THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25
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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.

VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1881. NUMBER 45.

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

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PITTSBURGH
WEEKLY POST
FOR THE YEAR 1882.

*Democratic Organization, Principles and Candidates.*

No Lowering the Flag. No Surrender, No Concession.

But the Renewal of the Old Battle for an Old Time Victory.

Never was there a greater necessity for activity, watchfulness, and unyielding political integrity, than there now is in the Democratic party. As an opposition party it can defeat the conspirators. Its organization must be maintained in all its old time vigor; its party usages and traditions cherished; its own selected leaders trusted and encouraged; its membership strengthened and educated in the faith of the fathers. To the Democratic party is confided the sacred duty of defeating the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. Therefore it is the highest patriotism to defend and maintain organization in its greatest effectiveness.

THE PITTSBURGH POST is committed to the principle in all its length and breadth, and if possible more vigorously and uncompromisingly than in the past will it labor to strengthen the party, hold up the hands of its trusted leaders, spread Democratic truth, and promote by all honorable means the success of Democratic candidates, National, State and local.

So much for the political course of THE WEEKLY POST during the coming year; but in all its departments it will maintain the highest degree of excellence to its readers as a family journal.

THE FORENOON EDITION will be enriched by choice and carefully selected miscellany, consisting of tales, poetry, sketches, humor and biography.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT will be carefully edited and include a careful summary of the events of the previous home and abroad, with specials, telegrams and correspondence from Washington and Harrisburg during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature.

AN AGRICULTURAL AND HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT will be added as a new and attractive feature.

THE MARKET REPORTS, and especially reports of cattle markets, will be prepared with the utmost care, and afford information of the highest value to the farmer and dealer.

THE WEEKLY POST will discuss the questions with candor and sincerity. It will endeavor to be not a Democratic revival and re-union efforts to disintegrate the party or weaken its organization. It therefore appeals with confidence to Democrats to second its efforts by extending its circulation.

TERMS:

THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST.
EIGHT PAGES—FIFTY-SIX COLUMNS.
One Copy—One Year..... $1.50
Clubs of Five or More..... " 1.25
Extra Copy for Every Club of 10.
Send for Specimen Copy.

THE DAILY POST.
Published Every Morning (except Sunday).
By Mail, per annum, postage free..... $8.00
" 6 months, " " ..... 4.00
" 3 months, " " ..... 2.00
Address the Publishers,
JAS. P. BARR & CO.,
145 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SUN for 1882.

Next year THE SUN will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining as always for all, big and little, mean and generous, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN's light is for mankind of every sort; but to some it will seem special rays for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently evil.

THE SUN of 1882 will be a newspaper of a new kind. It will shun many of the forms and a multitude of superfluous words and phrases of ambient journalism, but it will contrive to report in a fresh, original, sensational way all the news of the world, giving no event of human interest and common importance a place in the light-giving rays of abundant sunshine. The success of this experiment of THE SUN's. It defeated a combination of the oldest and strongest American newspapers, the most important journal established in the course of the dozen years past has been modelled after THE SUN. Every important journal already has been modified and bettered by the success of THE SUN's example.

THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, unflinching, and interesting newspaper.

Within the limits of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before. We shall print all the news that is fit to print in the most readable shape, and measure its fitness not by the traditional yardstick, but by its real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with THE SUN. Whenever anything happens it is worth while to get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Bokhara.

In politics we have decided opinions; and we are accustomed to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and measures. That habit is the only secret of THE SUN's political course.

The weekly edition of THE SUN gathers into a compact form all the news of the week, the news of the Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, market reports, and a liberal proportion of literary, scientific and domestic intelligence complete enough to satisfy the wants of the best educated family in the country, and cheap enough for the farmer's household that was ever printed.

THE SUN does not know and read and like the SUN. Every other number of which is a Golconda of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the year, every line worth reading, news, humor enough to fill a good sized book, and yet sufficiently varied and entertaining than any other little.

The idea of what a newspaper should be pleases THE SUN. Its terms are as follows:

The daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, mailed, postage paid.

The quarter edition of the SUN is also furnished daily at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The weekly SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, mailed.

