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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their 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 you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

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

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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!
HEAPEST!!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
Builders' Hardware
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TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Fishing Tackle, Revolvers, Axes, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nails, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Hill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Spades, Road Scoops;
Sewing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
WINDOW SHADING IN GREAT VARIETY. FIXTURES: Lacroix & Sons' celebrated ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best in the world for Dairy and Table Use. ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best Cooking Rock Salt; LAND PLASTER; Genuine Cayuga PLUMBS, of the best quality; CHIMNEY PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; Conestoga WAGONS and CARTS, the largest stock of MILK CROCKS ever kept in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the best durable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of other
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
and a thousand other useful and needful articles, including, I haven't got or can't stop to mention them all. Prices always be relied on as strictly low, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having had nearly twenty years' experience in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market, and as a liberal share of your patronage is solicited, you may rest assured that the best is always kept, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article, simply because the price is low, as it is indisputable fact that such goods are always dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.
HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
No. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

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

$20 SAVED! $20
$20 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE of the undersigned, whose office is 1004 Penn'a Avenue, between 10th and 11th Streets, Altoona, Pa., and who offers the celebrated FREEMAN as the best Sewing Machine in the market, in a workmanlike manner at lowest prices.
Altoona, April 18, 1881. J. McGRATH.
$20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 Free. Address JOHNSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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.

SALT RHEUM.

Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (great skin cures) 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 case 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.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well until this day.

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, hands and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

CUTICURA

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25c.; Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 25c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot.
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH
Sanford's Radical Cure.
Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.
Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, diseased and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.
Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pain in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.
One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' LIGHTNING PLASTERS
is not quicker than COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the hotel of Nicholas Lamborne, in the village of St. Nicholas, in Barr township, Cambria county, on

Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1882,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in Barr township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, bounded by lands of Mich'l Kirsh, Rev. R. Wismer, Joseph Fresh, and heirs of Anthony Hoffer, deceased, containing **60 Acres**, more or less, about **45 Acres** of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, LOG BARN and necessary outbuildings, in good repair.

☞ This farm is situated about two miles from the village of St. Nicholas, about four miles from Carrolltown, and is underlaid with a four foot vein of excellent coal. There is a school house within a quarter of a mile of the farm.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

H. J. KRUMENACHER,
Trustee to sell real estate of NICHOLAS HEFFERN, deceased. [1-6.-3t.]

FARM, SAW MILL, &c., at Private Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale on accommodating terms his FARM and the improvements thereon, situate in Allegheny township, on the road leading from Chest Springs to Gallitzin. Said Farm contains **175 Acres**, about **80 Acres** of which are cleared, and the improvements comprise two good DWELLING HOUSES, one of which is big stories and the other 2½ stories high, an excellent BANK BARN, 70 by 80 feet, a WATER SAW MILL in first class condition and capable of sawing 3,000 feet of lumber in twelve hours, and all other necessary buildings. There are two orchards of choice fruit on the premises which are about equal distance from one of them being in the barnyard and having a fountain pump and a constant flow, besides a good well of water at the door, and fully one million feet of good saw timber, hemlock, hickory, cherry, maple, ash, oak, etc., on the portion not yet cleared. In connection with the saw mill is a good picket-header, lathe saw, cut-off saw, etc. The property will be sold, and sold at a bargain, because the owner is no longer able to run the mill or work the farm. For further particulars call on or address

FRANCIS MORAN,
Dec. 2, 1881.-3m.* Chest Springs, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES BARNETT, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of James Barnett, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of said county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those who have claims against the same will present them for settlement, properly authenticated.

JOHN C. BARNETT, Executor.
Allegheny Twp., Jan. 6, 1882.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHEW DIGNAN, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Matthew Dignan, 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. DIGNAN, Administrator.
Gallitzin Twp., Dec. 16, 1881.-6t.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in Blacklick township, Cambria county, on or about the 15th of August last, a white heifer with a few red spots on her head, a piece cut out of the right ear and a slit in the left one. Said heifer will be two years old next Spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; failing in which, she will be disposed of as the law directs.

ANDREW PRICER.
Blacklick Twp., Jan. 6, 1882.-31.$*

NOTICE.—The first and final account of John Wagner, Assignee of Peter A. McGough and William McGough, has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Cambria county, which will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Court to be held at Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 7th day of February next.

JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 10, 1881.-3t.

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

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

"DIDST THOU BUT KNOW THE GIFT OF GOD."

Didst thou but know who at thy side
Is ever near to guard and cherish,
When by temptation sorely tried,
Whose arm upholds thee lest thou perish—
The guiding light, the grace and strength,
To help thee thro' life's combat gaily,
And crown thee with success at length,
Which, from on high, are given thee daily.

Didst thou but know the Heart that feels
Compassion when thou'rt sad and weary,
The balm so soothingly that heals
When all beside is cold and dreary—
The gentle tones that inward speak
Of peace and hope 'mid earthly sorrow,
When joy around we vainly seek,
Which tells us of a bright to-morrow.

Didst thou but know the patient Heart
That waits and waits when earth allures thee,
And when its fleeting charms depart,
The love unwearied which secures thee,
And then, beneath its sheltering wing,
With fondest, tenderest care enfolds thee:
The more thou art a feeble thing,
The more His pitying eye beholds thee.

Didst thou but know the secret grace
Which spurs when weariness oppresses,
And when the good thou dost embrace,
The kind paternal hand which blesses.
When doubts and fears would cloud thy soul,
And shadows would at times surround thee,
Whence came the cheering light that stole
Amidst the gloom then cast around thee?

Didst thou but know when trials press,
And thou in loneliness are sighing,
What makes the thorns grow less and less,
And shows the flowers beneath them lying;
The hidden gifts within the cross,
More precious far than all earth's treasures,
Mingling with every pain and loss
More joy than dwells in earthly pleasures.

Didst thou but know the priceless gifts
Of grace and nature which are lent thee,
The secret thought which heavenward lifts,
The inspirations which are sent thee,
The angel whispers which recall
So gently to the path of duty:
Did we but know those treasures all,
How much would life reveal of beauty.

—"*Mohmene*," *in Cork Examiner.*

THE COLONEL.

BY BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with everybody else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of one of the Challenge Hill saloons that the Colonel did not patronize, was once heard to wonder, absent mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for fifty dollar gold pieces.)

When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves as in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two and retired them and melted them and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication to the Colonel, and a loss of considerable patronage to the indiscreet bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occured after a series of races in which he had staked all on his bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathize most feeling with the Colonel. They were increasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forebearance when the Colonel savagely dissented from every one who advanced the proposition, no matter now incontrovertible But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie, and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise. Riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilers in the world, but when a man is so absorbed in this exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from all well meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways, through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influence, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Tobby Flat, Lone Hand, Blazier's Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they had won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloons of each place and inquired if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that he was followed and by whom, there certainly would have been in extra election held in the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloping away the Colonel followed the stage road, threaded the old mining camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the youngest pines and bushes that grew thickly by the road while the constable rode on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of his stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied its owner, a bearded six-footer, emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and here ain't a handful of flour or a cracker it the shanty. The old gal's gone back on ye?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully; "lost every blarsted race. 'Twasn't her fault, bless her, she done her level best. Ev'ry body to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' fer yer to turn up with the roan an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man lead the way and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealing to to the Colonel.

"Mack'll tell you how it was, fellows," said the Colonel meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a few minutes, but when he returned each of the four were armed with pistols and knives while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Better be an hour ahead than amiss in this 'ere night," said one of the four "I ain't so thirsty since I came around the horn in '50, an' we run out of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern; they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count yer chickens 'fore they are hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, adjusting the domino under the brim of hat. "Sposin there should be too many on us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the Colonel,,, Nobody ever gits along if they 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says su. thin mighty hot 'bout that. I disrember exactly how it goes, but I've heard Parson Buzzh, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort those sermons wuz a' going to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Sam Mike's stage and he didn't have sense enough than to draw on me, them sermons wuz a perfect blessin' ter me—the thorns o' 'em cleared my head sooner than a cock-tail. An——"

"I don't want to disturb Logroller's pius strain," interrupted the Colonel, "but ez it's Gld Black that's arrivin' to-day instead of Sam Mike, and ez its Old Black allers makes good time, hadn't we better vamoose?

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his skirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home now," said he.

"'Taint no bein' a gentleman if yer have to work to hard."

