E CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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is right. None but sensible people do
You don't be a weakling—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 guarantees it to be the most desirable advertising medium in Cambria county. Advertising figures will be found below, at the following low rates:

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S. E. Cor. 6th & Market Sts.
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We offer the Best, Largest and Cheapest stock of CLOTHING FOR MEN & BOYS in the United States.
Our original system of One Price and a Guarantee gives every buyer perfect protection.
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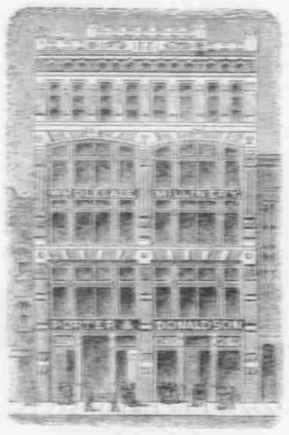
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262 and 264 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.
ELEVATOR ENTRANCE, 264.
Attention given to Pattern Bonnets and Trimmed Hats. Full line of Straw Goods, Ribbons, Silks, Flowers, Nets and Laces;
Skirts, Corsets, Crapes and Ladies' Neck Wear, SPECIALTIES.
Particular Attention Paid to Orders. [no.]
BEST STOCK. LATEST STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.

WEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
In Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kinds promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

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JAS. SHIDLE & SON,
59 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
GETER C. SHIDLE.
Paper Hangings, Embossed Bronzes, Dados, &c

ALABASTINE
FOR FINISHING WALLS AND CEILINGS.

TRADE MARK.
OUTWATER'S LUNG HEALER,
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION
Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of Chest, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.
Price, 50 cents and $1.00. One size (regular) for 25 cents.
GUENTHER & CO. Pittsburgh.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
Among the medicinal means of arresting disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands pre-eminent. It checks the further progress of all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, revives the vital stamina, prevents and remedies chills and fever, increases the activity of the kidneys, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, and is a genuine stay and solace to aged, infirm and debilitated persons.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY
PHENOL SODIQUE.
Prepared from PURE PHENOL & WHITE Wintergreen, chemically pure, NEW YORK DISPENSATORY, and other valuable and approved remedies.
GUARANTEED TO CURE ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY, LIVER, STOMACH, BLOOD, SKIN, AND URINARY DISEASES, CHILLS AND FEVER, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, &c.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, EVERYWHERE GENERALLY.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Valentine Cramer, executor of Valentine Cramer, late of Cambria township, deceased, to and among those entitled to the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on Thursday, May 4, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.
M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 21, 1882.—3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Mary Ann Bradley, late of Loretto, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary Ann Bradley, late of Loretto, borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment is required, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JULIA KNUPP, Administratrix.
Tunnelhill, April 14, 1882.—6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Patrick Smith, late of Loretto, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of Patrick Smith, late of Loretto, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JULIA SMITH, Administratrix.
Tunnelhill, April 14, 1882.—6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of John Bradley, dec'd. Having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of the estate of John Bradley, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them in legal form for settlement.
JOSEPH BRADLEY, Administrator.
Loretto, April 21, 1882.—6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Lloyd's building, Main street, Johnstown, and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

☞ GIVEN AWAY.
Zimmerman Fruit Dryer
Best and Cheapest in Use.
ZIMMERMAN FRUIT DRYER CO., Cincinnati, O.
April 14, 1882.—3m.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING
A Treatise on their Effects and Cure sent free. Address HOFFMAN P.O. Box 1816, Chicago, Ill.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $90. Piano $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

DOING HIS DUTY.

It was noon and close upon the hour of 12. Scattered over a large building in course of erection were a number of workmen—carpenters, masons and bricklayers—most of whom kept their ears upon the stretch in expectation of the bell ringing to proclaim the dinner hour. Hard by was the river, where a large was moored, and laborers bringing planks from it to the building with the regular step characteristic of all work with method in it.

The laborers numbered about twenty in all, and they were headed by one who filled the post of "runner," that is, a man who regulated the movements of the rest by leaning to and from the works. The man employed for the office in this case, was one Robert Ryan, a steady, earnest, sober man.

