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

Circulation - 1,068.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
If paid in advance $1.50
If not paid within 3 mos. 1.75
If not paid within 6 mos. 2.00
If not paid within year.. 2.25
Persons residing outside the county will find the above terms to be definitely understood.
Those who don't consult their paper regularly will be expected to remember that it is a business paper, and that the same footing as those who do pay in advance must not be looked for.
Subscribers should bear in mind that it is a business world, and that we must live by it. We can't stop to wait, if we would, for everybody to do what they promise to do with clockwork regularity—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 16, 1881. NUMBER 46.

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.

CHEAP!
CHEAPEST!!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
BEST, BEST & MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
of every kind. His stock comprises
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
of the latest patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every kind and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of every description in the market. Also, a large assortment of
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Spoons, Basewares, Silver-Plated Ware, Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Valises, Revolvers, Ammunition, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nails, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Axles, Grindstones, Steel Shovels and Spades, Road Scrapes;
Threshing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, Pitch Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Hay Cutters, and a full line of Harvest Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Stove and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
AND CLOTH WINDOW SHADES IN ALL SIZES. Lawrence ASHTON WHITE LEAD, for House and Table use, warranted pure and good. ROCK SALT, LAND PLASTER; CHAINS, ROPE AND WAGONS, and constantly keep in stock CROCKS of every description. Also, a very ever-of-ing variety of PAINT BRUSHES, together with a large and complete assortment of WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., &c.
ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having purchased my entire stock since the late decline in gold, I am enabled to offer the very best in the market at the lowest figure of any house in town. Remember that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article even at a low price, when the best goods are always within reach of all.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 22, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

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

M'NEVIN & YEAGER,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
-AND DEALERS IN-
STOVES, RANGES & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
GOODS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Aug. 19, 1879.

M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Chestnut, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Cases of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

D. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office in the Twelfth street, in same building as that of the undersigned, in rear of First Nat'l Bank. Altoona, April 29, 1881.-tf.

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 exalted 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 this principle in all its length and breadth, and it 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 counsel 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 LITERARY DEPARTMENT will be enriched by a choice selection of 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 week at 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 drover.
EDITORIALLY, THE WEEKLY POST will discuss all questions with candor and sincerity. It will promote, to the best of its ability, honest industry, and resist all efforts to disintegrate the party or weaken the organization. It therefore counsels 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
In Clubs of Five or More.....1.25
An 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, keen and gracious, contented and unhappy. Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and stolid. THE SUN's light is for mankind and womankind of every sort; but it's genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.
THE SUN of 1882 will be a newspaper of a new kind. It discussed many of the forms and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of current journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, succinct, unconventional way all the news of the world, omitting no essential human interest, and commenting upon affairs with the fearlessness of absolute independence. The success of this experiment was the success of THE SUN. It effected a permanent change in the style of American newspapers. Every important journal established in this country in the dozen years past has been modelled after THE SUN. Every important journal already existing has been modified and bettered by the force of THE SUN's example.
THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truth-telling, and interesting newspaper.
By a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before. We shall print all the news, putting it into readable shape, and measuring its importance, 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 worth reporting we 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 success.
The weekly edition of THE SUN gathers into proper shape the best matter of the seven daily issues. An Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, full market reports, and a liberal proportion of literary, political and domestic intelligence complete THE WEEKLY SUN, and make it the best newspaper for the farmer's household that was ever published.
Who does not know and read and like the SUNDAY SUN, each number of which is a Golconda of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the day, prose every line worth reading, news, humor comfortably enough to fill a good sized book, and infinitely more varied and entertaining than any book, big or little?
If you like the idea that a newspaper should be pleasant, send for the SUN.
Our terms are as follows:
For the daily issue, a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.
The Sunday edition of the SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.
The price of the Weekly SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.
Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
Nov. 11, 1881.-6t

MANHOOD
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!
Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, sexual extravagance, etc.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain, simple and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.
Address the publisher,
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.
Post Office Box 450. [12-7,'81-1y.]