"Safe enough, replied the Colonel, "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller, tend to the driver; Cranks, take the boot, and Mark and Perk, take right and left; and I know it's tough—but considerin' how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we will have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef there's any aboard; eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuck'e that seemed to inspire his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two; 'what is the use of woman's rights if they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em; havin' their purses borrowed 'ud show them the full doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the Colonel, "that's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick up your bush, quick! and jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself by the roadside. The stage was swinging along handsomely, those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, sharp whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it was a matter of comman occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they witndrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter gentlemen," said the Colonel blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked and his fingers are nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev you?" he asked of the first passenger that descended from the stage. Hey? Well, now that's lucky. Just put yer hands bedind you so; that's it." And the unfortunate man's hands were securely tied behind him in an instant.

The remaining passenger's were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of their captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for whoever heard of a stage driver having any money.

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside, and calling receipts, "tain't much of a haul, but there's only one old woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of a case of a gold watch, "Just like the low livdeceitfulness of some folks to hire an old to carry their money, so it'd go safer; mabbe what she's got ain't nothin' to some folks what's got good horses, an' ken win some at races, but——"

The Colonel abruptly closed the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chrivalrous, but Cranks sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'm," said the Colonel raising his hat with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deserving objects. We wuz a goin to make the gentlemen fork over the full amount, but ez they aint got enough we will have to bother you.

The old lady trembled felt for her pocketbook, and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door and, sitting on the hub of the wheels, stared vacantly into space. "Nothing?" queried Perkins in a whisper with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel, dreamily. "That is, nutie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet; "I'll hurry back to the cabin." The Colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to mind his horses he could have cleaned out the whole crowd with his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station while the Colonel's party hastened back to the hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt and a suit of clothing made from the limited wardrobe of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence as, laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody shou l hear about it and find our trail and ketch the brads in in our possession they might—"

"Divide yourselves," said the Colonel, with abruptness and a great oath; I don't want none of it."

"Colonel, said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leadface, be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passenger's pocket,"

"It hain't nothing," replied the Colonel with averted eyes. "I'm going, and I'm retirin' from business forever."

"Ain't agoin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm goin' to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!" roared the Col. with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' ter tend to my own business and that's enough to keep anybody bizzy. Somebody lend me fifty dolly until I see him again.

Perkins pressed the money into the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloping off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people of Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule not to be astonished at anything he did, but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal barrooms for men who wished to buy a house, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only $1,000—when the Colonel had always said that there was not gold enough on top of the ground to buy her, Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely parted, betting was so wild that a coolheaded sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the store and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and, stranger than all he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon where the stage always stops, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the Constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I saw you go out to Challenge Hill it came to me that you might be in the road agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the world were robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impeculiosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

"George!"

And the Colonel jumped into the stage and, putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady exclaimed: "Mother!"

THE OLD, OLD STORY.—"Surely, you will not be false to me, George?" and the bright blue eyes of Elaine Jenkins look fondly up into the face of the man who bends over her so fondly, and whose words of love come to her troubled breast with the same sweet, soothing restfulness that a tired man feels when the throbs of his aching head are stilled and the demons of pain driven away by the touch of a wife's hand and the sound of her low, sweet voice.

"No, my little one," replied George W. Simpson, drawing the girl closer to him, "I will never deceive you, never do aught that would give you sorrow or pain. You have made a better man of me—dragged me, as it were, from the horrid maelstroom of draw poker and 25 cent drinks into whose deadly centre I was swiftly being drawn, and landed me in the beautiful Lotos Islands of your love—the pure, trusting passionate love of a heart that beats alone for me. Never fear, my darling, that I will leave you"—and, pressing a kiss upon the ripe, red lips that could make a cake jar look desolate, he went out into the starlit night and started down the street car track, where there was no danger of being interrupted by vehicles.

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Ten years later.

Over the old front gate, thrown out of plumb so many, many times by George and Elaine hanging on to swap lies, the vines are growing. A little to the left is a grave, moss-covered and uncared for. Towser is dead. In the sun-kissed wood-shed back of the house a man is chopping wood. A woman comes to the back door.

"George?" she says.

"Yes."

"Supper's ready. Shoo the brats out of the alley and bring in some wood when you come."

"All right."

