THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

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One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year. 2.25

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Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1881. NUMBER 40.

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LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A lot of cake for tea.
The day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily, as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this: that you were the best
And dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
The pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think!" the children all cried in a breath,
"Tom Good has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed."

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In spite of the high opinion which we entertain of feminine courage in general, we must be permitted to doubt whether you all, ladies, feel yourselves capable of imitating on a similar occasion the heroine of the following little story, which we can recommend to your attention as entirely true:

Madame Aubrey occupied with her husband a large old house, in the village of D———. This house stood entirely alone, at the foot of an immense garden, far from neighbors, and had no other occupant than Monsieur and Madame Aubrey, their son, an infant of twelve months, and a domestic, recently admitted into their service.

One evening in the month of November Madame Aubrey was awaiting with some anxiety the return of her husband, who had been gone since morning to a town distant a few miles from D———. His business was to collect a debt, and he expected to bring home a large sum of money, and his wife now remembered, with a feeling of uneasiness, that she had seen him arm himself with a pair of pistols. It was about six o'clock, and Madame Aubrey went to her chamber accompanied by the domestic, with the intention of putting her little boy to bed.—This apartment, large and high, was situated on the second floor, looking into the garden. The oaken woodwork, turned almost black with age, the old-fashioned furniture of grotesque form and gloomy color, and some family portraits in ancient dress and severe countenances, gave to the room somewhat of a forbidden aspect. A deep alcove, beside which was placed the cradle of the infant, occupied nearly all the side of the room opposite to the fire-place. The curtains were drawn across the front, but one corner, having caught upon some article near, was raised sufficiently to show the foot of the bedstead, made of the same dark wood with the rest of the furniture, and carved in the curious figures and grotesque lines in which the artisans of a hundred years back were wont to indulge.

The night was a true November night—black and gloomy, with torrents of rain, which beat continually upon the windows. The trees of the garden, bent by the force of the wind, from time to time drew the finger like ends of their branches across the glass, making a fantastic and melancholy concert, in which mingled no human voice—no sound which promised human aid, should the want be ever so urgent.

Madame Aubrey sat upon a low chair in the corner of the fire-place, holding upon her knees the little boy whom she was undressing, while the servant at the other end of the room executed certain orders of her mistress. A blazing wood fire, aided by a lamp upon the mantle shelf, threw a strong light upon some objects, left others in intense shadow, and upon others again cast a wayward and fitful gleam, which caused them to assume grotesque and unreal forms. The baby had ceased his laughing play and had closed his drowsy eyes. The mother threw her eyes toward the cradle to assure herself that all was prepared; at this moment the fire blazed up suddenly and threw a strong light upon the corner of the bed exposed by the lifted curtain. As Madame Aubrey looked, she almost fell from her chair; under the bed, close to the cradle in which she had been about to deposit her sleeping child, she now beheld two great feet, shod in coarse brogans. In an instant the sense of her situation flashed across the mind of the young woman as if shown by a flash of lightning. This hidden man no doubt was a thief, perhaps an assassin. She was alone, without help present or soon to be expected, for her husband was not to return till eight or nine o'clock, and it was now but little past six.—What should she do? How should she defend herself?

Madame Aubrey had uttered no cry—she had not even moved, but she feared that the servant, making the same discovery, might not show the same prudence. The thief probably intended to remain in his present position until the middle of the night, then to issue forth and possess himself of the sum brought home by Monsieur Aubrey. But if prematurely discovered, and having no opponents but two women, he would probably make his escape, first securing their silence by their death. Then who knows but the servant herself was an accomplice—suspicious circumstances, hitherto unregarded, returned with renewed violence to the mind of Madame Aubrey. All these thoughts passed through the mind of the young mother in less time than I have occupied in the telling. Before many minutes had elapsed her calmness had entirely returned, and she had decided upon her part in the terrible drama. But she must get rid of the servant.

"You know," said she, without the least faltering of her voice, "you know the dishes which my husband prefers, and I think he will be pleased to find a good supper ready against his return. I had forgotten to tell you about it before, but go now and begin your preparations and bestow attention upon it."