Ryan was only a laborer, and it was as much as he could do to read good print and write his name occasionally when it was required; but he was a man with a strong sense of what was right and wrong, and with a decided leaning toward the right. It was this feeling which prompted him to abandon drink and join the temperance society. "I may like beer," he said, "and I may like loafing about in a public house with my mates; but it is not right for me to do so when my wife and child must be the sufferers." So he gave up drink, fought out, by Divine assistance, the fight with temptation until he conquered, and then settled down, a sober, happy man.

Sobriety led to something better. As he had not the public house to spend his Sundays in, he wisely sought a seat in God's house.

Such a man could not long pass unnoticed, and Ryan was soon selected from the mass of laborers and appointed to the post of "runner," for which he obtained an extra sixpence a day. Mr. Collins, his master, would have done something more for him, but Ryan's education was very defective, and the post of foreman was for the present out of the question. Ryan, however, was content, and worked on, receiving his weekly wages thankfully and spending them on domestic comforts like a prudent man.

The laborers were marching from the barge, each with a plank upon his shoulder, when the bell suddenly rang. The man next to Ryan immediately threw down his plank, but Ryan walked steadily on.

"Hold hard, Ryan," cried the third man; "did you hear the bell?"

"I heard," said Ryan, "but we have only a step or two to go; why pitch the stuff about in the mud in that way?"

The man who had thrown down his plank took it up with a surly air and fell into the ranks again. Ryan walked to the building, put his burden on the top of the pile, and the rest, more or less sullky, followed his example.

"There," he said, "look at the clock—not quite a minute past and we have saved ourselves no end of trouble, and the master ten minutes time by bringing our work to the proper place."

"But time is time," urged the man who had thrown down his plank; "the master expects us to be here at the minute, and we like to leave off at the minute, too."

"Still, stretching a point in his favor now and then does us no harm," returned Ryan, "and I think it the more manly thing to do."

The men did not stop to discuss the subject then, but hurried away to dinner. Many of them were far from home, and some had their dinners brought; others bought something at the cook shop, but nearly all went to the public house. There in the tap room the conduct of Ryan was discussed, and Richard Morgan, the man who had thrown down the plank, led the van in a tirade against the "runner."

"It is bad enough to be nigger-driven by the master," he said, "but for one of our own lot to go against us is more than I can stand."

"But you must go with the runner," said one of the listeners.

"With a runner," returned Morgan, "not me with Ryan. If I headed the gang you should have easy times, I can tell you."

"Until you got the sack," said the previous speaker, with a laugh.

Morgan had a certain power of speech—"gift of the gab" his mates called it—and until it was time to return to work he held forth on Ryan's base conduct, and found many willing ears.

From that time Ryan became a marked man; the men followed him as of old, but they did all they could to annoy him. He was a powerful man and could easily have beaten any one of his assailants; but he steadily refused to fight, and bade them go home and think, and then return to their work wiser men.

After a time Ryan's patience bore fruit and many of the men ceased to annoy him; but Morgan, with the rancor of a little mind, only grew more furious as he saw the chance of ruining Ryan slipping away. Day and night, in work and out of work, he kept his tongue going, calling his fellow laborers "sheep," and was very great on the subject of "division of property," which would enable every man to live in peace and comfort —"without work."

The men often laughed at his extravagant assertions; but some of his ideas took root, and a feeling of discontent gradually became general. Misunderstandings were developed into deliberate assaults upon the liberty and comfort of the men, hasty words magnified into studied insults, and the train was laid for one of those suicidal movements called "a strike."

While this was impending, Ryan was called to account before a committee of the men, who held their meeting in a hut close to the work.

Morgan attended as an accuser, with the majority of the men employed as audience.

Ryan's answer was as follows:

"I've heard Morgan," said he, looking that man boldly and honestly in the face; "and I can only say that it isn't true in the main, and, although I can't exactly point out where, it is untrue. Morgan's got a good head, and I've got just sense enough to know what's right, and that's all. According to my notion of things, I only do my duty, and as I am paid for it I shall do it while I have the health and strength to keep at my work. I don't say that the masters are always right, because they are not," continued Ryan; "but when a man undertakes to do his work he ought to do it, and if he does some times carry a plank half a dozen yards when the bell is ringing what's the odds? Look here, mates, we are always talking about the masters showing us consideration, and it comes to this, if we take we must give too. I'll not stand up against those as works with me, and I'll not say a word behind your backs. The masters must fight their own battles, and they are able to do it, but I must speak to you as mates. I take my stand on right, and no man can be right unless he does his duty."

