Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - FEB. 17, 1882.

"THE grandest son of the grandest State of the grandest Union God's sun ever kissed with its loveliness," is the grandiloquent climax reached in his speech by a third-term advocate named Samuel Foster, and applied to Roscoe Conkling at a recent dinner given by the Albany (N. Y.) Grant Club. This degenerate son of the Empire State can never by his superlative bosh elevate Coukling in the estimation of the country over the heads of Dewitt Clinton Silas Wright, William L. Marcy, and last, though not least, the pure, gifted and philosophic Horatio Seymour, to whom Roscoe Coukling is as Hyperion o a Satyr.

UP to our latest advices the dead-lock in the New York Legislature remains unbroken. Mr. Patterson, the Speaker of the House only announced the standing committees on last Tuesday. Whether the seven Tammany members from New York city will be satisfied with the places assighed them by the Speaker on two committees, (Cities and Railroads), and agree to vote for the Democratic caucus nominees for clerk and other subordinate officers and thus complete the organization of the House, remains to be seen. The house consists of one hundred and twenty-eight members and yet for six weeks these seven men have blocked the wheels of legislation. It is a most disgraceful spectacle.

AN official report made to the English Parliament, shows that there are five hundred and twelve men, "suspects," as they are called, now confined in the different prisons of Ireland, without a trial and without even a preliminary examination before a magistrate. This is the nineteenth century, and this is the the work of a government of a country (England) that boasts of the protection afforded by it to the natural rights of man, one of which is the right of personal liberty, Forster, the Chief Secretary of Ireland, is as potent an instrument in suppressing this boasted right in that country as William H. Seward, Secretary of State, prided himself upon being in this free Republic during the first and second years of the civil war, by the mere tinkling of his "little bell."

THE West Chester *Jeffersonian* of last week strongly advocates the nomination of Robert E. Monaghan, of Chester county, for Governor. Mr. M. was a candidate before the Democratic State convention in 1875, when Cyrus L. Pershing was nominated, and received quite a flattering vote. The writer, who has known Mr. M, for a long time, endorses all that his home journal so vigorously urges in his behalf. He is entirely competent, inflexitly honest, and the sworn foe of corruption in all its shapes and forms; and these are the requisites that the candidate, whoever he may be, must possess beyond all cavil or dispute. In this respect Mr. Hopkins, of Allegheny county, to whom reference is made elsewhere, and Mr. Monaghan both stand on the same plane, and if either of them should be nominated and elected the people would have an absolute guarantee that the duties of the office would be performed without fear, favor or affection.

GOV. ST. JOHN, of Kansas, and ex-Governor Robinson, of the same State, both loyal Republicans, are still at war over the efficacy of the State prohibitory amendment. It seems that St. John, during his recent lecturing tour in the Eastern States, denied not only the truth of Robinson's recently published declarations respecting the operations of the law, but impugned his motives and attacked his character. Robinson having read what St. John said about him, has made a reply, based on facts collected by him, showing that drunkenness and its attendant crimes, are increasing in Kansas—that illicit places for the sale of liquor are multiplying with frightful rapidity, and, in a word, that Kansas is by no means in as good a condition as she was under the license system. The ex-Governor concludes his letter as follows: "When he (St. John) chooses to characterize persons who are entirely out of the reach or desire for public office as copperheads and whiskeyites, it may be in order to let the world know that this man at home by many of our best citizens is regarded as the greatest *liar* of the age, and as one who will sacrifice principle of any kind, should he chance to have any, for the sake of acquiring office." As Sir Lucious O'Trigger would say, "It's a mighty nice fight as far as it has got."

ANY man whose taste lies in that direction has an undoubted right to espouse the cause of female suffrage, but when he does so, and undertakes to put his reasons in writing, he ought to use language that a person of average intelligence can understand. Gov. Hoyt didn't do this in a letter which he recently wrote to an association in Philadelphia, composed of short-haired women and long-haired men, who believe, or think they believe, in the right of women to vote, and, as a logical conclusion, to be voted for, to play sheriff or constable—county superintendent, or county commissioner—in a word, to be eligible, like a man, to any office in this free and glorious Republic, except it be in the military—such, for instance, as captain of a National Guard company. The Governor's letter is a curiosity in its way, and its sentences are more fearfully and wonderfully put together than those in his memorable third-term dispatch to the Chicago convention. One sentence at its beginning is an index to the whole, and here it is: "It seems to me that the end which your association seeks is certainly to be realized—in the final reconciliation of political and social forces." This is as clear as mud. When Davy Crockett was in Congress he said to Daniel Webstear that he could understand every word and sentence in his (Webster's) great speech in reply to Hayne, without the use of a dictionary. Some of the sentences in Hoyt's letter would throw Crockett into convulsions.

