THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.
Guaranteed Circulation - 1,116.

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Single copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

To persons residing outside the county 25 cents additional per year will be charged to cover postage.

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Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

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

VOLUME XVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1882. NUMBER 26.

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

ONLY $20.

PHILADELPHIA
SINGER MACHINE
Equal to any Singer in the Market.

The above cut represents the popular style for family use, which the undersigned offers for sale at the wonderful low price of $20. This machine gives perfect satisfaction wherever used, and is warranted for the term of three years. Remember we are here all the time and that you not only have every opportunity to examine the machine and see it in operation, but you know where to find us if you want to get your money back if the machine does not do exactly as represented. You will thereby consult your own interests by buying the Philadelphia Singer Machine and buying from no one else.

W. J. BUCK,
Buck's Mills, Allegheny Twp.

J. L. Johnston. M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker. A. W. Buck.

JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

LYNCH & STEVENS,
UNDERTAKERS,
And Manufacturers and Dealers in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.,
505 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
ALTOONA, PA.

Citizens of Cambria county and all others who purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident we can meet every want and please every purchaser.

Altoona, April 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
THE PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Maximum Notes now in force - $136,000.
Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.
GOOD FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,
EBENSBURG, PA.,

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
has always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, and Musical Instruments for sale at lower prices than other dealers in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Strict attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

WILLIAM A. GITTINGS,
—DEALER IN—
PIANOS and ORGANS!
OF THE VERY BEST MAKES.
Office corner Fifth and Spring Streets, - - Ebensburg, Pa.
Tuning and tuning of instruments promptly and carefully attended to, and instructions in the art of instrumental music given at reasonable rates. Pianos and Organs sold to reliable parties on easy of other payments when desired. Call on or address as above.
[1-20, '82.-tf.]

Cambria County Fire Insurance Agency.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
MOST RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
and other First Class Companies.
Office—Opp. Mansion House.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1881.-1y*

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!
J. G. LLOYD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer
COAL, COKE AND LIME.
EBENSBURG, PA.
COAL LIME A SPECIALTY. [1-13.-tf.]
$250 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. [6-7,'82-1y.*]

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking Brown's Iron Bitters, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking Brown's Iron Bitters, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. MRS. W. J. FLYNN,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Notice to Taxpayers.

IN accordance with an Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the 8th day of April, 1872, relating to the collection of taxes in Cambria county, notice is hereby given to taxpayers residing in the districts below named that the County Treasurer, in compliance with the 24 Section of said Act, will attend at the places of holding the Township and Borough elections on the following named days, for the purpose of receiving the

County, Poor and State Taxes

Assessed for the Year 1882:

Summerhill Twp. and Johnstown Bor., 1st Ward—Monday, July 31st.
Gallitzin Bor. and Johnstown, 2d Ward—Tuesday, August 1st.
Tunnelhill Bor. and Johnstown, 3d Ward—Wednesday, August 2d.
Gallitzin Twp. and Johnstown, 4th Ward—Thursday, August 3d.
Loretto Bor. and Johnstown, 5th Ward—Friday, August 4th.
Dean Twp. and Johnstown, 6th Ward—Monday, August 7th.
Clearfield Twp. and Johnstown, 7th Ward—Tuesday, August 8th.
Chest Springs Bor. and Cooperdale—Wednesday, August 9th.
Allegheny Twp. and Cambria Boro', 1st Ward—Thursday, August 10th.
Munster Twp. and Cambria Boro', 2d Ward—Friday, August 11th.
Reade Twp. and Millville Boro', 1st Ward—Monday, August 14th.
White Twp. and Millville Boro', 2d Ward—Tuesday, August 15th.
Chest Twp. and Prospect—Wednesday, Aug. 16th.
Elder and Taylor Twps.—Thursday, Aug. 17th.
Susquehanna and Conemaugh Twps.—Friday, August 18th.
Carroll and Stonycreek Twps.—Monday, Aug. 21st.
Carrolltown Bor. and Lower Yower Twp.—Tuesday, August 22d.
Barr and Upper Yoder Twps.—Wednesday, August 23d.
Blacklick and Adams Twps.—Thursday, Aug. 24th.
Jackson and Richland Twps.—Friday, Aug. 25th.
Cambria Twp.—Monday, August 28th.
Ebensburg, East Ward—Tuesday, August 29th.
Ebensburg, West Ward—Wednesday, Aug. 30th.

