept. 16, 1881.-2t. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY,
FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1881 and 1882.

LOWER YODER TOWNSHIP—Wm. McClane, Secretary, Cambria P. O. Examination to be held at Rheam's, *Tuesday, September 27th.*

UPPER YODER TOWNSHIP—Jer. Heiple, Secretary. Examination to be held at Osborn's, *Wednesday, September 28th.*

STONYCREEK TOWNSHIP—John A. Wertz, Secretary, Johnstown. Examination to be held at Walnut Grove, *Thursday, September 29th.*

RICHLAND TOWNSHIP—John H. Veil, Secretary, Scalp Level; ADAMS TOWNSHIP—E. Gramling, Secretary, South Fork. Examination to be held at Frogtown, *Friday, Sept. 30th.*

THE EXAMINATIONS to commence promptly at 9 o'clock.

Applicants must present themselves for examination in the district in which they first apply.

No special examination will be granted except for cause; applicants desiring special examination must present a written request, signed by at least *four members of the Board* wishing to employ such applicant.

The Directors and public generally are respectfully invited to be present at the examination.

Applicants will come prepared with suitable paper, pencils, etc.

L. STRAYER,
August 12, 1881. County Superintendent.

State Normal School,
INDIANA, PA.

Building, brick, 5 stories high, heated by steam; furnished. The Best Building of the kind in the United States.

Every Floor is provided with hot and cold water, Bath Rooms, &c.

Grounds, a beautiful campus of 12 acres, including a delightful grove of forest trees, Shady Promenades, Croquet Grounds and Base Ball Field.

Location easy of access by Railway and renowned for healthfulness.

Accommodations for four hundred (400) Boarders.

The Faculty is composed of Eminent Educators.

Departments—Normal, Classical, Commercial and Musical.

The Fall Term of **15 Weeks** will open

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1881.

Expenses as low as any other Normal School offering equal advantages and accommodations.

For particulars and catalogues, address

R. WILLIS FAIR, M.S.,
Aug. 26, 1881.-4t. PRINCIPAL *Pro-tem.*

Desirable Property for Sale.

THE undersigned wishes to sell his MILL PROPERTY, located at Millwood, Westmoreland county, on the line of the P. R. R.; suitable for a merchant mill. Is in an excellent grain country, near to good markets, has three run of stones (one not in repair), a copious stream of water, and an excellent engine.

WM. DONNELLY.
Millwood, July 28, 1881.-2m.*

$2 Watches. Stem winders $2.25. White metal Hunting Case Watches. Imitation gold $5. Solid gold $15. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 152 Nassau St., New York.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Cuticura
THE GREAT SKIN CURE,
INFALLIBLY CURES
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrofulous Humors, Ulcers, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery cosmetic, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

SALT RHEUM.

Will. McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on Head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

PSORIASIS.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All affected with Itching and Scaly Diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

SCROFULA.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, says: "After three months' use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and 12 years of as constant suffering from humor of the face, neck and scalp as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted and told them to get the Cuticura Remedies and they would cure them."

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Remedies.

CUTICURA

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

☞All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

☞One COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTER, costing 25 cents, is far superior to every other electric appliance before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties, and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any affected part. Price, 25 cts. Sold everywhere. **Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.** 6-2.-1m.

COUNTY TREASURER.—JOHN A. KENNEDY, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that J. A. Kennedy, of Ebensburg, will be a candidate for the above named office at the coming Democratic primary election, and feeling assured that he can perform the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the people and with no discredit to himself, he respectfully solicits the support of his party friends throughout the county.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—P. MORAN, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick Moran, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity. [8-25.-tn.]

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—JOS. HOGUE, Allegheny Twp.—We are authorized to announce that, at the solicitation of numerous friends, Joseph Hogue, of Allegheny township, has consented to the announcement of his name as a Democratic voters of Cambria county at the ensuing primary election for the office of County Commissioner. Should he receive the nomination and merit the endorsement of his fellow citizens at the polls in November next, Mr. Hogue has no hesitation in believing that his official career will meet with the approval of all honest citizens.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—LEWIS HOOVER, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Lewis Hoover, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for County Commissioner at the Democratic primary elections, to be held on Saturday, Sept. 24th, and hopes to be successful, not only on that occasion, but at the November election, in which event he will perform the duties devolving upon him with honesty and fidelity and to the best interests of the taxpayers.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—HENRY BENDER, Carroll Twp.—We are authorized to announce that Henry Bender, of Carroll township, will be offered for the consideration of the Democratic voters of Cambria county at the coming primary election for the office above named. If fortunate enough to be nominated and elected, Mr. Bender has no hesitation in believing that the taxpayers of the county will never have cause to regret it. [8-25.-4t.]