PATENTS
We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, &c., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, &c. We have had thirty-five years experience.
Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid paper, $3.20 per year, or at $2.60 to all who in addition pay one year in advance for the FREEMAN, shows 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, or send $4.60 to this office for the FREEMAN and SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN (Munn & Co.'s edition) and a copy of Kendall's "Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases," the best work of the kind ever published. Hand Book about Patents sent free. [11-18.-6t.]

AGENTS WANTED.—A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our New Book of
New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.
Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 706 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

Cuticura
Blood Poisonings, Scrofulous Ulcers and Itching Humors, Abscesses and Glandular Swellings.

LEAD POISONING.
Mr. Albert Kingsbury, Keene, N. H., troubled with bad humor on hands and neck, caused by blood poisoning. (He is a painter.) At times it would break out, crack open, and the skin separate from the flesh in large pieces, suffering great continual itching and stinging. Purchased your remedies; used CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and in less than three months effected a complete cure, and has not been troubled since. Corroborated by Bullard & Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H.

GREATEST ON EARTH.
J. W. Addis, Newark, Ohio, says: "CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case salt rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

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

SALT RHEUM.
Those who have experienced the torments of Salt Rheum can appreciate the agony I endured for years, until cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.
MRS. WM. PELLINGTON, Sharon, Wis.

CUTICURA
and CUTICURA SOAP externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally will positively cure every species of Humor, from a Common Pimple to Scrofula. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large box $1.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1. per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH.
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE!
Complete Treatment
For $1.00.
Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no choking, no distress. These happy conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by that most agreeable, economical, speedy, safe and never-failing specific, SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Complete and infallible treatment, consisting of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1. ASK for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER,
BOSTON, MASS.

PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR
RATS, MICE, Roaches, Water Bugs and Red and Black Ants eat ravenously PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR and die. No fear of bad smells. Barns, granaries and households often cleared in a single night. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. No failure in 30 years. Every box warranted. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Ask for PARSONS'. Mailed for 25c. by
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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 26c.
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, Misses' and Gents' 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.
Attention is the Clark room especially inviting. 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 Delman from $5.00 up to $25.00; an endless variety to select from.
Dolmans of Satin Merveilleux, etc., at $25.00, worth $33.00.
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, $38.00 up to $85.00.
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, Driving Gloves, Fur Top Gloves, Cloth Gloves, Wool Knit Gloves.
B. & B.

BOGGS & BUHL,
118 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.
OFFICE OF CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY,
No. 527 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 16th, 1878, and for transacting such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
JAMES B. McCLURE, Secretary.
Nov. 11, 1881.-4t.

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.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 541, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and bards, held in the famous halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. O'Donovan. A manuscript copy of the poem was sent by Prof. Stewart, of Trinity College, to the person who furnished it for publication in the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*.]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made:
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The rose fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's just begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in a weaver's hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream!
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's burst, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like the goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole—
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a bone, or like a plum:
Even such is man who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

"AHEAD OF TIME."

"Now I'm going to show you why I struck out for myself."

I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride other than the usual one of pleasure to us both.

"I have a warm place in my heart for my native Vermont," she went on; "and knowing how I love it, I am sure you have often wondered why I did not remain here instead of seeking a home and a profession for myself among strangers."

I had often speculated on this very subject, but there was no time to confess it, for at that moment my companion reigned up suddenly, and with a brisk "Here we are!" jumped from the carriage.

"How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable!" were my first exclamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Just so," she responded drily. "And my dear, you might search from cellar to garret of this great house, and though you stood upon ladders, and peered with a microscope on your hands and knees, you would never be able to find a fly."

Mrs. Stedman looked as her sister-in-law had described her—"like a very sad and troubled ghost." She was painfully thin and haggard, and at least a dozen times during our short call I noticed her eyes fill with tears.

"Well, Sarah," said the doctor, "busy as ever, I suppose?"

"O, yes," our hostess replied; "there is never any end to work."

"Been making butter to-day?"

"I made a little over forty pounds this morning."

"Before breakfast, I suppose?"

The doctor's tone was somewhat crisp.