And, in accordance with the 24 Section of said Act, upon all taxes paid to the Treasurer on or before the 1st day of September there will be a deduction of five per cent., while five per cent. will be added to all unpaid taxes and placed in the hands of a constable for collection.

J. A. KENNEDY, Co. Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, June 29, 1882.-4t.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily fair, thorough and benign. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover, it is the grand specific for fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
HAY-FEVER

Elys' Cream Balm
Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package.
Sold by Ebensburg druggists.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO.,
March 17, 1882.-e.o.w.1y. Owego, N. Y.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19,'80.-tf.]

$77 a week. $12a day at home easily made. Costly $12 Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,
and his mouth was
gaping wide; the
rosy wine had
ebbed away
and left
its crystal-side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming;
up and
down the
sides it flew,
and through the
reed-like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast
was blowing free, and fancied
that its pale mouth sang the
queerest strains to me. "They tell
me—puny conquerors!—the Plague
has slain his ten, and War his hundred
thousands of the very best of men, but
I"—'t was thus the bottle spoke—
"but I have conquered more than
all your famous conquerors, so
feared and famed of yore. Then
come, ye youth and maidens,
come drink from out my cup,
the beverage that dulls the
brain and burns the spirits
up; that puts to shame the
conquerors that slay their
scores below; for this
has deluged millions
with the lava tide of
woe. Tho' in the
pathof battle dark-
est waves o'blood
may roll; yet
while I killed
the body, I
damned the
very soul.
The cholera, the
sword, such ruin never
wrought, as I in fun or malice
on the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and
they shrink before my breath;
and year by year my thousands
TREAD THE DISMAL PATH TO DEATH."

SLEEP WALKERS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

During the Revolutionary War there was a gentleman of large property residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., who was addicted to the habit of walking in his sleep. Panic-struck at the invasion of the enemy, he daily expected that his dwelling would be ransacked and pillaged. Under the influence of these fears he rose one night, and, taking a strong box, which awake he never attempted to lift without assistance, he proceeded down stairs, furnished himself with a lantern and spade, and, in a wooded glen, about a quarter of a mile from his house, he buried his treasure, replacing the sods so as to create no suspicion of their having been removed. This done, he returned, undressed, and went to bed.

Next morning, he was the first to discover the loss of his strong box, without having the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Enraged at his loss, he immediately accused his domestics of robbery, as no traces were susceptible on either the lock or doors of the house that could induce him to suspect strangers.

Month after month elapsed, and still the mystery was not solved, and his family began to want the necessaries of life without having the means to procure them.

At that period of public calamity no money could be raised on real estate, and it was at that season of the year when agricultural labor had ceased, which left him no means of securing a support for his family. To augment his misery his only son lay confined by a violent fever, without any one of those comforts which his situation demanded. The despairing father was strongly affected by this melancholy view of the future; his rest became more frequently broken, and he would often wander from room to room all night with hurried and unequal steps, as if pursued by an enemy. His wife and daughter, who were accustomed to these nightly wanderings, never attempted to disturb him unless they were fearful some accident might befall him; in this case it was necessary to employ the most violent means to awaken him, upon which he would exhibit such fear and distress that they usually suffered him to recover from the trance, which was succeeded by drowsiness, after which he would sink into a light and natural sleep, which generally continued for several hours.

One night, as his daughter was watching at the side of her sick brother, she heard her father descend the stairs with a quick step, and immediately followed him. She perceived that he had dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the hearth, after which he unbolted the door and looked out; he then returned to the kitchen, and, taking the lantern and spade, he left the house. Alarmed at the circumstance—which was not usual, though it sometimes occurred, as above related, without the knowledge of his family—she hastily threw on a cloak, and followed him to the wood, trembling with apprehension of, she knew not what, both for herself and her father.

Having gained the place where he had three months since buried the box, he set down the lantern so as to reflect strongly upon the spot; he then removed the sods, and, striking the spade against the iron cover, he laughed wildly, and exclaimed: "My treasure is safe, and we shall be happy!"