THE Allegheny county Democratic primary elections, on Saturday last, resulted, as was anticipated, in a pretty nearly a unanimous declaration in favor of James H. Hopkins, as the next Democratic candidate for Governor. The name of another well-known Democrat of that county, Robert M, Gibson, was frequently mentioned in connection with the nomination, and surely the Democracy of the State could not enter upon the campaign under the leadership of a more able or accomplished gentleman; but he declined to permit the use of his name by his friends, thus leaving the field open to Mr. Hopkins. The first thought that suggests itself in regard to the candidacy of James H. Hopkins is, that he enjoys the important and positive advantage of being sustained by the overwhelming voice of his party friends in his own county, instead of securing a favorable expression of opinion in behalf of his pretension only through an exciting and bitter contest, as was very recently the case with another candidate, Robert E. Pattison, in his own county, Philadelphia. Local success achieved in that way is very apt to engender personal hatreds and animosities, which are often difficult to control when the supreme crisis of election day is ushered in. At all events, it is not calculated to produce a favorable impression of the candidate upon the Democracy in the other counties of the State. That Mr. Hopkins is a fit man for the office of Governor is not a debateable question, since neither his capacity nor his honestly can or will be disputed; and though he may be regarded as the only prominent man in the western part of the State, we will not for that reason claim either that he ought to be nominated or that he is a better man for the place than some other Democrats in the eastern and northeastern portion of the State, whose names we have seen mentioned in connection with the nomination. We simply endorse his competency and his honesty, because he deserves it, since we are fully satisfied from our knowledge of his antecedents that he possesses them. No mistake can be made by a State convention when it has presented to it from among which to choose the names of men like Mr. Hopkins, no matter in what part of the State their local habitations may chance to be. At each convention for twenty-two years the Democrats have nominated, for the office of Governor, candidates who in every respect were eminently fit for the position, viz: H. D. Foster, George W. Woodward, Heister Clymer, Asa Packer, Chas. R. Buckalew, Cyrus L. Pershing and Andrew H. Dill, and the approaching State convention may be safely trusted not to lower the high standard of qualification established by the nomination of each of these able gentlemen when it meets to discharge the important duty of selecting not only the next *candidate*, but, as the sequel may and we hope will prove, the next *Governor* of the State.

IT is always a dangerous thing when a member of Congress is addressing that body on a matter that he has studied and fully understands, for another member to interrupt him by asking a question which he is vain enough to suppose the speaker can't answer. An instance in point occurred a few days ago in the House, when the Congressional Apportionment bill was under discussion. Mr. Robinson (Rep.), of Massachusetts, opposed the bill, pointed out its injustice in several particulars, and alleged that it was "full of paradoxes." Mr. Bayne (Rep.), of this State, just then thought it was the proper time for him to ventilate his superior knowledge on the subject and triumphantly demanded, Name them? Mr. Mills (Dem.), of Texas, said he would name them, and went on to say that taking the number of members at 320, as proposed in the bill, New York would be entitled to 32 members, with a surplus of 145,000—that another member was given her for that fraction but the bill gave her 34, and asked who the thirty-fourth man would represent? Pennsylvania was entitled to 27, with a fraction over of 117,000, for which she would get, by grace, the twenty-eighth member, but the bill gave her 29. Illinois was also given a member for a fraction, but over and above that she was to have one for nothing. A population of 300,000 in California, Florida and Rhode Island would go unrepresented by the terms of the bill, while New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois would get 3 members for 300,000 people who were not within their borders at all. These are some of the "paradoxes," in the bill and there seems to be no doubt of its defeat. Instead of increasing the number of members, the present number, 293, ought to be reduced.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the real originator of the Irish Land League, was recently visited in prison at Portland, England, and stated that he had not heard anything of what was passing in the outer world since he was visited by Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, in July last. The first question that he put to his visitors, and which he asked with much earnestness, was whether any outrages were occurring in Ireland, and on receiving an affirmative answer he manifested much excitement and said: "From the moment I came back from America I set myself determinedly to stamp out conduct of that kind. As for outrages on brute beasts, the persons who perpetrate such crimes are cowards and miscreants, and I know no punishment that would be too severe for them." While there is sincere and general sympathy for Davitt in his dreary prison life, there will be universal agreement with him in his abhorrence of the cruel and dastardly practice of mutilating dumb animals. He well knows how it is calculated to retard, if not to prevent, the success of the cause he has so much at heart. That the practice prevails to an alarming extent in Ireland is only too well attested. But the crime is neither peculiar to nor confined to the people of that country, for it has existed in all ages and in all climes and in every country under the sun and especially in a country whose people have been crushed to the earth and made to feel the iron hand of tyrany. It is not creditable to humanity that it is so, but as long as human nature remains unchanged the oppressed will be likely to resort to this wild and wicked method of revenge upon his oppressor.