"But," answered the servant, "shall you not want me here, as usual."

"No, I can do everything myself. Monsieur would be displeased, I am sure, if after his long ride in such weather he should not find a good supper upon his return."

After some attempts at delay, which redoubled in Madame Aubrey an uneasiness which she was obliged to conceal, the girl quitted the chamber. Her footsteps died away upon the stairs, and her mistress found herself alone with her child and those two terrible feet, which, half seen in the now dying light, seemed immovable as the bedstead itself. She still remained sitting near the chimney with the baby upon her lap, addressing to him, almost mechanically, caressing words, and soothing him to sleep, while her eyes never wandered from the menacing feet. The little fellow, tired of his position, began to cry for his cradle and its soothing motion, but the cradle was close to the alcove—close to the feet. The young mother conquered herself by a violent effort.

"Come then, my child," said she, and rising from her chair, she forced her tottering steps to be firm, and went toward the alcove. Behold her close to the ominous feet! She placed the baby in the cradle, and with a voice which all her resolutions could hardly keep from trembling, she commenced to sing her usual lullaby to the unconscious child, and as she sang the idea was ever in her mind that each word might be her last. At last the boy slept soundly, and the mother returned to her seat by the fire.

The clock strikes seven. One hour more and Madame Aubrey may expect deliverance. A deep silence reigned in the chamber. The infant slept peacefully. His mother, her hands convulsively clasping each other, her lips apart, her eyes fixed upon the menacing feet, remained immovable as a statue. From time to time, some noise in the garden would cause the heart of the watcher to leap with hope, but it always proved to be the rain, the wind or the shaking trees. It seemed to the unhappy woman that time had stopped, and that she was alone with those haunting feet. Heavens! They move! Is the assassin about to commence his fearful work? But no—it was only a slight movement, induced no doubt by the constrained position. He resumes his immobility.

The half-hour strikes. The anxious woman could have almost sworn that it was two hours since it struck last, but no, she knows that the clock is faithful, and there is still another weary half-hour before she may expect her deliverer.

Madame Aubrey took a book of religious meditations from the chimney-piece above her head, and attempted to read. Vain effort! Her eyes wandered continually from the page. Suddenly a thought crossed her mind with the sharpness and suddenness of light—if her husband should not return! His parents lived in the village to which he had gone; what more natural than that, seeing the severity of the weather, M. Aubrey should allow himself, by fond persuasions, to be detained until morning! She could neither wonder at nor blame him. But then what would become of herself and the little one dearer than herself?—her brain reeled under the thought. Eight o'clock sounded and nobody came. The supposition then was correct; the unhappy woman gave herself up for lost. She was about to seize her child and fly from the room when a noise resounded from the gravel walk beneath the window. The eager listener dared not trust her ears, she had been so often deceived—but now the door rolled upon its hinges and then fell heavily back in its place. A well-known step gayly ascended the stairs—the chamber door opened and a man appeared—a man, handsome, strong and vigorous. It was he! At this moment, had M. Aubrey been the ugliest of men—the worst of husbands—he would have assumed, in the eyes of his wife, all the graces, all the virtues imaginable.

He had only paused below to take off his dripping cloak and lay down his pistols.—He extended his arms and his wife rushed into them. But immediately recovering herself, she placed one finger on her lips, and with the other hand pointed to the feet.

M. Aubrey would have not been worthy of such a wife if he had failed in decision or *sang froid*. He gave a glance at his wife which said that he understood, and said aloud:

"One moment, my darling, and I will return; I have left my pocket-book down stairs, and I must show you my riches."

With these words he left the room, but in a moment he returned, holding a pistol in his hand. He examined the lock, approached the bed, stooped down and with his left hand seized one of the two feet, the finger of his right hand resting on the trigger of his pistol.

"Resist, and you are a dead man!" he exclaimed.

