THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,152.

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One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not paid within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not paid within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not paid within year.. 2.25

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☞ Take a look at your paper before you stop it, if you do not wish to be considered a subscriber. Don't send a "dead-beat" to us—life is 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, NOVEMBER 10, 1882. NUMBER 41.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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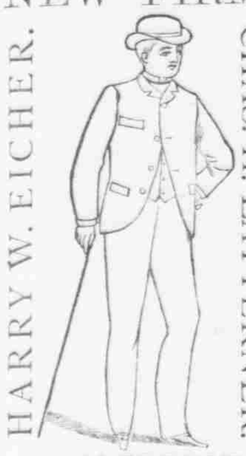


IN ALTOONA'S

Largest and Cheapest

CLOTHING HOUSE!

Eicher & Latterner,

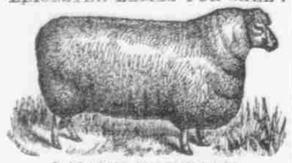
Successors to A. J. Anderson & Co.,

1308 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.,

HAVE just received and opened the largest and finest stock of Fall and Winter CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, SATCHELS, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS ever shown in this city, that has ever heretofore been brought to the Mountain City. Our stock embraces the greatest variety, finest fabrics and latest styles of made-up clothing for men and boys that can be found in the market. All goods warranted as to quality and make, and full value for the purchaser's money guaranteed in each and every instance. Our Cambria county friends and all others will do well to give us a call. EICHER & LATTERNER.

Altoona, Oct. 13, 1882-tf

LEICESTER LAMBS FOR SALE!



I HAVE FOR SALE

10 FINE LAMBS!

which were dropped in April and May—six Ewe Lambs and four Buck—of pure Leicester blood. The sire of these Lambs was one year old last April, and I clipped 12½ pounds of wool from him last May. The ewes that raised these Lambs were bought of Benj. Reynolds by Isaac S. Train, having been selected and purchased by that gentleman from some of the best sheep raisers in that province. I have also sold that the grandsire of these Lambs was owned by Mr. Train and weighed 325 pounds.

☞ I will sell these Lambs singly or all together, as purchasers may desire. The six ewe lambs would make a good young flock to start with. For further information, prices, &c., call on the undersigned at his residence in Shoking Valley, Blair county, Pa., or address REUBEN FOX,

Sept. 29, 1882.-2m.* Tyrone, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

Real and Personal Property

OWING to ill health I propose to offer at public sale on the premises, in Allegheny township, Cambria county, (near Cresson Station, P. R. R.,)

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, '82,

Commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.,

My TWO FARMS, containing 400 Acres,

more or less, about 100 Acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The residue is heavily timbered with pine, hemlock, beech, maple, and other valuable woods. On the premises is a 20-horse power Blanchard sawmill; also, another mill with water power sufficient to run a sash mill, shingle mill and planing mill; also, a 1½-story DWELLING HOUSE, 1 Frame House, Barns, and all necessary outbuildings, including a Blacksmith Shop.

I will also offer for sale, at the same time and place, 4 Mules, 3 Horses, 1 Spring Wagon, 2 Lumber Wagons, 4 Sleds, Farming Implement, Blacksmith Tools, Chains, Grabs, &c.; also, about 30 tons of Hay and a large quantity of Grain of all kinds. A lot of saw-logs and lumber in the yard will likewise be sold.

☞ If desired, both the real estate and personal property will be sold together, and a private offer to buy will be taken into consideration.

☞ Terms will be made known at the time of sale. R. P. ANDERSON.

Allegheny Twp., Oct. 20, 1882.-4t.

P. S.—Parties wishing to purchase the real estate can get any information desired in regard to the title, etc., by calling on or addressing John E. Scanlan, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

GENERAL LITERATURE and SCIENCE?

PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

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Lawrence Kehoe, Manager.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN

A HANDSOME PRESENT

BY SUBSCRIBING FOR

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An Illustrated Paper for Our Boys and Girls.

Published every month. Contains fine illustrations, interesting reading, and is furnished at the following prices, payable in advance:

5 copies per annum	$	2.00
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250 " "		30.00
500 " "		70.00
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☞ No subscription for less than five copies received, and not less than five copies sent to one address.

