THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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" " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
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Persons residing outside the county of Cambria will be charged 50 cts. per year.

No paper will the above terms be delivered to those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not be placed on the same footing as those who can be distinctly understood to be going forward.

Stop your paper before you stop it, if you mean it. None but scalawags do both—we can't afford to be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN does not warrant the consideration of advertisers, to make it worth while to insert at the following low rates:

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Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞ Resolutions or proceedings of associations or societies, and communications containing local information, or in any matter of interest to individuals, must be paid for as advertisements.

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

NO DULL TIMES HERE!

BUSINESS ALWAYS BOOMING AT BARKERS'.

TOO MANY GOODS and NOT ENOUGH MONEY

is the matter with us now! That is to say, we have bought such a large assortment of goods this fall that we cannot find room on our shelves and counters to place them; so we shall be glad to exchange them with the public for the public's money, as we can find plenty of places to put all the cash any of our old or new customers have to spare. In

BOOTS AND SHOES

we have the largest and most varied assortment we have ever carried. We have taken special pains this fall in selecting our stock of LADIES' FINE SHOES, and we take pride in saying that we have much the finest assortment in Ebensburg, while in BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS everybody knows we keep twice as many as any other merchant in town; so it is useless for us to say anything further about BOOTS or SHOES, except that we have all kinds and qualities, as well as

Overshoes in Gum and Cloth,

rubber buckled or plain, for both sexes and of all qualities and sizes.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING

is much larger than we have ever before kept. We have found it difficult heretofore on account of our meagre assortment to fit children from 4 to 10 years of age, but now we have all the sizes requisite for children of any age, while for men we have suits at any price desired, and will guarantee to sell you a complete outfit as cheap as the same kind of a suit can be bought at any other establishment in the State. Our special bargain, however, and it is a great bargain indeed, is a

SUIT WE ARE SELLING FOR TEN DOLLARS.

We claim that it is the cheapest suit of clothes in the country, and the very best for the money. We also have the

LARGEST STOCK OF OVERCOATS

ever displayed in Ebensburg. If you want to see the

Cheapest HATS and Winter CAPS

ever offered, call at our store and we will show them to you. We challenge anybody to show you as good Hats at 75c. and $1.00 as we are offering at those prices. We have also a

SPLENDID LINE OF WATERPROOFS

IN DIFFERENT COLORS:

AN ELEGANT LINE OF FLANNELS IN ALL COLORS,

SUITABLE FOR DRESSES OR SHIRTS;

A VERY NICE LINE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR;

A Fashionable Line of Dress Goods for the Ladies;

THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES AND GENTS;

A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF QUEENSWARE.

In fact we haven't room enough to enumerate half the goods we have for sale; we will simply say that we keep Axes, Baskets, Clocks, Drugs, Elephant Oversh, Fish, Glassware, Hardware, Ink, St. Jacob's Oil, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Lamps, Mexican Hose, Napkins, Oil Cloth, Paints, Quilts, Rope, Shirts, Tinware, Umbrellas, Varnishes, Whips, XX Flour, Yarn, Zero Overshoes, and everything that people need in housekeeping, farming, and all other pursuits of life.

We take all kind of GRAIN and PRODUCE in exchange for Goods,

And sell the Goods at just the same prices as we do for cash.

Thanking all our friends for past favors, we again cordially invite them to call at our store and examine our goods and prices, believing we can sell them goods as cheap as any one else can do, and knowing that we will find with us the largest assortment of goods to select from.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.,
Ebensburg, Pa

NOVEMBER 11, 1881.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

DEALER IN ALL KIND OF

COOKING AND COOKING STOVES,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kinds promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

The Truth Tritely Told.

THE NEW STORE OF

TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST

WINTER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

The invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and examine his goods, examine the various qualities and prices, which are so low that it will be a wonder to many by those who buy their goods from him. The reason? He is a young man, has but little capital, and is determined to sell for cash or its equivalent, and is prepared to sell goods at as low a rate as any other merchant in Cambria. Call and try and be convinced, however, but come and see for yourselves.

S. TEITELBAUM.

NOVEMBER, Nov. 21, 1881.-tf.

$20 SAVED! $20 MADE!

