et this fact be distinctly understood

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME XVI.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FRRE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1882.

Albert?"

Albert ?"

imation.

"Yes."

"Good! I'm in for that."

lowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

won two, and his oppouent had won two.

up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty

cents a game-just one dollar. Not much

for such sport; and he paid out the money

with a grace, and never once seemed to feel

tered down the hall to watch others play.

against a table on which some of his friends

were playing, and close by stood two gen-

tlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was

explaining to the other the mysteries of the

had been making the explanation, "certain-

Albert heard the remarks very plainly

and he had a curiosity to hear what the oth-

er, who seemed to be unacquainted with

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game

which calls for skill and judgment and

which is free from the attendant of gaming,

is of itself an evil," remarked the second

gentleman. "Such things are only evil so

"That result can scarcely follow such a

You are wrong here. The result can fol-

low in two ways: First, it can lead men to

spend money, who have no money to spend.

You will understand me. I would not cry

down the game of billiards, for if I under-

strange and prominent weakness of human-

at this hour, that he has a wife and children.

some bit of jewelry to adorn her person

have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge.

dollar and fifty cents a year."

the money all goes."

away that evening for billiard playing.

of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

Kate, what is it?"

Am I not right?"

ly it is one which has no evil tendency."

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who

that he could not afford it.

billiards, would say.

of healthy recreation.

game," said the speaker.

But the other shook his head.

w: but I am led to refles

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

NUMBER 46.

sam this time forward. sa Pay for your paper before you stop it. If the it you must. None but smalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life is too short. A Few Frozen Facts for Clothing Buyers.

A long and active business experience ren-

ders it possible for GODFREY WOLF.

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST-OFFICE, ALTOONA, PA., To fit and please everybody in CLOTHING. He believes that he has absolutely the very

BEST READY-MADE CLOTHING IN THE STATE.

The Best because it is the Finest.

The Best because it is Better Made. The Best because it is Better Fitting.

The Best because it is Lower in Price. The real goodness of our Clothing is manitest. We keep the

Harris Globe Mills, or Ray Worsted Goods, Ready-made in Men's and Boys' Clothing.

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GOLDEN

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H. MARCH, Proprietor. ALTOONA, PA., OCTOBER 27, 1882.-tf.

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G. HUNTLEY

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REPAIR WORK, HOUSE SPOUTING and ROOFING ATTENDED TO ON SHORT NOTICE AND AT LOWEST PRICES.





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By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening, Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health-in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

> 79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7. I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have ried everything. and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Etters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine.
>
> D. C. Mack.

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March 17, 1882 -e.o.w.ly. Owego, N. Y.



FLORESTON

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4 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1. KIDNEY-WORT

Estate of MATTHEW MCMULLER, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Matthew McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to

JOHN C. McMULLLEN,

St. Augustica Cambria Co. Pa St. Augustine, Cambria Co., Pa. CELESTINE McMULLEN,

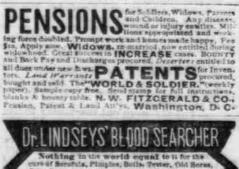
Altoona, Blair Co., Pa. EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

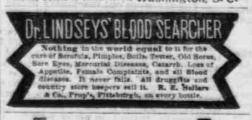
Estate of Richard Collins, dee'd.

Estate of Richard Collins, dee'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Richard Collins, late of Clearneld township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ROSE COLLINS Expensive







TRAY CALF, -Came to the premises of the subscriber in Washington township in September last, a white calf, with red spots on the body. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

JAMES MURBAY.

Washington Twp., Doo, 5, 1582. 48.

GEO. M. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. ERENESURG, PA.

Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, I always find in the Book of Life me lesson I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden grain, I must work at my task with a resolute will Over and over again.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN,

We cannot measure the need! Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That runs through a single hour. But the morning dews must fall; The sun and the summer rain Must do their part, and perform it all Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows,

And over and over again

The ponderous mill-wheel goes, Once doing will not suffice Though doing it be not in vain ; And, a blessing failing us once or twice May come if we try again. The path that has once been trod Is never so rough to the feet; And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat. Though sorrowful tears may fall And the heart to its depths be driven

A MIRROR FOR MARRIED MEN.

OND IN WHICH MANY MAY SEE THEMSELVES REFLECTED.