All remittances and communications should be addressed to

The Catholic Publication Society Co.,

Lawrence Kehoe, Manager.

Barclay Street, NEW YORK.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MAGDALENA WEAKLAND, dec'd. Letters testamentary to the estate of Magdalena Weakland, late of Allegheny township, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make prompt payment, and those having claims or demands against the same should present them properly authenticated for settlement. FRANK L. LITTLE, Executor.

Allegheny Twp. Oct. 6, 1882.-6t.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address *H. Hallett & Co.*, Portland, Me.

AT WANAMAKER'S

Visitors to Philadelphia are invited to visit the store, whether to see or to buy. Your parcels are checked; a waiting-room is provided, where you may rest with ladies and children; guides conduct you through the house, or you wander at will; there are many things of interest to see, and a welcome.

For two years, perhaps, we have had the richest, largest, most varied and most exhaustive collection of dress-goods in Philadelphia. Before that, we may have had the largest, and even the most exhaustive, but perhaps not the richest. The slowest trade to come to a new merchant is the trade of luxury. It is the slowest to change from one to another. But it does change.

We may say our dress-goods of all sorts are at about their highest now.

Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Silks of all sorts have come; and never were silks more acceptable. And these words have a meaning here beyond any they could have elsewhere; because of the greater variety of wants that look to us for supply. We must have all accepted styles, and all the approved qualities of those styles; and, as to colors, can you think of one that we can do without?

A store that has only one class of trade can get along with comparatively few silks. Which stock would you rather buy out of?

Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Two damask towels at 15 and 18 cents may serve to show what we gain by buying of the makers. The very same towels are in the wholesale trade in New York at about 21 and 22 cents, which means at least 25 cents at retail.

We are not going to say that all our retail prices are below New York wholesale; nothing of the sort. "More than one swallow to make a summer." But where such towels are to be got for 15 rents is a good place to look for bed and table-linen, and all the other linens. That's what we mean exactly; it's true, too.

Outer circle City-hall square entrance.

A very wide and surprisingly good navy-blue twilled flannel for 50 cents; 45-inch.

Do you remember a 35-cent flannel for 25 cents, of which we had 18,000 yards last fall? Afterward we got 7,000 yards more of it; and a little of it is left yet. That is 23-inch. This wide flannel is fully as good as that.

Third circle, southeast from center.

All the warmer sorts of underwear are ready; for men, women and children; thick-cotton, merino, wool, and silk. All the sorts needed for all sorts of people with all sorts of notions; and, for people who want it, there is quite a little wit about underwear to be picked up at the counter. Where else would you look for it? Not in books surely; for goods are changing all the time; and so get ahead of books.

West of Arcade, 1313 Chestnut; west counter.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

PHILADELPHIA.

Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper accessible by horse cars from everywhere

Farmers, Look Here!

I have on hand, ready for sale, a lot of those justly celebrated ONE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN

Tread Powers and Threshers,

Also, a few TWO-HORSE POWERS and

THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS

(Separators), which I will dispose of at reasonable prices. The merits of these Machines are so well and widely known that I need only say they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. These Machines are part of the unfinished stock left among the effects of my deceased brother, Joshua Gilbert, and therefore they will be sold cheap.

☞ Sale rooms on the Fair ground, near the Altoona Car Works. For further information call on or address FREDERICK GILBERT,

Sept. 15, '82.-2m. BOX 785, ALTOONA, PA.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

ONE AND THEN ANOTHER.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the longest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little choral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built these pretty islands,
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived;
By oft-repeated effort
Has been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task,
You never can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far off duties,
But duties which are near,
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

TIED TO A TREE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

In the early settlements below Vicksburg, Mississippi, there was a want of law and morals. Might was right and weak-handed justice had no chance to make her power felt.

Among the ungodly reprobates who infested the country, living by no honest labor and to no useful end, was one George Davenport, by profession a gambler, by practice a bully, the terror of the few peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Davenport was a man of family, his wife equally lawless with himself, accompanying him upon his excursions, assisting him by counsel, and, unless common report greatly scandalized her, lending a hand occasionally when an extra hand was needed.

