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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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Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
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Altoona, Jan. 24, 1879.-tf.

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"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

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W. J. BUCK,
[10-2. 6m.*.] Buck's Mills, Allegheny Twp.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!
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Invaluable as an astringent and styptic application in HEMORRHAGES, as after EXTRACTION of TEETH, and to prevent subsequent soreness of the gums; as a wash for the mouth, in cases of DISEASED GUMS or APTHOUS conditions, or to DISINFECT an OFFENSIVE BREATH; as a gargle in THROAT AFFECTIONS, SCARLATINA, DIPHTHERIA; as an application in PARASITIC AFFECTIONS and ERUPTIVE DISEASES, and as an injection for all abnormal discharges and FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

CRESCENT PLUG
This brand of Tobacco, though but a short time on the market, is already the favorite with many chewers. Made from selected leaf and with best sweetening, it is a capital article and specially suited to the Pennsylvania taste. For sale by all dealers. Send for sample to the manufacturers.
C. A. JACKSON & CO., Petersburg, Va.

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Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

WEAVING SHADOWS.

Why sit with arms folded,
Brooding over care,
Mournful fancies weaving,
Clouding all that's fair?
Darker grows the prospect
To the mental gaze,
While the eye rests on it,
Deeper grows the haze.

Weaker grows the spirit,
Losing courage all,
Gloom its mantle flinging
O'er us like a pall
Fed by fanced troubles,
Nursed within the heart,
There it makes its dwelling,
Makes us feel its smart.

Let not grief o'ermaster!
Bravely up and do,
Soon the bitter torrent
Shall be lost to view.
Soon the shades shall vanish,
And affright no more,
Hope's awakened smile shall
Greet you as before.

All the daily duties,
Life presents to you,
Have a secret power,
Ever fresh and new.
They restore the brightness
Sorrow fain would steal,
And the wounds it causes
They will quickly heal.

Blest the path of duty!
None so safe to tread,
Virtue's holy lustre
Gently on it shed.
Precious acts of kindness,
Filling up our day,
Leave no time for sadness,
Gild life's dreary way.

Brighter seems the future,
Flowers that seemed to fade
Have regained their freshness,
Are anew arayed.
Sit not weaving shadows
While the genial light
Longs to penetrate them
Did you but invite.

—"*Monmene*," in *Cork Examiner*.

A LAWYER'S SECRET.

Curious cases in my profession? Yes, plenty. I often smile to myself when I find the novelists taking up old family incidents and working them up into stories; and then I think of what plots I could have furnished if they had not been family secrets of a private and thoroughly confidential character.

Wills, now, for instance. What a favorite stock subject they form with writers, both for books and plays, and I don't wonder at it for if there is anything that excites people's curiosity, it is the question of how some rich man's money is to be distributed.

I remember one case that, changing the names, it will be no particular breach of confidence to mention, and I tell it the more frankly because it is a little against myself, for I must own that I did not act quite upon what is called the square. In fact, I played a part—a negative kind of part—for I did nothing else but hold my tongue. If I had spoken it would have been £50,000 or so out of a truly honest man's pocket and into a rogue's; so, somehow, I let my feelings get the better of my professional conscience, and I said not a word.

I was old John Hendricks' solicitor, and looked after his property, for I had known him when he was a struggling man and I was a young lawyer with none too much practice. Then I lost sight of him for twenty years, at the end of which time I was still plodding along respectably just holding my own, and nothing more, when, going into one of the city taverns for my regular daily chop, which I ate at the same table for so many years that I had become one of the institutions of the place, I found myself opposite to a yellow-looking, thin, gray-haired man, who kept on looking up from his plate to stare at me very rudely, I thought.

I did not resent his stare at first, but at last it became so unpleasant that I determined to look him down, and I gazed firmly into his eyes.

"Why it is!" he exclaimed, "Dick, old boy, don't you know me?"