The quarter edition of the SUN is also furnished daily at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

To those of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, a year. For clubs of ten send $10 and we will send an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
Nov. 11, 1881.—2t.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, &c., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid weekly paper, now in its 37th year, is circulated weekly at $3.20 per year, or $1.60 for six months. This advance fee for the AMERICAN, in the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. A pamphlet of 84 pages sent free. Handbook about Patents sent free. [11-18-6t.]

AGENTS WANTED.—A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our New Book:

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Lifting up the New York of to-day, with its palaces and crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated railroads, its countless sights, its romance, its mysteries, its crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, in fact every phase of life to the great hosts who want to know how the other half lives. Unprecedented selling slow books, but send for our prospectus and full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready and territory assigned. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 705 Jayne St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!
Dramas, Comedies, Tragedies, Operas, Farces, Fairy Plays, Music Books, Speakers, Ethiopian Songsters, Ethiopian Minstrel Music, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Paper Scenery, Theatrical Goods, and Paper Scenery, Sent free, containing full description. Address SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 122 Nassau St., New York.

WANTED FOR THE
NEW BOOK
"PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."
The funniest of all. Elegantly bound, with 200 illustrations. Just the thing for the holidays. Address P. C. HUBBS & CO., Newark, N. J.

PIANO ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds only $59. Pianos $125up. Rare Holiday Bargains Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

B. & B.
NOVEMBER 12th, 1881.
BARGAINS IN
Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR
At 50, 60, 75c., $1.00 and up.
Ladies' Scarlet Underwear at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and up.
Children's Merino Underwear from 25c. a piece up.
Children's Scotch Mixed Pants and Vests.
Children's Scarlet Pants and Vests in all sizes, from 16 to 25c.
Men's Merino Shirts and Drawers at 25, 40, 50, 60, 75c., $1.00 and up to the finest qualities.
Men's genuine Scotch Wool Shirts and Drawers all sizes.
Boys' underwear in White, Gray and Scarlet.
Purchasers will find the above lines full and complete and at prices lower than elsewhere.

LARGE LINES OF
HOSIERY,
For Ladies, Misses and Children.
Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose at 35, 40, 45 and 50c.
Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and up, in choice new shades.
Ladies' heavy Cotton Hose, plain dark colors and fancy stripes.
Great variety Misses' Hose, in Cashmere, Merino, Wool and Cotton.
Children's ¾ Wool and Cashmere Hose, in handsome stripes and fancy plaids.
Men's Half Hose, Merino, Cashmere, Cotton and Wool.
Special bargain in 50 dozen Men's Real Scotch Wool Socks, extra heavy, opened to-day.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, in a great variety of handsome new designs, at 25c. each; pure silk.
50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, pure silk, at 40c. each.
100 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, at 50, 60, 75c. and $1.00, in every imaginable style and quality.
Silk and Cashmere Mufflers.
Linen Handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen, plain and fancy borders, at 12½c. each and up.
Attraction in the Cloak room constantly increasing. Choice Walking Jackets, Cuffs and Pockets of Plush, at $5.00. Walking Jackets at $6.50, $7.50, $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00 in light cloth, and fine Black Diagonal Dolman from $5.00 up to $50.00; an endless variety to select from.
Dolmans of Satin Merveilleux, etc., at $23.00, worth $30.00.
Dolmans, new shapes, Satin Rhadames at $31.00, worth $35.00.
Dolmans, trimmed in Fur and Plush, $40.00, $45.00, $50.00 and $60.00.
Silk circulars at $25.00, $30.00, 35.00, 35.00 up to $35.00.
Seal Skin Sacques to suit all in prices, size and quality, commencing at $125.00, and up to the best grades.
A very good variety Children's Coats, Ulsters and Ulsterette, commencing at $2.00 and up to $20.
New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Plushes and Velvets, New Fringes; Passementeries, Buttons, etc., New Neckwear, Kid Gloves—button and hook, Chamois Gloves—very long, $1.00 a pair. Full lines of Men's and Boys Gloves, Drealing Gloves, Fur Top Gloves, Cloth Gloves, Wool Knit Gloves.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

Cuticura

*Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.*

MIRACULOUS CURE.
I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered three years. His arms, neck, scalp and nearly his entire body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I travelled more than 100 miles to see CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was *completely cured*. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no sign or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.
Reported by
F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.
Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, says: "Under Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

EXZEMA.
Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Exzema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.
LEN. M. FRAILEY, 64 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.
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.
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