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—DAVID SHINKLE, Cambria Twp.—We are authorized to announce that David Shinkle, of Cambria township, will be a candidate for County Commissioner at the coming Democratic primary election, and if nominated and elected pledges himself to perform the duties of the office honestly and to the best of his ability. In any event, however, he will remain true to his party and its principles.

Ebensburg, July 29, 1881.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—GEO. GURLEY, Ebensburg.—We have been authorized to announce that the above named member of the present Board of County Commissioners will be a candidate for renomination at the coming Democratic primary election, and if the nomination is once more conferred upon and his election follows he pledges himself to do his duty as faithfully and honestly in the future as he has endeavored to do it in the past.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—P. B. SMITH, Munster.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick B. Smith, of Munster township, is an aspirant for the above named position on the Democratic ticket, subject to the action of the will of his party friends as expressed at the ensuing primary election. If nominated and elected he pledges himself to an honest and faithful discharge of the duties of the office.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—CHARLES FLICK, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Charles Flick, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Commissioner at the approaching Democratic primary election, and should he be fortunate enough to be nominated and elected he pledges himself to advocate at all times an honest and economical administration of the affairs of the county.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANCIS MULVEHILL, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Francis Mulvehill, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for the office above named, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability. [8-25.-tn.]

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—L. W. SHANK, Conemaugh Borough.—We are authorized to announce that L. W. Shank, of Conemaugh borough, will be a candidate for the above office at the coming Democratic primary election. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county with honesty and fidelity.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.—GEO. W. OSBORN, Upper Yoder Twp.—We are authorized to announce that George W. Osborn, Sr., of Upper Yoder township, will be a candidate at the coming Democratic primary election for the office of Associate Judge. Having been a life-long Democrat and this being the first time he has solicited a nomination from the party, Mr. Osborn confidently appeals to his friends and promises an honest and intelligent performance of the duties of the office if nominated and elected thereto.

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

Fifty years ago the laws were not so thoroughly enforced as they are now upon the wild ranges of England called the Yorkshire Wolds. Few have an idea of their grandeur in a winter snowstorm, or of their beauty when an August sun pours down its rays upon stretches of waving corn, that lie like sheets of gold along the ridges, fringed above with dark plantations. During the Great Exhibition of 1851 a few friends and I took a real holiday for once in our lives, and went for a week to see the wonderful things in London which the papers were so full of. We saw all that could be seen in the time, and we did not lose a moment I assure you. But after all I saw nothing like our grand old hills. It was the first time that most of us had been so far away from home.

My tale? O yes, that was what I started to tell you; but that was twenty-five years before our London visit, when I was a young man, farming a hundred and sixty acres of land. I had occupied the farm about two years, renting at the same time a house in the nearest village, two miles away, for my wife and two children. The farm buildings consisted of a large barn, which went by the name of Red Barn, it being built of red brick; an old six-horse stable thatched with whins; a fold-yard paled around; and two or three woodsheds. A good sized house and better out-buildings were being built; but none of them was far enough advanced to be habitable for man or beast. A plantation of ash and spruce trees sheltered the farmstead from wind and storm, as it was situated high up on the hillside.

Returning home rather later than usual one Saturday night from our market-town, a distance of twelve miles, I was told by the man who came out to take my horse that an accident had happened up at the farm that afternoon.

"What is the matter, David?" I asked.

"Roger has run a fork into his foot," was the answer.

Roger was one of the horses. It appeared, on further questioning, that one of the large steel forks used for stacking in harvest time, had been carelessly laid upon the stable-floor, and Roger, a farm horse, had run its prongs into his foot. The man thought it was a serious wound.

"What have you done to it?" was my next question.

"Sent off for Coats." Coats was the veterinary surgeon for the district.

"Has he come?"

