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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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Cambria Freeman.

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

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For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pain in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

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Ourselves, to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you
PURE, ABSOLUTELY PURE, AND WELL MATURED, RIPE WHISKIES AND WINES
At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it:
Overholts & Co.'s Pure Rye, five years old. Full quarts $1.00, or $10.00 per dozen.
Still better!
Finch's Golden Wedding, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25 or $12.00 per dozen.
Better still!
Kentucky Bourbon, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25, or $12.00 per dozen.
And one of the most saleable Whiskies on our list is
The Pure Eight Year Old Exp't Buckenheimer. Full quarts $1.00, or $10 per dozen.
There is no Whisky that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it.
There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any particular of the Pure California Wines we are now selling at 50 cents per bottle. Full quarts for $5.00 per dozen.
In making up your orders please enclose P. O. Money Order or Draft, or Register your order.
JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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Jan. 25, 1888.—1yr

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MADE OF
EXPANDED METAL
CUT FROM STEEL PLATES. SOMETHING NEW.
For Residences, Churches, Cemeteries, Farms, Cottages, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free
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Hardware Men keep it. Give name of this paper

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Call and see the students at work when you visit the Exposition. Visitors always welcome.
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Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
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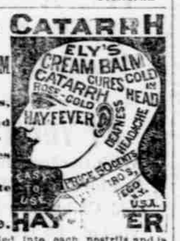

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.
Charles S. Gill, Proprietor.
Table unsurpassed. Remodeled with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light in all rooms. New steam laundry attached to house.
Cor. Wood St. & Third Ave.
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1794. 1889.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION,
A RELIABLE REMEDY for Sick Headache, For Torpid Liver, Bilious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient
It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. *Sold by druggists everywhere.*
Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

ESSENTIAL OILS,
WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMENT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.
of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free brokerage, commission, storage, &c., by
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Importers and Exporters, 88 William St., N. Y.
Aug. 23, '89.—6m.

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ADDRESS
SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO
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T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd. (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactory and collections a specialty. 10-14.-tf

DISCOVERY.

When the world's first great westward voyager
Sailed out in faith to this new continent,
Whither he felt all his life-currents stir,
Though knowing not unto what place he went
One day, no land in sight, his grating keel
Reported shoals; the unconscious vessel slid
Across, nor heard the grinding sands reveal
The secret of the coast beyond them hid.
He drifted past, though wait of leaf and bird
Floating and fluttering after, bade him stay;
Vague invitations everywhere he heard;
By hope's own dazzling glamor led astray,
He landed on an island's rim, nor guessed
How nearly he had won his larger quest.

Alas! the dumb, inscrutable human sea
That will not tell us of the shores we seek!
Its jealous waves, in moaning mockery,
But just returned from pressing a blue cheek
Against fresh roses blown for us, unseen,
In our own realm, that never will be ours,
Though through the starry dusk all night we lean
And, unaware, breathe balsam from the flowers,
And feel its soft mists wrapping us around,
And hear far, wave-tossed voices whispering
From some dim bourne beyond the horizon's bound—
Heart's kindred starving for the love we bring,
As we for theirs—an unreaped harvest-field;
Our treasure just within our reach—concealed!

And yet, Columbus, this New World is thine!
Thy claim was in thy forward-reaching soul,
An inner, prescient right; thou didst divine
Wonders that the veiled hemisphere should unroll
At last, from out the blue blank of the sea;
And whatsoever foot might tread this shore,
Clear was thy title of discovery,
Whose thought outsailed thy ships so long before.
That which we recognize and seek is ours;
Approaching unperceived, related souls
Stir irresistibly our noblest powers;
Us toward our own the tide of being rolls;
And shall it not be joy, the voyage done,
To know the continent and island one?
—Lucy Larcom, in Harper's Magazine.

THEIR WEDDING TOUR.

Jack and Katy's Somewhat Novel Experience.

Among the many German emigrants that from time to time landed at Indian Point, Matagorda Bay, on the coast of Texas, and proceeded inland for hundreds of miles to make a settlement on the extreme frontier of that perilous region, was a red-cheeked lass of seventeen, who, being an orphan, and without relatives in the old country, had ventured over to try her fortunes in the new. But though without kin, Gentle Katy, as she was familiarly termed, was not without friends, and the same vessel which brought her over had on board at least six sturdy young fellows who thought her more lovely than any other female they had ever seen.

Gentle Katy cast her lot with a newly-married couple, and with them went far northward, to settle in a beautiful spot on the green bank of the Llano. There, strange as it may seem, she saw and fell in love with as rough and ugly a specimen of civilization as could easily be found in a region where the men have always been more celebrated for their pluck than their beauty. Jack Hawksworth measured six feet and two inches; was rough in manner, blunt in speech, and had never been inside of a schoolhouse in his life; but he had a good heart, and the courage of a lion. On one of his hunting excursions he came across Katy, and the result was a mutual passion and a marriage.