"I churned at four, and I have just worked my butter over. I don't mind so much when churning doesn't come on washing-days, and, you see, cream has got to be attended to whenever it is ready."

"Been washing too?" my friend inquired.

"Oh, yes! And it did seem as if I had every garment in the tub that was in the house."

"So you've made forty pounds of butter," washed—and what else?"

"Not much else beside the regular work and made a few pies, that's all!"

At this point my friend, much to my surprise, turned the conversation into other channels, and soon after we took our leave.

"It seems to me you have neglected an opportunity," I remarked, as soon as we had driven away.

"I supposed you'd think so," my companion answered; "but you can form no conception of the amount of breath I have wasted on that very case. I am regarding it solely from a scientific standpoint. I think I can calculate the length of that woman's days within a fraction of time."

"I should think your brother wouldn't allow his wife to work so hard," I remarked.

"What does he know about it?" said the doctor. "He comes into the house for the three meals that are prepared for him, and when the night comes he goes to bed and to sleep, or he drives over to the village and spends the evening with his friends. My brother works hard, but he works out of doors, and that saves him. Sarah has an excellent reputation as wife and housekeeper all over the country. She has helped my brother 'lay up'—in Vermont vernacular—several thousand dollars. It doesn't take a prophet to see that another will have the benefit of this one's toil; though it is probable, if she comes from this section of the country she'll not have sense enough to be benefited by anything."

"If your sister-in-law would only have a servant," I suggested.

"A servant! Why, what a greenhorn you are!" said the doctor. "Do you think my brother and his wife are strong enough to bear the finger of scorn that would inevitably be pointed at them should they employ a servant? It is far better, my dear, to work one's self to death than to be called lazy and shiftless and extravagant. If this were not the case they would not think they could afford a servant. My brother is dominated, soul and body, by the spirit of economy, and his wife is a reflection of himself. Here we are again," my friend continued, coming to a stop before the door of a more modern and more pretentious house. "My youngest sister lives here. It seems singular, doesn't it, that I have never introduced you to my relatives before? The truth is, you and I are only perplexities to these good people. We turn them out of their beaten tracks for awhile, with no other result than to add to their work and anxieties. Ten years ago my sister Anna was at healthy a girl as there was in Vermont, and the brightest and wittiest one in the family. I had some hopes that she would keep out of the treadmill, and, if she did, marry a farmer and settle down here, that she would furnish an example of common sense to her neighbors; but she is just like the rest, worse, perhaps."

All this as the doctor hitched her horse, and we walked up the long graveled walk.

Sister Anna was scolding one of her children as we entered the house, and we were upon her before she finished her loud pitched harangue.

"I don't believe any one ever had such contrary youngsters as I have got" she remarked, apologetically. "They do worry me so sometimes that it seems to me I should enjoy myself in my grave."

"Send a couple to me, Anna, whenever you feel like parting with them," said the doctor.

"I would in a minute if their father was willing," the lady replied. "I don't know how to bring up children," she added, "and if I did know how I haven't any time. To tell the truth, I have such a pain in my side all the time that I'm not fit for anything. I wish you'd give me some of that medicine, Mary, that you gave me last summer."

"I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked.

"Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who else is there to do it, if I give up?"

"Where is the pain, Anna, and how long have you had it?"

The doctor's tones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had at the time no suspicion that any of it was assumed.

"It is under my left shoulder-blade," her sister replied, "and I haven't breathed a long breath since last November. Sometimes it is worse than others, and I am conscious of it every minute."

The doctor drew a chair to her sister's side and took her hand in hers.

"Dear me, Mary, my pulse is all right," said the invalid, doing her best to make light of the situation.

"How many men does your husband hire this summer, Anna?" the doctor inquired as she prepared some medicine.

"Only six this year."

"And you cook and wash for them, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"How many cows have you,"

"Fourteen."

"And you make butter for market?"

Sister Anna smiled as she answered this question.

"I average about sixty pounds a week."

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"About four o'clock."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"Anywhere from ten to twelve;" and then, with a glance in my direction, "you see, farmers have to keep ahead of time. If they didn't manage to do this they couldn't lay up anything to save their lives."

