THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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One copy, one year, cash in advance.......$1.50
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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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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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

CHEAP!
Cheapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware.
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Hill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth.
PAPER and OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WATER AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as superior in QUALITY, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is invariably the case that such goods are always the dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
OF
TIN, COPPER,
AND
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
AND DEALERS IN
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00
$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., ALTOONA, PA., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'79.]

B. & B.
OCTOBER 8, 1881.
For the coming week, in
SILK DEPARTMENT.
One lot Black Rhadames, $.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. These goods are of such good value that any one who examines them will be sure to purchase.
Also special bargains in the celebrated Guinet and Bonnet Black Silks, from $1.25 up to the finest numbers.
Satin d'Lyon, Satin Merveilleux, Satin Surah. Also, new Satin Parisienne, very elegant, at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, never before shown in this market.
New Costume Velvets, 24 inches wide, in all the seasonable shades, at $3.50, being close and heavy.
New Black Costume Velvets, 27 inches wide, at $2.50—a rare bargain.
New Costume Velvets, $3.00 up to $10.00 per y'd.
100 pieces 46 inch Foule, all pure wool, in twelve choice colors, at 50c. a yard, opened to-day, and the most extraordinary value ever shown anywhere.
New 46 inch fine French Dress Goods received this week in neat Checks and Plaids, at $1.00 and $1.25; suitable for full Suits and Combinations. New, handsome and elaborate Strip d'Novelties in rich colorings. Dress Goods at 10c. a yard up to $3.50.
Great offerings in Housekeeping Goods—Towels, Napkins and Tablings; 50 dozen Napkins at $1.27; German Linen, worth and never sold under $1.50; 50 dozen Napkins at $1.50.
100 dozen Heavy Damask Red Borders, ¾ size, a job lot, $2.50, worth $3.00.
Doylies, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, up to $5 per dozen. Also, 1,000 yards of German Table Linen at 7c. It six handsome Damask patterns, a good bargain.
New Hosiery in Cotton, Merino, Cashmere and Wool, of foreign and domestic manufacture, in a great variety of handsome styles, from 10c. a pair up.
A very extra bargain in Ladies' Cashmere Hose, 3 colors, at 40c. a pair.
Kid Gloves, Foster hook, $1.25, $1.50 and $2; 4-button Undressed Kid Gloves, $1. Full line Party and Opera Shades at popular prices.
In Cloak Department we continue to show New Novelties every day in Walking Coats, Ulsterettes, Circulars, &c., in new and graceful shapes, at prices ranging from $3.50 up.
Also, daily opening new things in Silk, Satin d'Lyon, Merveilleux and Rhadame Garments in all the new styles and shapes, as fast as they appear, in linings of Fur, Plush, Silk and Satin.
A special garment worthy of note is a Satin d'Lyon Dolman, new shape, fur trimming, very long; price $23, worth $30; size 2 to 42 inch bust.
Seal sacques, $125 to $250; sizes 32 to 42; length, 33 in. to 40 in.; qualities guaranteed and prices always the lowest. We earnestly solicit an examination.
BOGGS & BUHL,
118 and 120 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY.

Cuticura
PYÆMIA,
Or Blood Poisoning, which Results in Abcesses, Ulcers, Sores, Carbuncles, Boils and Itching Humors, Cured.

FEVER SORE.
What I tell you is the truth, told for no other purpose than to testify to the merits of CUTICURA REMEDIES. Mr. Frederick Yeaton, of this town, has been troubled for years with a Fever Sore on one of his legs. Last fall and all winter he could hardly walk a step. I induced him to take your REMEDIES. He has taken about four bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and used the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. His leg to-day is almost well, and he walks with ease. It was a sight to behold—black, and swollen very badly. I wish you could see his leg to-day. The change would astonish you. CHAS. H. TRIPP, Alfred, Me.

SALT RHEUM.
Will. McDonald, 2542 Dearborn street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for fifteen 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.

Great Blood Medicines.
The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES.
CHAS. A. WILLIAMS, Providence, R. I.

TREATMENT.
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.
Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Sold by all druggists.
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in Carrolltown, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., about six miles from Carrolltown, bounded on the north by lands of Rev. B. Wimmer, on the east by lands of heirs of George Leslie, deceased, on the south by lands of Michael Steigerwald and others, and on the west by land of Peter White and others, containing **126 Acres** and **69 Perches**, more or less, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE, a Frame Barn, and the necessary outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises. Also,

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Carroll township, adjoining the above described piece, lands of Wm. Arble and others, containing **18 Acres** and **144 Perches**, more or less. There is a four foot vein of excellent coal opened on this tract, which is in good condition.