WITHOUT AN ISSUE OR A PRINCIPLE.—The Philadelphia *Telegraph* (Ind) says:

It is to be a fight to the death between Roscoe Conkling on the one side and J. G. Blaine on the other. They are personal and political, public and private, enemies; both have private wrongs to redress, public aims to serve; both want to be President, and each are determined that his opponent shall not be. In this disgrageful contest between the administration and ex-Secretary of State, President Arthur is but the hand which is directed by Mr. Conkling, and he does but hurl the thunder that Mr. Conkling fulminates. The worst and most disgraceful part of this wretched South American business is that, notwithstanding the enormous gravity of the question involved, it is being used by the two great party leaders as weapons in a personal and political struggle for revenge and power. That either of them in any degree appreciates or cares for the great matters upon which the question rests, no sane man can believe. Both are making political capital out of it for his own use in the coming Presidential campaign.

Nothing could more clearly than this entire business show the sad straits into which the great Republican party has fallen; it is without a single live principle, without a single vital issue, without any excuse whatever for its continued existence, and for lack of either it is made the stalking horse of two ambitious politicians, each using the prestige of the party to save himself. That there should come a change, that party ties should bind lightly, that there should be independent movements set afoot, and that leaders and followers should alike organize bolts, is not only natural but desirable; for if a party, no matter how sublime its party record, has no living principle to sustain it, it has no right to cumber the ground, no possible right to be the mere instrument of political bosses, great or little.

STAND FROM UNDER.—Thomas M. Nichols, the "Dear Nichols" of letters recently published as having been written by Garfield, in a card in the New York *Tribune* of Saturday, replying to an article in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* on his connection with the Cleveland Garfield monument uses the following language:

"All you who glory in the name of Stalwart, and who took part in the villification and abuse of President Garfield last summer, who sought to control his official action or degrade and destroy his character and reputation, you are responsible for his murder. His blood is on the garments of the whole gang of you, and you cannot wipe it off. You have been dealt with very tenderly touching your grave responsibility for this crime, but everybody knows you are guilty and you feel it yourselves in your innermost souls. It was your abuse and denunciation that 'inspired' Guiteau to 'remove' the President as a political necessity, and you will not much longer be permitted to hide the stains on your hands or distract attention from them by raising a dust around the heels of Blaine, by throwing mud at Sherman or heaping ridicule on me. Your crime was not merely the murder of a man, it was the transfer of the Government by murder to the hands of a faction of the party which, if the question could have been submitted to the people at the time it was done, it would not have received one vote in a thousand.

"You stand as acknowledged criminals, morally responsible for and guilty of Garfield's murder, but against you, on account of your friends and the good name of the community, the prosecuting witnesses are loath to proceed. But when you treat mercy as cowardice, and to guilt add insolence and defiance, you are no longer entitled to forbearance. So, now, if you want a reconsideration and full discussion of the whole subject, proceed with your abuse."

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.—Several addresses eulogistic of the late M. P. O'Connor, who represented the Charleston, South Carolina, district in Congress, were delivered in both houses on yesterday week. In the Senate Mr. Bayard in his remarks said among other things:

"Mr. O'Connor, although a native-born citizen of South Carolina, possessed in a marked degree the characteristics of the race from which he sprang. His name and parentage were Irish and he was one of the almost countless illustrations of worth and character, eloquence and wit, courage and capacity which that island of song has contributed to build up and strengthen the government of the United States and the advancement of its people. Mr. President, if the names of the men of Irish birth and Irish blood who have dignified and decorated the annals of American history were to be erased from the record, how much of the glory of our country would be subtracted. In the list of American statesmen and patriots, theologians and poets, soldiers and sailors, jurists and orators, what names shine with a purer lustre or are mentioned with more respect than those of the men, past and present, whom we owe to Ireland? On that imperishable roll of honor, the Declaration of Independence, we find their names, and in the prolonged struggle that followed there was no battle-field from the St. Lawrence to the Savannah but was enriched with Irish blood shed in the cause of civil and religious liberty. To-day we see them in our midst, honored and beloved by their associates and valued not only by their constituents alone, but by their entire country.