"No, sir, he has gone to Melby."

Melby, I knew, was eighteen miles away across the country from Coats' home; and after that journey, he would not feel inclined, at 11 o'clock on a cold winter night, to start again for other sixteen miles.

Turning my horse's head I told Davis to go to bed, and I would ride up to the Red Barn.

"Shall I sit up for your horse?" he asked, yawning, tired from a long day's exposure to cold and storm.

"No; no one need wait for me," and I started off.

Fifteen minutes brought me to the stable door; but I paused to let my heated mare drink from the pond close by, and as I stood I caught a murmur of human voices within the stable. Surprised, as not a man lived at the steading, I tried the door. It was fastened from the inside. I knocked, still holding my horse by her bridle, the thought coming across my mind that Coats must have come straight here, without waiting for any one to assist him. There was no answer to my summons; so I knocked and called again more loudly.

"What d'ye want?" demanded a gruff voice from the inside.

"Want? I want in, to be sure. What are you doing there, I should like to know? Open the door at once!"

"Likely!" was grunted back again, "when we are just warm and settled after a nasty, cold tramp."

Now, I knew who my uninvited guests were. it is not one every one who knows, or knew, of the existence of a class of mendicants, familiarly termed among us "Wold Rangers," a pest to the farmers, and a great dread to the inhabitants of outlying farms. They were constant pilferers; and rarely would work, though often applying for it. None of them were above poaching; and most of them had been in prison some time or another. A few professed to be hawkers of some sort; but the majority begged from door to door. We had no policeman nearer than ten miles, and his face was almost as strange as the Shah's in our district. These lawless wanderers rarely traveled alone, but were generally accompanied by a numerous following of women and children, a horse, a cart or two, often a donkey, and two or three dogs.

My visitors were in no particular hurry to comply with my reiterated demand for admittance, and their loud snores were most irritating to hear from the outside. Again I vigorously pummeled the door with my ash sapling that I carried in my hand, and loudly stormed at their obstinacy. It was no use, as a growl was reply I got. As determined to be inside as they were to keep me out, I went back a few paces, then dashed open the door with my foot.

The moonlight shone in with sufficient light to enable me to see what a strange lot of bedfellows were grouped together among the straw; and the loose horse-box was at the end of the stable, right through the thick of them. I ordered them one and all to turn out. An Irishman, who went by the name of "Dead Ned," lifted his fierce, shaggy face, and dared me, in strong language, to attempt to disturb them.

"But my horse," I reasoned, "I must see see to it.

But reason was drowned in the opposition of a dozen hoarse voices.

I was young and reckless of danger; more than I am now on the wrong side of sixty. Incensed, I drew back from the open door, slipped the bridle over my thoroughbred's neck, and struck her sharply across th flanks with the ash sapling. It was the work of an instant. She bounded into the stable door; and no sooner were her hoofs heard on the threshold than every creature inside leaped up, the startled men, women and children rushing out pell-mell.

I lost no time in striking a light after their quick exit, to see after the wounded animal, leaving the one I had ridden to follow her own devices, which she did by going outside again. The foot was in a serious state, and evidently painful.

"Coats will never come to-night," I tho't, "and something must be done;" and to foment the swollen foot was the only thing that I could think of.

I went outside again, allowing the disturbed women and children to return to their straw, requesting Dead Ned and some of the others to heat some water. We drove three stakes into the bank, close beside the pond, crammed plenty of sticks under the iron pot and soon had a blazing fire. When the water was hot enough for our purpose we carried it into the stable, and fomented the wounded foot. The process eased the pain, and after half an hour's fomentation I wrapped it up in cloths saturated with some healing oils which were kept in the stable. One of the men held the flickering candle, stuck on the top of the lantern, while other eight or ten more were grouped around, watching the proceedings and giving occasional assistance. As I was bandaging the foot, I caught a motion, or sign, not intended for me to see. It was a signal from Dead Ned—who, I perceived to my horror, held in his hand the heavy iron gavelock that we had used to hammer the stakes into the ground—to another of his fraternity. Like a flash it came over me—how could I have been so reckless, so foolhardy, as to trust myself alone, and unarmed, among this ruffian crew?