For a number of years this undesirable pair made their ordinary home at Wilder, a village now deserted, wrecked in the banking hurricane of 1838. Here they occupied a neat, one-story house of their own, and, when not absent upon professional excursions, kept open house for all who, like themselves, had a "hand against every man and every man's hand against them."

This class of persons of the Ishmaelite persuasion cannot be said to enjoy, in the long run, much satisfaction in life, but they make up the deprivation by enjoying themselves very fast when they get at it, and this explains the uproarious shouting and singing that accompanied the orgies at Davenport's, and for the ferret-red eyes and the pokeberry scarlet of the noses that emerged from the place when the fun was over.

It was observable, however, that no fighting was done at Davenport's, for the proprietor opened the carousals by the declaration that he had a character to sustain, and that his guests must deliver up to his keeping knives, pistols and other weapons of offense during the spree. And it was always done. Thus, while at all other public meetings in Wilder, fisticuffs, stabbing and shooting were lamentably common, nothing of the sort occurred at Davenport's, where Milton's adage was fully confirmed, "devils with devils damned hold concord, men only disagree."

It was in the town of Wilder that the substantial firm of Fahnestock, Beverley & Co., commission merchants, was established. I say substantial, for when all other banks went up in the financial convulsions of the period named, and reported "no assets at all," F., B. & Co. paid fifteen cents on the dollar, which fact was deemed so remarkable at that time that the New York merchants made them up a handsome service of plate. Now this substantial firm had just received remittances on account of cotton to the amount of $4,000, and having it secured in their iron chest, they had retired to their homes as confident in its safety as in their own solvency. But when business was resumed next day the safe, a sad mismomer, was found to have been violently wrenched open, the money-drawer empty and the treasure abstracted.

Vain were the attempts to describe the scene that ensued. Fahnestock rudely collared Beverly and demanded the money. Beverly chased the "Co." into the street, said "Co." screaming "fire, murder, thieves," in singular confusion. People crowded into the store to see F. gasping in his chair, B. making extravagant gesticulations, "Co." dissolved in unconscious grief. The sight was truly painful. The danger of a soul falling from grace could not excite so much distress in Wilder as the loss of all that money.

Amongst the bystanders, the least concerned of all was George Davenport, accompanied by Mrs. George. He examined the broken lock with a shrewd smile, and remarked that it was a juicy thing, words evidently full of meaning, though no one present seemed to comprehend them. Great rewards were forthwith offered for the return of the treasure. The inducements of "no questions asked," "five hundred dollars," etc., were very tempting, but as this devolved a clear loss of $3,500 cash already in hand, the temptation was resisted and the thieves permitted the sufferers to ask as many questions as they liked. Fahnestock, Beverly & Co. never heard of their money.

The singular words used by Davenport concerning th lock and his general bad character naturally inclined suspicion in his way. He was observed to use daintier qualities of food, drink and clothing than before. Mrs. Davenport paraded the later fashions of costume and jewelry. Additions to their furniture were made. So shrewd an individual could not but see by the sideway glances and the muttered expressions as he walked the street that public sentiment was fermenting and that no good toward him was intended. But, like a man who has smelt a rattlesnake before, he only held his head the higher and moved along. His wife counseled him to prepare himself for an assault, but laughing at her fears he continued his daily promenade with nothing better than his knife and two pair of pistols.

He had speedy cause, however, to regret his carelessness, for while drinking one evening about dark at a public saloon, he was suddenly seized from behind and red pepper flung into his eyes. Then he was gagged and hurried to a skiff in the river, rowed across to the opposite side, led half a mile back through the canebrake, tied to a holly tree and then his four abductors explained their purpose. The spokesman, whom he easily recognized as Dr. Wells, informed him that he had gone too far; that $4,000 was too much for one time; that he must return the stolen treasure, at least what was left of it, or they would whip him to death. And this comprehensive declaration was enforced by oaths and pledges from the other three.

But a Mississippi gambler in the old days was schooled against fear. Davenport had been too often under the crack of the pistol and cut of steel, and his reply was full of audacity.