THE most wonderful curative remedies of the present day are those that come from Germany, or at least originate there. The most recent preparation placed upon the market in this country is the GREAT GERMAN INVIGORATOR, which has never been known to fail in curing a single case of impotency, spermatorrhœa, weakness, and all diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, inability, mental anxiety, languor, lassitude, depression of spirits and functional derangements of the nervous system. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg, and by all druggists, or sent free by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box, or six boxes for $5.00. Address F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O., Sole Agent for the United States. Send for circular.

SENATOR ALLISON, chairman of the Senate committee on appropriations, has received a letter from the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in which (responding to an inquiry on the subject) he says: "Our company had not at the time nor have they now any intention to make a claim for compensation for courtesies extended to the late President and his family or to the government. We felt it to be not only a duty, but a pleasure, to do what we could to increase the comfort and aid in restoring the health of President Garfield." Who says the P. R. R. Co. has no soul?

JOSH BILLINGS HEARD FROM.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so. Yours without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS.

A WITNESS in a trial at Marshall, Texas, asked the Judge to excuse him from the witness stand a minute. Going into an anteroom, he committed suicide with a pistol. He had no personal interest in the lawsuit, and why he chose that time to die is a mystery.

A TRUE assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

A STALWART STRIPLING—A SLEIGH-RIDING SONG—SNUB THE BOSSES—LET THE PEOPLE BE MASTERS.

PHILADELPHIA Feb. 6, 1882.

[Regular Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—You seem to be somewhat proud of that sixteen yearling of yours.—Well, it is a stripling that almost any fond "parient" would be proud of. No man in the State has so precocious a bantling. It has the loftiest head of any county bantling in the Commonwealth. There is no half breed in it. It is a pure stalwart stripling, and, if it does not meet with a backset, when it arrives at the age of maturity will be of gigantic proportions. The CAMBRIA FREEMAN is unsurpassed for the variety of its contents, and for its able and well written editorials. It discusses all timely public and political subjects clearly, forcibly and impartially. The FREEMAN is the ablest Democratic county weekly newspaper in Pennsylvania.

I see that Ebensburg has had a "doe" sleighing party to Carrolltown. While it was very nice for the "does" of your mountain village to visit the "does" of Carrolltown, it was very naughty for them not to take their "bucks" along. The "bucks" of Ebensburg, should they get up a sleighing party to Carrolltown, will surely not be so ungallant as to ignore the "does." Before I got to be an old stag, during my young buck days, next to skating, sleigh-riding was my greatest enjoyment. Bucks used, in days of yore, to celebrate the glorious sleigh-rides by singing inspiring songs, a recollection of which suggests to me the idea of improvising a song for the "bucks" of Ebensburg to sing when sleighing to Carrolltown, provided they take the "does" with them. My aesthetic poetry-making machine has remained so long unused that it is a little rusty and out of order; but with a little greasing and tuning I think I can grind out some aesthetic lines. Before I commence grinding out the sleigh-ride song for the Ebensburg "bucks," I will try it on something aesthetically aesthetic, such as "Beautiful Snow," and I will jot down what it grinds out, which is:

"It snows," cries the school-boy; "hurrah!"
and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's
out,
And his playmates have answered his call.

"It snows," cries the belle; "dear, how
lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled
cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball.

The machine works well, so here it goes on the sleighing song:

O! swiftly glides the bonny sleigh
Just parted from the door,
With men and ladies blythe and gay,
Some two or four or more;
Fast, fast away along the street
The fiery chargers bound,
And to the sleighers' ears how sweet
The tinkling sleigh-bells sound.

Away, away, we leave the town,
Its roofs and spires behind,
And crystal snow-flakes float around,
As through the lanes we wind.
Our sleigh-ride, with its happy cheer,
Is much enjoyed, indeed,
As with our blooming girls so dear
To Carrolltown we speed.

The skaters on the ice may sing,
While all around they charm,
But we prefer the sleigh-bells' ring
While wrapped up snug and warm.
It safely bears its precious store
O'er mountain, hill and dale,
And shouts of joy from every door,
Our merry party hail.

Our hearts beat free as on we glide,
Fleet as the bounding "roe,"
And fondly nestles by our side
A gentle, loving "doe,"
Whose blushing and unsullied cheek,
And clear and dreaming eye,
In bright and winning glances speak
Of love's sweet revelry.

When safe arrived at Carrolltown,
Where we set out to ride,
Coats, hats, bonnets and overgown
Will then be laid aside.
When all will on the mansson floor
Join in a merry haze,
Then feast upon an ample store
OF PRETS. and SCHWEITZER KASE.