J. McGILCH.

PENSIONS.

ARE PAID under recent decisions. Soldiers disabled by any disease or injury, or who have served 90 days in the war, are entitled to a pension. Widows, or in case of their death, children, are also entitled to pensions, and should send at once. Address, with stamps for reply, P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa. Refer to Hon. J. Bankson, Sec. Nat. Union, and Gen. Reub. Nat. Bank of Pittsburgh.

AGENTS WANTED FOR NEW BOOK

Mark Twain's "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER." The most original of all. Elegantly bound, with 200 fine illustrations. Just the thing for the holidays. Address P. O. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

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 Hollard & Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H.

GREATEST ON EARTH.

J. W. Adams, 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. R. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis, or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, 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 REMEDIES 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, 50cts.; CUTICURA SOAP, 35cts.; large box (6 oz.), $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, sure and never-failing specific, SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Complete and reliable treatment, consisting of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one INFLATOR, FREE, 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.

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 subscribe for the year, pay for it in advance, by 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 $4.25 to the office for both papers (SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and CAMBRIA FREEMAN) and receive Scientific Andrews' "Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases," the best work of the kind ever published. Hand Book about Patents sent free. [11-18-81.]

PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR

RATS, MICE, Roaches, Water Bugs and Red and Black Ants are speedily destroyed by 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 injury to plants. Scarcely less surprising than the 20 years' Kidney-Wort. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Ask for PARSONS'. Mailed for 60c. by

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of JOHN A. SHIRN, Executor of JAMES A. SHIRN, of Gallitzin, deceased.

And now, 14th December, 1881, on motion of R. L. Johnston, Esq., Joseph McDonald appointed Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of the Executor. By the Court.

In pursuance of the foregoing appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Saturday, 2nd January, A. D. 1882, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested can attend and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of H. J. Rudy, Assignee of A. S. Litzinger.

The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the said account and to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the Assignee, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, January 17th, 1882, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.

Dec. 23, 1881.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHEW DUGNAN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Matthew Dugnan, late of Gallitzin township, dec'd, 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.

ROBERT E. DUGNAN, Administrator.

Gallitzin Twp., Dec. 16, 1881.-6t.

STRAY COLT.—On or about the 1st of the present month a stray colt, one-and-a-half years old, nearly black, of medium size, and without any distinguishing marks on him, strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Washington township, Cambria county. Any person having him in possession or knowing of his whereabouts will please write to or call on the owner, who will compensate him for his trouble.

MIKE LITZINGER.

Hemlock, Dec. 23, 1881.-3t*.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—A LOT OF GROUND in the West Ward of Ebensburg Borough, known as the "Gibson Property," now owned by James Kane, bounded on the south by High street, on the east by lot of Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., on the north by Samp street, and on the west by Mary Ann street, having a large two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE thereon erected, will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms. Inquire of M. D. KITTELL,

Nov. 18, 1881.-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

STRAY COW.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Chest township, on the 24th of last month, a red cow, six or seven years old, with a slit in her left ear. The owner is hereby notified that if he fails to appear and prove property, pay charges and take her away within the time specified by law, said cow will be disposed of in the usual way.

ANTHONY GILL.

Chest Twp., Dec. 16, 1881.-3t.*

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he offers for sale cheap and on easy terms. There are about forty Acres cleared, the balance being well covered with new timber, principally of oak, etc. For further information call on or address F. A. STORM,

July 15, 1881.-tf. Loretto, Pa.

NOTICE.—The annual election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County will be held at their office in Ebensburg, on Monday, January 9th, 1882, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

Dec. 23, 1881. T. W. DICK, Secretary.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of W. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and authorous a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word, to sweeten a sorrow:
Do that good deed you would leave till tomorrow.
Time to try hard
In that new situation—
Time to build up on
A solid foundation.
Giving up needlessly chancing and drifting:
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty:
Farmers, take warning—
Plow in the spring time—
Sow in the morning.
Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing:
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.
Time to count cost—
Lessen expenses—
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences:
Making and mending, as good workers should;
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Time to be happy.
Doing your best—
Time to be testy
Leaving the rest—
Knowing, in whatever c[illegible] befalls,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

—*Liverpool Mail.*

A TALE OF TWO SEAS.