The owner of the feet did not seem disposed to risk the event. He suffered himself to be dragged by the foot into the middle of the room, where he disclosed a most villainous face as he crouched before the pistol pointed at his head. On being searched, a dagger was found and newly sharpened. He confessed that the servant was his accomplice, and had told him of the booty which awaited him.

Nothing remained but to deliver both to justice. Madame Aubrey indeed begged her husband to let them escape, but the public interest demanded the sacrifice of private clemency, and they were delivered up. During all this time the unconscious child slept soundly. After some little time Madame Aubrey related the events of the evening.

"I did not think you had been so brave," said her husband, embracing her.

But in spite of her bravery, the events of that night brought on a nervous fever, from which our little heroine did not recover for some weeks.

"MOTHER," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

"TELL me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love; shall swindled printers here below have no redress above?" The angels flapped their wings and said: "To you a beat is given; delinquents on a printer's book can never enter heaven."

JOINING THE CANNIBALS.

HOW AN AMERICAN BECAME A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER—SOME CURIOUS CEREMONIES.

An American traveller, who has spent ten years of his life in the South Sea Islands, relates some curious experiences, among the rest how he became an apostate and joined a band of savages. He had just partaken of a banquet given by the king, when he and his party were asked as to their designs.—He told them in reply they wanted to stay if they were allowed, and the narrator then goes on to say:

This somewhat surprised them, and after a brief interval, the priest gave us to understand that we could not remain there unless as citizens, but in order to our becoming such we must first embrace their religion; this done, it would be his majesty's gracious pleasure to receive us as his children.

This was a "sticker." Embrace their religion, indeed! That was putting it rather strong.

"What do you think of that, Tom?"

"I don't see anything very rough about it. We might do worse."

"Worse than become a pagan?"

"It's only a matter of form, anyway."

"What do you think, Jack?"

"Well, I'm of the same opinion as Tom. If we wish to take it easy and comfortable here we might as well be one of them."

"Besides," said Tom, "our conforming to their ceremonies does not prove our sincerity. What is to hinder us from making believe?"

"Well, if it's only to be a make believe conversation," said I, "that slightly alters the case."

"Then it's to be merely a make believe?"

"Certainly; make believe. Nothing more."

While we held our conference the others listened and looked on with much interest, narrowly scanning the faces of each speaker. I was delegated to inform the priest that we had made our decision, and would do as the king and laws required.

At this there was a great brightening up of countenances. A signal was given, and the king and courtiers left the hall, while we were told to remain there for the present, in company with the priest, who now evinced more friendship, and a few others. After waiting about half an hour, we heard the noise of an approaching multitude, accompanied with beating of rude drums (sounding like empty nail kegs), blowing of conch shells, and female voices shouting a barbarous chant. As the head of the musical column halted at the entrance of the stockade, the priest motioned to us that all was ready, when we immediately stepped forth. A sight met our gaze as we made our exit that almost took away our breath.

A lane of human beings were formed leading from the council-house, down the valley, till it was lost under the overarching trees of the road, beyond which we could not see. This lane was composed of two lines on either side, facing inward, or towards us; the two inner or nearest lines were the women of the nation decked in gala attire, i. e., wreaths of flowers on their heads, their long, black shining hair hanging below their waists, garlands of flowers around their necks, while their *tappa* waistcloth was similarly decorated. These females did the singing! Behind these stood the male performers, who, as we appeared, blew their shell horns and beat their drums with increased energy. About a dozen paces in front of us, standing backward to us, was an escort of twenty maidens—the belles of the nation—decorated similar to their sisters, in line, and further provided with a number of wreaths and garlands.

At a signal from the priest these maidens advanced in the direction toward which they were facing, breaking into a chant, which was taken up by the two lines of women, with instrumental accompaniment. We moved onward in rear, the whole concourse moving inward from the gate and following us in regular order. Thus we proceeded until we passed under the umbrageous arch, and after which we turned to the left and beheld a large inclosure on the hill, in the centre of which we descried a square stone building or mound, something like a mausoleum, or, if it had been larger, a reservoir.