Ryan's notions were not particularly popular, but his words carried weight with them. More than one listener felt that he only acted as an honest man; but Morgan and his followers were the stronger party, and at a private meeting in the evening it was decided that a round robin should be sent in against the "runner," demanding his dismissal. It was drawn up, signed by the committee and put before the men on the morrow. The majority signed readily enough; but a few did it partly against their will.

Mr. Collins received the message from his men and said he would consider it. He laid it before his partner, a gentleman who had money in the business, but no practical knowledge of it, and the pair weighed over the consequence of refusing the unseemly request. Mr. Collins knew the character of Ryan and liked him. In his branch he was the best man upon the works, and it was much against his desire to part with him.

"If we give way this time," he said "we shall soon have another request one impossible to comply with, perhaps. I have seen the feeling growing among the men; we have too many tailors, and a strike is inevitable; it may as well come now as a month hence."

And so it was decided. The answer was sent to the men, and it was "NO."

This brought the storm down. A hurried and angry meeting was held, with Morgan and others for speakers, and they all advocated one thing—"Strike and bring the masters to their senses." Notice of the strike was given, and on Saturday the works were closed.

Then followed the usual state of things.—Pickets were posted in every avenue leading to the works to stop men from coming, and the men not so employed stood about in groups talking over the strike or lounged about in the bar of the public house discussing the same thing. There was little or no violence at first; the men were for the most part disposed to be peaceable, and were imbued with a firm conviction that they were in the right; and Ryan, who was still kept on at the works doing odd jobs, went to and fro without molestation. This did not suit Morgan, who, being a thriftless man, soon began to feel the want of the usual wages. He had no allowance from the society, but that generally went, for people like him who talk all day cannot do without drink, and Morgan had a most decided weakness for beer. His rancor increased with his penury, and it was not long before he persuaded himself that all his deprivations were the work of Ryan.

Morgan did not want for men whose thoughts coincided with his own, and a threatening letter—anonymous, of course; your threatening letter fellows are always cowards—was sent to Ryan, warning him not to go near the works. Ryan treated it with contempt, and went as usual. Four days later he was struck from behind on the road home and fell insensible. Mr. Collins himself discovered him there and had him taken to his own home and an eminent surgeon was sent for.

He was pronounced by the surgeon to be severely hurt, but not dangerously so, and the next day he was removed to his home.—His master, who entered it then for the first time, was astonished at its neatness and comfort; but he was still more astonished when, on asking Mrs. Ryan if she wanted money, she answered quietly:

"No, thank you, sir; we have nearly sixty pounds in the saving bank. It's a bad job for Robert, but we can, with God's blessing, pull through."

"Ay, sir," said Ryan, turning his pale face toward his master, "we shall, I believe, pull through; but we thank you all the same."

As Mr. Collins walked home that night he tried to think of some plan by which he could benefit Ryan without breaking in upon his independence. Pecuniary help was not what he wanted, but surely there were other ways to put him up the ladder of life. The problem puzzled him all the evening, but he lit upon the solution before going to rest.

On the morrow he visited Ryan again and found him much better, sitting by the fire, with his child upon his knee. After a few remarks about the injured man's health, Mr. Collins said, "Would you like to be better educated, Ryan?"

"I should like it very much, sir. I have tried to improve myself, but I am very slow."

"Self teaching is very slow work," returned Mr. Collins; "you want somebody to help you. Now my son is a smart young fellow, and would give you a few lessons with pleasure. What do you say to his coming here an hour or so every day while the works are closed? I shall not let you work while things are in the present loose condition; but when we go on again you can still have your lessons in the evening."

Ryan was highly pleased with the offer, and so was Mrs. Ryan, and even the little one laughed and crowed as if it understood all about it; and it was settled that the lessons should begin in two days from that time.

Mr. Collins, Jr., found that he had rather an apt pupil than otherwise, and the way Ryan got through the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic was equally astonishing to both teacher and pupil; and when Mrs. Ryan, "with her own eyes," as she remarked to a neighbor, "saw Robert work out a rule of three sum, she thought she must be dreaming;" and as for his writing, she declared that it "might be a little large, but it was almost as good as print." Ryan himself was so amazed at his progress that he could think of little else, and a piece of chalk in his hand was all he required to be set to work upon the nearest board, working out all sorts of arithmetical questions.