"Now, then, my little beauty," said Jack, playfully tapping the bride's chin with his long, brown, bony fingers. "I've got the bird, ye see, and I wants the cage to put it in. I'm agwine to git the cage, and so jest you stay here quiet till I come back."

In her imperfect English, Gentle Katy managed to inquire how long he would be gone, and Jack assured her "it wouldn't be over a thousand years."

He finally took leave of her, in his rude way, and went about fifty miles to the eastward, where, partly for cash and partly on credit, he purchased a small shanty and land enough to live on comfortably, and then returned for the purpose of removing his bird to his cage.

But judge of his anguish on finding that Katy was lost to him, perhaps forever. The young couple with whom she had made her home in the wilderness were almost frenzied with fear and tribulation. They told him, with wringing hands and tearful eyes, that Katy had the day before gone over to a little prairie grove to gather some flowers, and that shortly after, hearing some wild screams and horrible yells, they had looked out just in time to see her borne off by a party of mounted Indians.

At this direful intelligence Jack Hawksworth sank down on the nearest seat, buried his face in his hands, and for a few minutes shook all over like a man with the ague. When he again looked up his hands and lips were working convulsively, his dark, bronzed features were white and ghastly, large beads of perspiration were standing all over his face, and his small, black eyes had a piercing, fiery, wicked expression. He staggered to his feet without saying a word, clutched his long rifle with a grip that seemed to sink his fingers into the cold metal, and then went straight to the spot where his unfortunate wife had been seen in the power of a savage foe. For half an hour he walked to and fro over the ground, minutely examining the footprints of the different horses and calculating their number; and then, falling upon the departing trail, he struck off at a long, steady, Indian lope and soon disappeared from sight of the excited couple who had come forth to watch him.

The trail led almost directly southward, and all the remainder of that day the old hunter pursued it at the same loping pace. When at length night fell upon him, and he could no longer see the hoof-prints he was following, he threw himself down upon the green bank of a running stream, ate a few mouthfuls from his wallet, took a long drink of the flowing water, stretched himself out on the ground, with one hand resting on his trusty rifle, and almost immediately went to sleep, though in that peculiar condition of mind and body, the result of long experience in scenes of danger, that the slightest unusual sound would be sure to wake him.

Six or seven hours was all the rest that Jack required; and the moon by that time being well up, and pouring down a silvery flood through a cloudless sky, he arose, took another drink, and resumed his course on the broad trail. This he followed at a slower pace till daylight once more made it clear before him, and then he hurried forward as on the day preceding.

The sun was perhaps two hours above the horizon when he reached the place where the Indians had encamped on the night following the capture of his wife. Here he spent some half an hour in examining the different foot-prints, and when, among others, he found those of his pretty bird, and saw where she had passed the night, his agitation and excitement became painful, and he several times groaned out as one enduring great bodily suffering.

At length he set his teeth hard, with an unswerving determination drew his hands slowly over his face, and outwardly became more composed. Then he commenced a broad circuit around the camp, to find the departing trail. In doing this he discovered a point where three horses had filed off from the main body; and suspecting these had been detached and sent off with the fair captive in a homeward direction, he at once resolved to follow this trail instead of the other.

"Ef I'm wrong," he muttered, "good-bye to little Kate for the present; but ef I'm right, and it's in one human nater to do it, I'll hev her back ag'in, and the scalps of them as tuk her!"

With this he again set forward in the manner described, and, with only now and then a brief rest, continued the same hurried pace till near sunset, when he came upon the previous night's camp of the three Indians, showing that thus far he had gained upon his enemies. With the wildest anxiety of hope and fear, he now made an eager search for the footprints of his little wife; and when at length he found them, where she had dismounted and been secured to a tree, thus proving that her life had so far been spared and he had taken the proper course, such contending emotions of joy and rage took possession of him—joy at the discovery and rage against her foes—that for a time he was like one demented.

Since branching off from the main body, the three warriors had kept a straight course, a little north of west; but on the third day Jack Hawksworth reached a spot on an open plain, where they had made a halt, and from which, to his surprise, he now found the trail led directly south, toward a range of hills that could barely be discerned in the blue distance. Knowing that among these hills was a rare spring of medicinal waters, which the Indians not unfrequently visited, it occurred to him that the present party had gone thither, and might, perhaps, make a halt long enough for him to come up with them. The idea afforded him fresh hope, and raised his spirits materially as he started onward again.