By the storm and tempest, we need them all To render us meet for heaven.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents.' Kate Landman spoke very earefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert. "I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that?" "So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and It certainly adds

much to the beauty of the dress." "Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money, when once a woman thinks of a new drass."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do "It is funny economy, at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must." And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted seventy-five cents; but he gave It grudgingly; and when he put the wallet back in his pocket, he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not

take it out again for a week. When Albert reached the outer door, on the way to his work, he found the weather threatening, and he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act,

and asked what it meant. "Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Alpert," replied Kate tremulously : "but you were so reluctant to grant the favor. I was thinking how hard I have to work: I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me-then to think-" "Pshaw !- what do you want to be foolish

And away started Albert Landman a second time ; but he was not to escape so easiy. In the hall he was met by his daughter, Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten vears.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents?"

"What?"

"O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give "What in the world do you want with it? Are they changing school books again?" "No; I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith

has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Ellen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?" "Nonsense! If you want a hoop go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets.

"Please, papa." 'No, I told you."

The bright blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips. This was the morning. At noon, when he came home to his dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even his little Lizzie, usually gay and blithesome, was sad and silent. But these things could not last long in that

household, for the couple loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came to his supper Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancled that he had done nothing wrong, and that the cloud had been nothing but the exhaltation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, and might have banished the conviction that women's fashions was a nulsance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a

husband's pockets. After tea Albert did a few chores around the house and then lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop, which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped his child and asked her what was the matter.

She answered as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at ner, and made fun of her old boop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while her's was ugly

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one upon the head (for the child's grief from the breakfast table, he detected an unteuched him), perhaps we'll have a new easy "Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got

one left-oh, such a pretty one !" The sobbing had ceased, as the child caught her father's hand eagerly. "Not now, Lizzie-not now. I'll think of

Sobbing again, the child moved on toward home, dragging the old hoop after her. At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?" "Nothing in particular."

AUNT JANE'S GHOST STORY. "What do you say to a game of billiards,

In one of the old-fashioned family man sions on Arch street, Philadelphia, resides And away started Albert to the billiard Aunt Jane, who, although now in her eighty. hall, where he had a glorious time with his third year, is still as erect as a woman of friends. He liked billiards; it was a healthy, fifty, and enjoying the best of health. She is pretty game, and the keeper of the hall althe richest member of the A- family, whose ancestry were among the emigrants They had played four games. Albert had with Wm. Penn, on the "Welcome." During the recent Bi-Centenpial celebration "That's two and two," cried Tom Piper. week there was a large gathering of Aunt What do you say to playing them right off, Jane's relations at her home, and one evening one of them said to Atnt Jane, "Auntie, "All right, go in," said Albert, full of an dear, why did you never marry; you must

have been such a pretty girl ?" So they played the fifth game, and he who For a moment a look of deep pain passed lost was to pay for the five games. It was over the handsome features of the old lady, an exciting contest. Both made capital but only for a moment; then she looked up runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by with a smile and said three points; and with a little laugh went

"Why did I never marry, Lucy? Perhaps because nobody would have me." Then looking round at her nephews and neices, she continued :

"My dears, I do notthink any of you know how very near I was to getting married, and how it was prevented by a ghost. Come, I feel talkative to-night, so listen to an old wo-They lighted their cigars, and then saunman's story : I believe most of you know that I was Albert soon found himself seated over

born in what used to be a private house on Chestnat street. It stands, or did stand, near the northeast corner of Eighth and Chestnut. It has been known, I understand, for some years past as Dooner's hotel. It is now being pulled down to make room for a new and modern structure. That part of town was very different when I was a girl, and our house used to be called the End House, because, at the time it was built, it was considered to be almost out of the city. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, was married in the very room which used to be my mother's best parlor. And now, my dears, I must go back sixty-five years to the period when I was a girl of eighteen, and as full of fun and innocent frolic as a girl could be. I was enfar as they stimulate men beyond the bounds | gaged to be married to a Southern gentleman, a handsome, dashing fellow, and we loved each other with all our hearts. The day approached for our marriage, and it was arranged that we should be united in the parlor at home, in the very room in which Arnold had been wedded years previously. The traitor general had been dead comparatively a short while, but there were already idle stories current of his ghost haunting the place

stood it I should certainly try you a game phia. We who resided in one of the houses he frequented, used to laugh at the stories, and often jokingly asked each other whether ity as developed in our sex. For instance 'the ghost' had paid a visit during the night. observe that young man who is settling his "On the eve of what was to have been my bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, nuptial day, the family were all gathered and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he felt it his duty to go home | round the fire in the parlor just as we are now. Your Uncle George, whom few of you knew, and my lover were present, and some-I see by his face that he is a kind-hearted how the conversation drifted upon Arneld's and generous man, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as possible.marriage and the alleged existence of his ghost. Brother George and my lover were He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some not the best of friends. Your uncle was town bred, and was brought up to the protwo hours' duration. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets fession of a lawyer. My betrothed had the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But neither trade nor profession. His Southern how do you suppose it is in the young man's notions scorned commerce or any occupation home? Suppose his wife had come to him and asked him for a dollar to spend for some to the position of a gentleman. Although a trifling thing; some household ornaments, candidate for a commission he had not reand suppose his little child had put in a plea his time was passed in riding over his large for forty cents to buy paper and picture estates in Virginia, and looking after his books with, what do you think he would overseers. Uncle George it was who began have answered? Of fifty men just like him, the remarks about Arnold. Turning to me would not forty and five have declared that he said : they had not money to spare for any such pur-