The fact was that Robert had, to use a homely phrase, "a turn for figures," and his latent talent was now being developed—the foundation of his future fortune was being laid. All this, of course, took up time, and all that time the strike had been going on with the inevitable consequences—men demoralized, homes ruined, wives and families made miserable, and the public houses the only gainers.

So several weeks passed, and then stern necessity took many of the men away—Morgan was the last to go—and then the works of Collins & Co. were opened again.

Ryan went to work, but not as a "runner." Mr. Collins put him into the office to work out "quantities"—that is, to calculate the quantity of material required for certain work so as to enable the firm to send in estimates for contracts. He did little things at first, but he proved to be so correct that he was soon intrusted with more important matters. Ryan's heart was in his work and he did his duty like the good, honest fellow he surely was.

"Ryan is a wonderful fellow," said Mr. Collins to his partner, about a year after his first entering the office. "I seldom look over his figures now, for he never passes them to me until he feels certain that he is correct. I have only discovered one mistake in four months, and that was an unimportant one."

"A very valuable man," replied his partner; "he belongs to the class of men who are sure to make their way in the world.—Some even rise to be partners in great firms."

"Hum!" said Mr. Collins, thoughtfully; "there is no telling what time will do for such a man."

* * * * * * * *

Time has ticked on ten years since the events above recorded, and we beg to introduce our readers to the final scene of this simple story—a room in a well-built, substantial villa in a suburb in the south of London.

The room is well and substantially furnished; all that comfort could demand is there, but no useless ornament or attempt at display. By the fire sits a matron dressed in dark gray, and a cap upon her head made of excellent materials, quiet, neat and nice. A little girl about 12 sits by sewing; a boy of 10 is busy at the table with a slate full of figures; and a younger child, a boy also, is lying upon the hearth rug, talking to a wooden horse.

Soon a footstep is heard upon the doorstep, and a latchkey rattles in the lock; then by one impulse they all dash out into the hall, where a hale, hearty man, with just a sprinkling of gray hair to show that he is past his youth, is divesting himself of his great coat.

"Hold off a minute," he says; "now, then one at a time."

His coat being off he kisses them all round, beginning with his wife, and then goes into the room, where he exchanges his boots for slippers, and sits down by the fire. There is an evident curiosity on the part of the mother and children to hear something he has to impart; but he is in no hurry about it, and sits there with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Why don't you tell us the news, Robert?" says the matron, "yes or no?"

"Well, then, it's yes," replied Robert, whose other name was Ryan, "and I'm a member of the firm of Collins & Co."

Upon this there is a great commotion, the children cheer as loudly as their little lungs will permit, and the matron gets up and frets about for a moment in an undecided manner; then sits down and begins to cry.

"Come, Polly, this won't do," says Bob's, "you ought to be pleased."

"So I am, Robert, and these are the tears of joy. Who, ten years ago, would have believed this?"

"If I had never been made a partner I should have rested content," Robert replies. "Collins & Co. have treated me very handsomely; for many years they have treated me well; but as such good fortune has fallen to my lot, I say God be thankful for all his past and present mercies."

"Amen," responds his wife, and then there is a minute's silence.

"It's rather odd," continued Robert, "that I should to-night meet the man to whom I owe all this."

"Who is he?" asked his wife wonderingly.

"Morgan—it was his attempt to ruin me that by God's merciful providence was overruled to bring about this prosperity to us. I met him down the street by the works, standing close to the wall to keep off the wind and snow. He had scarcely a rag to his back, and for all the good the bits of boots upon his feet were he might as well have been without them. He did not know me, but I knew him at once, and hailed him. He could scarcely believe that I was the Ryan he once knew, and when he did credit it he wanted to sheer off at once, but I stopped him. He was tired, hungry and penniless, so I took him into a coffee shop, and while he had some bread and butter and coffee, we had a long chat together. I don't want to spin a long yarn about it, but the upshot was that he confessed to me that it was his hand which struck me down ten years ago."

"It was always my opinion that he did it," said the wife.

"And mine too," continued Ryan, "but there was no proof, so I held my tongue. He was so penitent and broken down that I could offer him no reproof, even if I had been inclined to. He worked nobody's ruin so surely as his own, for he never did any good by his pruning; he was just clever enough to make mischief, but had not the brains to work himself into any position in the trade societies, so he lost his work again and again until he became what I saw to-night. Poor fellow! he must have suffered much. He is coming to the yard to-morrow."