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 judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser. MARTIN SANDERS,
Executor of Elizabeth Stuby, dec'd.
Oct. 21, 1881.-3t.

Sheriff's Notice.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, ss.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Mary A. Downey (formerly Sheridon), Christiana Sheridon, and Andrew Sheridon, residing in Iowa county, Iowa:

You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on *Tuesday, November 1st, 1881*, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of said John Sheridon, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court and returned by the Sheriff of said county on the 5th day of September, 1881, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

THOMAS GRIFFITH, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1881.-4t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the marble manufacturing business, under the firm name of Wilkinson & Everly, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts of the late firm are in the hands of the senior partner, James Wilkinson, who will continue the business in his own name at the old stand on Centre street, between High and Sample streets.
JAMES WILKINSON.
DANIEL EVERLY.
Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1881.-3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—To all whom it may concern, notice is hereby given that an application has been made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county for the incorporation of "The Conemaugh Fire Company, No. 1," for which a charter will be granted at an Argument Court, to be held in and for said county, on *Tuesday, the first day of November next*, if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary.
JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 8, 1881.-3t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the lumber business in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wagnor, Saupp & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent, W. W. Saupp and Thadeus Conrad retiring. The business of the late firm will be continued by John Wagnor.
JOHN WAGNOR.
W. W. SAUPP.
Oct. 3, 1881.—14-6t. THADEUS CONRAD.

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has **96 Acres** of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about FORTY ACRES cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address F. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881.-tf. Loretto, Pa.

"NOTHING TO GIVE."

"Nothing to give," when the hand of the poor
Is stretched out for pity to-day;
Go traverse each by-lane, unknown and obscure,
What misery crowds on the way!
The half-wasted form, the wan, sunken cheek,
Wherein a sad tale may be read,
The accents, which wretchedness truly bespeak,
Haunt every pathway we tread.

Hand in hand are seen poverty, suffering and woe—
Distress which the heart scarce endures,
And you who complain, you have naught to bestow,
You know not what riches are yours.
The kind word which lights up the poor, pallid face,
The sweet smile, like sunbeam which falls
On the heart, where no longer has joy left a trace,
Which long-vanished feelings recalls.

"Nothing to give!"—oh! words heartless indeed,
When a mite from your all in that hour
May win from the destitute blessings instead,
Though little, how great is its power.
The gift may be scant, but the pitying sigh,
Which long its compassion to prove,
The soft glance of kindness which beams in the eye,
The offering enhance by their love.

We know not the magic contained in a word.
It opens a fountain long sealed,
In hearts where for years not a chord has been stirred,
By sorrow and wretchedness steeled
Neglected, unsought for, unloved and unknown,
Too oft are they spurned by us all,
While a friendly voice, and a kind, gentle tone,
Like soft drops of dew on them fall.

"Nothing to give!"—oh! how callous they sound
Those pitiless words on the ear,
From lips which might then diffuse pleasure around
And only made hearts still more dear.
Though misery's cup may be o'erflowing there,
A word may resign to their lot;
[illegible]
For the joyless, whom all have forgot.

Christ loves them, and counts all the labors and pains,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And tell them of heaven, [illegible]
Where joy and repose shall be theirs.

—"*Mahomar*" in Cork Examiner.

STORIES ABOUT GHOSTS.

SUPERNATURAL WARNINGS GIVEN TO THE AIRLIE FAMILY—SINGULAR PHENOMENA IN A CHAMBER OF DEATH—A SON SEES HIS FATHER'S GHOST IN A THEATRE.