As we drew near we observed near the entrance the king, while behind him, in semi-circle, were his ministers and chief men. Close to the gate, in two lines on both sides, were the priests, designated as such by long cloaks of *tappa* cloth almost touching the ground. We halted as we entered the open space in front of the king, where the maidens immediately placed their superfluous wreaths on our heads and garlands around our necks. This done, an aged priest advanced to the gate, and in a loud voice made a sort of a proclamation, apparently addressing the inmate, or supposed inmate, of the mausoleum, concluding his remarks with the exclamation "Pi pi!"

This was taken by the whole nation in response, who also shouted "*Pi pi!*" Then our attendant priest intimated to us what to do, when one by one we advanced to the gate and shouted as loud as we could, "*Pi pi!*" This was taken up again in response by the entire people, and then the ceremony closed.

The procession then reformed, and with the king and entire executive department at its head proceeded, amid the acclamations of the multitude, back to the stockaded palace. On arrival the people dispersed to the several abodes, leaving us there with the king and the three chiefs or dignitaries, including our old friend the priest. It was now sunset, and just as darkness came on, lamps of palm oil suspended in shells, hanging from joists above, were lighted, shedding not a very brilliant light; but still sufficient for all purposes. This done, another bountiful meal was spread in like manner as the previous one, of which the king and all present partook.

WANTED QUIET.—A nervous looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if there was anything he could do for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. The clerk went away, and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just want to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says above all things I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers, I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.—*Peck's Sun.*

IN FOR LIFE!

"This cell," said the warden, as we reached 212, 'belongs to one of the oldest lifers in this prison. I believe he has been here nigh on to thirty years, and he bids fair to last for full twenty more. He is a very singular man."

"His crime was murder, of course?"

"Yes, and a strange murder. He was then a young man of twenty-two, rather morose, if not quiet, and no one had ever heard him use an oath or seen him display even the smallest vice. Had he stolen an axe his friends would have been amazed; what could their feelings have been, then, when he was charged with murder? One night, with no earthly excuse for offence, he got out of bed, walked three miles to the house of a friend, and called him out and stabbed him to the heart. He then retraced his steps to his home, and returned to bed and slept soundly until morning, the bloody knife lying on a chair by his bedside. He made no effort to conceal his crime, and when arrested had no excuse for it. From the day the constable put hands on him up to this hour he has not spoken except when forced to. I have several times had to threaten him with the strap to make him answer my questions."

"Does he mate with any one?"

"No; he comes and goes as if alone in this great prison. I cannot imagine what inducement could be held out to make him address a question to a prisoner. He shuns all of us as if we were poison. During all the years he has been here he has not asked a favor of any sort."

"Is he ever sick?"

"Once in a while, but he never complains. He would die in his tracks before he would ask to see the doctor. He has fainted away at his work bench and cried out in the delirium of fever, but he has never complained."

"What do the prisoners say about him?"

"They fear him. I have been told twenty different times that he would some day rebel, and that he would have to be shot before he could be disarmed. I can't say that he is plotting, but we keep a sharp eye on him. He has the eye of a perfect devil, and he will look at you in a way that will make your flesh crawl."

"Can he be insane?"

"No; a dozen different doctors have agreed that he is as sound as any man. He is simply a born devil. He was never known to laugh or cry. His old mother used to come here in years gone by—before she died—and she said she had never seen a smile on his lips, or a tear on his cheeks, not even in his babyhood. He is a hater. He hates himself. He hates everything living or dead. There is a cauldron of ugliness boiling within him and some day it will bubble over. When that event occurs we shall be most likely forced to kill him in self defense."

"Has he any relatives?"

"Not that we know of. His father was dead before the murder. He had a mother and a brother, but when he had been here about five years the poor old woman went to her grave. If a man has any heart to him a mother's heart and tears can touch it. She used to come here and wring her hands and weep and sob and pray, and this fiend sat as unmoved as a rock, even refusing to answer one of her questions. She was old and wrinkled and heartbroken the last time she came. She told him that it was her last visit, and that she had only two weeks to live, and the murderer turned his back on her. The brother came here three or four times, receiving the same treatment, and the last visit he made came very near being his last day on earth. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of the doorman this fiend grasped his brother's throat, and was fast choking him to death when help arrived. The brother died several years ago in Illinois, and now the man is alone on earth.—No one asks after him—nobody thinks of him. He is buried alive."