" Jennie, take care he does not visit you pose? And moreover, they would have said to-night, and frighten you out of your marso, feeling that they were telling the truth. | riage."

"My betrothed looked up fiereely at my "Upon my soul," responded the man who | brother, but I laughingly replied : "He had best not for I shall give him a understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has just paid his | piece of my American mind if he does. "Bed-time arrived and I wished my lover bill, and you have not misjudged him a single

particular. And what is more, I happen to 'good-night,' There was something very tender and clinging in the kiss he respect-We have a club for an excellent literary pa- | fully pressed on my forehead. At the same per in our village, and last year that man time he showed me a pistol which he had was one of our subscribers. This year he fetched from his holsters. In those days felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was gentlemen traveled well armed on borseback. very anxious to take it, for it had become a "If the ghost appears to you, dear, fire general companion in lefsure moments; but | this at him, and I'll warrant you will discovhe could not afford it. The club was one er it to be some scamp of a servant or thief

desiring to frighten you.' "Aye, and so it goes," said the other gen- I laughed at his foolish fears, but to please tleman. "Well, that man's wife may be him I took the pistol and placed it under my wishing at this very moment that she had pillow. I then went to mother's room. She her paper to read, while he is paying almost wished to give me some loving advice, as if its full price for a year—for what? And yet it was to be my last night under the roof at \$1 per day?

how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, home. sympathizing wives! How many clouds of- "I cried a little while mother talked to me ten darken upon them from the brows of and after a loving caress from the fond arms, their busbands, when they ask for triffing I returned to my chamber and soon fell sums of money, and how grudgingly the mite | asleep. I do not think I slumbered very long is handed over when it is given! What per- before I was awakened by the creaking of feet floods of joy that dollar and forty cents | my room door. I turned toward it and dismight have poured upon that unsuccessful | tinctly saw a form moving slowly across the billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives room. Somehow I did not feel frightened or and children that they do not know where | inclined to scream. I think my only sensation was curiosity. A wide stream of moon-They had finished at the nearest table. The light came from the window and the figure two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Land- halted just where the ray fell upon it and I man arose from his seat and left the house. saw a man's form before me, clad in a frock Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the sword was at his side, and under his arm apsame grouping ideas. That very morning peared to be a three-cornered hat. Benedict his own true, faithful, loving wife had been Arnold at once flashed across me, and a wild sad and heart sick because he had harshly terror filled my heart, but I was unable to and unkindly met her request for a small sum utter a sound. I thought of the pistol under of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept | my pillow. to her home almost broken hearted for want "If I can fire it assistance will come to

of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed. me,' I thought, And yet the sum of both their wants "I pointed the weapon at the ghost and

amounted to not as much as he had paid pulled the trigger. The powder flashed in the pan with a slight report; the figure slow-Albert Landman wanted to be an honest ly raised his arm and threw something tohusband and father, and the lesson was not ward me which fell with a thud on the bed lost upon him. On his way home he stopped near my hand. I mechanically crutebed at at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and the something, and with my fingers felt a prettiest hoop to be found, with driving stick round, heavy ball, just like a leaden pistol painted red, white and blue, and in the builet. That is all I remember, for I fell morning, when he beheld his child's delight, back in a swoon, the forerunner of a brain and had received her grateful, happy kiss, fever, which deprived me of my reason for the question came to his mind, which was the many months. best and happiest result, this or the five

"When I recovered consciousness I found games of billiards? The boop had cost thir- myself in bed with my mother seated by my ty cents. He could have played two games side. I awoke as from a dream, for the reof billiards less, and be the absolute gainer membrance of what had occurred came at once into my mind, and my first words to A few mornings after this, as Albert rose | mother were :

"The ghost! The ghost !" "She hushed me and tried to persuade me

"Albert, could you spare me a half dollar that I had really been dreaming and soothed this morning?" And out came his wallet, and the money the following days, I realized I had been ill was handed over with a warm, genial smile.
What! Tears at that? Was it possible a long time, and by equally slow processes she had been so little used to such scenes on his part that so simple an act of loving kindtime of my sickness. I had to learn that both upward, "the woods is full of 'em." ness had affected her.