And, shouldering his heavy burden with the strength of Hercules, he stopped, not as before, to replace the sods of earth, but snatching up his lantern, pursued his way directly home, to the great joy of his daughter, who could scarcely support herself from the fears she had experienced, which were that he was about to dig his own grave, and commit suicide, or murder some of his defenceless family. Inexpressible, therefore, was her joy on seeing him ascend the stairs and place the box in his former recess; after which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and daughter, however, were too anxious to sleep themselves; and the one sat impatiently watching the dawn of day, and the other returned to the apartment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind by the joyful event, and her consequent hope of his speedy recovery.

When the gentleman arose in the morning his wife observed the gloom upon his countenance as he asked about the health of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to procure those comforts for his family which were so needed. Finding him perfectly unconscious of all that had passed during the preceding night, she watched the effect which the restoration of the box would have upon his mind; and, as she expected, with an astonishment almost amounting to frenzy, he exclaimed:

"Who has done this? Whence came this box?"

Not until he had listened to his daughter could he be convinced of the possibility of his performing such an act while asleep.

Health, peace and competence were once more restored to his dwelling, and the result of this blessing had a salutary effect upon his mind; and, although he still continued his midnight excursions, yet his friends were gratified to find them less frequent than formerly, and his future dreams, also, to judge by appearances, seemed to partake of the mild and serene character of his thoughts.

The facts of a recent case of somnambulism on the railroad cars in a Western State, and the subject's remarkable evasion of fatal consequences, are interesting.

The train in the River Division, *en route* from Milwaukee to Minneapolis, had on board, among other passengers, one morning, a Mrs. Wright and her two sons. As the train approached Weaver, the elder of the two sons, aged sixteen, fell asleep, and, after the train had left the station, and was moving at the rate of twenty miles per hour, arose from his seat, and, of course, unknown to himself, passed on to the platform, and stepped from the train.

His mother noticed him as he passed out, but thought nothing of it, and gave herself no uneasiness. Supposing he had gone into the next car, she began a search for him, but he was not to be found. The conductor was at once notified, and, after the cars had been searched, he caused the train to be backed slowly to the station.

Anxious eyes peered along the side of the road, but no traces of the missing boy could be found, except a place in the snow that looked as though he might have fallen there. Arriving at the station without finding the boy, the mother and other son were left, and the train proceeded.

The mother suffered the greatest agony of mind, which was only relieved several hours after by seeing her son come walking up the track. He stated that he knew nothing of his fall, but awoke, nearly frozen, lying on his side on ice and snow. He arose, and wandered from the track, but afterward followed it back to the station. The joy of Mrs. Wright was unutterable, and mother and sons awaited the next train to continue their journey to Minneapolis.

Since the days when witches and "spook boys" rode farmers' horses into reeking sweats between dark and dawn, there have been few equestrians adventures queerer than the following:

A peddler named Jonas Marburger has, for many years, tramped over various sections of Pennsylvania, selling his wares; and by a consistent course he has won the confidence and esteem of a number of acquaintances.

At about five o'clock on a recent afternoon the peddler opened his pack in the kitchen of a man named Eshelstaub, in Albany township. The farmer's wife purchased what she desired, and the peddler, according to the custom of that neighborhood, was asked to remain for supper, which he did, and subsequently determined to stay all night.

The farmer owns quite a nice tract of land and during the evening much of the conversation centered upon matters pertaining to farming. At about nine o'clock the peddler was shown to a large garret under the roof, where he was to sleep.

The family retired, and nothing unusual occurred until some time near midnight, when the farmer was awakened by the barking of watch-dogs and the tramping of a horse's hoofs. He arose and looked out of the window toward the barn, when an extraordinary sight met his gaze. The dogs were in an adjoining field, and strange to say, there appeared to be a ghost riding on one of the farmer's young horses.

The farmer called the hired man, and, on going to the garret with a lantern, they found the bed, which had been occupied, empty, and the peddler gone, but his clothes still hanging on a chair where he had evidently placed them. The farmer and hired man went down stairs, and found that all the doors were locked as they were before they retired. Going out they found the horse still in full gallop under the direction of his mysterious rider.