"Will you give him work, Robert?"

"Why not, Polly? I think the man is not too bad to mend. There are the materials of a decent man in him if he will only give up drinking. At all events I will give him a chance; I think it is only doing my duty to do so."

Just like Ryan—always thinking of his duty, and acting according to his notions of what is right; and this conscientious mode of life has met its reward. Prosperous in his business, happy in his domestic life, and above all blessed with the peace which passeth all understanding, he is a man whose example men would do well to follow.—*British Workman.*

COUNTRY PAPERS INSIDE CITY.—Every established local newspaper receives occasional subscriptions from large cities which puzzle the publishers to account for, but which the New York *Times* recently threw some light upon in the following: A wholesale grocer in the city, who has become rich in the business, says his rule is that when he sells a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested; but as soon as he began to contract the space he took it as an evidence that trouble was ahead, and invariably went for his debtor. The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business. The withdrawal of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.

It is pleasant to remember that not an hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a ball-dressed man somewhere on earth calling for a clean shirt.

OUR Johnny had been given up to die (diphtheria), when we gave him PERUNA; he is well. Al James' drug store.

SPOILED MARRIAGES.

SOME BLUNDERS AT THE ALTAR.

The question how near a couple can come to being married without actually becoming husband and wife was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyons, in France. All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the civil marriage—which, under the law of the Republic is the binding one—on the morning, and for the blessing of the priest at the cathedral altar in the afternoon. The parties were before the Mayor, and what a Chicago lawyer, addressing a divorce jury, called the "fatal question" had been asked of each, and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had tendered his personal as well as official congratulations, and placed before them the attesting document which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife. At this critical moment the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger. The couple paused, pens in hand, the witnesses stared in surprise, and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he handed the message to the bride's father. The telegram ran as follows:

"Monsieur —— (the bridegroom) has already been married in Germany, and his wife lives. Vouchers are on their way to you by post."

The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the civil code when a warning comes, postponed the authentication for a week. The week passed, but no vouchers came. Everybody agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some resentful rival—everybody except the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of everybody, believed it. She sent back the diamond ring, the silver candlestick, the gold-mounted prie-dieu, the breviary of the lady who was almost her mother-in-law, and annulled the settlement. The *Juge de Paix* of Lyons and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the notary, and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English peasantry put it, were still a couple and not a pair. All inquiries instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless; the only information ever obtained being that it was paid for by a "veiled woman in black."

A still more recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled to see of the churches there to witness the nuptials of the niece of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered, at the last moment, that the Registrar, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed for a short time, while one of the party went in search of the errant Registrar. His office was the first place visited, but he had gone out, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Thence the messenger repaired in hot haste to his residence, which happened to be some distance out of town; and meanwhile, the party at the chapel becoming impatient, other scouts were dispatched in various directions. At length it was ascertained that the worthy Registrar had left town by an early train, and as it was impossible that he could return in time, the wedding had to be postponed until the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had occurred through the Registrar having received no intimation of the day and hour of the intended marriage.

One morning, in the depth of last winter, a lady reached Inverness, Scotland, from the south, in one of the morning trains, intending to proceed to Wick in the 9:40 A. M. train. During the night, however, there had been a heavy snow fall, and it was found that the line to Wick was blocked. On being told that she could not proceed, the young lady appeared to be greatly disconcerted, and immediately inquired for the station master.

"Is there no possibility of getting to Wick to-night?" she asked.

"None," was the answer.

"Not by coach?"

"No; not even by coach."

"Nor by boat?"

"No; nor by boat."

"Nor by—"

"No; it is impossible; you cannot get there this week."

"Well," said the lady, "this is awkward."

"I'm sorry," said the official. "Will you be greatly inconvenienced?"

"Inconvenienced! Yes, I was to have been married in Wick to-night."

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent fiend of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town, one evening, there were so many marriages that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed, and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell it was approaching midnight. A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window up stairs demanding to know who was there. The situation was briefly explained, but the voice, that of the Rev. Mr. W., minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church, proved immovable.

"I can't help it," was the ultimatum received. "You must just go home, and come back to-morrow."

"O, Mr. W., ye ken we canna gang hame without being married," struck in a female voice.

"But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"

"Could ye not chuck over the window, sir?"

"Nonsense. It is impossible."

"O, ye micht, sir. Ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr. B.'s."