OFFICE OF CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY
*No. 422 South Fourth St., Room No. 45, 2d Floor.*
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1881.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—A meeting of the stockholders of the Cresson Springs Company will be held at the office of the Company, on the *5th day of January, 1882*, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of voting on an increase of the capital stock of this Company, by the issuance of preferred stock, as authorized by an act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act to authorize the Cresson Springs Company to issue preferred stock," approved March 10th, 1875, and for transacting such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
JAMES R. McCLURE, Secretary.
Nov. 11, 1881.—4t.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZA McDONALD, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of Eliza McDonald, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will be required to have them properly authenticated for settlement before presenting them to
ELIZA ANN McDONALD, Executrix.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1881.—6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of THOMAS McCONNELL, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Thos. McConnell, late of Summerhill township, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
AUGUSTINE McCONNELL,
Nov. 11, 1881.—6t.* Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Adams, late of Clearfield township, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to
MARTIN L. CARL, Administrator.
Clearfield Twp., Oct. 28, 1881.—6t.

NOTICE.—The second and partial account of Joseph Criste, Committee of Ellen Cullen, a lunatic, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on the *first Monday of December next*.
JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1881.—4t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, in Dean township, on or about the 1st of last October, a red steer with a white face, supposed to be a year old last spring. The owner is notified to come forward, pay charges and take him away; failing in which, the steer will in due time be disposed of according to law.
JANE McGUIRE.
Dean Twp., Nov. 18, 1881.—3t.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Dean township, on or about the 20th of October last, a red and white bull, with white face, and one year old last spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of as the law directs.
PHILIP FOGLE.
Dean Twp., Nov. 18, 1881.—3t.

NOTICE.—The first and final account of H. J. Hade, Assignee of A. R. Litzinger, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and will be confirmed absolutely unless exceptions be filed on or before the *first Monday of December next*.
By the Court. JOHN C. GATES, Proth'y.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 2, 1881.—4t.

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Uncle Caleb and Ruth, his wife,
Caring little for outside weather,
Fifty years of their wedded life
Spent in this tiny house together.

Mossy the roof and gray the wall,
Narrow the window, low the door;
But love's own sunlight hallowed it all,
From rafted ceiling to sanded floor.

Silent to-day, but silver sweet
Voices of children long ago,
Keeping time to the restless feet,
Followed the mother to and fro.

Scattered afar from East to West,
Seeking their fortunes far and wide;
No one stays in the olden nest,
Where such beautiful memories hide.

Stranger feet on the time-worn stairs
Wake the echoes of other days;
Stranger voices are lifted where
Caleb once "turned the tune" of praise.

Caring naught for the desolate pain
Of the wind in the pine tree tops;
Caring naught for the grieving rain
That so sadly over them drops.

Heeding as little the sunbeam's kiss,
Falling sweet from the summer sky,
In a narrower house than this
Caleb and Ruth together lie.

Up where the many mansions wait,
Is there, I wonder, a cottage small—
Not too stately its pearly gate,
Not too shining its golden wall—

Where these two may in peace abide?—
Heaven were none if these must part—
Caleb away from his gentle bride;
Ruth far from his faithful heart!

Hand in hand from morning till night,
Traveled those two the long earth day;
Surely they walk through the fields of light,
Hand in hand on the shining way.

Blessed love of husband and wife—
Love that lasted through years and fears,
Filling this place with the chrism of life,
Peace unclouded for fifty years.

## THE MINE BY THE SEA.

A strange sight is a coal mine. Wonderfully picturesque with its streets and lanes and alleys, its unending corridors and countless chambers of the dead. The men there, with blackened faces and scanty attire, seem of another race from those above ground, and the feeble lights gleaming in the midst of the darkness give a weird, unreal aspect to the scene.

The only sounds heard are those of the coal wagons slowly pushed along by boys towards the mouth of the pit, and in the narrow passages, where the men are at work, the clang of their pickaxes as they cleave their way through the great rocks of coal. Men are not the only beings here. There are horses that have not seen the daylight for many a year, to draw the wagons in the broader passages, and sometimes, if the light of the lamp is turned toward the ground, the bright little eyes of rats (how they came to that under-world I don't know) may be seen peering out of nooks along the walls.