In illuminating the columns of the FREEMAN with the above poetic effusion, your bard don't gush over it as newspaper laureates are apt to do over their ready muse. He does not even wear a Byronically disposed shirt collar, and lacks the poetaster's usual estimate of his own powers. Though the foregoing production is a mere fragment wanting in fulness of design and the polish of execution, it is, nevertheless, a sleigh song of considerable power and mark. The person who has a nice taste for poetry of this kind will find in the lines an inner music which is demonstrative of the true poet.—The imagery is happy and original, derived from objects the writer had seen in his impressible youth's sleigh-ridings. The Ebensburg sleighing "bucks" can sing this song to the air of the once popular song, "Bonny Boat."

Ex-Speaker Samuel J. Randall busied himself for several days previous to the delegate elections in this city in the interest of Mr. Pattison as a candidate for Governor. Now, the time has come when the Democratic bosses of Pennsylvania should be snubbed.—The day has arrived when the Democrats of Pennsylvania should come manfully forth and declare the Democratic party of the State to be the master of its own servants.—It is fervently to be hoped that the coming Democratic State Convention will be composed of men who are slaves to neither ex-Speaker Randall nor ex-Senator Wallace.—The time has come when these two presumed leaders must either be snubbed or the party go to smash. Randall and Wallace have too long subordinated the Democracy of Pennsylvania to their own uses and interests, and it is to be hoped also that the next Democratic State Convention will not be simply composed of followers of Wallace and Randall, but that it will be a tribunal that will rise to the dignity and majesty of discipling its own leadership. Wallace and Randall are selfish leaders, with more ambition than can be gratified, and have become so obnoxious to the unselfish members of the Democratic party that they are determined to check the careers of these rival leaders. When the disputes of leaders degenerate into individual strife for personal domination, it is always at the cost of party safety. Let the next Democratic State Convention assert itself over all leadership, make proper nominations, and create a healthy organization throughout the entire State. Let the people be masters.

I am pleased to see that James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, is now fairly in the field as a candidate for Governor, not of himself or his immediate friends, but of the Democratic people of Allegheny county. In the Allegheny county convention the other day the Democrats of that county wisely preserved the traditions of the Democratic party by trusting to the people. In that convention the friends of Mr. Hopkins, who were largely in the majority, submitted the question involved to the arbitrament of the people. The Pittsburgh aspirant for Governor, altogether different from the Philadelphia Democratic aspirant, enjoys the triumph which an unqualified popular endorsement affords. Unlike Mr. Pattison, Mr. Hopkins comes to the front unembarrassed by allegations of snap judgment or star chamber chicanery. Under such an endorsement Mr. Hopkins at once vaults into the lead as the heir apparent to the Democratic nomination. With James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, and Moses Veale, of Philadelphia, at the head of the ticket, the honest people of the State will rally to its support. Under their leadership Democracy will triumph. Let the people be masters.—The Democratic party is bigger than its parts, and let it govern.

The near approach of Lent is used as an occasion for crowding a number of entertainments into a short space of time. Entertainments are crowding thick and fast.—There will be an "awful" amount of dancing between this and the commencement of the Lenton season. It is wonderful how terrapins are being devoured at aesthetic entertainments. The aesthetically aesthetic portion of our citizens who respect religious sentiment, but wish to have a good time during Lent, will go to Atlantic city, as that charming aesthetic watering place commences the gaities of winter season with and continues during the whole Lenten season. They have magnificent entertainments in that city during the entire winter.

Our Philadelphia clergymen are complaining about having fewer weddings this winter than any winter in their memory. Poor clergymen, I feel for them.

President Arthur is a gay deceiver and a fascinating wretch. He flirts with Mr. Stephens with violets and roses, and at the same time squeezes Longstreet's hands under the table.

The Democrats and Republicans in Washington, like good little boys, just now eat peanuts and ginger cakes together very happily, but hair-pulling time will come by-and-by.

A club of San Francisco Democrats have the red bandanna to the masthead, and have pronounced for Thurman in 1884.

The court preacher of the Grant dynasty, Parson Newman, who quit the Methodist Church because they wouldn't make him bishop, will dispense the gospel according to Grant. He and Grant are running a sort of an aesthetic eclectic Church.

It is said that if tawny Logan could talk English, the aesthetic Arthur would send him to the Court of St. James.

Want of pencil compels me to stop paragraphing. My pencil is only one-sixteenth of an inch long. G, N. S.