"Whip away! But, if you begin, you had best kill, or I'll kill the whole four of you!"

I need not describe the horrid scene. The endurance was equal to the occasion. The hardened ruffian was a match for the four, and although their whips were clotted with blood, and their arms weary with the exercise, his indomitable spirit defied them to the end. He fell into a dead faint, and the four lynchers consulted in dismay what they should do with him.

It was past midnight. The sultry, miasmatic air of the canebrakes, heated up occasionally by one of those hot gusts that come from no one knows where, spoke of an approaching storm. The bites of the mosquitoes that choked the very atmosphere with their abundance, were past endurance, and as the half-naked body of Davenport hung backward in its lashings, the strips of bloody skin torn loose by the whip lashes were quite concealed under their black and greedy forms. What should they do? The suggestion of Dr. Wells—the reader can surmise what it was—was not accepted. Finally it was agreed to leave the miserable creature there until morning and return.

Left there among the mosquitoes!—left hanging to that holly tree, agonized with stripes! More kind the doctor's suggestion. But thunder clouds were darkening and roaring around them, and the party had great ado to follow the dim path and cross the river before the storm fell.

Amidst the crashing of timber and the howling of the blast, the unpitied gambler recovered his senses. That sleep would have been the sleep of death but for the insects whose intolerable venom aroused him.

The dash of rain upon his wounded back was grateful to his nerves. The lynchers had gone—that was clear. He had not been whipped to death. Now if he could only remove those cords vengeance was within his reach. How that hope strengthened his sinews to strain, and hardened his teeth to gnaw at the strong cords that bound him. What a scream of demoniacal hatred issued from his lungs as the first band gave way! With what an exulting bound he sprang back from that holly tree, whose virgin bark had been stained with his blood.

With his red right hand extended toward the Thunderer, he vowed "death to the four or death to himself!" But little he heeded now the torn skin or the keen sting. Fixing his eye resolutely upon a star, he dashed the canes aside and at a run reached the river bank. Half a mile up stream found him at a wood yard, where a skiff lay chained to the bank. Tearing away the fastenings, he pushed off, and by day light badlanded some miles below the village of Wilder and concealed himself until night.

It was an easy matter then for such a man to find his way home. Unknown to any person save his wife, he lay there for a month, raging with delirium, while Mrs. Davenport, fed upon hopes of revenge, preserved the secret nor suffered anyone to know of his return. A strong constitution carried him through, and at last the faithful nurse felt that he was out of danger.

Then the twain gave themselves up to plans of revenge. The amount of the provocation should measure the extent of vengeance. Death, death was the horrid sum total. Only the details had consideration. Which of the doomed four should lead the way in the procession of ghosts? Should the same style of death be measured to each, and when should the sword fall?

So carefully had the heroine concealed the fact of his return no one suspected it. She had no friends or visitors about Wilder, and the lawless fellows who had made up her company were refused admission during her husband's absence. The lynchers had discovered Davenport's escape from the holly tree, but nothing further, and they kept the guilty secret in their own hearts. Mrs. Davenport advertised in the village journal, offering large rewards for information concerning her missing husband, who, it was hinted, might have been drowned or abducted; but as no reply became public, the parties implicated breathed more freely.

The avenger was on their path. A States warrant was sworn out against the four for a criminal assault. Confronted with their accuser in the Magistrate's Court, they were compelled to give bonds to very large amounts for appearance of trial. First, the doctor disappeared no one knows how, but he never returned. Could the clue be found his bones would be seen in the hollow of a large sycamore tree near town. Then the doctor's assistant died suddenly of poison, by whom or how administered only the recorder's book celestial can reveal. The other two were found tied to a tree in the depths of the cane brake starved to death. And then the Davenports emigrated to another section and were heard of no more.

A DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATE.—The candidate who got left at the county convention can be told by the way he grasps your hand, braces himself against his gurgling emotion, and whisperingly inquires:

"Did you ever hear of a case like it?"

"No, I did. You tell him you never did, and he pulls you into a door-way and continues:

"I am done with politics forever."

"No!"

"Yes, I am, and with the party, too."

"You don't say?"