"That's Jack Hendricks' voice," I exclaimed, nearly upsetting my plate; and the next moment we were sitting there, hand clasped in hand, with tears in our eyes, looking very foolish and weak, I dare say, to the other occupants of the room; but that did not trouble us, for we had too much to say to each other.

John Hendricks told me that he had been in the north of India, close to Nepaul, for over twenty years. He had gone out as a factor to an indigo grower, and he had become a grower himself.

"And now," he said, "I've come to look after my dead sister's sons and—to die."

"Well, old fellow," I said, "the first part's right enough, but as to the dying, I think it's as well to leave that alone. It will be all settled for you. The only thing with reference to that, speaking as a professional man, is to make your will, if you have anything to leave, and then make the most of your span." John Hendricks was fifteen years my senior, but we became once more the closest of friends, for he seemed to resume his old protective way over me, yet trusting me most fully in every respect.

It was all done in a most unostentious way, but from the day of John Hendricks' return the world began to smile on me. I had a great deal of professional business to do for him, as he had very extensive connection with old indigo planters. I found them coming to me right and left, by his recommendation; so that very soon, instead of finding it hard work to keep one clerk, I had very hard work for four, and a big balance at my bank.

But I am getting on too fast.

Before long I met the two nephews at their uncle's quiet little house at Chelsea, I could not help thinking how kindly fortune was behaving to the young men to place them in the way of such expectations, and before I left it was plain enough to me which was the uncle's favorite.

This was Philip, a frank-faced young fellow of two or three and twenty, very gentlemanly in his ways, and decidedly good looking, while he was full of anecdote, and, without seeming to be toadying, full of attention to the old man, to whose dogmatic speeches he listened with the greatest deference.

For old John had grown terribly dogmatic. He had the management of hundreds of poor ryots for so many years that he felt quite a king in his way, and would bully and snub every one when his liver was a little worse than usual—every one, that is, excepting me, for whenever he was out of temper he never would speak to me, but nod and shake his head, and smoke his chillum till he felt more at ease.

Samuel was the very opposite of his brother, being a short, thick-set, plain fellow, with only one good feature—or ought that to be two—in his face, and that his eyes, which were, for a man, beautiful, and best of all, in their steady, honest look, which never seemed to blanch or have anything to fear.

Time went on, and at Jack Hendricks' wish I took Philip as articled clerk.

"And how about Sam?" I said, in my gruff and repellant way.

"Let him stop where he is and sell tea and tea-dust, and make his money out of the chests," he said, in a hard, harsh manner that I did not like.

"But you'll leave him as much as you'll leave his brother?" I said.

"That I won't, Dick. He's my sister's boy, but I don't like him. He's his father over again—the father who behaved badly to poor Jennie and broke her heart. He was a gambler and thought only of himself. Poor girl, she made a sad mistake, but let that rest."

"Well, I don't know" I said. "I think you are misjudging Sam. I believe him to be a frank, honest fellow."

"Bosh! don't tell me sir. I can read character. I haven't lived to sixty-eight for nothing, sir. The fellow never shows me a bit of deference. He's rough and independent, and bullies his brother just as that scoundrel his father, did my poor sister, Jennie; I don't like him, Dick. I don't like him."

Now, I too, had studied character a little, and I knew enough of John Hendricks to see that I should be doing no good by fighting on Samuel's behalf, but I made it my business a few days later to ask him to call upon me, and during the interview the opinion I had already formed was strengthened.

"No, Mr. Brown," he said, warmly, "I can't do it. I don't say but that if my uncle left me some money I should be glad of it, for—for I am thinking of getting married, sir, but my uncle does not like me. He has taken prejudice against me because he says I am exactly like my dead father, and I can't help that, of course."

"But you might try to humor him a little and let him see that you don't deserve his—I am sure—wrong opinion."

"Thank you for that, Mr. Brown," he exclaimed, and his eyes looked soft and subdued, but I could not do it, sir. I never would toady to any one for the sake of money that might come, and if I were to go there trying to please my uncle he would only despise me for it. My poor mother taught me, Mr. Brown, and I have never forgotten her teachings."