It was steamer day in San Francisco—a dull June morning, some seventeen years ago. The wharf was crowded with Eastern-bound Californians, who were embarking on the steamship. Precisely at noon the engine bell struck, the ponderous wheels revolved, and as the echoes of the parting gun reverberated among the hills and over the placid waters of the bay, eight hundred souls commenced the homeward journey via Nicaragua.

Scarcely had the ship passed Meiggs wharf before the passengers observed with surprise that she had stopped, and simultaneously they were all ordered on deck, while half a dozen police officers made a thorough search of the ship, which occupied two hours. During this time the Captain impatiently walked the bridge, and occasionally in response to his bell, the engines made a few revolutions to keep the ship in position. At last the well-known face of Capt. L——, the chief of the detective force, presented himself at the gangway, accompanied by his aids. With a wave of the hand, and an adieu to the Captain, they entered their boat, and were pulled toward the shore.—The wheels once more commenced their long task. Passing at full speed through the Golden Gate, the steamer reached the open sea, and as the sun dipped in the waters of the Pacific the shores of California faded in the distance.

That evening, after inspection, at eight bells, the Captain was seated in the Purser's office, in friendly conversation, looking over the passenger list.

"By the way, Purser," said he, "what occasioned the unusual pertinacity of our friend, Capt. L——, in searching the ship this afternoon? I felt like bringing him to sea and giving him all the time he wanted."

The Purser made no reply, but took from his pocket a photograph, which he handed to the Captain, who looked at it, and said: "Well, what has this got to do with it?"

"You remember," replied the Purser, "that murder in Virginia City a fortnight since? That is the portrait of the murderer. L—— said he had positive information that he would be on board here, and tried hard to find him. One of his men was an officer from Nevada, with requisition, and, as a large reward is offered for the man, they were very anxious to get him, but failed.—However, the detective left his picture, and requested me to tell you about it. We may see him on board during the down trip, and you may feel like using your magisterial authority in returning him to the police when we get back."

The Captain looked carefully at the portrait, which was that of a young man, rather fast looking, but without any peculiarity that would distinguish him in a crowd.—"Well, Purser," said he "look out for him, and let me know if you see him. He may be 'stowed away' somewhere. I think I shall know him should I set eyes on him." With this the Captain returned the picture, bade the Purser good-night and went to the pilot house.

The fogs and winds of the California coast had given place to the tropical warmth of the Mexican coast, when, one afternoon, as the Captain was leisurely walking toward the dining saloon, his eyes fell upon a face that startled him—the face of a man who for an instant withstood his searching glance without flinching as the Captain nonchalantly passed by, turned into the dining saloon, then, quickening his pace, passed through and entered the Purser's room, where he found that gentleman making his dinner toilet.

"You know that fellow of whom we were speaking, Purser? Let me see his picture," said the Captain. "Yes, that is the man.—I have spoted him; his whiskers are cut off, and his hair is long, but that is the man. I know the cut of his jib."

The Captain had indeed spotted his man, but what to do with him was the question.—There were no papers on board authorizing his arrest, and if such authority was assumed, while the task was easy, it might in the end prove a troublesome and thankless one.—After full consideration, it was deemed best to take no notice of the fellow, and avoid the legal complications which might ensue if he were returned to San Francisco.

But three days after, as the ship was nearing the shores of Central America, an incident occurred which necessitated prompt action, and brought the murderer face to face with a power that could control him. One morning, about 10 o'clock, a steerage passenger knocked at the Captain's door. He was a man in the prime of life, with the appearance of a miner, and was shaking with fright—too excited to walk coherently.—When he had collected himself a little, he asked to speak a word in private to the Captain.

"There is a very bad man in the steerage Captain," said he. "He murdered a man in Virginia City a fortnight before he left. I knew him there by sight, and seeing him on board I told one or two about him, and other passengers got hold of it. He has found out that I exposed him, and he whispered in my ear a few minutes since that he would get even with me by cutting my d——d heart out. And he will do it, too, Captain, if he gets a chance, either on board or after we have landed. Can't you do something to keep him quiet, Captain? I think I will go back to San Francisco in the ship, as I know he will kill me when I get ashore at Nicaragua."