The hired man watched his chance, caught the animal, and, upon closer examination, found that the rider was the peddler, who sat there like a statue, and was in a complete state of somnambulism. He had nothing on him excepting his shirt, undershirt, drawers and stockings, and, notwithstanding the coldness of the night, he was perspiring freely when lifted down. They could not waken him properly until he was led into the house, and when he came to his senses, he seemed to know nothing of what had occurred. He seemed startled at being out of bed and down stairs in such apparel.

Subsequent examination showed that the man, in his strange state, had worked his way out of a trap-door to the roof, and thence down to a roof of a back building, and thence to the ground.

Not long since, William Lewis, a farmer near Indianapolis, was missed at home, with valise and clothing, one morning, and not until the close of the third day was his whereabouts known. At that time he returned, and reported that on the night of his disappearance he had gone to bed as usual, and was soon asleep. He dreamed that he arose, packed his valise, walked to Indianapolis, and took the eastern-bound cars. His surprise upon awaking, and finding himself seventy-five miles from home can better be imagined than described. How he purchased his ticket without his state being detected by the agent, and how he slumbered serenely through all the din and noise of the great Union Depot, are among the troublesome things one can never find out.

Science does not explain all the facts of somnambulism. The somnambulist, as we have shown, moves about in the dark as readily as in the light, fearlessly puts himself in dangerous positions, securely stands on slippery places, and executes feats of agility impossible to him when awake. Sometimes he performs difficult work; he has been known to paint a picture in utter darkness, and do other acts, such as required for their execution no ordinary intelligence in wide-awake men. And, as in the cases already presented, when the somnambulist awakes from his unnatural condition, he knows literally nothing of his extraordinary acts.

Occasionally the somnambulist appears in a humorous character, as did the woman in the following anecdote, whose truthfulness is vouched for:

One night a certain grandmother was awakened by somebody fumbling about the bedroom.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Susan," was whined out by the servant girl.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to find a needle and thread to sew up the commandments," answered the fumbling Susan.

"What do you mean?"

"I have broken one of them."

"Which?"

"Thou shalt not steal. I have been stealing your sugar and giving it to Thomas,"—the girl's lover.

"How did you get it to him?" she then inquired.

"In one of your stockings, and I put it in the hollow tree for him."

On the next morning the stocking was examined, and, sure enough, it showed that Susan did indeed need to sew up the seventh commandment. Her only plea when she was brought face to face with her own accusation was:

"I shouldn't have done it, had it not been for that red-headed fellow."

A farmer residing in Bristol, Ontario county, N. Y., is a somnambulist. One day he lost an iron tooth from the harrow with which he was putting in his wheat crop. He hunted an hour to find it, but was unsuccessful.

During the ensuing night, he arose from his bed, partially dressed himself, and started out. The night was very dark. One of his boys followed him with a lantern. He kept up a running talk with himself about the drag tooth.

He walked in a straight line to the field where he had been laboring, perhaps a quarter of a mile from his residence. Arriving at a certain point, he stopped short, kicked away some earth, and brought forth the missing tooth. Then, turning square round, he proceeded directly to his home. Arriving at the door, he performed the feat of lifting the heavy stone step, which required the combined strength of himself and another man to raise the next morning. He threw the iron under the step, let down the stone easily, saying, "There you are, and can't get away again;" and then coolly and apparently without the least excitement, retired to his chamber, disrobed himself, and went to bed.

He was entirely unconscious, the next morning, of what he had been doing. Now, the question is, what peculiar power enabled the man to perform this wonderful feat? It would seem little less than a miracle, but of its truth as related, there is no doubt.

A curious freak of a somnambulist is reported of a girl, seventeen years of age, residing at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. She got up out of her sleep, and walked through Hamilton street to Main, went down Main on the north side, and reclined temporarily upon a door sill, where an officer found her half an hour before she was found at the river. He thought nothing of it at the time, supposing it was some one who had been accidently locked out, and was waiting to be let in. It could not have been long after that when she started for the river, and unconsciously walked off the dock. She says that as soon as she struck the water, she came to her senses, and paddled as well as she could with her hands, keeping afloat long enough to reach the steps at the dock, when she climbed to *terra firma*.