I found before long that John Hendricks was thoroughly in earnest, for he sent for me one day to take instruction to make his will; but I could not help laying down my pen when I found that he intended to leave the whole of his property, save some trifling legacies to servants and others, to his younger nephew, Philip Hemsley.

"Now," I said, "is this fair?"

"Sir," he said, "you are now my professional man."

"Adviser," I said correcting him; "and I advise you to do your duty by your nephews by leaving them equal shares."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," he said, "I'll leave it all to Philip."

I argued and fought, and the result was that he let me put down two thousand pounds for Sam; but the great property of a hundred and odd thousand pounds well invested was left to Phil.

"Now, Dick," said the old fellow, chuckling, "those boys will be sure to ask you if you have any will of mine, and I want to humbug them; so we'll deposit it at the banker's, and then if they ask you if you have my will you can say no."

As I have said, Phil became a shrewdish fellow in law, and passed an examination pretty well, so that he knew what he was about in legal matters; and one day he proved the truth of his uncle's prophecy by saying to me suddenly.

"My uncle is far from well, Mr. Brown. Have you got his will?"

"No," I said, so shortly that he turned on his heel and went away.

About a month later I was with my old friend, and felt shocked at the change, for it was evident that he was not much longer for this world.

He sent for me and I was in hopes that he meant to alter his will, and I was right.

"What a while you have been coming," he said querulously. "I wanted you so badly, Dick."

"I came on directly, old fellow," I said kindly. "Here let me put you a little more easy."

"Thank ye, Dick," he said, "but it is all over. That boy has killed me. Did he ask you if you had my will?"

"Yes, about a month since, and I said No."

"I knew it, Dick; I knew it," he said pitifully; "and ever since he has been worrying me to let him make my will. Dick, old friend, I've made a big mistake. There—there, don't jump upon me. I—I confess it all. I thought he was his mother's boy, he was so like her; but—but he has his father's spirit and his ways to the very bone."

"I am glad you have awakened to the truth," I said.

"You should have advised me better," he retorted, querulously.

"Should I, Jack?"

"No, no; you did, Dick. I've only found out what an old fool I am, my dear boy. We have quarrelled terribly, that boy and I, for I have found him out in spite of his smooth tongue. He's a scamp, a villain—a gambler, and in debt terribly. He has half killed me, Dick, and—and—"

I tore at the bell, as the poor old fellow seemed about to have a fit, for the terrible emotions he had suffered at what must have been the rooting up of his most cherished belief in his sister's child, had proved, in his weak state, to be more than he could bear.

The doctor was sent for, and at the end of an hour John Hendricks was so far recovered that he whispered my name, and I, sitting down beside him, heard him, in a whisper say:

"Draw up my will quickly. A just one."

"I don't think he will ever recover sufficiently to sign," said the doctor. "He has driven it too late, Mr. Brown."

The doctor was right, for my poor old friend never recovered his senses but quietly breathed his last a few hours later.

I suppose it was from a feeling of importance, perhaps more from unwillingness to wound poor Sam Hemsley and his young wife by letting them hear the unjust will, that I did not hurry myself to produce it, though I don't think they anticipated much. But all at once, to my utter astonishment, Philip rose, coughed to clear his husky voice, and said quietly:

"I presume you all know how much I have of late been in my uncle's confidence, so you will not be surprised that, as I was by his wish a solicitor, he should have intrusted to me the making of his will."

I am a man of the world, but for a moment I was knocked off my balance. Then I was about to exclaim, as I saw him bring forth the document, "Why you scoundrel, you have forged a will!"

Fortunately for Sam I recovered myself, and sat with my old friend's genuine will buttoned up beneath my coat, while, with the calmest audacity, the rascal read out the document that, as a lawyer, he had cleverly forged.