There is an almost fearful somareness about the place. Thoughts that the daylight would at once disperl seem to haunt the air and the voices of the men as they wander about, each one, Gideon-like, with his amp and pickaxe, have a deeper, hollower tone than above ground.

For two days a storm, long remembered on the coast, had been raging; but the men in the mine, accustomed as they were to hearing the roar of the waves above their heads paid little heed to the increased noise. Geo. Heimers alone had noticed it, and each day had spent more time than usual in examine the supports of the roof.

It was now night time, and he had been superintending some rather dangerous work in the lower levels of blasting with gunpowder, which, much against his advice, the owner had ordered. This being done, leaving further orders for work with the men, George turned away and walked alone in the direction of the pit's mouth, carrying in one hand a large canister containing the gunpowder; in the other his lamp and the heavy stick that, on account of his lameness, was his constant companion. Even in the imperfect light it might have been seen that a great change had passed over his face. It was haggard and pinched looking; there was a strange and restless glitter in his eyes, and now and then his lips parted with quivering movement, and were pressed together again with that stern, set expression that was now habitual to them.

Instead of leaving the mine, a sudden thought seemed to strike him half-way, and he turned aside and entered a part of the mine long deserted on account of working too near the bottom of the sea, but which recently had been opened again; and though George had many times warned the owner of the danger of weakening the support of the roof, large quantities of coal had been taken from it.

All was still as he advanced through the narrow passages, but soon these widened into a more open space, and as he entered the noise of the tumultuous waters overhead was fearfully loud. A cold draught of air smote him and made him shiver. The place was known to the miners as the "Boggart's Hole" or the "Ghost Hole." It was an immense low roofed hall, one of those natural caverns that exist beneath the sea and land; and in the centre was an abyss into whose depths no human being had never penetrated. The workings had been carried on all along the sides, and a rude pathway led half-way round and abruptly stopped about the great chasm.

The poor light which George had illumined only a narrow circle round him, but he knew the place well, and cautiously stepping along reached the part where the last workings had been made, and which was so low that he could touch with his hands the black, slimy roof, into which gigantic, leathesome fungi clung.

As he stood there wild fancies stole over him. Loud above sounded the thunderous boom of the surf, while beneath him lay, wrapped in eternal darkness, the great mine, stretching for miles into the depths of the earth. He seated himself on a projecting rock, the canister of powder on the ground beside him and the lamp held between his knees.

What were his thoughts just then? I know not at all; but there was one fiercer than the clamor of the waves above, more terrible than the abyss beneath him—he had lost all! He looked back upon his life—all had gone wrong from the beginning, and now, when at last the cup of sweetness had seemed to be so near his lips he had seen it dashed away. He ground his teeth with rage and then his passion took another form; his breast heaved and a great sobbing cry rose to his lips.

"If she only knew how I love her! He love! A moment of the love I could give her would be more than a lifetime of his.—But I know that never, never—let me make an end of it.

"Ah! and Jim Massey, too; a light to this powder and there'd be no victory to any one—the sea would cover us too close for that! But the others?

"Pooh! it's only dying a little sooner; and what is life to stupid, toiling drudges like them?"

A terrible smile passed over his face as he placed the lamp by his side and bent over the canister. Only a light to the powder and the rocks above would be riven, and with a might burst the sea would rush in and overwhelm them all! He took out his knife and proceeded to open the lid of the canister, which, by some means, had been fastened down too tightly.

But, hark! Close beside him, just beyond the ending of the path, he heard a rustling, crackling sound; then a crash, and a huge fragment of rock rolled down and he was only just in time to leap aside before the place where he had stood was covered with shivered portions of it as it descended, and, leaping from ledge to ledge, at last, with sudden roar, was lost in the depth below. Still he listened, for another and more dreadful sound caught his ear—the low, swishing sound of falling water. He crept as near as he could along the pathway, and as he did so his face was sprinkled with the cold sprays of the torrent. He held out his hand, and then, touching his lip, tasted the water. It was salt!

Still and breathless as a statue he stood for a moment; the next, holding the lamp before him, he was rushing with wild speed down the broken pathway and away from the scene. As he approached the entrance he stopped, and for a moment looked around in bewilderment. He had mistaken the road, and instead of taking that by which he had come had followed another which abruptly stopped, a mass of coal having fallen and broken it off. He had no time to turn back. He threw his lamp down, and, as fortune would have it, it had not been broken, but had only fallen on one side about ten feet below; then, drawing in his breath, he prepared for the leap. He did not know the ground—the lamp had gone out. If he leaped he might fall into some deep fissure; but there was no time to hesitate. He took the leap and fell—the firm ground was beneath him.