"Oh, but I am. This thing has satisfied me that there is no such thing as honesty in politics, and that a politician has no more word than a dog. I was sold out."

"Possible!"

"Sold out and lied out! They used money to beat. They lied about me. They played hypocrite and knave. Here I have served the party for nineteen long years and never asked for an office, and the minute I decided to accept the nomination for a little fifteen cent position they go to work and beat me in convention with a wooden head who don't know enough to make a barrel of pork. Corruption, sir,—corrup-shun—and the ticket will be defeated on account of it."

And the best of it is he takes you for a man who isn't posted. He doesn't believe that you have the slightest idea that he packed three or four caucuses, bought a dozen delegates, told three lies to the other man's one, and was beaten because his delegates sold out. He takes you for an innocent, and he grasps your hand again at parting and chokingly says:

"Corruption—vile corruption! Most barefaced fraud in American politics! Can't train with a party upheld by the practice of such principles—can't possibly do it."

"Do you buy your music by the roll?" inquired a young lady of the Deacon's daughter. "O, no," she replied, "I always wait until Sunday and then I get it by the choir."

CARPETS.

There is in carpets a curious and undoubted malevolence, which is never exhibited until they are brought into the family circle.—There is nothing more inocuous—except to the purse—than a carpet in the carpet store. It is soft, warm and bright, and is apparently tractable. One can readily imagine that it can be made to fit any room, and that it will always give entire satisfaction. No one ever buys a carpet without feeling confident that it will wear well and long, and will prove to be fully worth the price, no matter how large the latter may be. But when this plausible and apparently innocent carpet is brought home, it immediately begins to display its true character, and to destroy the peace of mind of its unfortunate proprietor.

At the outset the carpet rarely consents to fit the room for which it is intended. No matter how carefully the area of the floor may have been calculated, there always will be too much or too little carpet. If there is too little, the floor can not be decently covered without the help of a "border," and the carpet must be stretched to such an extent that its seams will persist in lying in serpentine lines, and the muscles of the unhappy carpet-layers are strained to a very painful extent. If there is too much carpet, the superfluous pieces are put away with the view of using them at some future day to replace worn and soiled parts of the carpet. They are never thus used, for two reasons: Either they are destroyed by moths long before they are wanted, or when the attempt is made to put new pieces into an old carpet, the brightness of the former emphasizes the shabbiness of the latter, and the attempt is quickly abandoned.

A carpet always persists in becoming threadbare in its most conspicuous parts.—Little harm would be done were it to grow shabby underneath the sofa or in the dark corners of the room, but these are precisely the localities where it invariably remains bright, while the spaces just in front of the grate and the piano, or around the centre table, or by the door, quickly grow unendurably shabby. It is then that the conscientious housewife finds herself confronted by one of the most intricate of carpet problems. How is she to so rip and change the position of the breadths as to place all the shabby spots out of sight, and all the bright spots in conspicuous places? The feminine fingers engaged in the practical solution of this problem know their own weariness.—There are few tasks more tiresome and distasteful than ripping an old carpet—except that of sowing it together again. The malevolent carpet destroys the edge of penknives and scissors, and breaks the strongest needles. No woman ever rips a carpet without cutting her fingers or breaking her finger-nails, and few women succeed in sewing a ripped carpet together without losing pieces of broken needles, and afterwards unexpectedly finding them in the soles of their feet.

In thrifty families the devastating career of a carpet is never confined to a single room. When it becomes too shabby for the drawing-room or the dining-room, it is removed to an up-stairs bedroom. Of course it is always too large for the latter, and hence a new calculation as to how to dispose of the superfluous breadths becomes necessary. The sanguine housewife always maintains there is just enough of them to cover the floor of the second-story hall, but she is always mistaken, and after wasting several hours in weary efforts to make two hundred and fifty square feet of carpet cover three hundred square feet of hall, she admits her mistake. Quite a large quantity of half-worn carpet is thus added to the reserve stock of pieces of new carpet in the lumber room; and as years go on a formidable pile of this useless material accumulates, which can not be thrown away without a guilty fear of extravagance, and cannot be kept without luring countless moths into the house, and occupying room that could be put to much better use.