"He never writes to any one?"

"Never. He has not had a pen in his hand since entering the prison. Most of the prisoners manage to keep posted on outside affairs, but this man neither knows nor cares to know. I don't believe he knew of the war, long as it lasted. He won't talk; he can't or won't read; he won't permit a prisoner to talk to him, and as a consequence he hears no more of the world's doings than if he was in his grave. It must be a horrible feeling for a man to live this way, and yet he seems to enjoy it. One day is the same as another. One night is no blacker than another. Weeks pass and bring no change. Years come and go and his routine is the same. The past is full of blood—the future is a long, unbroken midnight. I have wondered that he did not commit suicide."

"Has he never tried to escape?"

"Never, and that is why we fear him. Three different times since he came here he has had good opportunities to take French leave, but he has refused to go. It wasn't because he feared recapture and punishment, for any of them will take the one chance in a hundred on that. It was because he hated the world worse than his prison. Give him another chance to-day, and he will refuse it. As I told you, he is a strange case. He is half man, half devil. Each year he is growing more like a fiend, and every time I look into his eye I think it has a more satanic gleam. I don't know what the end will be, but I half expect it will be full of rebellion, desperation, and blood. Some day his hate will overpower all other feelings, and he will pick up a bar of iron, an axe, or a sledge, and he will fight us to the death."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FEATHERED NIGHT FISHERS.—One of the most remarkable instances of phosphorescent light appearing on living creatures is found among the herons. Among the Keys and at the extreme end of Florida these birds are found in countless numbers. Market fishermen and sportsmen often notice peculiar dim lights standing motionless over the water among the mangrove thickets. They were discovered, however, to depend on the presence of the birds. When they were approached in the dark, the flapping of wings, as a heron flew away, would be the last of the lights. The *Ardia Herodias*, or great heron, has on its breast a spot about as large as the open palm, where the feathers are covered with a thick yellow powder that is easily shaken off, and evidently exudes from the body at this spot as a secretion, drying into a powder when exposed to the air. The bird stands motionless in the water, and the spot is undoubtedly used for or accomplish the end of attracting the smaller fishes within reach of the bird; and, if it is a decoy, it is a most remarkable provision of nature.

THE age of a policeman cannot be told by his rattles.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Strange as it may seem even to members of the Order of the Knights of Pythias elsewhere, a lodge in Bay City, Mich., has had the experience of inducting a female into the mysteries of two degrees of the order, and partially through that of third degree before her sex was discovered. It has placed the lodge in a sad dilemma, and none of the members are able to predict what will be the outcome thereof. They have been very reticent regarding the particulars of the case, but a reporter who belongs to the order has, through diligent inquiry among the members thereof, been able to glean the following facts in the case:

About two years ago a young man of prepossessing appearance, tall and handsome, with a smooth face, dark hair and bluish-grey eyes, who gave his name as Frank Chambers and his place of nativity as Cleveland, applied at a large clothing store on Centre street, Bay City, for a situation as a clerk, and his appearance made such a favorable impression on the youngest of the three brothers who kept the store that, being in want of a clerk, he engaged the newcomer, and didn't even ask for references.—To this the other brothers demurred, but the new clerk took hold in such a handy manner, had such winning ways, and proved such an excellent salesman, that no more was said of thought of references.

From the start, being apparently about the same age, the youngest member of the firm and the new clerk became on very amicable terms, and were inseparable companions, with the exception that the new clerk took a room and board at a private house, and would not listen to the proposals, often made, to occupy a room and board with him.