A queer case of somnambulism occurred not long since at Johnson & Co.'s organ factory, in Westfield, Mass. One of the workmen, being instructed in the evening to carry into the shop the next morning a quantity of the wood lying outside, was surprised, when the time came, at finding it all carried in, and carefully piled. The watchman states that during the night the man came, did the work according to his instructions, stepping carefully over the organ pipes, and so forth, on the floor. The watchman spoke to him several times, but received no answer, and as soon as the job was finished the somnambulist went home. The night worker noticed a feeling of lassitude the next morning, and was unable to work the next day.

Gentle treatment is always best for those who are nervously disordered in any degree, as sleep-walkers are. They are only a little "out," and should be watched and allowed to "come to themselves," but never should be driven.

Never wake a sleep-walker if it can possibly be avoided. In a certain family, residing in Chicago, the children, while young, were all addicted to sleep-walking. One of the younger branches, a girl of fifteen, on one occasion rose from her bed, and, walking down stairs, entered the drawing-room where were assembled a few guests.

Fortunately, the girl's habit was known to most of the company, who, instead of evincing a horror of the unwonted visitor, treated the matter in a philosophic light, and even maintained their usual conversation as the girl's father took her hand, and led her quietly up stairs to bed.

Had the somnambulist been rudely awakened, the consequences might have been serious; and the calm demeanor of the spectators and judicious management of the girl's parents on this occasion, may, perhaps, act as a hint to others who may be similarly situated.

Professor Jessen, a celebrated physician to the insane, was awakened, as he believed, one morning, between the hours of five and six, by the head-keeper, who informed him that the friends of a patient had come to remove him, and, at the same time, he inquired whether anything required mention. The professor replied that he might permit the patient to depart, and immediately lay down again to sleep. He had no sooner done this, than it occurred to him that of the intended removal of this patient he had heard nothing but that it was of the departure of a woman of the same name he had been advised. He was compelled, therefore, to seek further information, and, having hastily dressed himself, he went to the dwelling of the keeper, who, to his astonishment, he found only half clad.

Upon the professor's asking him where the people were who had come to fetch away the patient, the keeper replied, with surprise depicted in his countenance, that he knew nothing of it, for he had only just arisen, and had seen no one. This reply did not undeceive him, and he rejoined that it must have been the steward who had visited him, and he would go to that functionary, but, as he was descending the steps which led to his house, it suddenly struck him that the whole affair was a most vivid dream, a fact which he had not until that moment suspected.—*Ballou's Monthly Magazine for August.*

SEE the member with his bills,
Merry bills.
O what appropriations now the
Lengthy parchment fills.
In the hopper how they pour,
More and more,
By the score,
And the quarrels they beget
On the floor.
And the people they pay taxes,
When they see him grind his axes,
All declare they'll not allow him
Go to Congress any more.
For the bills, bils, bylls, bhills, byhls, bilghs,
bighbls,
And the much-enduring reading-
Clerk they kills.
—*Baltimore American.*

CHANGE.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

I.

Shady tree,
Babbling brook,
Girl in hammock,
Reading book.
Golden curls,
Tiny feet,
Girl in hammock
Looks so sweet.
Man rides past,
Big moustache,
Girl in hammock
Makes a "mash."
Mash is mutual,
Day is set,
Man and maiden
Married get.

II.

Married now,
One year ago,
Keeping house
On Baxter Row.
Red hot stove,
Beefsteak trying,
Girl got married,
Cooking, trying,
Cheeks all burning,
Eyes look red;
Girl got married,
Nearly dead,
Biscuit burnt up,
Beefsteak charry;
Girl got married,
Awful sorry.
Man comes home,
Tears moustache,
Mad as blazes;
Got no hash.
Thinks of hammock
In the lane,
Wishes maiden
Back again.
Maiden also
Thinks of swing.
Wants to go back,
Too, poor thing!

III.

Hour of midnight,
Baby squawking,
Man in sock feet,
Bravely walking;
Baby yells on.
Now the other
Twin, he strikes up,
Like his brother.
Paregoric
By the bottle,
Emptied into
Baby's throttle.
Naughty tack
Points in air,
Waiting some one's
Foot to tear,
Man in sock feet—
See him—there!
Holy Moses!
Hear him swear!
Raving crazy,
Gets his gun,
Blows his head off,
Dead and gone.

IV.