ABOUT THE BLIND.—The circular printed below is self-explanatory. The number of blind persons in Pennsylvania, by the census of 1880, is nearly 4,000. The number in each county is as follows:

Adams	43	Lancaster	111
Allegheny	209	Lawrence	37
Armstrong	54	Lebanon	31
Beaver	30	Lehigh	82
Bedford	33	Luzerne	127
Blair	48	Lycoming	91
Berks	95	McKean	2
Bradford	47	Mercer	62
Bucks	65	Mifflin	17
Butler	26	Monroe	24
Cambria	48	Montgomery	80
Cameron	3	Montour	11
Carbon	35	Northumberland	44
Centre	25	Northampton	57
Chester	79	Perry	29
Clarion	30	Philadelphia	958
Clearfield	19	Pike	13
Clinton	16	Potter	18
Columbia	28	Schuylkill	116
Crawford	54	Snyder	23
Cumberland	37	Somerset	32
Dauphin	55	Sullivan	4
Delaware	69	Susquehanna	23
Elk	7	Tioga	27
Erie	78	Union	10
Fayette	72	Venango	25
Forest	3	Warren	26
Franklin	53	Washington	59
Fulton	10	Wayne	36
Green	39	Westmoreland	60
Huntingdon	32	Wyoming	16
Indiana	28	York	73
Jefferson	19		
Juniata	18	Total	3,967
Lackawanna	107		

The "Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind" will receive applicants between the ages of 10 and 25.

The "Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men" will receive those between the ages of 25 and 50 to learn trades and receive employment therein.

And the "Pennsylvania Industrial Home for Blind Women" will instruct and employ blind females of 21 years and upwards.

The last two institutions are supported mainly by legacies and benevolent contributions.

It is very certain that a large number of the blind in the counties know nothing about these institutions; and also that very many who do know of them have not had the friendly hand to prepare the way for their coming here.

It is obviously the kind office of every good citizen and certainly the official duty of the Guardians of the Poor to look faithfully into this matter. WILLIAM CHAPIN.
Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind.

H. L. HALL,
Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men.

A YOUNG GIRL SHOCKINGLY MALTREATED.—David C. Wall, a wealthy farmer, who lives on the road between New Egypt and Jacobstown, N. J., had in his employ a young girl, whom he had taken from a charitable institution and who was indentured to him to do his housework. On Friday a letter came to the girl from her brother, who is in Illinois and is doing well. The letter contained $20, with which she was to pay her passage, as he wished her to come and live with him. Wall opened the letter and read a part of it to the girl, but said nothing about the money. He then went into an adjoining room and read the letter to his wife. The girl overheard the talk and immediately demanded the money. Wall took a horsewhip, stripped her of her clothing and whipped her until the blood flowed all over her back and she fainted. Then he went down in the cellar, got strong brine from the pork barrel, and poured it over her. He was arrested on Saturday and public feeling is strongly in favor of lynching him. The girl is in a precarious condition.

WILLIAM TEDRE, son of the proprietor of the University Boat-house on Onondago lake, became jealous of a girl, an inmate of a house of ill-fame, on Walton street, Syracuse, N. Y., went there in a state of intoxication on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, with the avowed intention of killing her. After several ineffectual attempts to gain admission he effected an entrance, and after a short altercation shot the girl, Nellie Tart, alias Ryan, of Oswego, and the proprietress of the house. He then fled, seeking refuge in his father's house, where, on reaching his bedroom, he shot himself, inflicting a mortal wound. The girl will probably die.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.—That pure, sweet, safe and effective American distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold and clover blossoms, called Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. A few doses instantly relieve the most violent sneezing or head cold, stop all watery discharges from the nose and eyes, cure headache and nervousness, and banish all danger of fever. Complete treatment for one dollar.

FIVE trackmen were killed on Monday last in the tunnel of the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad, near Union Depot, Baltimore, by a locomotive of the Western Maryland Railroad. The men were named David Grier, T. Kennedy, Edward Birmingham, James Irvin and Patrick McGoff. They stepped from the track to get out of the way of a passing train and walked directly in front of the locomotive on the opposite track.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

SIX CHILDREN IN ONE FAMILY DEAD.—Diptheria entered the family of John Vonderau, a well-to-do German, of Cleveland, O., some days ago. One by one the children were taken, until five had been placed in the city vault in Riverside cemetery. On Monday the sixth died, and they were all buried in one grave. Only one child remains of the family.

DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" is not extolled as a "cure all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR aged men, women, weak and sickly children, without a rival. Will not cause headache. Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE Grand Jury of Westmoreland county has recommended the building of a $50,000 jail at Greensburg.

AT the faintest pain PERUNA should be thought of.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A company in Harrisburg will insure children against disease.

—Mrs. Sabilla Morgan was arrested at Parryville, Carbon county, on Monday, for the murder of her four weeks old child.

—William Miller, the oldest Mason in the United States, died in Caldwell, Ohio, aged 98 years. He had been a Mason for 81 years.