Could carpets be permitted to rest on their floors for any length of time, they would be much less exasperating than they are. All carpets, however, have a really fiendish alacrity in collecting dust, which renders it absolutely necessary to take them up at least once a year, and subject them to the severe discipline of a thorough beating. It is an error to imagine that the dust which collects underneath carpets is placed there by any human agency. A carpet may be placed on the floor of a perfectly clean room, and the doors and windows may then be closed, and the room left unvisited for a year. At the end of that time the carpet will have gathered so much dust that no one can tread upon it without filling the air with dust, and the necessity of taking it up and shaking it is obvious even to the dull masculine mind. This avidity with which carpets collect dust is clearly due to the malevolence of their nature, and it betrays an ingenuity which is as wonderful as it is shameful.

Unfortunately there is no substitute for carpets which is satisfactory. India matting is cold in the winter, and wears out rapidly under the attrition of chair legs, while oil-cloth in all its varieties is utterly incompatible with the domestic virtues.—What is needed is a variety of carpet that retains the warmth, softness, and beauty of the present carpet, but which is also sufficiently elastic to admit of being stretched to twice its normal size, absolutely impervious to dust, and as durable as the softer grades of cast iron. Such a carpet is sometimes seen in dreams by weary and perplexed housewives, but it is almost too much to hope that such blessed and glorious dreams can ever be realized in this imperfect world.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GOOD, BUT NOT VOUCHED FOR.—This is given for what it's worth. We don't vouch for it: "A story is told of a man who, while shaving, accidentally cut off his nose. In his excitement he dropped the razor and decapitated one of his toes. Hastily picking up the dismembered portions of his anatomy he clapped them to the bleeding wounds and bound them up tightly. After the flesh had grown fast and healed up he removed the bandages, and was filled with horror when he found a well developed toe in lieu of a nasal organ and *vice versa*. Now, whenever he gets a cold, he has to remove his shoe and stocking in order to blow his nose."—*Baltimore American.*

A NEW JERSEY fortune teller prophesied that something terrible would happen to a man on his thirtieth birthday. And sure enough, on the day specified a fife and drum corps rented a room directly opposite the man's residence, and practiced three hours in one inning.

Remarkable Adventure of Two Children.

On Friday morning, June 21, 1882, four little children living at Allouez mine, Keweenaw county, Michigan, started out with pails and baskets to pick berries. They wandered along the highway for about a quarter of a mile, and then turned on a new road, which leads through the thick woods to the new mine called the Wolverine. All went well until the youngest, a mite of a girl, and very small of her age, being but seven years old, complained of being tired and wanted to go home. Then for the first time, in their efforts to retrace their steps, they discovered that they had strayed from the path and were lost in the thick woods, where the trees in many places are but a foot apart, and the undertbrush grows as high as five feet. Vainly they sought the right path till nightfall closed around them—then, bruised and scratched by the bushes, with head, face and limbs bitten and badly swollen by the nip of the wicked black-fly, the two older children (belonging to the Finn settlement beyond the Allouez proper), tired and frightened, lay down and cried themselves to sleep, and were found by anxious searchers the following day in a woeful condition. When these children were asked for their little companions, they replied: "We begged them to stay with us, but the boy said he would go and find the way to the road, and then come back for us, but his little sister would not stay without him," and they pointed the way they had gone.—In that direction a party of men searched all day, aided by the half-crazed Norwegian father and Finn mother of the lost little ones, and all day the whistles of Allouez and Wolverine mines blew at intervals of ten minutes to guide them to the settlements.