The discussion on the "Truth About Ghosts" still continues in the columns of the London *Telegraph*. In the issue of Oct. 10 Mrs. Ann Day writes in regard to the "Drummer Boy" of Airlie questioning the statement that the warning of impending danger to the Airlie family consists only of the sound of a drum. She says:

"Early in the year 1845 I went to Cortachy Castle in attendance upon Miss Margaret Dalrymple, who was paying a two days' visit to the Earl and Countess of Airlie.—We arrived late in the evening and Miss Dalrymple had only just time to dress for dinner. As she rested for a few minutes on the sofa, however, (this she told me some time after we had left the castle), she heard distinctly, as if immediately beneath the floor, the sound of fifes and afterward the beating of a drum. While at dinner she remarked to Lord Airlie, who sat near her: 'What is that strange music you have about the house? You assuredly have an excellent piper?' Lord Airlie, without replying, dropped his knife and fork and retired from the dining room. Later in the evening the place seemed to be all in confusion, and I learned that Lord Airlie, after leaving the table went to the library and dined in solitude. The next morning, while the family were at breakfast, I was quite alone in Miss Dalrymple's room, and as I stood before the fire I heard, as I thought, a carriage drive up, and stop dead, directly under my feet. Immediately there followed the sound of another carriage driving up, and stopping in exactly the same manner. And then, as if following the vehicles, came the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching soldiers. Then I heard some shrill notes of the fife so distinctly that I looked round instinctively, expecting to see a piper in the room. In another moment I was still more startled by the beating of a drum. About this there was something indescribably disagreeable; it seemed as if the drummer were making his way through the floor. Being a perfect stranger to the place, I thought there might be a coach road and an entrance door to the castle near the room in which I stood and that some distinguished guests were arriving or departing. On looking out of the window, however, I found there was no door or coach road near, and not a human being was to be seen. I concluded, therefore, that the sounds must have been echoed from a distance. The next morning, before our departure, Lady Airlie came to the door of Miss Dalrymple's room to give her a five-pound note for an orphan school in which she was interested. Neither of us ever saw the countess again. She was confined of twins at Brighton some months afterward and died. It was not until Miss Dalrymple, a few days after we left the castle, asked me if I had heard 'the strange music there,' that I disclosed my experience, and then for the first time I learned from her the tradition about the Airlie drummer boy. She told me that she herself had been totally in ignorance of it until her allusion at the dinner table to the music she had heard elicited from another guest an explanation."

Another writer in the same paper says: "I can only say for myself that I am not altogether ignorant of physical science; and yet I myself have witnessed phenomena for which I could not account. After the death of a female relative, whose husband at the time was lying paralyzed, the room in which she died gave birth to all kinds of noises; the furniture was moved violently about, etc., while the room itself was locked, and the key in my possession. This lasted until the death of her husband, when the house resumed its normal condition. These sounds were not heard by one pair of ears, or by the inmates of the house only. And here I am reminded of another fallacy in the reasoning of ghost scoffers. They say that a man, by prolonged concentration of thought on one particular object, may project a picture of that object on to the retina. But from this view how is the following explained? A friend of mine came home one evening and told me that he saw his father walk down the corridor leading from the boxes of a certain theatre. He was much surprised as he imagined his father to be some miles in the country at the time. The next day he received intelligence of the death of his father at the hour when he saw him in the theatre. His father was in perfect health when he saw him last."

A long letter appears in the *Telegraph* of October 11, in regard to the superstition of the peasantry of Eastern Europe. The writer says:

"I have never been fortunate enough to set eyes upon a satisfactory ghost except at the lamented Polytechnic. It is true that a being, presented to me as the 'spiritual incarnation'—whatever that may be—of a deceased Belgian damsel, once threw a necklace of coral beads at my head in a two pair back within bow-shot of the British museum; but I have since had reason to believe that the apparition in question was a more or less respectable married woman, the mother of three, and fonder of chocolate drops than is altogether consistent with the habits of a genuine ghost. I have, however, lived a good deal in countries where belief in the supernatural is the rule rather than the exception, and where spectral appearances, being the outcome of deeply rooted and wide spread popular superstition instead of individual indigestion or imaginativeness, are far commoner than in these matter-of-fact isles.—Throughout Eastern Europe these appearances are, as it were, public property; no man is so poor, ignorant, or insignificant that he need despair of becoming acquainted with them at some period of his existence.—Here, for the most part, they are monopolized by the well-to-do classes; the British proletary, with infrequent exceptions, has neither act nor part in them. In Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Transylvania and the Hungarian Banat, the steadfastly recurrence old family ghost, familiar alike to England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, are all but unknown. [illegible]