The man was trembling in every joint evidently very much frightened, and said he was unarmed. The Captain, in a calm way, explained to him that the certainty of immediate arrest and punishment would deter the desperado from carrying out his threat while on board; and if he had any such murderous intentions, he would no doubt wait until the transit across the Isthmus. Meanwhile he advised the panic-stricken passenger to arm himself, and to use his arms without hesitation should he find it necessary. The Captain further assured him that he would take steps to insure his safety while on board, and, as far as possible, until the Atlantic steamer was reached. With this the threatened man went forward, partially reassured, and the Captain sent for the Purser.

"Purser," said he, in a quiet way, "I am about to invite the murderer to my room.—You will please accompany a Quartermaster to the steerage gangway. Say to him that I wish to see him and let the Quartermaster and yourself return with him. Should he be fractious, do nothing but report at once.—Have paper and pencil ready, and make a note of my conversation with him. We may need proof of what is said."

After the Purser left, the Captain opened a drawer, from which he took a pair of handcuffs, which he unlocked, two navy revolvers, the caps of which he closely examined, and put the tools under the edge of his mattress, within easy reach. He then sat down and quietly awaited the return of his officers. In a few minutes the Purser returned with the murderer, closely followed by the Quartermaster, whom the Captain directed to close the door and remain outside. Motioning the man to a seat, the Captain said: "Good morning, sir. Of course you know me, and I presume you are convinced that I know you. Purser please examine this man's ticket."

Without a word the man handed the Purser his ticket.

"The ticket is all right, Captain, except the name," said the Purser.

Pulling a photograph out of his pocket, the Captain said: "Do you know that man? Why is his name not on the ticket?"

A gleam of surprise passed over the man's features, as he replied: "Captain, I see that you know me. What do you want of me? Have I not behaved myself on board your ship?"

"You have come to the point at once," replied the Captain. "In threatening the life of another passenger you have rendered yourself amenable to ship discipline, and my purpose in calling you here is to tell you that you must let that townsman of yours alone. If you threaten him again, or attempt to molest him, I will put you in double irons and take you back to San Francisco. Besides this, I will see that you are a marked man on the transit. You will be pointed out to the Sergeant of the Guard in charge of the specie, and on the slightest attempt at a disturbance, you will be shot down in your tracks. Your fate is in your own hands; behave yourself, and you will not be disturbed."

"That's a pretty hard lay for a man, Captain," said the desperado.

"Well," replied the Captain, "it is only hard in case you deserve it. Now go forward, and mind you keep quiet—no more threats. I shall hear of them, and if harm befalls your townsman I shall hold you to account.

A few days later the Pacific voyage was ended, and the passengers commenced their trip across the transit, accompanied by a guard of Nicaraguan soldiers, who were told to look out for the filibusters. Even at that late day a "filibuster" was particularly disliked in Nicaragua, the natives retaining a lively and anything but a pleasant recollection of Walker. So our Virginia City passenger received an amount of personal attention which he did not at all relish. But he kept his peace, and went on his way undisturbed.

Three years had passed, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the Captain's memory. Meanwhile he had been assigned to duty on the Atlantic. One cloudy afternoon in December, while the steamship was doggedly fighting a strong head wind and high head sea in the Carribean, on Morant Keys, an accident to the machinery forced her to call at Savannah, where she anchored off the Tybee. Early next morning the Captain left the ship with the Purser, in the Captain's gig, and went up the river to Savannah. At that time Savannah was under martial law. Sherman, with his victorious legions, had reached it on their way to the sea. The streets were patrolled by the provost guard, and sentinels in blue stood at the corners. After telegraphing to New York, the Captain and Purser were immediately occupied in buying coal and stores, as well chartering a schooner to carry them to the ship at Tybee, for she drew too much water to reach the city. These arrangements being completed, and the work of loading the schooner started, the Captain and Purser went to the Pulaski House and ordered dinner. While standing together in the hotel office, a rough-looking character entered, and, walking close to the Captain, said in a surly voice: "Captain, I s'pose you don't know me?"

"Really, sir," replied the Captain, "I do not. I presume you may have been a passenger with me at some time." The Captain hardly wondered at his inability to recognize the man, for his eyes were blood-shot—one of them showed signs of a free fight—his clothes were shabby and his head covered with an old slouched hat.