—A twelve year old son of Mr. A. F. Graham killed a lad named Hopkins with a club during a quarrel in Keokuk, Iowa, on Friday.

—The Albany *Journal* thinks one of the prize medals should go to Hon. Paddy Ryan as he has won one in the usual way—that is being beaten.

—A boiler exploded at Kirkham's old mill at Doctor Town, near Jessup, Ga., on Saturday, by which seven persons were injured and one killed.

—Sebastian Norwarth, said to have "accompanied Napoleon Bonapart in the march to Moscow," died near Easton, Pa., on Sunday, in the 90th year of his age.

—One evening, last week Mrs. Layton, of Derry, was slightly wounded by a pistol shot while on board the Johnstown Accomadation. The affair will be investigated.

—The wife of William Moyer, of Bern township, Berks county, committed suicide on Saturday by cutting her throat with a razor. She had been in depressed spirits.

—A widow of Shelbyville, Ind., aged 36, induced her daughter to discard a lover, aged 24, and then wooed him herself, and with such success that the wedding-day is fixed.

—While coasting at Cohoes, N. Y., on Saturday, Charles Richmond, aged six, dashed into a hole in the ice in the Champlain canal and was drowned. His mother witnessed the accident.

—Sergeant Bush, of the Tenth cavalry, at Concho, Texas, having been reprimanded by his superior officer and ordered to be taken to the guard house, secured a gun and blew off the top of his own head.

—An 8-year-old boy died at Point St. Charles, Canada from excessive use of liquor. The coroners jury on Friday last brot in a verdict of wilful murder against the person who gave him the liquor.

—On Sunday night, near Stamford Ky., John Carr, a highly esteemed colored man, was shot dead in his own house by an unseen person while he was playing with his little child. No clue to the murderer.

—Miss Seed, until two weeks ago postmistress at Lawrenceville, Ill., was on Friday last found in a dying condition from the effects of chloroform taken through despondency at being superceded in office.

—Peter Hoffman, an old German, before dying in Harrison county, confessed to having committed three murders, one in Germany and two in Harrison. The story is corroborated by other testimony.

—The remains of nine persons have been taken from the ruins of the fire in the old *World* building, New York. There are still quite a number of persons reported missing who were employed in the building.

—A strong guard has been placed over the Westmoreland county jail to prevent outside friends from releasing the Galloway gang, the members of which have been sentenced to the penitentiary for rape and burglary.

—A Jewish refugee who arrived at Liverpool, Eng., on Friday, from Kelf, Russia, says he recently saw a number of Jewish maidens stripped naked and flogged through the town. The police refused to interfere.

—A new horse disease has appeared in Pittsburg. An eruption appears on the skin above the hoof. Soon the hoof corrodes and drops off unless care is taken in the treatment. It is said to be caused by dirty streets.

—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the *Daily Telegraph* says a Jewish family, consisting of a mother, daughter, aged seventeen and a son aged fourteen, have been massacred by peasants in the district of Aneneiff.

—Near Nueva Laredo, Texas, on Sunday, two smugglers named Augnendegni shot and killed two grass cutters whom they suspected of stealing their goods. Officers shot and Elizardo and another horse thief named Las Rusias.

—During a fight in Clinton, Mo., on Saturday, John Groger and Jack McKenzey, miners, pulled their pistols and began shooting. McKenzey killed one bystander and wounded another, before he was shot in the abdomen by Groger.

—Mrs. Doty and Mrs. Sennett were instantly killed on Monday, on the track of the Bee Line Railroad near Indianapolis. In getting out of the way of a train they were caught by a work train on the other track. Both have families.

—There is something soft and tender in the fall of a single snow-flake, but it always reminds us to look after our bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—our old stand-by in the days of Coughs and Colds—for we have always found it reliable.

—Information has been received from Springfield, Tenn., to the effect that Wood Hight, cousin to the notorious James brothers, had been arrested at Cross Plains and taken to Missouri, where a large reward had been offered for his arrest.

—Mrs. Ostrander, of Pond Eddy, Pike county, died of small-pox the other day, and no one vehicle could be had for love or money her husband and the nurse tied a rope around the coffin and dragged it to the cemetery where the interment was made.

—Hon. James Kelly, member of the Legislature from Fulton county, fell dead from his chair on Monday morning. While sitting in his residence, at Burnt Cabin a week or two ago he fell down stairs and broke his leg from which he was suffering.

—A man murdered his brother without hindrance at Saxeville, Wis., but immediately encountered a fierce avenger in a big dog. Made furious by seeing his master slain, the brute set upon the slayer, biting him, and hanging to him until he was captured.