"[illegible] is the most affected by spectres of [illegible]. It would puzzle the most painstaking traveler through that 'dear and lovely land,' as it is described by the Dacian Laureate, to discover a single wood, river bank, valley or mountain top that is not—at least in the opinion of the local population—haunted by spirits of one sort or other. The Roumans of to-day, like their Latin forefather—from whom, in all probability, they have unconsciously derived the bulk of their supernatural beliefs—are firmly wedded to the conviction that trees and flowers, rocks and streams, lakes and marshes are endowed with spiritual as well as corporal existence. For them, earth, air, fire and water are inhabited by mysterious beings, not the ghosts of anybody in particular, but, as it were, the souls of the elements, capable of rendering themselves apparent to the human eye and by no means indisposed to hold commune with ordinary mortals, for good or evil to these latter as the case may be. Sometimes these spirits make themselves manifest in the form of an emeu, or giant; sometimes in that of a hydras, who may be a dragon or a fiend, for the noun is indiscriminately utilized to describe either of these dread visitants.—Another supernatural institution of Roumania is Baba Cloantsa—the seeming of an old, toothless ever-spinning hag, reprehensibly prone to become enamored of any uncommonly handsome youth who happens to be at once the pride of his village and affianced to its leading beauty. Baba Cloantsa is credited with being a distant family connection of Satan himself, the chief of all the 'dracuii,' who gives her power, at intervals to abstract the temporary object of her affections from the scene of his mundane triumphs, and to convey him to one of her residental caves in the Carpathians. She can, however, change herself at will into a maiden of surpassing loveliness, so her victims are, perhaps, not so much to be pitied after all.

"Besides the above and other standing spectres of renown, in whose existence nine-tenths of King Carol's subjects believe a good deal more implicitly than in legionary saints of the Greek Orthodox church, Roumania owns innumerable apparitions of minor moment, some of them belonging to the fairy, pixie, gnome and wood devil categories; others of a strictly local character—such, for instance, a pale-blue flickering light, visible at a certain spot on the banks of the Bistritza, which phenomenon no true Moldavian 'terranu' doubts to be the sad spirit of the fair but hapless Maghiara, who drowned herself for love in that river.—Were wolves and willies, ghouls and lamiæ, are also at home in Wallachia, Moldavia, Transylvania, and the Buckovina, whither, however, I suspect them—notably, the were-wolf and the willi—of having been imported at comparatively recent date from Poland, Lithuania, and the forest lands of Southern Russia. In a word, there is still, despite railways, telegraphs and all the other encroachments of civilization that have penetrated Eastern Europe within the last 20 years, a glut of supernatural beings on either bank of the Lower Danube. That is the 'truth about ghosts' in countries only three days' journey from Charingcross."

A SCARED SAVAGE.—In the Sandwich Islands the natives are excellent barbers, but know, or did know, nothing of wigs. A man from England went into a Kanaka barber's shop to get shaved, and after the shave the barber, as a matter of course, proceeded to shampoo the customer. The customer had dropped asleep in the chair and didn't notice what was up, and when the barber started in on the shampoo and the customer's wig came off in the poor fellows hands, leaving a perfectly bald-head, he thought he had yanked the man's scalp off, and with a howl of terror fled. And his assistants fled also and stayed in the woods a week not daring to take the responsibility of their awful deed.

THE very heart and root of sin is an independent and selfish spirit. We erect the idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves.

THE LEGEND OF GHOST LANE.

You see, away back in 1791, or along there somewhere, there lived a maiden in Saint Andrews, a beautiful Canadian named Pemigewaset McKirchenthumbach, the loveliest flower that ever grew in the sunshine and showers of Charlotte county, chaste as Diana, true as Penelope; the violets paled in the blue of her eyes and pearls sold for second choice in the pools when she smiled; ivory white was her broad, high brow, for she didn't comb her bangs down into her eyes like the foretop of a Shetland pony, and the semi-occasional fogs of her native land kept down the freckles and cleared away the tan.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

And her "arrowy hand" was dimpled and fair and soft. She wore good clothes and moved in the highest circles; she embroidered her own number 1½ moccasins, and was the belle of the singing-school. Her father owned more acres of spruce and pine lands than he could count in a month; he could get out enough ship's knees in a day to build a United States navy and two schooners; he had an abiding faith that the Megantic Railroad would make Saint Andrews its tide-water terminus, and he carried a hat full of preferred stock in that colossal enterprise, and was rich and proud. He sat in the best pew in church, and responded louder and contributed smaller than any other member of the congregation, and possessed all the other ear marks of a wealthy man.