I saw it all now. He had asked me if I had his uncle's will, and I had said no. He must have searched the old man's papers and found none, and feeling safe, Philip had forged a will in his own favor, and cleverly, too, making one about which there could be no dispute; for he provided legacies to friends, and the residue, which proved to be over a hundred thousand pounds in equal moities to the nephews, Samuel and Philip Hemsley.

I sat and laughed to myself as I heard him read this piece of forgery, which was all in due form, clever in the man's cunning in contenting himself with half, knowing that if the will were otherwise it might have been disputed, when now it would be taken as perfection, and there, all the time, I sat with the genuine will in my breast, from which he was cutting himself by this act, while I rejoiced to think how the villain was being forced, as it were by fate, to do justice to his brother Sam.

What would you have done—given the scoundrel into custody as a forger, made a terrible upset, and caused no end of trouble about the property? Perhaps you would; I did not, for I went home, after satisfying myself that the false one was in due form and destroyed the real one.

Yes, I know what you will say—that it was a felonious act and that I ought to be struck off the rolls. Perhaps I ought to have been but I pondered on the fact that, instead of the whole hundred thousand pounds going to a villain who would stoop to forge, half of it went to a truly deserving man, so I left the punishment to higher powers than those of man and kept my secret still, for I have only given fictitious names.

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.—If a man buys a box of strawberries with the bottom shoved up half-way to the top for twenty-five cents, how many can he buy for $2?

Bought a horse fourteen years old for $65 and sold him to an editor for $120 as a six-year-old stepper. How much did I make?

If it takes eighteen men to do the bossing and four men to do the lifting when a street car horse falls down, how many bosses and lifters will it take to put five horses on their feet?

Julia has five beaux and Emily has three, while the old maid next door has none. How many beaux in all, and how many would be left if they should give the old maid half the crowd?

How many are $18 less the $5 you lent a Congressman's son to help him pay his fare to Iowa?

A certain city has a population of 420,000. The census man can't find but 231,580. What is the difference, and where did the remainder hide during the census taking?

A. has an overcoat for which he paid $18, and his wife trades it off for two red-clay busts of Andrew Jackson worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy a fall bonnet?

If six men who talk politics and dispute on biblical questions can build a wall in five days, how long will it take two men who whistle and flirt with the widow on the next corner to do the same work?

A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples and gets a $14 newspaper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Does he gain or lose, and how much?

How many peck peach-baskets, each holding six quarts, will be required to hold seven bushels of peaches, each bushel of which is short four quarts?—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOOPING A BARREL.—Putting a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop up on the end of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling-pin, and then, shutting both eyes, brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other one instinctively shields her face. Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling for the mastery. He says that if she had but kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself and puts the hoop on very carefully, and then adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stave that only a few smart raps apparently are needed to bring it down all right. And then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up for a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself; then he gets the hammer and gives the top a smart rap on one side, and the other flies up and catches him on the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next minute the barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.—*Danbury News.*

BLANK VERSE AND LOVE ON THE TOWPATH.—Beneath the night's bespangled arch they were strolling along unconscious of aught save the intermitting fancies of their twain hearts. Suddenly they paused, and, gazing at a ruddy star that flashed like a great ruby in the firmament, she said:

"Diomedes! what rufescent orb is that which winks with bloody e'en from yonder dome?"

"That, Andromeda," spake her courtier knight, "is Mars, the wad of gore—beg pardon, I mean the god of war."

"Ah, yes! and looks he not like some gaunt Achilles, armored for conquest, bidding defiance to the hosts of Hades?"

"He doth, Andromeda, he doth! Or like some grim avenger furling a hoe—dash it! I mean hurling a foe—to the death!"—*Rome Sentinel.*

RHYMING TABLE OF PRESIDENTS.—The following table of Peesidents of the United States is given in verse, in which form it can be easily memorized:

The American Presidential line
Began in seventeen eighty-nine.
By Washington was the list begun,
Who ruled two terms, then Adams one;
Jefferson, Madison, Monroe
Sat for two terms each; and so
Quincy Adams came for one,
While Jackson thro' two terms did run;
Harrison died and left four years
For Tyler; one term next for Pierce
And for Buchanan; Lincoln then
Was shot as his second term began,
And Johnson sat until came Grant
For two terms; Hayes for one; and scant
Four months for Garfield, who was killed,
And Arthur the vacant office filled.

A REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

TWO LOVING HEARTS UNITED AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Ripley (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* tells this story: Coming down the river one evening this week, on one of the palatial steamers that ply its waters, a *Commercial* representative had related to him a romance in real life, veryfying the constancy of true love, and the old adage that truth is oft-times stranger than fiction. So remarkable was it in all its details that he resolved to present it to the multitude of *Commercial* readers, unembellished by any fanciful adornments or visionary flights of imagination.

The scene is laid at Buena Vista, a lovely little village on the Upper Ohio, about one hundred miles from this city, charmingly situated amid the picturesque scenery of that romantic region. Buena Vista, much like the average country village, situated away from the hurry and bustle of the world, the inhabitants enjoying life in that contented manner so characteristic of rural simplicity. The village has attained a national reputation from its celebrated and extensive freestone quarries that penetrate the rugged hills around about it, the production of which being largely used in erecting the magnificent structures of architectural beauty that embellish the avenues of our great cities. To this rural retreat there wandered in the spring of 1873 a gentlemanly-appearing stranger, his attire and speech plainly stamping him a native of England.

He was called Farney. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, seemingly not desirous of forming acquaintances. He had been in the place but a short time when he became acquainted with another Englishman by the name of Tyndall, also a recent arrival, and the two entered into partnership and established a nursery for the cultivation of fruit trees and small fruits. They succeeded finely in their undertaking, especially in peach growing, which develops to perfection in those rugged hills. The villagers were not long in finding out that Farney was a gentleman possessed of rare educational abilities, and in the fall of 1874, being in need of a principal for their high school, he was tendered the position, which was accepted.

Entering upon the duties, he soon proved himself a master of his profession, and the inhabitants quietly congratulated themselves upon their apt selection. Among the pupils attending the high school was a bright, lovely and accomplished young lady of eighteen—Miss Woolfan. She was a blooming brunette, petite in stature, possessed of all the graces and virtues imaginable, and was a woman that would be called saintly among women. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the principal became infatuated with his lovely pupil, and the infatuation was equally as deep on her part. As they became more deeply involved in love's meshes, Farney proposed and was accepted.

It is ancient saying that there are always obstacles in the way of true love and it was exemplified in this instance. The parents of the young lady, who were of aristocratic descent, bitterly opposed the attention of Farney toward their daughter, and she being of weak and vacillating disposition, they finally prevailed upon her to break the engagement. She declared that she loved only Farney, and would never marry another. Farney lost all interest in his work from that moment, tendered his resignation, and stated his resolution to leave. He asked the privilege of a last interview with his beloved, which was granted. What was said is too sacred to relate here, but as a last favor he requested her to sing that tender song of Burns. As her fingers rippled over the keys of the piano, the words came out as a heartcry in low, passionate accents:

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare the weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare the weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be lika joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas! forever."

As the melody died away he clasped her in his arms, pressed a long, passionate kiss upon her lips, and left the house and a broken heart behind. Farney left the village on the first boat that came along, and a few days later the daily papers contained a brief notice of a drowned body having been picked up a few miles below Cincinnati, which, from the description, was identified by the residents of Beuna Vista as their former high school principal. The young lady, upon hearing of the suicide of her lover, was inconsolable, and, to all outward appearances, was dead to the pleasures of the world.

Numerous suitors sought her hand, but her steadfast devotion to her dead lover prevailed, and they retired from the field, baffled. In 1876, while on a visit to relatives in the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky, Miss Woolfan attracted the attention of a wealthy fine stock raiser, who was also connected with the United States Revenue Service.—After a brief acquaintance, he proposed and was rejected. He took his rejection so much to heart, that he disposed of his farm and went South; but in the summer of 1881 he wandered back to the old home, and, as it opportunely happened, Miss Woolfan was again there on a visit. Their acquaintance was renewed, and, by persistent attentions he finally won the consent of the lady to marry him, although she frankly told him that it was impossible for her to love him, as her heaat was buried with her lover; but she would endeavor to be a true and faithful wife, and would use all means to make his life a happy one.