Heaven help them—they are married!—*Chicago Tribune.*

THERE are six things requisite for a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and Tidiness, the upholsterer; it must be warmed by Affection, and lighted up with Cheerfulness; and Industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity every day; while over all depends a protecting canopy, and nothing will suffice for this but the blessing of God.

OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above.
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

The work which they left and the books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,
And the songs that they sung, and dear words that they said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng,
Or when evil allures us or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not the wrong,"
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

In the dew-threaded morn and the opaline eve,
When the children are merry, or crimsoned with sleep,
We are comforted, even as lonely we grieve,
For the thoughts of their rapture forbid us to weep.

We toil at our tasks in the burden and heat
Of life's passionate noon. They are folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet,
And one day for us the bitter will cease.

We too will go home o'er the river of rest,
As the strong and the lovely before us have gone.
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.

Until then we are bound by our love and our faith
To the saints who are walking in Paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight, at the touching of death,
But they live, like ourselves, in God's infinite care.

A VERMONT COURTSHIP.

The icy brilliance of the freezing February sunshine was scintillating its Polar splendor over the pine thickets and snow-crushed wilderness of the "Gray Gorge"—a solitary valley amid the wooded heights of Vermont. The little brook was cased in steel blue armor of ice; the frozen mountain-crests lifted their bold and rocky peaks against the deep, dazzling blue of the winter sky; and the wind, as it rushed howling down the glen shook the very foundation of the farm house in its mad glee.

"Yes, there they go," said Miss Pamela, lifting the corner of the window curtain to look down the long perspective of the winding road. "Four of 'em. In two cutters, with two wolf-robes, and two sets of sleigh, bells. And it's the third time that Ruth and Bessie have been asked out sleigh riding within a month, and nobody ever thinks of me!"

And it was a little strange, too, when one came to think of it. Miss Pamela Pipely was a plump young woman of three-and-thirty, with rosy cheeks, snapping black eyes, and a figure as straight and trim as a sapling pine.

She had not Ruth's melting, almond-shaped eyes, perhaps, nor the peachy pink of Bessie's radiant complexion, but she was universally acknowledged to be the best hand in pickling and preserving in all the country around,

She couldn't quote Swinburne or Jean Ingelow, but she managed her widowed brother's household with a firm gentle hand, and had a chest full of patchworks and bedquilts and crocheted tidies, in the big old garret up stairs.

In fact, Miss Pamela Pipely would have made a first class wife to any man living—if only the bachelors around Gray Gorge could have been brought to perceive a fact which was so manifestly to their advantage.

So Miss Pipely sat before the fire of blazing logs, all mossed over with silver gray fringe and bubbling out their resinous hearts before the fiery ordeal of the flames and knitted away at 'Squire Sam's gray mixed stockings, as if she were on a wager against Old Time, as was resolved to conquer at all hazards. And the dragon's head that was carved on the old mahogany chair opposite and the claw-legs and the queer little brass knobs scattered all over it seemed to wink soberly at her in the pleasant light as she worked. It was an heirloom in the family, that old chair, and the Pipelys were proud of it.

Just then there came the merry jingle of sleigh bells up the road like the peal of miniature laughter.

"Some one else out for a sleigh ride," thought Miss Pamela, without turning her head.

But, to her infinite amazement, the tiny peals ceased to chime; the sleigh had stopped.

"Good gracious!" said Miss Pamela, taking a hurried observation from behind the netted fringe of the curtains, "it's Mr. Hedger. And he's coming here, too."

Mr. Hedger came in—a stout, middle-aged man, with light blue eyes shining behind his spectacles, brown hair just sprinkled with gray, and a seal muffler buttoned up to his very nose.

"Good morning, Miss Pamela!" said he pleasantly.

"Good morning!" said Miss Pamela.

"I've called on business," said Mr. Hedger, who was one of the most unencumbered social martyrs, a bashful old bachelor.

Miss Pamela, to be sure, was an old maid, but she wasn't in the least degree bashful, so that perhaps the two were not evenly matched.

"On business?" repeated the lady. "I'll call my brother at once."

"Oh, don't do that, Miss Pamela!" said Mr. Hedger, lifting his hand deprecatingly.

"No?" Miss Pamela raised her jet black eyebrows in some surprise.

"Because my business was with you, especially," he explained.

"Oh!"