One day a man named [illegible]—Pierrepont T. Michilimackinac, came down from up-river country with a load of pelts. He was a mighty hunter and every year he captured, by trapping, shooting and swindling the untutored Indians [illegible] them for a keg of rum, enough furs to [illegible] the market, and he was a growing in [illegible]. He wore a plug hat and a [illegible] and hung his watch chain [illegible] his coat. He was [illegible] on Pemigewasset on the first [illegible]. [illegible] He took her hand in his, and said he wanted some fair maiden to go with him and stay in the north woods [illegible] in the year and help him skin bear [illegible] and mink and otter and fox, and certain varieties of cats and bears, and cook for his [illegible] and help him to [illegible] the Indians [illegible] of their pelts, and pack the [illegible] and help him down the river with [illegible]. Would she fly with him?"

[illegible] her [illegible] and silken hair and [illegible] away off his base, [illegible] before she'd go.

[illegible] Michilimackinac led her to her father, and said the [illegible] that he had [illegible].

The old man bent his brows upon the rebellious girl.

"You'll marry him," he said.

"What for?" replied the maiden.

"Because it would be very gratifying to me," said her papa.

"I cannot bear to think of it," she said.

"But you are very dear to me," put in the lover.

"That's where the gazelle comes in," sighed the maiden. "I'm afraid you're lion to me."

"Make 'ermine,'" the lover said.

And the old man said he would and called for some ink and paper to draw up the settlement. But Pemigewasset simply said:

"Thou art so near and yet so fur," and left the room.

There was another. A youthful sailor man, with a straw hat and wide trousers and a broad collar with anchors worked on it in white thread and lovely yacht club buttons. George Augustus Saskatchewan. He was a daisy. He played on the mouth organ and danced the racket divinely.—Knew all the new songs of the street, got $900 a year and spent every cent of it on his clothes.

And when the old man found out where the previous attachment existed.

There was a
Circus.
The irascible parent
Grabbed
George Augustus by the
Collar,
And the slack of the
Leggins
And lifted
Him
Clear out of
His boots.
And he
Set the dog
On him, and
Chased him down
The front path,
And banged him through
The gate
And howled and
Yelled after him and
Told the
"Goggle-eyed,
Empty-headed,
Long-legged,
Turkey-trodden,
Clam-eating,
Beer-guzzling,
Billiard-playing
Son of a
Sculpin,
To keep away from
There."
And then sought his
Daughter.
And scolded and
Coaxed and
Threatened and
Bribed and
Commanded and
Stormed and
Raved and
Roared and
Ramped up and down
The house,
But the brave girl
Stuck
To George
And said if the
Old man
Didn't like George, he
Needn't marry him.
But as for
Her,
She was his
Hairpin—
Or words to that effect—
And that was
The kind of a
Girl
She was.

And inasmuch as it was not pleasant for George to visit Pemigewasset at the house, as he didn't feel able to feed his father's dog three times a week out of his scanty salary and sensitive legs, these devoted people used to wander clear out to this lane and meet when the moon was full and, when it was gibbous, and when it was half, and when it waned into its last quarter, and when there wasn't enough moon to excuse a gas company. They sat in the shadow of a silent rock, or they clambered up on its broad old summit and ate gum-drops and talked of the stars, and planned a quiet, little wedding in the cathedral of Frederickton and a modest little trip to Niagara and Chicago, and out to Colorado and the mountains. And he held her in his strong arms while she cried and sobbed over her troubles with pa, and they talked all the sweet nonsense that young people are very liable to talk in that lonely night, out under the listening stars, and in the shadow of a discreet and most silent old boulder. And together they sang old love songs that the hemlocks bent to hear, and their stolen hours at that woodland tryst were full to overflowing with truth and the tenderness of their love; so full that sometimes they could not speak, but could only sit and hold each other's hands, soft and dimpled, and strong and manly, while their thoughts dreamed out of their eyes.

And so one night, while he bent his head to gaze into the happy face that was nestled against his breast, and laid his hand softly against the dimpled cheek to press it yet more closely to his heart that throbbed beneath it there was a moving shadow by the rock that was not cast by the swaying hemlocks, a stifled hiss of a breath that was not the sighing wind of the night, the cold cruel glitter of steel in the starlight, and the heart throbbing so warmly beneath the cheek of the girl was still, and she held her lover in her arms only to see the love light in his dear eyes die out in the glassy stare of death. Only the gloomy aisles of the forest and the rocky caves of the mountain called back her screams of anguish in melancholy echoes, and a mocking laugh from a voice she knew and hated jarred on her soul.