"Anna," said the doctor, taking no notice of the above remark, "I intend to stay in Vermont a month, unless I am needed in New York. Would you like me to take charge of your case during that time?"

"My case!" her sister repeated, in great perplexity. "I don't suppose I shall need anything more than that medicine."

"I will gladly do all I can for you, Anna," the doctor resumed, "and when I am compelled to go back I will leave you in good hands; but it must be on condition of the most perfect obedience on your part. You have hard coughing spells every morning, do you not?"

"Yes, Mary, but how in the world did you know that?"

"No matter how I know it. That I do know is sufficient. To begin with, Anna, your husband must find other places for his workmen, and some one must be found immediately to do your housework. You must go to bed every night at eight and remain in bed until after breakfast. You must have all sorts of nourishing food, and pork, and codfish must be eliminated from your bill of fare."

"Mary, what do you mean?"

There was a look of terror in the poor woman's eyes, and her lips quivered painfully.

"I mean, if you do exactly as I tell you you may get well; if not, it is impossible," the doctor replied. "If you think I am exaggerating, or don't know what I am talking about, send for any reputable physician you please and ask him to tell the truth."

"O, Mary! There isn't any way of doing the things you speak of. Clarke feels awfully poor this summer, and I have been trying harder than ever to make the ends lap over."

"Where is Clarke?" the doctor inquired.

"He's down at the creek, laying."

"I will drive down and have a talk with him right away," said my friend, making ready to leave.

"O, Mary! Don't you think there is any other way?"

The poor woman had broken down completely now, and the doctor held her for a moment in her strong arm and caressed her fondly.

"No other way, sis," she replied; "but we will do the best we can. There's no telling what a good rest and careful nursing may do for your poor tired body, my dear."

"I was going to take you to some other places," the doctor remarked, as we drove away, "but it would have been the same old story, work, work, work, without rest or change, from year's end to year's end. My mother killed herself by her attempts to get ahead of time. Two sisters have travelled the same road that Anna has started on, one of them absolutely dropping dead in her kitchen in the midst of her work. This is the kind of thing I could not endure to see go on. I knew it was all wrong as soon as I knew anything, and when I became old enough to have a voice in my own education I persisted in taking a different course. My sister Anna has tried to get so far ahead of time and make things 'lap over' that she has abused and probably killed herself, besides criminally neglecting and mismanaging her children. I don't suppose she has averaged over five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four during the last five years, and think of that amount of rest for a woman whose brain and muscles are forever in use. Every year I come up here and find things going from bad to worse among my relatives and most of my friends, and the horrible part of it is that nothing one can say or do will have the slightest effect."

"Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and ominously frequent. There is no mistaking such signs."

"How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked.

"By the exercise of will power," said the doctor. "In our family will power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to good use how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats salt pork when good beef and the most nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cash may 'lap over.' It drinks skim milk, and works nineteen hours out of twenty-four."

Soon after this the doctor dropped me at my boarding-house.

"Now you know all about it," she remarked in parting, "and if any one ever asks you why Mary Stedman did not remain among her relatives you can say that she declined to live among criminals and suicides."

Five months after the above incident sister Anna died, and one year from that date the widower married again. The second wife is a duplicate of the first, working night and day and 'laying up' for a future which it is more than likely she never will enjoy.—*Eleanor Kirk, in Christian Union.*

QUEER THINGS IN WAR.

Men might write for a hundred years of the curious phases of war and still leave the subject fresh. War is a lottery, and the prizes are shot, shell, wounds and death. Tens of thousands of men served four years in the late war and returned home. In a thousand cases recruits were killed within twenty-four hours after reaching the front. War's missiles are no respecters of persons, and the soldier who fights an all-day's battle without receiving a wound may be killed in his tent at night by the accidental discharge of a musket.

At the battle of Franklin, the first shell sent from the first Union field-piece to open fire killed twenty-six Confederates. The next five shells from this same gun either failed to explode or cleared the advancing lines. In this same fight the horse of a Confederate colonel was cut square in two by a shot and the rider escaped unhurt. Ten minutes after a Union officer behind the earthworks stumbled, fell forward on the ground and broke his neck.