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert
Landman carried with him that morning to

"Arnold's ghost was a trick of my

A very simple lesson, is it not? But how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed during my absence in mother's room. He good thing deserves the notice of the press. -Scientific American.

then dressed himself in an old Continental uniform stored in a closet, and entered my room in the manner I related, and after I snapped the pistol he threw the bullet at me The poor fellow never imagined the horrible fright it would give me, nor do I myself believe it would have shocked me so dreadfully had he not thrown the bullet. It gave me the celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the idea that the ghost must be real because the pistol ball could not penetrate it.

"When I fell back in a swoon my brother quickly hastened to my aid, and, finding his efforts unavailing, called for belp. The household was speedily aroused, land George's presence in my room in the strange array was reluctantly explained by the unhappy culprit. I had fit after fit all that night, and the next day—the day which was to make me the bride of my lover-found me raving with brain fever. My brother had left the house stricken with remorse but he lingered round the premises, hoping for good news from the servants. While making inquiries after me he encountered my betrothed, who, without a word of parley, struck him to the ground. It is not in the nature of the men of our family to tolerate a blow, even under the grossest provocation, and I am sure my lover had cause for anger. In those days duels were regarded in a different light to what they are now, and so, while I was tossing on my bed of pain, the two men who were so dear to me were journeying to Virginia to kill each other. They met provided with seconds and all the necessary witnesses on what was then considered the field of honor. Pistols were the watpons and both fell-one with a bullet through the heart, the other through the

"There were no sensational newspapers in those days, nor did gentle families care to make even their griefs public, and so only intimate friends knew of the weight of sorow which bad fallen upon our house and widowed my heart. In a family council it was decided to keep the matter a secret as far as possible, even among our own descendants, a compact which has been religiously kept, as much for my sake as for other reasons. As soon as I was convalescent I was taken abroad by my father, and I resided for many years in Europe. Time soothes, and 1 ean think calmly, and, as you see, speak of my great grief, but I cannot tell you how often the dead forms of my lover and brother suffer as I have suffered."

the length of a boy who is four feet high mains of the latter. - Southern World. when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the!blower?

fifty-five feet per second. How long will'it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high? Six men put in their capital to start a co- The affable lady behind the counter an-

manager got into Canada was valued at \$250, and this represented one-fifth of what old?" each man put in. How much did the mana- "The newest you have," he said. "How ger get away with? The average cost of curing a sore throat is

for going to the circus if our throats were brass-lined?

victims would they number in 365 days? of the savings of three years. How many ence." days after his marriage before he will tum | The obliging caterer packaged a small box

termalons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. ding cake ?" he asked. How many times does ninety-seven go into

expenses. How much is he out altogether, and in case he is left how long will it take business?" him to make himself good by hoeing corn at "After people have been to the sea shore James and Henry go fishing and agree to they come into the store by the way they

from a dog, and Henry gets two duckings pression of their faces." and loses a twelve shilling hat. What is the One person out of every five in the United

States has one or more corns, and the cost of a finger in the ple-or cake, and it is quite effecting a cure is \$1.30. What is the num- a common thing for the mother of the bride ber of corn victims, and what would be the to ask me to let them stir it once or twice so cost of placing every person on a sound they can tell their friends they made it." footing ?

Every man who has arrived at the age of worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss ?- Detroit Free Press.

THE WOODS IS FULL OF 'EM."-This expression is in frequent use in this State, both in conversation and composition, and yet its origin is probably known to only one in a thousand of those who use it. A gentleman who claims to know gave a reporter for the News the following as the manner in which it was first used :

In the neighborhood of Washington, Wayne inty, lived a well known character named Bill Dean. He is what is generally termed "smart Aleck," always endeavoring to perpetrate a joke at somebody's expense. One day while riding to Richmond, every oot of which he knew, he espied an old genpied an old gentleman named Cheezum, acutred for a hunt, earnestly looking up a tree. Approaching him, Dean asked :

"Can you tell me the way to Richmond?" There was two of 'em just run up this tree," was the response of the old gentleman, who was somewhat deaf. "I didn't ask you anything at

How far is it to Richmond ?" "One of 'em just went in that hole; didn't you see him ?"' the old man said earnestly. Out of patience, Dean yelled out :

"You must be an old fool !" "Yes," Cheezum responded, still gazing

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We Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, usual be paid for as advertisements.

Jon Phinting of all kind neatly and expeditionally executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget A STORY OF A SONG.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT ONCE BE-FELL JOHN HOWARD PAYNE IN GEORGIA.