It appears that the rejected rival, Pierrepont T. Michilimackinac, had taken a bowie-knife two inches wide and a foot and a half long, and tapped George for laudable pus, penetrating the perihelion at the base of the cardic apothegm by a lateral incision, bearing sou' west through the metacarpal phalanges in apogee with the base of the fifth rib. The operation was highly successful and the Coroner was notified the same evening.

The treacherous Michilimackinac fled to the north woods, and in the following month ate himself up with a wild bear, and the Indians gobbled up all his skins. Pemigewasset got her to the nunnery, and followed her lover to the summer land in a few months. The stern parent, having bit off a little more Megantic stock than he could masticate, went on Change to unload one day and got caught on a falling market and was skinned alive.

And to this day when the bell in the castle tolls the hour of midnight, two ghostly figures walked down the lane with the skating-rink-glide affected by ghosts, and, in the shadow of this rock, the lady ghost on her bended knees lifts her clasped hands in the passionate eloquence of a voiceless appeal to the glittering stars, while her shadowy figure bends above the prostrate phantom stretched before her, striping the crushed ferns with the crimson current of a life.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

A JUDGE'S MISTAKE.—To one born and raised in the mountains of western North Carolina the country along the coast of eastern Carolina is full of interest. The life, manners and habits of the people are so entirely different that one can hardly realize that he is in the same State and governed by the same laws. I had never in all my life seen a stream wider than the Upper Roanoke river until I started from this place about ten days ago. I had better luck in getting here than the Superior Court Judge who started from the extreme western part of our State some years ago, when rotation came in vogue, to hold his first court at Currituck Court house. The story goes that he reached Norfolk, where he was to take the steamboat for Currituck, but being a raw traveler and bewildered by the darkness and strangeness of things he followed the crowd and went from the cars on board the Baltimore steamer and was soon on his way up the bay. He sat in the cabin for some time after the boat left Old Point, with his saddlebags between his legs, waiting patiently for some one to show him his room, and at last called a waiter and told him he would like to retire. The waiter asked him for his stateroom key and found he had not paid his fare. The judge gave him five dollars and he was soon shown to his stateroom, and when he awoke in the morning the steamer was at her wharf in Baltimore. He went ashore and a hack driver soon delivered him at Barnum's Hotel, where he registered his name and title, and told the clerk to send for the Sheriff. He sat down to wait for that functionary, and when he made his appearance he mildly rebuked him for making him wait so long and told him to call court at one o'clock. The Sheriff thought he had a bald-headed lunatic to deal with and was about to send for a policeman, when the judge went on to say that he found Currituck Court House a "heap bigger place than he expected," which led to explanations, and the judge shouldered his saddlebags and struck for the return steamer a poorer and a wiser man.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News.*

ANGER.—Of all passions, there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of anger; other passions solicit and mislead us, but this runs away with us by force, and hurries us as well to our own as to another's ruin; it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offences to be capital, and punishes an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, infamy or death.

THERE must be something wrong about the family government when a four-year-old boy is heard praying: "Oh, Lord, take all the naughty out of Johnny, all the scold out of papa, and all the punish out of mamma Amen." No doubt the little fellow fell asleep after that, in a blissful confidence that life was going to be brighter for him.

FRANK and Willie were discussing which were the most economical, men or women, and Frank seemed to be getting the best of the argument, when Willie suddenly brought the debate to a close by saying: "One thing I know; my father can make a piece of butter go over more'n twice as large a piece of bread for me as mother can."

A MODERN LAZARUS.

BUSHELS OF SCALES FALL FROM THE PERSON OF A MAN—A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

One of the most afflicted mortals that has come under our observation, says the Kingston (N. Y.) *Freeman*, is Jonathan Schultz. Mr. Schultz appears to be about sixty five years of age; is a stout, well-built gray-haired man of apparant rugged health. Around his forehead, however, is a broad red streak, which attracts the attention of the stranger, and on further and closer examination it is easily seen that the man's scalp is completely covered with a crustaceous matter extending down the back of his neck and thence out of sight down the back of his shirt.

"Mr. Schultz, is is said you are suffering from salt rheum, but that you are now getting better," was advanced by the incomer.

"Well, yes, my dear boy, I am suffering from that horrible disease, and have been for the last two years, but as for getting better I can't see that; you will judge for yourself," and with that he hastily bared his arms, legs and body and showed us a sight horrible to behold. The man was actually one mass of red crusty sores. His body looked as red as a beet, and, with the covering of crusty white skin, he presented the scaly appearance of an alligator or crocodile exactly.