This final stroke of policy proved irresistible, for between Mr. W. and Mr. B., minister of the second charge of the same church, there existed a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnized.

EXAMINE for yourselves
How the goods upon the shelves
Disappear;
And gaze upon the throng
That all the hours long
Persevere.
In crowding in the door—
But are we tell you more
Let us say,
'Tis because the firm is wise
And with us advertise,
And thus they realize
It will pay.

A FAITHFUL WORKMAN.

Several years ago a large number of men were employed, not far from Boston, to fill some unsightly salt water flats and raise them above the tide water. One day—it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon—the contractor went out to where a separate gang were at work building a sea wall, and—was he reached the spot he found a solitary man busy on the face of the wall. He had a bucket of cement and a trowel, and was engaged in "pointing" the said wall—that is neatly filling in the seams and interstices with bits of stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman. But why was this man here alone?

"Where are the rest of the workmen?"

"It's eleven o'clock, sir, and they've gone over to old Cuffnutt's after their beer."

"Don't you ever go with them?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want the beer; I'm better off without it. And in the next place, I can't make it seem quite right to take time that is not mine."

"You are right, young man—perfectly right." And then the contractor looked the workman over more critically. He was young—not more than two or three and twenty; a strong, well built, handsome youth, with an intelligent face and an eye as bright as a sapphire.

"Tell me, my friend," the contractor pursued, after his survey, "if you have fixed upon this course from any principle—that is, if you have a reason for it."

The workman looked for a few moments a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But presently his face brightened, and he seemed to grave ballast as he answered:

"Ah, I see. You want to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?"

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on:

"Why, no, sir—I can't say it's exactly that. I'd do right, anyhow, simply because it is right; but I do this because I want one of these days to be somebody—to succeed in business—to do something better than working on the street with a gang of navvies."

"Yes, yes," nodded the contractor. "I think we have understood one another. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think I have hired the man that hired you. However, you know where the contractor's office—where the paymaster's office is."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my man, do you call there this evening, half an hour after you have quit work here."

At the appointed time our young workman presented himself at the office, where he found, first, that it was his employer who had spoken with him that afternoon; and second, he found that said employer, as contractor, was in want of a trusty agent, into whose hands he could consign the entire charge of overlooking the workmen and the work. In less than a year the young man owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years from that day he was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

IRELAND.—We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain over which the breezes romp (like the playful spirits of the beautiful), the pastures dotted some with sheep of the purest wool, the hillsides, rising up into the mist-shrouded mountain, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth, velvet grass. But Ireland should be also called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower but what she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to "drop its web of gold;" the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pinks, and especially the white variety, adorns the hedgerows and the gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the harshness of the moral supports; the bedlid cliffs of the North sea are fringed and enameled with lovely flowers; and if you travel anywhere almost on the pleasing, velvety carpet, you will find little, well nigh invisible, flowerets, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the Beautiful hovers over and touches in living loveliness every point.

AN EDITOR'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.—Having read the story of James Rowe, the miner who was nearly killed in an explosion at Virginia City, and who every night since the accident has dreamed of dying, the editor of the Nevada *Transcript* relates a much more curious experience of his own. When a boy, ten years ago, a gun accidentally discharged, sent a load of small shot tearing into his right arm. The wounds were several months in healing and ugly scars were left. A long time afterwards he was describing the accident to a party of friends when one of them picking up an empty gun and rapping it, snapped the cap. To the ears of the narrator the sound was like that of a small cannon exploding in the room. He saw the bright flash and felt the horrible sensation of being shot to atoms. He fainted and on recovering consciousness found a physician bending over him. He felt severe pain in his right arm. Examination showed that the new skin had broken and the wounds were bleeding as freely as at the time of the accident. About a year afterward he underwent a similar experience. As he was walking along the street he heard the report of a pistol shot. Instantly he felt what seemed to be a ball crashing into his forehead. Horror stricken he placed his hand to the supposed wound. Though he could find no mark upon his head, blood was dripping from his fingers. He looked at the scars and found that they were bleeding afresh. Since then he has dreamed repeatedly that he was a target for riflemen practicing at short range.

It is well known that the most virulent diseases, small pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. are contagious. If you have sickness of this sort in your house, the use of Phenol Sodique as a disinfectant will preserve the health of the rest of the family. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers. See advertisement. [5-5,'82.]