"Well," said the seedy fellow, "you remember the man you were going to have shot in Nicaragua. I'm the man; and I want to tell you, Captain, I've got you now. You won't leave this town; I'll cut your d—d heart out!"

The Captain stepped back a few feet, and, quickly recovering his presence of mind, replied, "I'll try to be ready for you sir."

With this the desperado left the room, and the proprietor of the hotel said: "Why, Captain, where have you met that man? He is one of the most desperate scoundrels in Savannah, and will kill you on sight if he can; for he means what he says. Are you armed?"

"No," replied the Captain.

"Well, you must not leave this house without being heeled." And, leaving the office, the landlord soon returned with a pair of navy revolvers and two bowie-knives, which he handed to the Captain and Purser, saying: "Here are the tools; take them with you to the ship, and return them by the pilot. Look sharp when you turn corners, and don't run any unnecessary risks after dark.—I will now report to the provost-guard what the scoundrel said to the Captain, and have him watched. He don't want to get into their hands, for they are down on him, and he knows they will make short work of him, if he gives them a chance."

The Captain and Purser acted on this friendly advice. They turned corners with care, and when finally, at 10 o'clock that night, they went on board the coal-laden steamer at a levee, they walked as if in an enemy's country. But they reached the ship in safety, and were soon on their way to New York, where the Captain bid adieu to his passengers, and the incident at Savannah passed from his mind. It was suddenly recalled to his attention by reading the following extract from a Savannah paper:

A BAR-ROOM MURDER.—James M——, known to the police as "Fig ting Jimmy," a troublesome character and well known desperado, was shot by an unknown party in a bar-room fight two nights since in a saloon near the levee. Savannah can well spare him. No arrests have been made thus far.

The desperado had met his fate.

TONGUE TORTURE.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S EXERCISE IN ENGLISH.

The reader of the FREEMAN who can properly pronounce the following words, which we clip from the *Journal of Education*, may consider himself or herself a phenomenon:

"One enervating morning, just after the rise of the sun, a youth hearing the coquemen of Galileo glided in his gondola over the legendary waters of the lethean Thames.—He was accompanied by his allies and coadjutors, the dolorous Perys and the erudite Choimondeley, the most combative arsecerat extant, and an epicurean who, for learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies of character, would take precedence of the most erudite of all Aroonagits literati.—These scrilegious *demons* persuse were discussing in detail a suggestive and exhaustive address, delivered from the proscenium box of the Celisthenic Lyceum by a notable financier on obligatory hydropathy, as accessory to the irrevocable and irreparable doctrine of evolution, which had been vehemently panegyrized by a splendic Professor of acoustics, and simultaneously denounced by a complaisant opponent as an unknown, strated romance of the last dilemma, amenable to no reasoning, however allopathic, outside of its lamentable environs. These peremptory triumvirate brethren arrived at Greenwich, wishing to ingrandize themselves by indulging in exemplary relaxation, indicatory of implacable detestation of integral tergiversation and exoteric intrigue. They fraternized with a phrenological harlequin who was a connoisseur in mezzo, Ottavo and falcoury. This piquant person was heaping continuely and scathing raillery on an amateur in jugular recitation who held that the Pharaohs of Asia were conversant with his theory that morphine and quinine were excrescents of brosehits. Meanwhile, the lessurely Augustine, of Corbourg, drank from a tortoise-shell wassail cup to the health of an apotheosized recusant, who was his supercogatory patron, and an assistant tweognizance in the immobile nomenclature of interstitual molecular phonics. The contents of the vase proving soporific, a stolid plebeian took from its recesses a heraldic violoncello, and, assisted by a pyrhonic diocesan from Pall Mall, who performed on a sonorous ciancforte, proceeded to wake the clangorous echoes of the Empyrean. They bade the prolix Caucasian gentleman not to misconstrue their inexorable demands, while they dined on acclimated anchovies and apricot truffles, and had for dessert a wheacre's pilomanopsicia. Thus the truculent Pythagoreans had a novel repast for the gods. On the subsidence of the feast they alternated between soft languors and isolated scenes of squalor, which followed Mechanist's reconnoissance of the imagery of Uranus, the legend of whose incognito related to a pungent wound in the abdomen, received while cutting a swath in the interests of telegraphy and positumeen calligraphy. Meantime an anemous orthopedist applied a homopathic restorative to the relume of an objugatory spaniel (named Daniel), and tried to perfect the construction of a behemoth which had got mired in gygnasian slough while listening to the elegiac soughing of the prehistoric wind,

THE KANTURK ALPHABET.