Matters ran along smoothly in this way for nearly two years, when the young merchant, after repeated solicitations, prevailed upon the clerk to join the order of Knights of Pythias. Thereupon his application was presented to the lodge, approved, and the candidate elected. When, however, at the next meeting, the clerk was requested to be in readiness for initiation, he did not put in an appearance, and gave as an excuse that he felt timid about the matter; but at the next meeting thereafter he was promptly on hand, and inducted into the mysteries of the Page's, or first degree, of the order. At the next meeting the newly made Page was reluctant to take the Esquire's, or second degree, but was after a time prevailed upon to do so, and that night became an Esquire.—When the time arrived to take the third degree the candidate hesitated still more than before, but not one of the brethren suspected the true cause thereof—they attributed it to his timid timidity, and after several of them had talked with the young clerk, whom they all had come to admire and respect, he entered the lodge-room, witnessed the first degree conferred upon a new candidate, and had nearly passed through the third degree before the sex was discovered. Just exactly how this came about the unwritten work of the order will not permit the writer to disclose; but the members were struck with consternation, and then and there all further proceedings were suspended. The young lady had fainted upon finding out that her sex was discovered, and upon regaining consciousness was thrown into hysterics, and no coherent story could be wrung from her, either by the gentle pleading of her employer or the threats of members, and her hysterics increasing, she was conveyed to her boarding house in a close carriage, and a doctor called to attend the case.

The above incidents occurred about five weeks ago, and are now made public for the first time. The young lady had a trunk full of female wearing apparel, and in a day or two, after the doctor had quieted her nerves, she donned her natural garments, and for her employer's friend, and to his sister made a clean breast of who she was and where her parents resided, but he refused to disclose any of the facts about her. She still remains in Bay City, and rumor is busy with the report that the younger member of the firm to whom she worked will marry her, and thus make a stronger bar to secrecy on the part of the young lady. Rumor also has it that the young lady not the young man is a certain occasion, fell in love at first sight, but not being able to make his acquaintance, took that method to do so.—*Cleveland Sun.*

ETHICS IN CONVERSATION.—Yesterday morning two strange boys on Penn st., and the easy flow of their conversation can only be accounted for by the fact that Benson Alcott was in Burlington nine years ago when these two boys were babies.

"Hello!"

"Hello."

"Where you goin'?

"Down here. Where you goin'?"

"Up yander. Where'd yer get that dog?"

"I got hyur."

"That's Will Staples' dog."

"Bet 'taint, mother, then."

"I know'd Bill Staples 'fore you did."

"I know where Jim Buch lives."

"I know Jake Stub lives."

"Jake Stubblekinses daddy is a policeman."

"My daddy works on a steamboat."

"Ho! My daddy is dead. My uncle can lick your daddy."

"My daddy don't want to fight; but he ain't afraid of him."

"I'm goin' in swimmin' s'afternoon."

"I'm goin' in swimmin' s'morning."

"Hah!"

"Wen?"

"I got to go."

"I got to go' too."

"Hoh!"

"Huh!"

And they parted. It sounds very ridiculous, and the poms reporter who heard it laughed at it, but, brethren, did it ever occur to you that about half the wise men who meet casually on the street say little more than, and frequently not as much as, these two boys? Report your own conversations for just one day, and see how much or many of them you would like to see in print.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE youth that parts his hair at the equator, sucks the head of a rattan cane, squints with dreamy looking even though always glasses, wears No. 5 shoes on No. 6 feet, sports a double-breasted watch chain, to which is anchored a $1 watch, wears a horse's head scarf pin and sporting dog studs and says, "deuced," "aw, yes, dawnce," and "don't you fail to remember it," has a soft thing in this world. He wears it in his hat just beneath the unusually thick skull.

MAN doubles all the evils of his fate by meditating upon them.

A Present from General Sherman.

HOW THE GENERAL PAID A GEORGIA WOMAN FOR HER CHICKENS.

Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experiences of the Georgia march to the sea, which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the Governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost me to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered as officers' meat, and as we were infernally hungry, we went for these old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream as I don't think you could hear her screams clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing a woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a bushel of confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her.' Acting on this hint, I proceeded to buy hens. We had captured a confederate train the day before with $1,000,000 of bonds in it, so I offered the money, and I hooted up the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed all our hat in one big gum old carpet sack and dragged it into the house.