Pretty widow
With a book,
In the hammock
By the brook.
* * * *
Man rides past,
Big moustache;
Keeps on riding,
Nary mash.

SINGULAR INCIDENTS OF A BATTLE.—When the Fifth Wisconsin battery came into action at the battle of Perryville, says M. Quad, one of the guns threw a solid shot which struck a soldier full in the breast, crushing him to a pulp. His musket flew to the rear, whirling savagely through the air and it crushed the skull of one soldier and badly injured another. The shot deflected to the left after striking the first man, and it then mashed a lieutenant's hip, broke the leg of a private behind him, and rolled along the ground and crushed the head of a wounded man. A shell fired by Sloan's battery struck a stone weighing about fifty pounds, and while the shell failed to explode the fragments of stone killed and wounded several men. A Confederate shell which fell among Jackson's men, alighted in a little creek at which scores of men were filling their canteens. It came down in a group of ten or twelve men and plunged into the very spot where a canteen had been filled.—While the shell did not explode, its fall splashed water over over fifty men. An ex-Confederate captain now living in Atlanta who lost his arm in that battle, had a button cut from his breast with a grape shot, his scabbard struck by a bullet and his cap knocked from his head by a piece of shell before receiving the bullet which crushed his elbow. A gun in one of Anderson's batteries had a right wheel shivered by a solid shot. It had scarcely been replaced by the spare wheel when another shot crushed the left wheel. The men were trying to drag the gun back when a shell struck it fair in the mouth and split for a distance of three feet. None of the men around the gun were hurt by the shell, but three soldiers in line over 200 feet away were struck down.—A Confederate shell sent into Steadman's brigade exploded over the heads of a company advancing, and while no one in that company was hurt, four men in the centre of the next company behind were mortally wounded.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.—The late Dr. Holland speaks these forcible words through *Scribner's Monthly*: "The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought them more sorrow, shame and hardships—than any other evil that lives. The country number ten, nay, hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in their hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land, in which live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than the women the have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad with drink.—There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary, the fear and the fear of violence, the lingering, the life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex."

REMARKABLE MIRAGES IN SWEDEN.—Mirages are frequent and remarkable in the southern and central parts of Sweden, and from time to time whole landscapes, cities and castles, with moving objects, have been observed reflected on the sky for hours.—During an afternoon in May a magnificent spectacle was seen over the Lake of Orsa, in a remote part of Dalcarlia, in latitude 61°. Many large and small steamers, with smoke rising from their funnels, were seen reflected over the lake, and later on the scene changed to a landscape, the vessels then taking the form of island in the lake covered with more or less vegetation. The phenomenon lasted from 4 to 7 o'clock P. M., the mirage at last dissolving in a haze.

A WASHINGTON pension agent was almost paralyzed with astonishment, the other day, when he found a veteran of the late war who had sustained a permanent injury while in the army and had not applied for a pension. The veteran had cut an artery in his wrist while opening a bottle of whiskey stolen from the Colonel's headquarters, and said he didn't know a wound of that kind entitled him to a pension. The agent soon convinced him of his error, and in a few days he will receive $3,800 back pension, minus $1,100 pocketed by the agent.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

WHAT AN EXPLORER HAS DISCOVERED IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Some weeks ago the news came from Central America that M. Desire Charnay, the explorer, sent thither by Mr. Lorillard, of New York, had discovered the "Phantom City," of which Stephens heard, and which one of his informants claimed to see from a lofty mountain top. It was hoped that the discovery might establish the existence of a settlement of the ancient race of the country far in the wilderness, and throw much new light on prehistoric America. In the *North American Review* M. Charnay tells what he saw. He was in the country of the Lacandones near the Guatemala border, and was making his way with difficulty. The natural obstacles of the wild country were great, and besides he was suffering from an attack of fever. To his surprise, on reaching the city, he found an Englishman, Alfred Maudsley, was ahead of him. He was only an amateur, however, and bade M. Charnay regard the conquest as his own.