The familiar principle of the Band of Hope having been applied to the formation of a Children's Land League, the parish priest of Kanturk, near Cork, denounced it from the altar. Then forty men of the congregation at the next service expressed their resentment by rising from their seats and tramping out of the church. Canon Dennehy, the priest, in justification of his course, sent a copy of the "alphabet" to a Dublin paper. The result was that the Kanturk alphabet is now recited in all the Catholic schools in Ireland. What was only heard in one parish school near Cork is now daily chanted in 5,000 schools over the island.—The English papers copied the doggerel and the effect was that a hundred thousand young Celts in England are now reciting it. It runs as follows:

A is the army that covers the ground;
B is the buckshot we're getting all round;
C is the crowbar of crimical fame;
D is the Davitt, a right glorious name;
E is the English, who've robbed us of bread;
F is the famine they've left us instead;
G is for Gladstone, whose life is a lie;
H is the harvest we'll hold, or we'll die;
I is the inspector, who when drunk is quite bold;
J is the jarvy, who'll not drive him for gold;
K is Kilmainham, where our true men abide;
L is the Land League, our hope and our pride;
M is the magistrate, who makes black of white;
N is no rent, which will make our wrongs right;
O is old Ireland that yet shall be freed;
P is the peelers that have sold her for greed
Q is the Queen, whose use is not known;
R is the rifles, who keep up her throne;
S is the Sheriff, with woe in his train;
T is the toll that others may gain;
U is the union, that works other harm;
V is the vultures that gains up a farm;
W is the warrant, for death or for chains;
X is the "Exmess," all lies and no brains;
Y is the "Young Ireland," spreading the fight;
Z is the zeal that will win the great fight.

A COUNTRYMAN upon coming to see the sights was taken by a town friend to a theatre. When the lights were down and the play had commenced he was offered the use of an opera glass. Examining it as closely as the darkness of the place would permit, he placed it to his mouth and turned it upwards. Finding that no liquid was coming out of it, he handed it back in despair, saying, "It's empty, John; there's no' a single drap in't."

ALL'S fair in love and war: "No," said the gilded youth of the lady to whom he is devoted; "she isn't such a remarkably charming girl. I don't care so much for her on that account. But there's the pleasure of knowing that I'm keeping her from six or seven other fellows who adore her. It's great!"—*Boston Post.*

THE INSTI-TOOT!

From country towns, wide scattered round,
From valley, grove and hill,
To show ideas how to shoot,
They come to hold an insti-toot.

The cheeky smile from country town,
The buckwheat husker from the farm,
The pedagogue with awful frown,
The youth with lip of downy charm—
The expounder of the cubic root,
All these took in the insti-toot.

The kid who teaches a, b, c,
And further on the a, b, ab;
The miss who teaches 1, 2, 3,
With giant and consequential gab;
The veteran and the new recruit,
In glory struck the insti-toot.

The "old professor" from afar,
Who wags the wise, dreary tongue,
Who expounds Cheiron the war,
When Clay and Jackson still were young
He glories in his chance to shoot
His flint-lock at an insti-toot.

The schoolmarm, too, relaxed her frown,
Put on her bucker and her sash,
Arrayed herself in elegant gown,
And beamed her hair to make a mash.
She'll dream of oxide, square and root,
And murmur, "Oh, the insti-toot."

And many sweet, young country girls,
Just come to town to have a lark,
And studied ribbons, laces and curls,
To catch some idle young city spark.
They had "a time," and ran to hook,
And "such a lovely insti-toot."

A MODERN PRIMER.

I.