The wedding trousseau was purchased regardless of expense, and the wedding was celebrated with great ceremony, being one of the most brilliant and noteworthy affairs that ever occurred in that region, famous for its wealth and culture.

The wedded life so auspiciously began was destined to be of short duration, scarcely six months passing by until the husband was killed by a railroad accident in the southern part of the State. The bereaved widow withdrew from society, and lived the life of a recluse.

Three months after the death of the husband, Farney, the supposed drowned man, unexpectedly turns up, to the astonishment of his Buena Vista friends, who had long mourned his decease. He hears of the marriage of his old love, of the husband's recent death, and immediately makes a trip to Kentucky. He seeks out the lady and after a long and touching interview finds that their former attachment has strengthened with the passing years, and goes away the accepted husband of his early love Our readers will join us in wishing them a happy and prosperous married life.

THE STATES' NAMES.

At a recent meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, Hamilton B. Staple, read a paper concerning the origin of the names of the States of the Union. From among other facts are taken the following: The name of California first originated in the imagination of the author of a Spanish romance, "Las Sergus de Esplandian." Here the "island of California, where great abundance of gold and precious stones is found," was described. The name was probably given to the territory now embraced in this State by some of the Spaniards with Cortez, who, no doubt, had read this sensational romance.

Oregon was a name formerly given to an imaginary river of the West. Carver, an American traveler,, mentions it in 1763. In describing the river, he evidently confounded it with the Missouri, but the name was finally applied to the present State of that name.

New Hampshire was named from Hampshire county, of England, by John Mason, of the Plymouth Company, to whom the territory was originally granted by the English Government.

The State of Massachusetts was named from the bay of that name. The origin of the word Massachusetts is from the Indian "masses," great, "wadchuash," mountains or hills, and the suffix "et," meaning at or near.

There are many conflicting opinions concerning the origin of the name Rhode Island. Some believe it to be named from the ancient Isle of Rhodes; others from the Dutch, Rhode Eylandt, signifying red island. It might also have been called Road Island or Roadstead Island, being near the harbor.

Connecticut, spelled in an Indian dialect, is Quinneh-tuqut, signifying "land-on a long tidal-river."

New York is named from the Duke of York, the original grantee. In the charter he was given all the land "from the west side of the Connecticut river to the east side of the Delaware Bay."

The territory of New Jersey was given by royal charter to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley. Carteret, in England's great civil war, had bravely defended the Isle of Jersey, in the British Channel, and his new possessions in America were named in commemoration of this fact.

Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, and it is the only State named from its founder. The suffix "sylvania', signifying "forest land," is descriptive of the general character of the country.

Three counties lying southeast of Pennsylvania were formerly territories of that State. In 1701 they were granted a separate charter, and named Delaware after Lord De Lewar, who first explored the bay into which the river empties.

Maryland was named from Queen Henrietta Maria. In the charter the name in Latin was Terra Marie, meaning land of Mary, or Mary's land.

Virginia was called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was known as the Virgin Queen.

The territory of the Carolinas was granted to the French settlers in 1663, and was named after Charles I. of France.

King George II. of England was the sponsor for the Southern State of Georgia.

The name Maine was given to that State descriptively, since in the original charter it was considered "the Mayne land of New England."

Vermont was also a descriptive name, being formed from two French words "verd" and "mont," meaning green mountains.

Kentucky is from Kentuckee, an Indian Shawnoese word, signifying "the head of a river" or "long river."

Mississippi is from the Indian Meesyseepee, meaning not the "father of waters," but "the great water."