When night again fell upon the scene, the hills were looming up in rugged lines before him, but still miles away. Knowing the exact location of the spring, and that it was so situated as to command a view of the broad plain in the direction of his approach, he resolved, weary as he was, to push on in the dark and gain a safe position among the hills before morning, even should he not succeed in surprising his enemies while resting in supposed security.

It was life or death to him, and he strained every nerve and muscle to the last tension, and succeeded in reaching the base of the hills in such an exhausted condition that he was obliged to throw himself down on the earth and rest for an hour to recover strength enough to go through with what was yet before him. He had two miles yet to go to reach the spring, and when at last he slowly dragged his aching frame in sight of it the late moon was already silvering the tops of the trees, and he knew that day was about breaking.

But now there came a thrill of joy to his heart that sent new life throughout his drooping frame; for now it was he who heard the whinny of a horse only a few rods distant, and felt assured that he had not made a fatal mistake in his calculations. Guided by the sound, and moving with the stealthy caution of a panther, he soon reached a grassy and beautiful plateau, where he saw the three animals he had so long followed picketed within half pistol shot of him. The horses showed some fear at his advance, and more than once snuffed and snorted so loud that he fairly trembled lest their masters should come to learn the cause. He reached them, however, without discovery, and in less than a minute had cut every throat. As they floundered, groaned, fell and kicked they made a noise that roused up the sleeping savages and brought them upon the ground in frightened haste; but for this the old hunter was prepared. Throwing himself down behind one of the animals, with his long rifle brought to bear upon the point from which the Indians were hurriedly approaching, he waited till he saw a moving shadow between himself and the background of the sky, and then taking as good aim at this as the circumstances would permit, he pulled the trigger. With the sharp report the savage dropped, and his companions close behind uttered yells of dismay and terror. But their yells were not as loud and terrible as those of the old hunter, as he sprang to his feet, knife in hand, and bounded toward them; and probably supposing themselves assailed by numbers, they turned with wild shrieks and fled, fast and far, down the steep hills, and escaped in the darkness.

Having thus gained a complete victory, in less time than it has taken us to record the facts, the old hunter now began to shout the name of his wife, and at the third call he received an answer that sent the blood bounding with the wildest rapture through every vein. In another minute he had reached the side of his darling wife, and cut the cords that bound her; and as she sprang into his rough but manly arms, and clung wildly around his neck, he became so overpowered with his emotions that he reeled to and fro, holding her in his embrace, and finally sunk down on the earth, and alternately wept, laughed and shouted like a madman.

It is not necessary for us to dwell upon their long, wearisome, perilous journey homeward. Suffice it to say that Jack Hawksworth put forth all his experience, sagacity and manly qualities and brought his pretty little wife safely back among her friends, to their great wonder and delight, he himself becoming quite a lion among her countrymen for his brave exploit.

"Ye see," Jack used to say, in winding up the narration of his adventures, "when a big nob gits splitted, as I've hearn tell, they has what they calls thar wedding tour; and so, to be in the fashion, me and Katy tuk ours amongst the Comanches, and I'm jest one old scalp the richer for't. Whoop!"—N. Y. Ledger.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

She Got the News and George Got His Breakfast Down-Town.

Husband (at breakfast table)—Who's it from?

Wife (reading letter)—Oh, George, it's a little girl!

Husband—Is it? I thought it was a letter.

Wife—And Annie is getting along splendidly— Oh, my! She weighed nine pounds and a half.

Husband—Nine and a half, eh! She weighed at least a hundred and forty when I saw her last, and she looked strong and healthy; doesn't seem possible that she—

Wife—What were you saying, George?

Husband—The tea; you've forgotten to pour the tea.

Wife (reading and groping around with one hand)—Oh, it's just too nice for any thing! Think of it; a dear, sweet little girl; a little blue-eyed girl—

Husband—The tea-pot is just a trifle to the right of your hand—there, now you have it.

Wife (laying down letter)—Well, you poor old fellow! You're not getting any breakfast. It's too bad—it's just splendid! I wonder who she looks like.

Husband—What's the matter with my own cup this morning.

Wife—Why, how stupid I am! There, now, I've got it right—how many lumps have I put in, George?

Husband—Four.

Wife—And you only want three. Won't it be too sweet, dear? They are going to call her Mildred, George. Mildred—Mildred—how do you like Mildred?

Husband—Never met the lady. The butter, please, dear.

Wife—I like it. I think it is an awfully pretty name. Edwin wanted to call her Lucy; but I think Mildred is ever so much prettier, don't you, George?

Husband—The butter, please, dear.

Wife—Oh, I just want to get hold of that Annie! Won't I hug her! But isn't it perfectly lovely?—that it's a little girl, I mean.

Husband—Much better than if it were a large girl, I think. The butter, please.