—Kate Miles, colored, aged 14 years, committed suicide by drowning in a mill pond near Columbia, S. C., on Friday. Her mother had been beating her severely for some time past, and after the infliction of punishment on Friday the girl drowned herself.

—On Friday, in Brookville, Ont., Willie Burke, a little boy seven years of age, was shot in the head with a pistol by James Johnson, aged fourteen. Whether the shooting was accidental or intentional has not yet been made clear. Johnson has been arrested.

—Ellen Means, the second victim of the Franklin township, Westmoreland outrage in November last, died on Tuesday morning from the effects of the wounds then received. James Ward is in jail for the commission of this crime, as well as for causing the death of her sister Mary.

—The funeral of the late Rev. Father Farrelly, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, New York, took place at that edifice on Saturday, and was attended by upwards of six hundred priests from New York and neighboring cities, besides a large congregation May he rest in peace.

—It is said that a young man in Raleigh, North Carolina, having invited a young lady to attend a public entertainment, employed two colored men to clean a dozen street crossings between her house and the hall, that she might walk dry shod. Colored labor must be very cheap or hack hire very high in Raleigh.

—A swindler is beating farmers in some of the southern counties of York State by buying produce of them, writing a receipt with a lead pencil, breaking off the point, and handing the farmer a fountain pen to sign his name with. He then rubs out the pencil writing, makes a note over the signature and sells the note.

—A snowball stopped an elopement in Louisville. It was thrown by a boy in the street, knocking off the hat of the driver of the carriage in which the runaway couple were riding to a railroad station, thus causing just enough delay to make them miss the train. Thus hindered, they were caught and separated by the girl's father.

—At Scranton, Pa., on Friday, while Sheriff Stevens and deputies Finch and Carmon were in the act of dispossessing Darby Melville of the premises he occupied, they were attacked by Melvin and wife with revolvers. Deputy Finch was fatally wounded in the head by Melvin, and Carmon knocked senseless with a club by Mrs. Melvin. Melvin was shot in the leg, side and chin. The two were finally arrested.

—A British Columbia member of Parliament has caused quite a stir at Ottawa, in the capital, by arriving with a haram of four squaws. He experienced much difficulty in finding a boarding house for himself and party, as at the end of the last session of Parliament he cleared out without paying his board bill, and left many other accounts unsettled. It is altogether probable that a motion will be brought up in the House of Commons to expel him.

—Three young fellows took it into their heads to dance at the grave of a friend at Lawrenceville, Ill., and one of them fell into it. Their conduct shocked the mourners, who drove them away, and subsequently prepared to lynch them. They fled hastily, making their way down the river fourteen miles in a leaky boat, which finally sank under them. They swam to the shore, but it was a cold night. They were too exhausted to go any further, and in the morning their dead bodies were found.

—The city of Adrian, Mich., is greatly excited over the discovery of the seemingly unauthorized negotiating of $150,000 worth of bonds, of which no one had any knowledge. They were negotiated through the Union trust company of New York, and over half the money has been drawn on them. Thos. J. Navin, the Mayor of the city, is alleged to be the person who negotiated the bonds. Navin denied the accusation, but left town soon after the discovery was made.

—A tumor weighing one hundred and thirteen pounds was taken from a lady in Philadelphia on Friday. The surgeons are confident of her recovery. She is from Blanchard, Centre county, and weighed only seventy-five pounds after the tumor was removed.

—In August last Mrs. Alice Campbell, who had come from California to Smoky Hollow, near Great Bend, Susquehanna county, suddenly disappeared from the latter place. Mrs. Downs, a cousin whom she was visiting, stated that she had gone to Chicago, but a neighbor of Mrs. Downs, named John Reagan, has since asserted that Mrs. Campbell was murdered for $3,000 in gold that she possessed. Investigation of the case has led to the arrest of Mrs. Downs, William Beecher, Edward Downs and John Regan, who are believed to have poisoned the old woman.

—The Lancaster *New Era* says that Mr. John Paes, the hired man at the Smithville hotel, came very near putting an end to his existence the other day by drinking an overdose of liquor. Paes declared that if any person would furnish the liquor he would drink a quart. This was protested against by some, but by some means it was provided and Paes drank a quart of whisky in less than ten minutes, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Mrs. Smith, the landlady, he would have taken more. After the effects of his almost fatal dose became alarmed and gave him a large dose of sweet milk, which acted as an emetic and saved his life.

—An old woman named Margaret Farmer, a widow, living with her son-in-law, George Dunn, of Peekskill, N. Y., some time during the storm on Thursday night, arose from her b