His arm was bruised and his ankle sprained, but he hardly felt it. Relighting his lamp, he dashed along through the narrow passages towards the mine where the men were at work.

At last he met a boy slowly dragging along a small coal wagon. He caught the lad by the shoulder and shouted to him:

"Can you run, Will?"

"Ay, ol can," answered the boy.

"Then run your hardest, Will. Tell them in the lower main that the water's coming in, and in an hour it'll be flooded."

"Fayther's there!" the boy cried, and without another word rushed off.

Other boys, forced by George's stern voice to obey, were sent to other parts of the mine, he telling them that he would not let one man leave the pit till they were all there.

Then he waited. And if any one had seen his face as he stood alone, a singular change would have been noticed in it. There was now such a look of triumphant gladness as for many a year had not rested there. He stretched out his arm like one who had just finished some weary labor. Then his head sank on his bosom and he muttered:

"O God! Saved! Saved! Thou hast kept me from it, and I may yet save them all."

Quickly he recovered himself and went into a small office where he kept his books and instruments. He took from a box a small revolver and some matches and coming out again set light to a heap of shavings and dry wood lying near the door, which soon blazed up and illuminated the whole place.

Again he waited.

Soon troop after troop of the men, flying at their utmost speed, reached the mouth of the pit, and a fearful sight it was to see the struggling mass of men, each one with maddened shouts and blows striving to come closer to the basket. But George Heimers' voice was heard above them all:

"I'll shoot the first man that touches that basket before I tell him."

They saw the levelled barrel of the revolver and drew back.

"Those that are married stand here."

And in silence the men obeyed him.

He then signaled to a certain number of them to enter the basket. Not an instant was lost, and they were hoisted out of sight.

The other, strained their eyes to watch the ascending mass, calculating how soon it would return to rescue them. Some of the men who had their sons with them clasped them tight in their arms, whispering messages to be given if they were lost, for in nearly every case the fathers chose that the boys should go in their places; some sank to the ground muttering prayers that they had never spoken since childhood, and others listened to George Heimers as he told them that there was still hope if they would obey him.

Jim Massey, having been in one of the most distant workings, was one of the last to reach the pit's mouth, and now he stood by the wall apart, with eyes bent down on something he held in his hand—a lock of Agnes' hair that she had given him the night before.

More than half the number of men were now safe; and the basket, whirled up by those who knew just how much depended upon their work, had just left, when George, in the same calm voice with which he had spoken before, said: "Men, who's to go next?" There were only about twenty left, men and boys, whom George had many a time helped by words and deeds. They remembered this, and they all cried a once: "Next turn's thine, master—we'll come after!"

"Thank you, my lads," he answered quietly; "I'm not going this time, but I want to send some one in my place. Will yo let me?"

Not so eagerly this time—but still the answer, "Ay, master!" was given.

"Jim, come here!" George shouted. "You take my place when it comes again. Nay, lad, you must! Remember, Agnes want you. Jim, you'll be good to her, won't you And tell her sometimes the last words I tried to say were: 'God bless both of you!'"

Once more the basket descended, the few that were chosen leaped into it, the rope was shaken as the signal to hoist up, and with one tight hand-grip George sent Jim on his way. And as they parted Jim looked at the other's face, and never to his dying day did he forget what he saw there—the bitterness of death had passed away and a strange peace was shining forth from his eyes.

It was the last freight. George already had heard the distant thunder of the waters bursting in full flood into the mine. He knew the end was come, and when the basket was ascending he turned away down a side passage that he might not see the agony of the poor men when they found it was too late.

Just as the basket reached the level of the upper ground, where hundreds were waiting anxiously the arrival of each company that was saved, a tremendous black cloud rolled up the pit's mouth, bursting up a fearful roar high into mid-air, and when it had cleared away the men peered down the shaft. Far away in the darkness beneath they could hear the dash of the waves, and sometimes thought they could discern their white gleam as they leaped up the sides of the shaft.—Jim Massey and several others volunteered to go down and seek for any who might be still struggling in the water. It was too late, however, when they reached the place, and only a few of the dead bodies were ever recovered.