I grew hot and cold by turns as I remembered that I carried in my breast-pocket one hundred and sixty pounds. It was a large sum, you think, for a farmer to have about him; but you see it was not your own.—That year I held the office of Income-tax Collector; and I had taken the money with me to market to pay to the Government Commissioners. I had made a mistake in the hour appointed, and was too late, for they had finished and were gone; consequently I brought the money back, intending to forward it on Monday. The occurrence had passed out of my mind before reaching home; then David's news completely put everything else out of my head, until I caught the gleam of evil in Dead Ned's eye. It was not so much the physical harm I feared, as the idea that they would not be content with stunning or murdering me, but would rob the senseless body; and what would become of my wife and children, if my goods and chattels were sold to repay the lost Government taxes? Why, they would be turned out into the wide world homeless and unprotected. The bare tho't made me tremble. I must not let them suspect that I had seen their signals. Oh! the agony of that moment!

Making one venture for home, wife and children, as well as life, I carelessly dropped the horse's foot, telling them, in a loud voice, to keep the candle still until I fetched some more string; and walked out of the stable as deliberately as I possibly could. Once out, I looked for the bay mare that had carried me up. She was leisurely nibbling some short grass a few yards from the door. "Jess, Jess, good lass!" I cried, softly and very gently approaching her, as I knew that, if she bolted, it was good-bye to life for me.

Fortunately she allowed me to catch her, and not a moment too soon, for my unwelcome visitors had followed me, and a glance at their low, villainous faces, as I dashed off, proved that they were full of rage at thus being baffled. The village clock struck one as I entered my home in safety.

I paid a second visit next morning at four to the wounded animal, but leaving my pocketbook at home this time, and going neither alone nor unarmed. The birds, however, had flown. It the ashes of the stick fire, and the bandages on the wounded horse, had not borne me witness, I should have been inclined to fancy that last night's narrow escape was nothing more than a disturbing dream, a bad attack of nightmare; but these evidences were there, and it had been real.

Two years afterward, I saw, in our weekly paper, that Dead Ned and two of his companions had been transported for manslaughter in a midnight scuffle.

THE SPIDER AND THE MOUSE.—A curious spectacle was to be seen on Monday in the office of Clever's livery stable in Lebanon, Ky. Against the wall of the room stands a tolerably large desk, and under this a small spider, not larger than a common pea, had constructed a web reaching to the floor.

On Monday forenoon it was observed that that the spider had ensnared a young mouse by passing filaments of its web around its tail. When first seen the mouse had its hind feet off the floor, and could barely touch the floor with its fore feet. The spider was full of business, running up and down the line, occasionally biting the mouse's tail, making it struggle desperately. Its efforts to escape were unavailing, as the slender filaments about its tail were too strong for it to break. In a short time it was seen that the spider was slowly hoisting the victim into the air.

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the mouse could barely touch the floor with its fore feet; by dark the point of its nose was an inch from the floor. At 9 o'clock at night the mouse was still alive, but made no signs except when the spider descended and bit its tail. At this time it was an inch and a half from the floor.

On Tuesday morning the mouse was dead, and hung three inches from the floor.

The news of the novel sight soon became circulated, and hundreds of people visited the stable to witness it. The mouse is a small one probably less than half grown, measuring about one and a half inches from the point of its nose to the root of its tail.

How the spider succeeded in ensnaring it is not known. The mechanical ingenuity of the spider, which enables her to raise a body which must weigh forty or fifty times as much as herself, has been the subject of a great deal of comment and speculation, and no satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been found.

BE HAPPY.—It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves unhappy, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

INTERESTING FOR LOVERS.

Scottsville, a pretty village about fifteen miles from the Tennessee line, is the home of some of the most aristocratic people in Kentucky. It is a place noted for pretty girls and gallant young men, and among all these the sweetest belle was Miss Ollie Brown and the handsomest beau Mr. Joseph Carpenter. They loved each other unto desperation. In this case, as in many others, the only obstacle was parental objection. Miss Brown's mother positively declared that Ollie was not old enough to get married, and her sweetheart's entreaties were of no avail. The young people made one or two ineffectual attempts at elopement, but they were never once balked in their determination to carry out their scheme in the sweet by-and-by. On last Thursday Mr. Carpenter drove in a buggy to the residence of his sweetheart, and once more besought her mother to consent to an early wedding. Mrs. Brown was inexorable, Miss Brown was tearful, and Mr. Carpenter was excited. At last, when every prayer had been denied, the young man boldly put the question to his sweetheart: "Will you go with me, or mind your mother and remain at home?" The girl looked up through her tears, first at her mother and then at her lover.