"How long have you been suffering from this dread malady?" was sympathizingly inquired.

"Well, about two years ago I first experienced soreness on my feet, but I gradually got rid of it there. Soon afterward, however, the disease began to spread, and in a few months I was covered from head to foot as you see me now."

"Do you suffer much?" was asked.

"Yes, indeed, my sufferings are intense; the pain of the disease itself is not so much, but in summer, when I perspire very profusely, the itching is almost beyond my endurance."

"How is it in winter?" was the following inquiry.

"In winter my sufferings are not of such irritable character, but then I almost freeze. I can't get clothing on enough to keep me warm, and during the night I have to sleep between feather-beds. Why, there is no describing my sufferings. When I go home at night from work in the winter-time and take off my clothes my wife will sweep up a dust-pan full of the decayed and shorn scales that chip off my body during the day and accumulate in my clothes."

"How about the itching, sir?"

"Oh, indeed, sir, that is the worst feature of the affliction. I can't rest for it. At night I will wake up and the irritation will be so great that it almost sets me mad. I have been forbidden by the physicians to scratch my body, but I cannot withstand it and have to do it, and then the scratching irritates and inflames the part touched with the nails and makes it worse. Sometimes my body becomes so sore from this that I can neither set nor lie down, and when I'm standing the very touch of my clothes is excruciating."

"Is there no hope for you?"

"I don't think there is. Every doctor in the city has given me up, and say they can't do anything for me. Last November I went to New York to see medical men there who are specialists in skin diseases, but I have given them up also, and am now doctoring myself with cream of tartar, sulphur and some other preparations. Why, I have taken enough arsenic to kill a horse for my complaint. I used to take as much as could be placed on a silver dime twice a day for months, but it did me no good.

"People think I am getting better because the scales on my skin are not as plentiful as heretofore; but I know that as long as the inflamation as present I am no better. A bushel basket would not hold the scabrous particles that I have removed from my body. I tell you it is pretty tough on me. Here I am a man in the declining days of life and am obliged to work hard for my living, besides being thus sorely afflicted. I think I can bear up though as long as it is the will of God," sighed the old gentleman in finishing up his remarks, "for I was once given up by the doctors before. I had the heart disease and was told to settle up my business because my days were numbered, but a good old doctor over in Dutchess brought me out all right. This disease, however, is worse than that, because then I was resigned to die and thereby gain deliverance; but in the condition I am now there seems to be no alternative for me by any natural means. What bothers me most about the disease—which they call a blood disease—is that it does not cover my face and hands. But thank the Lord, that part of my body which is exposed is free from the disease."

A ROMANCE.—Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Georgia, anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the postoffice, but the postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts, it is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She therefore is surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards from the letter case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spanks the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. Heavens! It is from John, who proposes in glowing words and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and out of curiosity communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago pork-packer with a wife and three sons.

A SOFT ANSWER.—"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler.

"Well, you can, if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman.

"Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?"

"Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbor or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice chest?"

"I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter."

"Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral too," replied the [illegible].

And she smiled on that peddler, and [illegible] good.

JOSEPH BARA, THE CHILD HERO.

The statue of the child hero, Joseph Bara, has been erected in the church square at Palaiseau, on which a chateau of the Condes in which he was born and reared looks down. It was in an inn near his residence that the "thievish magpie" stole the silver spoon for which the serving maid was sent to prison. Palaiseau is near that end of the valley of the Ivette where the fair vale of Chevreuse begin. The landscape is of a seductive character. There are fairy green meadows, wooden knolls, a pretty stream, and everything appears to catch the sun. A very thin mist often rises over the undulating ground, and gives additional charms to the scenery. Of the Conde Chateau only a single olive window exists. George Sand once inhabited Palaiseau and wrote there "Mdlle La Quantinie." She bought an old house, and in attempting to improve it got into debt. M. Taine is very fond of the scenery around Palaiseau. He has a country house there not far from it at Chatillion. His brother lives a few miles in the Chevreuse direction. Jos. Bara's father was a woodranger on the Palaiseau estate of the Condes, and his mother was a domestic in the chateau. She was a widow when her son, at the age of twelve enrolled himself as a volunteer. His head had "taken fire" at a patriotic meeting where Carnot's appeal for 450,000 men was read before him.