* * * * * * * * *

The mine is now deserted and its buildings in ruins.

Some time after the disaster a part of the cliff above it, probably undermined by the action of the waves, fell down one stormy night, and now there is a great cavern wandering away in dark passages under the cliff where part of the coal mine had been.

It is easy to penetrate beneath these gloomy arches in a boat during fine weather, and many times in after days Agnes, then a happy wife and mother, would come there with her children on summer days and tell them the story of how their father's life had been saved. And when she had ended and leaned back in the boat as they floated on thro' that silent gloom as of the twilight, the large tears would gather in her eyes as she thought of him who lay in that unknown tomb of his own choosing, far below in some dark cavern of the sea.

SOME OF THE FOOLISH THINGS.—Talking slang.

Praising yourself.
Wearing tight shoes.
Tramping for a living.
Borrowing newspapers.
Getting mad at nothing.
Kissing poodles in public.
Living beyond your income.
Trying to "cram" school children.
Sleeping away the early morning hours.
Marrying a man for his fine moustache.
Hunting for white-handed employment.
Counting your money before it is earned.
Trying to do business without advertising.
Endorsing notes for friends and acquaintances.
Thinking it don't pay to economise in trifles.
Playing the gallant to every woman but your wife.
Expecting to have money without working for it.
Leaving off heavy flannels too early in the season.
Wasting your smiles on every man but your husband.
Lending an umbrella without bidding it an eternal adieu.
Exposing your ignorance by pretending to know everything.
Moping through life when its just as easy to dance through it.
Getting married in live haste and repenting at dead leisure.
Judging a man by the cut of his coat or a woman by the shade of her complexion.
Envying other people their wealth when you might be hoarding a pile for yourself.
Falling in love with a woman's hair or teeth before finding out what she paid for them.
Joining so many lodges and church societies that you have no time to become acquainted with your family.
Turning up your nose at ordinary ways of earning an honest livelihood, and waiting for some genteel job to turn up.

AN ACT OF TRUE HEROISM.—When the Cyprian was wrecked on the coast of Wales, a few weeks ago, the two hundred people who stood horror-stricken along the shore saw an act of heroism rarely witnessed under any circumstances. The captain, John A. Strachan, of Liverpool, had told those on board that everyone must look to himself.—Most of the crew had dropped overboard, and Captain Strachan also prepared to leap into the billows. He tied a life belt about his waist and mounted the rail. At that moment he noticed the pale face of a boy peering from below decks. The lad was a stowaway. A few hours ago he was a sneak, an unworthy thing, a miserable pilferer of privileges; but now the skipper only remembered that he was a human being, to be saved, if possible, at any rate not to be left behind. Without a word Captain Strachan unbuckled the life-belt from his waist and lashed it into shape round the little stowaway, binding him safe himself. "I can swim," said the captain, "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway lifted upon the serf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting, like the good brave fellow that he was, to his strength, enfeebled with long watching and anxiety. But swimming was impossible in such a sea. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down, never to be seen again; while the little stowaway, with the good captain's life-belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about, but alive, to tell the story of his strange fate and his kind friend's heroism.

DO YOU HEAR?—"My son," said a Little Rock mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of condensed milk."

"I should squirm to wiggle," answered the boy.

"Go on, I tell you."

"I shall limp to jump."

"If you don't go this instant I'll tell your father when he comes home."

"I should blow to tattle."

"Never mind, sir."

"I should hoop to squeal."

When the father came home the mother said: "I wish that you'd whip Tom. He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told me that I was a tattler, and that he would jump on me."

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"What was that you said to your mother?"

"Never said nothin'."

"Then I'm a story teller and your a pretty boy," said the mother.

"Look here, young man, if you don't behave yourself I'll thrash you. Do you hear?"

"I should titter to snort."

Come here to me, sir," and the young man squirmed to wiggle, limped to jump, blew to tattle whooped to squeal and tittered to snort.