Colorado is named from the Rio Colorado river. The name is of Spanish origin and means "ruddy" or "red," referring to the color of the water of that river.

Tennessee is supposed to have been named from Tanassee, one of the chief villages of the Cherokee Indians, which was located on the banks of the Tennessee river.

The name Minnesota is from the Indian Minisotah, meaning "colored water."

The State of Nevada is named from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which in turn are said to have been named from the Sierra Nevadas of Granada, Spain.

Nebraska takes its name from the Nebraska river. The name is of Indian origin, meaning "shallow river."

Kansas is also named from its principal river. A tribe of Indians, formerly in that locality, were known as the Kansas or Kows, and the State is probably named from them.

The origin of the name of the peninsular State of Florida is told by historians as follows: In 1512 the Spaniard Ponce de Leon sailed to the west in search of the "fountain of youth." He first saw land on "Easterday," and on account of the richness and quantity of the flowers found on the new possessions, he called it Florida.

Alabama is named from an ancient Indian tribe of the Mississippi Valley. The name itself signifies "here we rest."

Ohio takes its name from the river on the southern boundary. The word is from the Wyandotte Indian dialect, oshe-zuh, and means "something great."

Iowa is named from a river of that name; the river from the Ioway Indians.

Missouri was also named from a river.—The word is from the Indian Min-ne-shoshay, signifying "muddy water."

The name Wisconsin is of French-Indian origin. It was formerly spelled Guis-consin, meaning "westward flowing."

Illinois is derived from the Delaware Indian word, "Illin" or "Leni," meaning "real men," and the soft French termination "ois."

The name Michigan comes from the Indian words of Algonquin and Chippewa origin, "Mitcha," great and "gan," lake.

Louisiana was called in honor of Louis XIV. of France and was formerly applied to all the French possessions in the Mississippi Valley.

The word Arkansas is of Indian stock. A tribe of Indians who had rebelled and separated from the Kansas nation, were celebrated for the fine quality of their bows. From this they were called Arcor Bow Indians, and afterwards Arkansas.

Few States have been named from their original discoverers. The name of La Salle, Cabot De Sota, Marquette, Coronado and Fremont are waiting to be incorporated into history, by the naming of some new State in their honor.

A TOOTHACHE is always a pain investment.

HOW A NEWSPAPER PAYS.

Mr. J. W. Crary, of Florida, presents some of the advantages of a newspaper in a communication to the Pensacola *Advance-Gazette*, as follows: How a newspaper pays can be at once seen if you will give the matter a little thought. Suppose you take a paper that is only issued once a week, you get fifty-two copies a year, each containing the general current news of the times.

The educational advantages to the family, derived from only a weekly paper, are cheaper and more impressive, useful and thorough, after children have learned to read, than the teaching in the ordinary schools. It is a notable fact, and many eminent examples might be referred to, that families who are never without newspapers become more intelligent and more influential than those who go through the ordinary scholastic course of studies without the habit of reading newspapers. After reading, writing and arithmetic are taught to a child, if a choice is to be made between school books and newspapers, it would be much more beneficial to the child to give it two or three well-selected newspapers to read than to confine it to the text books of the school. Newspaper education is polytechnic and universal, and is indispensible to a proper qualification for true American citizenship.

A good newspaper saves money in all business matters. If you want to sell or buy anything, you will likely see the current price in a newspaper, and you will also see what you might want advertised; you don't have to take hereay, and thus suffer from mistakes and delays; you just turn to your paper and know all you wish to learn. You will often save the subscription cost of your paper by one single order for ten or twenty dollars' worth of goods. You will often find chances for good bargains advertised that cannot be found in any other way. A few months since, a merchant in Pensacola advertised to sell a certain staple article of provisions very cheap; there was quite a large lot of it, and the consigner ordered it sold at once. I sent an order, and when several of my neighbors, in the country, saw what I had gotten, and I told them the price, they said: "If you had told us, we would also have sent orders." I said; "If you will take the papers you will always know in time, without waiting for *second-hand talk*." I saved the