Saturday night came and no children found. The weary mother must return to her babe, but the father with a few men spent the night in fruitless search. Sunday we found the road full of Swedes, Norweglans and Finns, while large parties were in the woods, and the whistles blew all day.—Monday came and the Calumet and Hecla joined in the search, sending about four hundred men. Toward night, a little foot-print was discovered, and a piece of the little girl's dress. Tuesday more men went out and success was thought to be certain, but alas! no children were found. At evening the sky was full of dense black clouds. The thunder was awful—never before do I remember such a rainfall and tempest as raged for a few hours, while the night and succeeding day were sultry with drizzling rain and Wednesday night another tempest. Still the search was continued. Every day the shouts of six hundred men or more were making the woods alive. Friday morning—one week from the children's disappearance—came, and the Calumet and Hecla mine was closed and the whole force together with the Allouez men were stationed along the road front, five feet apart, with orders to break through the woods in that line as best they could, to search every hollow stump, to remove underbrush, to examine holes and make sure of leaving no spot unexplored, and yet night brought nearly every man back with no traces of the children. Some stayed all night at their almost hopeless task, and some, a party of four Swedes, were themselves lost, and here is their wonderful story:

"At three o'clock Friday afternoon we sat down by a brook to rest. We were tired and bewildered and shouted loudly for our companions to come to us, when from a heap of bushes came a boy saying: 'Where are you? Who is it?' We, thinking he belonged to some party of searchers, asked: 'Who are with you?' His answer came: 'My sister.' Up we sprang to our feet, and knew, even in our amazement, that the lost children were found, and alive, and in their right senses, although they had been alone in the wood, amid lightning and tempest for eight days, with nothing to eat but berries. And the boy of but nine years had built huts of brush to cover them at night, had gathered and loaded both himself and sister with great branches of blueberries where they were to be found, and was trying to follow the tortuous course of the brook, which, he remembered, emptied into Torch Lake. He was still brave. We gave them small pieces of bread at intervals during the afternoon and night, as we walked in or by the sides of the streams as best we could with our joyful burden, or lay down for a little needed rest, each two men with a child between them to give warmth to the little, chilled frame."

Saturday morning some one in the street shouted to me: "They are found!" I threw up the sash, and a party of men were right in front of the house. They had the children with them. They refused food and drink, saying they had just fed them and did not dare to give them any more. Both children's eyes looked wild and rolled restlessly as they clung tightly to the necks of their rescuers; their bodies seemed covered with bruises and their little feet were badly blistered; they were being taken to the hospital for examination. Dr. D., the Assistant Superintendent of the mine, rode with headlong speed to tell the parents. The mother wildly clung to him and fainted away, while the father, who had spent every day and part of every night in the woods, was nearly overcome.—*Boston Post.*

BE GENTLE AT HOME.—There are few families, we imagine, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is shameful that a man will speak more impolitely at all times to his wife or sister than he would to any other female except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affection of a man's nature proves to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward, a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen in society, and nothing can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

GIRLS WHO MARRY PRESIDENTS.

The story that Mrs. Lincoln said, before she married, that the man she married would one day be President of the United States, and that there are letters now in existence written to friends of her youth in which she reiterated the assertion, is having quite a run in the papers, and some are inclined to look upon the prediction of the girl as marvelous. We do not look upon it as marvelous at all. It is simply one girl out of a million guessing right. All girls think the same thing when they get married, and before, and as somebody has to be elected President, about one girl out of a million hits it right. It is safe to say that no girl ever married a man unless she thought he had in him the making of the smartest man in the country. That is, when they marry for love, and are really mashed to begin with. A girl who is in love with a young fellow never sees his disadvantages. She feels that by proper treatment and advice there is no position in the world that he cannot fill, in time, and she decides then and there to put him in training for the Presidency. No matter if his head is a number six and slopes the wrong way, she thinks it will fill out. She is going to do her best on him anyway. Take nine girls in ten who marry little shrimps of big, awkward boys, and talk to them in confidence, and they will tell you that their husband is bound to make his mark in the world, and that he will be President some day. Of course nearly all of them fail. Hundreds that set out with the intention of being President never get above working in a paint shop, or making shoes, or driving team, or farming.—They lose their grip before the campaign opens. In a short but brilliant career we have seen hundreds of young fellows who started out from the district school to win the Presidency. Up to this time none of them have got there. They have all got married to girls who expected them to be Presidents, but they have gone ashore all along the stream that leads to the White House. One is holding down a dry goods box in front of a store while his wife supports him, working in a millinery store.—Another don't do much except on election day, when he peddles tickets, or clerks at the polls, and makes four dollars, and lunches that day on herring and crackers at a grocery. Another is tending bar, and he was the smartest of the lot when the Presidential fever was on. Dozens of the boys who never had any ambition to be President are succeeding in business of various kinds, though their wives have an idea yet that if the husband fails to be President the children will, some of them, take the cake. It is a proud day for a woman when she takes a husband, and thinks how she will surprise the other girls when she escorts that husband to the White House, but how disappointed she is when he gets the nomination for ward constable, and then gets beat. She then begins to realize the horrors of disappointed ambition. It is well for girls to have a high ambition for the men they marry, but where there is such an enormous supply of Presidential material, and only one office, it looks to us as though it would be better to settle on some small office, say town supervisor. That is an office any woman may aspire to, for her husband, and a greater proportion will catch on. When a girl marries a young fellow and desires to stimulate his ambition to become a statesman, let her point to some supervisor or alderman, and say to him that she will never rest contented until her husband occupies that exalted position. Then a fellow won't be so apt to be discouraged, but if you spring the Presidency on him he is apt to lose his cud.