In one of the assaults on Fort Wagner, in Charleston harbor, the iron clad fleet, assisted by land batteries numbering twenty-seven heavy cannon, bombarded the fort for two hours before killing a single soldier. From seventy-eighty heavy cannon were hurling three tons of iron into the fort each minute, and yet no one was hurt until over 300 tons of "solid death" had been wasted. As an offset to this, witness the work of a single solid shot thrown from a Federal gunboat on the lower Mississippi. A Confederate flying battery was just taking position, and one piece had already opened fire. The Federal shot was directed at this piece. The big mass of iron struck the six-pounder square on the muzzle and upset gun and carriage. A piece of the muzzle weighing about twenty pounds was broken off, and this flew to the left and killed two men. Three men were wounded by smaller fragments or flying splinters. The big shot next struck and exploded a caisson, killing three more men and wounding two others. From the caisson it turned to the right, killed a horse, smashed a wheel of a field-piece, and crushed the leg of a sergeant to a bloody mass. That one shot so disorganized the battery that it limbered up and dashed away to cover.

While heavy ordnance is necessary in reducing forts and earthworks, it is doubtful if there was any profit in the work of the big guns carried by the iron-clads on the river. When McClellan fell back he had the cover of gunboats, and some writers have claimed that their fire saved his army from capture. So far as the Confederate records show, the loss by the hundreds of enormous shells thrown over the heads of our troops into the woods by these great cannon did not amount to a hundred men. They were a new thing then, and the effect of the awful crash and tremendous explosion was demoralizing on the troops in line.

A Union gunboat on the White river threw three shells into a Confederate camp and killed nearly fifty men and routed a force of 800. Within a week after that event the Confederate General Shelby planted four pieces of flying artillery on the levee within 400 feet of the same gunboat at anchor, and without the least cover for men or guns, kept up the fight for over an hour, or until the gunboat backed out of it and steamed away.

The chances in a lottery can be figured down fine, and a certain per cent. of escapes is allowed in a steamboat explosion, but he who goes to war has nothing to console him. He may dodge a 200-pound shell and be killed by two buckshot. He may receive a dozen bullets and live on, or the first one may be fatal. He may ride in the wildest charge unhurt, and he may be killed by a stray bullet beside his camp-fire.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOYS, READ AND HEED THIS.—Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to be put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make.—The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man, and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

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

A STRANGE STORY.

The following remarkable story of attempted swindling, involving a cold-blooded murder, is narrated by the New York *World* of recent date:

In December, 1878, John W. Hillman made application for insurance on his life at Lawrence, Kansas, in the offices of the Mutual Life Insurance companies. The applications were forwarded to the home offices and in the same month he was insured for $25,000—$10,000 in each of the New York companies and $5,000 in the Connecticut Mutual. He paid the first quarterly premium to the three companies and then started for the far West, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing a cattle ranch. A companion started with him named John H. Brown.

While crossing the prairies they met a young man named Frederick A. Walters whom Hillman hired to accompany them and tend the cattle on the ranch. On the evening of March 16, 1869, the party camped a few miles outside of Medicine Lodge, Barbour county, Kansas. The following morning Brown came into the village and announced that his friend Hillman had been accidentally shot while removing some goods from their wagon. A coroner's jury was impaneled and went out to the camping ground, where Brown narrated the story of the shooting. He said that Hillman and himself had been traveling together, without any companion, in search of a cattle ranch. A verdict of accidental death was rendered and the body was buried in the cemetery at Medicine Lodges. Walters had disappeared and nothing was heard of him.

When the news of Hillman's death was brought to his friends in Lawrence, they refused to believe the story of accidental shooting, and had the body exhumed and brought home. Another inquest was held, and an examination of the body revealed the fact that it was not that of Hillman. The insurance companies agreed to act together and sift the matter to the bottom. They believed that Hillman was still alive, and that he and Brown had procured a corpse for the purpose of