MARRIAGE FESTIVITES OF OUR ANCESTORS.—It may be of interest to know how they arranged marriages one hundred years ago. An old paper has the following description bearing upon the subject: "Married in June, 1750, Mr. Wm. Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tossen, near Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Rhotthen, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than one hundred and twenty quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of mutton and a quantity of beef, twelve hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which are concluded with eight half ankers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozen of cider, twelve hogsheads of wine, and ninety bushell of malt made into beer. The company consisted of five hundred and fifty ladies an gentlemen, who concluded with the music of twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity.

## MARRIED—DIED.

In the columns, side by side,
Stands the captions, Married—Died.
What fine irony in this
That shares with death our nuptial bliss;
That blends beneath our earnest gaze
The story of two wonderous days?
The kiss of death, of blushing bride,
Sarcastic blend in—Married, Died.

Throbbing breast of heart that bleeds,
Tearful, bright, or dull eye reads
Lines whose message is not clear,
Blurred and broken through a tear;
Lily fingers, hand of age,
Trace the line along the page;
Death and Cupid, side by side,
Sport in man with—Married, Died.

Here a requiem, there a song,
Blend and roll their notes along,
Village bells that ring or toll
Greet a glad or passing soul;
To the chancel call the crowd,
Clad in satin, gown or shroud,
To the church we twice may ride,
Heed the badinage—Married, Died.

Hoist the anchor sail away;
Summer winds or sunlit bay
Lure thee o'er the outer bar,
Where the white-capped breakers are;
Staunch thy painted shallow be,
Strong to ride life's restless sea,
God shall rule the surging tide
That laps the shores of—Married, Died.

Orange blossoms, ripen wheat,
Springs or rue or lilies sweet,
Curls of gold or locks of snow,
Wedding robes or garb of woe,
Hands in loving hands to rest,
Or folded lie on pulseless breast;
Who shall blooms and fruit divide,
So near the stories—Married, Died.

## A THRILLING CHAPTER.

There is in the Detroit Work House to-day a prisoner whose smile is soft and sweet as a woman's, and the stranger who meets him is instantly drawn towards him by his clear, blue eye, soft voice and gentle smile. And yet that very man is accounted the shrewdest, sharpest and most "nervy" prisoner of the lot. The fact that two officers rode over a thousand miles with him handcuffed and shackled and constantly watched is proof of the above assertion. When they turned him over at last to the custody of the Superintendent they left the following record on the books:

"Prisoner has been engaged in one train robbery at least and in half a dozen stage and highway robberies.

"Has broken jail three times and bears the scars of several wounds.

"Has the reputation of being a shooter and a fighter; has killed at least three men; was a pal of Wild Bill; is supposed to know all the leading outlaws in the far West. Is sharp and crafty and has great nerve. Look out for him. Offense: Highway robbery."

The "smiler" has not yet exhibited the slightest desire to see the outside walls of the Work House, but is reported as one of the most orderly and quiet prisoners in the institution.

The first Deadwood line stage robbed was the work of a single man, and if that man was not the prisoner we write of then he has a twin brother. The robbery occurred just at sunset six miles from Deadwood. The stage contained seven men, all well armed. It was just rounding a thicket when a man stepped in front of the horses, halted them, and quietly said to the driver:

"If you pull a line until I am through I'll send a bullet through your head!"

This was accompanied by such a soft, bland smile that the astonished driver yelled back:

"Stop your fooling or I'll run over you!"

But the smile was deceiving. Up came a navy revolver on line with the driver's eye, and his teeth chattered as he loosened the reins and soothed the horses. Yells and shouts were heard inside the stage, but none of the passengers suspected what was happening until the road agent pulled open one of the doors and called out:

"Now, then, gentlemen, please climb down!"

"Who the —— are you?" was shouted at him by three or four in chorus, and his smile was honey itself as he answered:

"I'll introduce myself directly. Come, gents—these shooters are in a hurry to hurt some one!"

He backed off a few feet, a revolver in either hand, and the passengers began climbing down.

"Leave your arms in the stage!" shouted the "Smiler." "I'll pop the man brings out any sort of weapon with him! Come, now—sun's going down fast!"

There were seven revolvers and three Winchester rifles among the passengers, but that one man had the bulge on the crowd. Men are half disarmed when surprised. Coop them up in addition to surprise, and pluck is gone. The road agent knows this, and the fact is as good as half a dozen men behind him. One by one the seven climbed down and stood in a row, and as the last man left the coach the "Smiler" confronted the line and softly remarked:

"I will now tr