John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions west of the Mississippi river, Payne

was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were scated before the fire in the hut the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The ourney lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself

sweet home," when Payne remarked : "Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and such a time. Do you know the author ?"

awake, began humming: "Home, home,

"No," said the soldier. "De you?" "Yes," answered Payne. "I composed !t." "The devil you did. You can tell that to ome fellows, but not to me. Look here. You made that song, you say. If you didand you know you didn't-you can say It all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch inand reel it off and if you can't I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of

The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough seldler, who was not only captivated but convinced and who said that the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milrise before me. They always smile at me, ledgeville they were, after a preliminary exin which he lived when a citizen of Philadel- and sometimes I love to think it is their spi- amination, discharged much to their surrits which really appear to me to tell me they prise. Payne insisted it was because the waiting across the river to receive once leader of the squad had been under the more my love and forgiveness. There, my magnetic influence of Ross' conversation, dears, there is an old woman's ghost story and Ross insisted that they had been saved for you. God grant none of you will ever from tasult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship NEW ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS .- The existing between Ross and Payne endured ength of a certain bean blower is one-third until the grave closed over the mortal re-

> INSIDE HISTORY OF WEDDING CARR.-A human body weighing 160 pounds falls "Do you keep wedding cake on tap-beg pardon, I mean ready-made?" asked a portly centleman at the counter of a well. known caterer's establishment.

> operative store. What was left after the swered his question with another: "Do you wish a new wedding cake or

much is it a barrel -I mean a loaf ?" "Seventy-five cents a pound, and there are thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore thirty pounds in a good sized loaf; but we throats in this country average 21,000,000 have it cut and you can buy as much or as per year. How much could America spend little as you want."

The gentleman looked relieved, and bending over the counter, said in a confidential There are twenty-four newspaper report- tone: "Slice up about a pound and put in ers in Louisville, and each one kills an aver, some of the fluffy stuff that goes with it; age of 150 cockroaches per day. How many you see I've been to Toledo and went to a friend's wedding party while I was there A young man about to be married figures and they gave me a box of cake for my wife, that \$8 per week will support the family in and I left it in the car and it's gone on to luxury and erect a five-story building out Chicago, but she'll never knew the differ-

with the commodity and the gentleman was In a particular field are ninety-seven wa- happy to get out of his dilemma so easily. "Are you kept pretty busy making wed-

"Yes : orders are coming in all the time we always have a number of cakes on hand It costs a political candidate about \$25 per for surprise weddings, and then the older head to retain thirty loafers to slug him fruit cake is the better. I never want to through a convention and \$159 for incidental | cut a cake that is less than four months old." "What time of year is the best for this

divide. James has two nibbles and a bite look into the show cases and the satisfied ex-"Who orders the cake generally ?" "Weil the mother of the bride that is to be does the talking, but the whole family have

and made the matches. I know as soon as

"Is all wedding cake made the same way?" "No. The cheapest wedding cake I ever forty years has lost at least ten umbrellas made was a gingerbread. The groom had worth \$1 each. Estimating the number of the cake to buy and he was a dyspeptic, and of losers at 11,000,000, and granting that one- ordered plain gingerbread, frosted and dec-

SERIOUS HURTS THAT FAIL TO KILL -A short time ago a shoemaker of Astoria, N Y., shot himself twice with a heavy pistol once in the ear and once in the mouth. He was brought to the Roosevelt Hospital in this city, where it was discovered that the first ball glanced from the skull. The other is thought to be somewhere in the head, perhaps in the brain. Speedy death was expected; but the next day the patient walked away from the hospital, saving that he was sorry for the attempt on his life, but appeared to be in no immediate danger of dying.

With this case as a text, a writer in a morn ing paper reviews a large number of more or less marvelous cases of recovery from griev ous burts, showing that serious injuries to the main organs of the body are not always followed by death. Men perstat in living, not only with bullets in their brain, holes in their stomach, dislocated vertebre, and wounds in the heart, but even with open wounds clear through the body. During the civil war General H. A. Barnum, of Brooklyn, received in battle a wound which still remains an open passage through the body. For years the treatment of this wound has been simply to wear in it a roll of prepared lint, which is renewed daily. The suppuration of the wound is constant though varia-

General Shields, of Miscouri, had a similar wound extending through his body, and open in front and behind. His wound, it is said. "Arnold's ghost was a trick of my brother's, An exchange says : There are more puns was received in the Mexican war, and he who had a high opinion of my courage. He | made on Dr. Buil's Cough Syrup free of | wore, not lint, but a silk bandkerchief in it. had withdrawn the charge from the pistol charge, than are paid for by the owners. A This he could draw directly through his body.