Miss Pemela sat down again, mechanically crimping the borders of her apron with the finger and thumb of her left hand, while a very pretty blush crept over her face.

"I've been thinking it over for some time," said Mr. Hedger, rather abruptly.

"Have you?" said Miss Pamela.

And the crimping operation went on faster than ever.

"Of course I know it's taking a great liberty,," said the gentleman apologetically.

"Oh, don't speak of it!" said the lady.

"And then you know we are almost strangers," he added.

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Miss Pamela, hurriedly.

"I can hardly muster courage to ask," said he.

"Don't be afraid," sweetly smiled the black-eyed damsel, wondering what Ruth and Bessie would say if they were to come home and find her engaged.

"You will forgive my audacity?" he murmured, moving his chair a trifle nearer.

"Of course," responded Miss Pipely.

"Well, then,' said Mr. Hedger, plunging headlong into the subject, "will you sell me that old mahogany dragon's head chair of yours for my collection of antiquities? I am told it has a record for a century and a half, and I have long been anxious to possess it. Expense will be no object to me, as my chief pleasure lies in accumulating these valuable objects of vertu."

Miss Pamela turned red and white—the folds of the apron fell from her hands.—Figuratively speaking, she froze over at once.

"I prefer to drive no bargain for any family relic," said she, stiffly.

"But—"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but it is really quite out of the question," said Pamela.

"Might I continue to hope—"

"You may continue to hope nothing," severely spoke the lady.

And Mr. Hedger, beginning vaguely to suspect that something was wrong, stumbled awkwardly out of the room, while Pamela put her head down in her hands and began to cry a little.

"I thought he was going to propose," said she. "And I did like him—and I was just going to say yes. And to think that he only wanted that horrid old dragon's-head chair, after all."

In the wood-yard outside Mr. Hedger encountered 'Squire Samuel Pipely, who was splitting wood like a good-natured Goliath.

"Oh!" said the 'Squire. "'Pears to me you made a short stay, Hedger."

"I don't think your sister was pleased," said Mr. Hedger.

The 'Squire suspended his axe in mid-air.

"Not pleased!" said he. "Why, what on earth did you say to her?"

"I only asked if she would be willing to sell me the old claw-legged mahogony chair for my collection of antiques."

"And she said no."

"She said no, most emphatically."

The 'Squire struck his axe into the log' scratched his nose and chuckled.

"Ah!" said he. "Well, it ain' her fault, she couldn't say yes."

"Couldn't say yes?" echoed Hedger.

"My Grandfather Pipely was a queer old soul," said 'Squire Sam. "He left that chair to Pamela, you know."

"So I have understood," said Mr. Hedger.

"She never was to part with it unless she married," added the 'Squire.

"Unless she married?" repeated Mr. Hedger, vaguely.

"But in that case," said 'Squire Sam, seizing his axe again, "it was to become the joint property of herself and her husband."

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Hedger.

"Second thoughts are sometimes best thoughts," said the 'Squire, splitting away as for dear life.

"I've always admired her," said Hedger, "and I believe I'll go back."

"Just as you please," remarked 'Squire Sam.

Miss Pamela Pipely was sitting all alone by the fire, with a light flush on her cheek and moisture on her eyeglasses, while her knitting lay unheeded in her lap. She started at his re-entrance.

"Miss Pipely—" said the bachelor.

"Sir!" she cried, brushing away the dew from the lashes, which curled so prettily at their end, and trying to look unconcerned.

"If you won't give the old chair,,' said Mr. Hedger, "will you give me yourself?"

"I don't know what you mean?" said Miss Pamela.

"Don't you?" said Mr. Hedger.

And then he sat down beside Miss Pamela, and explained himself.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life!" cried she hysterically.

"But don't you think it would be a capital idea?" urged Mr. Hedger.

"No—yes—perhaps!" said the lady.

"You'll think of it?" said he.

"Yes, I'll think of it," said she.

And so they became engaged, and Mr. Hedger added to his social status and his collection of antiques at the same time.—And they are just as happy as if it had been a case of love at first sight.

A REMARKABLE GUN.—In the late war between Chili and Peru a curious accident befell an 8-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilian war-ship Angamos. The last time it was fired the gun which was on deck slipped out of the trunnion ring, flew backward across the ship, and leaped into the sea. This was the singular end of a rather