"I'll go with you," she said at length.

"Then come," and with these words Carpenter caught his lady love in his arms, and, hurrying out of the house, leaped into the buggy that was standing in front of the door. The horse received a smart blow with the whip, and jumped away in a dead run. As soon as Mrs. Brown realized the situation she screamed for assistance at the top of her voice. In a few minutes the little town was wild with excitement, but the volume of sympathy seemed to be in favor of the young people, who had just whirled through the street at terrific speed, taking the road that led to Gallitin, Tenn. The mother whose daughter had been stolen wildly besought somebody to go in pursuit of the fugitives, and, if possible to stop the wedding. At length Mr. Manion, a lawyer and Judge of the police court consented. In a few moments he was mounted on a horse of speed and bottom, rattling out of the town in the direction taken by the buggy at a pace that would have captured the "gentleman's cup," at any fair in the State. From the very start it was a race of whip and spur. The fugitives were evidently making for 'Squire Fike's office, which is just across the Tennessee line, and Judge Manion was hot upon their trail. It was a chase long to be remembered by the people who witnessed it. In front a horse flecked with foam, going at top speed and drawing a light buggy, in which a gallant youth sat, with resolution upon his face, and a beautiful girl nestled trustingly by his side. Perhaps a mile in the rear a solitary horseman applying whip and spur, thundered along over the level turnpike. The buggy had the best of the race, and pulled up in front of 'Squire Fike's office fifteen minutes in the lead of the man on horseback. The clever 'Squire was on the point of pronouncing the words so feverishly awaited by the young people when Judge Manion, riding like a professional jockey, bore down upon the party and signalled the officer to stop. "I object to this wedding," he said, flinging himself off his panting horse.

"Upon what grounds?" asked the astonished 'Squire.

"It is the wish of the lady's mother that she shall not marry. I have come at her bidding."

The young people pleaded, but all to no purpose. At length Mr. Carpenter said in very simple language, "We will go further. Get in the buggy, my dear. Judge Manion, you may prepare for another race. We are off for Gallitin." The young man meant exactly what he said, and in a few minutes the race was renewed. The distance to Gallatin was eighteen miles, but the buggy horse was stanch and as true as the love of the young couple he was drawing. He leaped nimbly away from the string, and once more got the best of the start. Judge Manion, nothing daunted, again took the saddle and again put the spurs to his faithful courser. For four miles the race was neck and neck, neither entry for the grand prize flagging; but at the finish of that distance, the horse under saddle cast a shoe and stumbled to the ground, completely exhausted. The buggy then glided, unaccompanied, to Gallatin. A preacher was secured, and the wedding was performed at the principle hotel in the presence of a dozen specially invited guests.

TWICE IN SIGHT OF THE ALTER.

A San Francisco maiden who sighs for some one to shield her has been twice balked at the threshold of matrimony. Two years ago she gave her hand to a wealthy young lover and the wedding day was fixed. A week before the wedding day, the youth was taken to an asylum for the insane. The about-to-be-bride recovered from the shock and the disappointment, and at one of the Pacific coast resorts last June accepted the attentions of a bachelor of 40. The man of middle age, whose heart Cupid's dart had pierced, was reputed to be a wealthy St. Louis merchant. D. C. Carey was his name and frequently during moonlight walks Mr. Carey would tell his 'Frisco dear of the delightful home to which she soon should go. The young woman made all her preparations for the wedding, presenting her with a fine trosseau, and, indeed, until the morning of the marriage day, everything was lovely. Then it was learned that the bridegroom had disappeared. Inquiry developed the fact that he had taken his baggage with him, and another fact that he had left the board bill unpaid. The young woman sat weeping on the sands of the quiet sea, as the reporter who stumbled over the romance hurried off to write over it in big letters: "Doomed to Celibacy."

SALVE FOR A BROKEN HEART.

On one page of a recent number of the Bloomington (Ill.) *Pantagraph*, there appeared a glowing account of the marriage of Edward B.