WISE WORDS.—Faith and hope cure more diseases than medicine.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

It is on the smooth ice we slip, the roughest path is safest.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what is wrongly done.

The very nature of love is to find its joy in serving others, not for one's own benefit but for theirs.

Pity is sworn servant unto love, and this be sure, whenever it begin to make the way, it lets the master in.

Fear of punishment and hope of reward moves cowards and sycophants. Virtue is independent of either.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Behind the snowy loaf is the wind-wheel, behind the mill the wheat field, on the wheat field falls the sunlight, and above the sun is God.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine.

"WIDDER JENKINS," said an Ohio farmer, as he bustled into her house one morning, "I am a man of business; I'm worth $10,000, and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes in which to answer."

"I don't want ten seconds, old man!" she replied, as she shook out the dish-cloth; "I'm a woman of business, worth $16,000, and wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I give you a minute and a half to git!"

He got.—*Wall Street News.*

FREE OF CHARGE.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar size bottle will do. Call early.

MAN advertises, then realizes.

THE DOG.

The dog is digitigrade carnivorous mammal. This will be news to most persons, who always supposed that a dog was simply a dog.

It has been bruited about that the dog is the best friend to man among the brute creation.

He pants after the thief and when once he gets hold of the thief's pants he makes breeches.

The dog leaves off his own pants during cold weather.

A barking dog never bites; that is to say, when he begins to bite he stops barking.—Conversely, a biting dog never barks, and for similar reasons.

The hair of a dog will cure his bite. This is a cure-ious superstition among hare-brained young men who are fast going to the dogs.

Dogs are dentists by profession. They insert teeth without charge.

The dog never barks except when he is awake. He is always awake.

The dog has no other way to express his joy than to bark. He always feels joy when he sees a man. When there is no other man to see, he expresses his joy to the man in the moon.

As we remarked, the dog is always awake, This is no tale, though he carries a tail in his wake.

The sea dog loves to bark. Did you ever see a dog that didn't?

The head of a dog has a dog-head look.

The bark of a dog is unlike the bark of a tree. Even a dog-wood know this.

Dogs are not always kind, though there are many kinds of dogs.

Every dog has his day, although dog days last but a few weeks in the year.

There must be a Sirius error here.

The dog's star is the dog's planet. They planet so that their days come while the star is in the sky.

They do not fear it. It is not a Skye terrier.

When a dog enters a pitched battle he uses dog's 'tar.

Brutus said: "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman."

He had seen the dogs roamin' around on the bay.

They never get over the bay.

Sea?

The Jews considered the dog unclean.

And yet the dog will clean out a crowd, no matter how dirty.

But the dog Spitz.

A living dog is said to be better than a dead lion. There's no lyin' about this, but a dead dog is dog gone bad.

Tray was a good dog, but threes is worse than the deuce when he is against you.

Dogs were the original Argonauts. They have never given up their search for the fleas.

The bulldog is a stubborn fellow. He is not easily cowed.

Of course the gentler sex is the more stubborn of the two. You have heard of dogma.

A great many stories about the dog have obtained currency. The man who has left a pair of his clothing with the dog has current. See?

Puppies are born blind. They are not see dogs then.

There are many types of dog,