Lorillard City, as M. Charnay calls the place, consists of palaces, temples and palaces resembling those of Palenque, erected on the top of natural elevations which the builders rendered accessible by esplanades and flights of steps. There are the same hieroglyph characters in the inscriptions, and the same personages and facial types on bas reliefs. It was a Toltec settlement. The buildings have been greatly disfigured by time, the plaster and the interior decorations having fallen away. The vaults are convex, concave and plain, while at Comalcalco and Kaboh cocave ones are in the ascendant.—Two walls in one of the two palaces come together without any keystone, while each palace has a massive wall rising above the roof, with oblong openings like windows.

The great temple is still standing. It is built on the summit of a pyramid 125 feet in height, and faces toward the river. The wall above the roof reminds one of the edifices in Yucatan described by Stephens. In the middle of the wall one stood an enormous statue, only fragments of which remain. Among the bas reliefs of its three portals was one which exhibits two human beings of the Palenque type, each holding in the hand a regular Latin cross with flowered arms. The interior of the temple consists of a long, narrow corridor, with opening in the rear wall into four oratories or little chapels. There is a similar chapel at the right hand end of the corridor, and at the left hand end is a little dwelling room, probably intended for the use of the servitor of the temple. In the little chapel in the middle is a platform about two feet high, on which once stood a large idol, finely sculptured. Its fragments now lie on the floor. The natives offered incense to it until it fell, since when they have ceased to frequent the city. To the left of the temple is a palace with sleeping places of cement, doubtless for those who served the temple. The great teocali, or perhaps the fortress, stands in the rear of the temple. It is a pyramid 200 feet high, and on the esplanade at its top six palaces formerly stood, of which the ruins of one remain. M. Charnay hardly thinks he has reached Stephen's "Phantom City."—The name probably belongs to one discovered in Chiapas on the other side of the mountains. This he was unable to reach, through sickness and fatigue. He therefore went to the city of Mexico, there to make castings for the Lorillard museum. He has reached the opinion, after repeated examinations of the forests, that no argument for the age of the ruins can be based on the age of the trees. The concentric rings grow very fast in the hot and humid climate, and the hardest wooded trees rarely live more than 200 years. Monuments whose age is certainly known, and which cannot date from a period anterior to 1436 or 1440, and were destroyed or abandoned in 1697, are in the same condition as those of Palenque or Lorillard City, and the forest that surrounds and is preying upon them is of the same age. The same conclusions have been set forth more in detail in some of the author's earliest articles, and they refute, on apparently good grounds, the prevalent theory of the vast antiquity of Central American civilization.—The sculptures also show a relationship between American and Asiatic—perhaps the Buddhist—faiths, and incline one to repose some confidence in the Chinese story of the Euh Siang voyage to the unknown west in the fourth century of the Christian era.—Altogether Mr. Charnay has made a rich "find," and can afford to leave the Chiapas ruins for some other explorer, since, as he says: "The question for the determination of which I undertook this expedition is settled. A city more or less cannot affect the results obtained."

DEAR OLD MOTHER.—Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, pillowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and sunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

"JULIA" wants to know "what a Republican platform is." Well, a Republican platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-essentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff, and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamoring for civil service reform, down on corruption, loud in its praise of purity, and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform, you understand, Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pomp and circumstance; it goes along with the banners, transparencies and torches, and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret, along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like a campaign torch, indeed; it gives out a great deal of smell and smoke with a very uncertain, flickering light.

THE TROUT LIAR.

"The trout liar," said Captain Herbert, "is the gem of all fishers. He is the saddle-rock liar, a moose among antelopes; Hyperion to a satyr, he is the long-tailed comet among the quiet twinklers. All men cannot be trout liars. The trout liar must be born with a peculiar fitness for the task, and then he must be educated to it and devote himself to trout lies as a life work.

"When David said in his haste, 'All men are liars,' Saul and Abinidab, Doeg and Edomonite had probably just returned from a trout fish down along the brook in the valley. Elab, and were telling what they had seen and what they had done, and David, as he listened to them thundering the unmixed truth, naturally supposed there was no more truth left in the hearts of men in all the wide world.

"The trout liar exceeds all other liars, because the man who has done any amount of trout fishing is to a certain extent a travelled man. It is his custom to sit on the verandah and tell his stories, crushing all competitors and putting his foot on the neck of all ordinary striped bass and land-locked salmon liars. But if it happened just as he has told his masterpiece, an opposition trout liar comes in with a right bower, a genu