The boy learned to play the fife and drum, and burnished the arms and cleaned the horse of a major of Spahis who had fought in India under Bussy. This officer "la petit tambour" followered to La Vendee. To barass and throw the enemy off the track, this major often sent his little drummer running through the boeage to beat here or there the drum or sound the fife. Bara was one day surprised by a band of peasants. He was a boy of delicate health and aristocratic air. The Vendeans thought him some nobleman's child who had been perverted, and told him that if he cried "Vive la roi!" they would let him off. He answered by beating his drum. "Are you deaf?" roared a country brute who took aim at him. "I'm a Republican," cried the boy. "Ah! you young brigand, have a care! Give up your drumming, and, like us, cry: 'Vive le Roy!'" "Vive la Republique!" cried Bara. Twenty firelocks were instantly discharged at him and he fell dead. Horrified at the execution the Vendeans fled. But some of them returned, picked up the corpse, and respectfully bore it to the camp of the Blues. The The convention decreed a pension to Bara's mother, and ordered that an engraving of the little drummer's execution should be made and hung up in every primary school to show what a child can do when inspired by a noble sentiment. Chenier, in "Le Chant de Depart," alluded to Bara's execution, and David (d'Angers), who found one of the engravings ordered by the convention, chose his death as a subject for his chisel in 1837. The statue of Palaiseau represents the youthful hero in the uniform of a hussar. A drumstick has fallen from one of his hands, the other he still holds. The boy had been struck with twenty bullets, but the expression of heroic exaltation still lingers on the delicate young face.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A MOUNTAIN HEROINE.—At one of the watering troughs, deep in the mountains, we stopped at a little cabin, and, at the clatter of the mail bag on the loose planking of the low porch, there appeared at the door a most remarkable apparition—a woman, short of stature, and of wiry frame that spoke of long endurance. She had a pleasant, sunburnt face, crowned with a shock of hair, flying in a tangled freedom peculiarly its own. Her dress, of faded calico, reached just below her knees, and left in plain view a well-worn pair of high boots, from the same lot as her husband's. This woman was Mrs. McNulty, and, as the stage-driver afterwards told us, was, in her way, quite a heroine, and much respected through the mountain for her courage. The origin of her earliest claim to notoriety dates back some three years. In front of her house, on the stage road, is one of the most dangerous points of the mountain highway, where the road turns sharply around a curve and crosses a narrow and unsteady bridge. Just above her house, late one afternoon, some break had occurred in the harness of the horses attached to the regular stage, which was coming down the mountain with city passengers. As the driver descended from the box to repair the damage, the horses became frightened, and started at break neck pace down the mountain. The courageous little woman, listening at her cabin door for the evening mail, saw, as the coach dashed in sight, the danger which lay before the helpless passengers, and flinging herself before the running horses, by superhuman strength, brought them, trembling, to a halt. The poor woman, bruised and wounded from being dragged by the running horses, was carried fainting to her bed and lay there for weeks, suffering from her more than womanly heroism. A purse was made up among the grateful passengers whose lives she had saved, and her name has grown to be a synonym throughout the mountain for bravery.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A HIGHLY COLORED ACCOUNT.—The legend of Cornwallis' surrender to Washington, as told by an old Virginia colored man, and reported in a Fredericksburg paper a few years since, differs somewhat from the accepted historical accounts of that event, to which he claimed to be an eye witness.—But it has merits of its own including originality, and is of particular interest at this moment, when the hundredth anniversary of the occurrence is the most prominent feature of current thought:

"I see General Washington? Yes, sah—why, I was here at de time. See de British? See Cornwallis? To be she'—wa'n't I here, right here—'ent him? Sartenly, I saw 'em all. Now, I tell you, massa—I see General Washington and he was a settin' on his hoss an' eatin' of a peach; an' Cornwallis he come out, a steppin' round to git away, and he start out down towards de creek, an' he start to run, but General Washington he see him d'rectly and started arter him, an' General Washington he didn't want to take no advantage of him. So he jump off his hoss and ran arter him. And General Washington he was a big man, an' he run well, an' pretty soon he catch Cornwallis, and he catch him by the neck and say: 'You d—n scoundrel, I got yo'!' And Cornwallis he turned roun' and handed Mr. General Washington his sword, an' General Washington he jes took it an' cut his head off. See it? To be sho' I see it—I was right here all de time, massa. How I gwine help see it? Jes as I tell you—General Washington was settin' on his hoss, an' eatin' of a peach," etc.

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