See the Lamp-Post. By its Dim Rays you can Behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a Man Leaning against the Lamp-Post. Perhaps the Lamp Post would Fall if it were not for the Man. At any Rate, the Man would Fall were it not for the Lamp-Post. What is the Matter with the Man? He appears Disgusted. He is trying to Work his Boots on Through his Mouth. He will have a Headache to-morrow and Lay it to the Climate.

II.

The Girl is scratching her Back against the Door. She has Been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Beau thinks she is Delicate, but he has Never seen her Tackle a Plate of Hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better post High when she is Around. If we Were the Girl we would wear Sand Paper lining in the Dress, and not be Making a Hair-Brush out of the poor Door.

III.

Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of them is always On Deck all of the time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does most of the Walking and all of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what it Is to Be a Father.

IV.

The Peach is Hard and Green. He is Waiting for a Child to Come along and Eat him. When he Gets into the Child's little Stomach he will Make things Hot for that Child. The Child Who eats the Peach will be an Angel before he Gets a chance to eat another. If there were No green Peaches there would not be so many Children's Sizes of Gold Harps in Heaven.

V.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pickup of half a Line. He has Been hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half Line in Twenty Seconds, but it is a Matter of Principle with Him never to Set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard Time. He has to set type all night and Play pedro for the Beer all Day. We would like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.

VI.

This is the Man who has had a Notice in the Paper. He is stepping Higher than a Blind Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not Step so High.

VII.

The sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See Him Next Spring he Will be Very, very rich, wear Diamonds and Broadcloth. His Wife takes in Washing now but she will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather turns Warmer and the Pandex Bisom again.

VIII.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has Stained Glass Windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not sweet? The lady in the Park is the editor's wife. She wears a rich Robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her hair. The editor sits on the front stoop smoking a Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month Wages.

IX.

Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and Stick it on the Under Side of the Mantel Piece. The Hired girl will find it There and Chew it awhile Herself, and then Put it Back. In this way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, Put it in the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit Upon.

X.

It is a Piece of Tripe. When it has been Fried the Man will Eat it. Then he will Go to Bed and Dream of his Mother-in-Law and Other Awful Things. Tripe is also to Eat just Before you Want to Die. Little children never Eat any Kind of Meat at supper unless they Want to Dream about getting Spanked.—*Denver Tribune.*

A WIRE-HOOP ROMANCE.—A correspondent writes as follows to the Easton *Argus*:

"In Lower Mt. Bethel, near Mt. Pleasant, there resides a very respectable unmarried lady who owns considerable property, both real and personal, who has had a crow whower, aged about forty years, working for her during the past season attending to her horse and cattle, cutting wood, etc. In the meantime he has been trying to make love to her, with what success I do no not know. A few days ago the two had chicken for dinner and after dinner the grass widower proposed that the two should pull or break the breast bone of the chicken and place the pieces above the door and the first one that came in, if female, to be his future wife, if a male to be her husband. Sure enough the first one that came in was an old maid, about seventy years old, who resides near Richmond. Strange as it may seem, to all appearances, with the determination of an Andrew Jackson, he is going to have her for a wife."

IF you have no PERUNA pamphlet send for one immediately. Address S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, Ohio.

WHO MURDERED HIM?

In a criminal case in an interior city there or four weeks ago a lawyer made reference to the Chapin case in arguing to the jury against circumstantial evidence. Hidden away in the musty archives of the State Department are the details of one of the most curious cases in the criminal records of the State. Although it occurred a quarter of a century since, the particulars are remembered by all the old member of the bar.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin were not well mated. She was his third wife and he her second husband. He met her in Chicago, proposed on three days' acquaintance, and in a week more they were married. After marriage they discovered each others' faults, and they lived a cat-and-dog life. She wanted to return to Chicago and he preferred to live on his Michigan farm, and the neighbors were first treated to her side of the story and then to his.

One May morning Mrs. Chapin called at one of the neighbors and asked to borrow a double-barreled pistol, stating that her husband had gone away for the day, and said she had seen two strange men in the cornfield. The weapon was given her, each barrel was loaded with ball, and she returned home. That evening about 8 o'clock, the neighbor who had loaned her the pistol came over to see if her husband had returned, and found his dead body just inside the gate. He had been shot through the heart and fell dead in his tracks.

The wife was accused of the deed almost as a matter of course. A dozen people