"'Madam,' said I, opening the sack, 'I'll give you $50,000 to quit this noise.' It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the packages on the table and I never saw such a pleased woman. The effect passed off, and I continued: 'Sherman presents his compliments and $001,000.' I never in my life saw such a relighted old woman, and I wound up by throwing the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed females I could not be outdone by any man living.

"She invited the officers to supper and she cooked every chicken on the place and let out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old cous came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. 'Sarah!' said he, 'where in blazes did you get this damned trash?'

"'A present from General Sherman,' said she.

"'Taint worth a cussed cent, they're kin-fed' fixin with it down in New Orleans.'

"The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt front, and her eyes wasn't pleasant to meet.

"'So you are the folk that give the bills, are you?' she cooled out, standing for the old hickory.

"The entire mess rose and started from that corner. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that confederate money, if it would bring one hundred cents on the dollar at the treasury department, Washington."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A Peculiar Trait of Colored Women.

"Admitting, as we must, that the negroes are more to less imitators, how are we to explain the fact that the white race, for I do not believe that any person ever saw two negroes kiss. I have attended a number of negro weddings, and have never yet seen the bride kissed; while, on the other hand, a wedding among the whites, with its attendant reception without kisses would be something so strange as to call forth general comment. I have also heard that Indian women do not kiss. Are we to suppose from this that kissing is confined to the civilized race? I have always considered kissing as an act the pleasure, to be thoroughly enjoyed by those of a delicate and refined temperament. You will see that the lower classes of white women do not kiss. Kissing is a lady.

"For twenty odd years I have lived in the South, have had negroes in my house ever since I was a child, during my whole life I have been intimately acquainted with them, and never but once have I seen one negro girl kiss another.

"Then our kisses are an exception to what you claim is a rule?"

"Yes; but then it was done so coyly and jerkily, fearfully and as if it really hurt girls."

"How so?"

"I will tell you that, and if you ever have an occasion to kill an hour, try it for kiss. Lay you may find a use to fit it in. One of them was a very bright mulatto, and stood in side the gate; the other was a dark chinnied girl, approaching a chance for hanging, and stood on the outside of the gate. As I approached they were talking, when all of a sudden the bright girl reached her arms around the neck of the black one, with the incongruous exclamation, 'Ketch de kiss, Ann!' and, 'Ketch de kiss,' and 'Ketch de kiss,' and ran into the house. She positively called it a kiss, and I have not a guess an exception to this rule, but, in truth, it was more plainly an assault. They were entirely innocent of the art of kissing, and knew how to give no more than a slight touch. This, however, is hardly a fair guess, as the girls were nearer white than black. In all my life I have never seen two pure negro women kiss, and I have often heard my father remark the same thing. He was over 80 years old, and frequently told me it was a tradition through all his family that negro women never kiss. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveller, has visited Africa and Hayti, has remarked to me the strange fact that negro women never kiss.—*Louisville (Ky.) Post.*

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.—Children, look in the eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the moving of even a finger touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a living mother. Read the anxiety that is in those eyes. Read kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after years you may have trouble—food, dear friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness bestowed upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh to my struggles with the dark, unceasing world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quaint tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and unlike voice.—Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I opened my eyes; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; and yet how some whisper from the grave, and her eyes watch over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Lord Macaulay.*

THE WAY TO SQUEEZE.—"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made the edge more blunt till it ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw, and with its relentless teeth he worked it inward and forward on its suffering midst they were all torn and broken; then he too gave it up. "Ha! Ha!" said the hammer (I have you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way;" but at the first stroke of flew backward, and the iron remained as before. "Shall I try?" asked a small flame. But they laughed the flame; but he curved gently around the iron, and embraced it, and never left until it melted under his influence. There are hearts too hard enough to resist the force of words, the motive of persuasion, and the force of pride, and to make their own cold to their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.

OUR little Johnny had been given up to croup (diphtheria) and we gave him PERUNA; he is well.

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