Wife—Butter? Why, haven't you had any butter all this time? Why didn't you ask for it, you goose? What could Mary have done with the butter knife? It isn't on the table, is it? Have you seen any thing of the butter knife, George?

Husband—Hold! Keep your hand steady where it is; now close your fingers, and you have it.

Wife—I'm the goose, I should think! But what do you think of it, George? Why, I can't believe that Annie really has a little girl. How happy she will be! and how I long to see the little thing; don't you, George?

Husband—I do, indeed. Will you have a chop?

Wife (absorbed in letter again)—Chop—chop—ch—ye-es, if you please. George, I don't care if you do give—please; thanks. Seems to me it it was my own I couldn't feel any happier than I do; could you, George?

George—I hardly think I could; but I'd try. Will you pass me the cream, please, dear?

Wife (handing him the vinegar)—I'm just going to sit right down and write Annie a letter—why, George, where are you going?

Husband—To the office. I shall be a little late, too, I'm afraid.

Wife—You poor old husband! You haven't had half a breakfast, and it's all my fault. I declare it's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, George; but you'll forgive me this once, won't you, dear? It is such happy news. Oh, that dear little girl! —Good-bye! George—come home early, won't you?—Puck

A Sympathetic Employer.

Old Gent—And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?

Young Clerk—Not a clerk, but a distant relative of one of the clerks.

"My! my! I'm sure that is very thoughtful."

"Yes, 'most too thoughtful. Whenever one of us loses a relative and tells him about it he always goes to the funeral, consarn him!"

"Eh? And do you object to such kindness of heart?"

"'Tisn't kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off."—N. Y. Weekly.

—More plays of Shakespeare's have been turned into operas than those of any other dramatist. They number ten in all.

HOW MANY? HOW LITTLE?

How many dear hearts are breaking,
Though a smile is bravely worn;
How often we find the weakest
Are the bravest to meet the storm;
How often we are discouraged
O'er clouds that need not last,
While the gems of the present are hidden
By failures and griefs of the past.

How often dear hearts are hungering
For words that never are told;
How little we prize our darlings
Till their baby lips are cold;
How often we let the moments
Unladen with good pass by,
And put off the spring-time sowing
Till the harvest-time draws nigh.
—Bertha Packard Englet, in Good Housekeeping.

A MARTYR TO HONESTY.

Mr. Upandownjohn, Who, Like Washington, Could Not Lie.

Mr. John Upandownjohn had the misfortune to be a strictly honest man, in which particular he stood lamentably alone. He was constructed peculiarly—he was born into an atmospere of integrity, and his training had added to his natural bent to a degree that made him as incapable of an untruth, or the semblance thereof, as George Washington himself. Having this tendency, it was well for himself that he was born with a fortune, for his rigid adherence to his principles unfitted him for almost every occupation. He did try journalism, but was dismissed ignominiously for saying of a candidate of the party with which the paper acted that he was a thief and trickster. Then he essayed the law, but he saw enough of law before he had been in an office two weeks, while medicine lasted him scarcely a week. So he determined to do nothing but live on his income and be an honest man.

He adopted certain rules by which he lived, and he could no more depart from them than he could rise from the earth and take a place among the stars. He ate exactly so much, at certain fixed hours, and of certain kinds of food. He drank so many times a day, of certain liquors he fancied were good for him, measuring the quantity with the accuracy and precision of an apothecary; and so far did he carry rule into life, that he put on and off his clothing on certain days in certain months, without reference to weather. I saw him shivering one bright but very cold morning in June, and demanded the reason.

"I laid off my woolens this morning," said he.

"Why lay off your woolens in winter weather?" I asked.

"The 1st of June is my day therefor," said he. "The weather ought to be warm to-day. I can not break my rule."

He never neglected to pay a debt, and never told a lie, not even a white one. He was cut out of an aunt's will by responding to her anxious inquiry as to how she looked in a certain dress which she had set her heart on by the simple word "hideous." And the same devotion to truth barred him, no matter what path he took.

He was frightfully unpopular, though, notwithstanding he held a high position among his fellows. His child-like simplicity and sterling integrity made him valuable, and besides every one knew that his devotion to truth was honest, and had nothing of bumptiousness or malice in it.

Mr. Upandownjohn was a member of the Leviathan Club. I write the word *was* sadly, for he is a Leviathan no more. The cause and manner of his leaving that delightful association of good men is the animus of this paper.

The members of the Leviathan were pleased with the appearance of Mr. Upandownjohn, and made much of him. Had they known him better they would have loved him less, for his peculiar virtue was never popular in that club.

He excited attention, first, by his habit of correcting loose-talking members when their statements were highly flavored with romances, as, for instance, when one gentleman asserted that his father owned Flora Temple when she was a colt, using her as a common hack, and selling her finally for fifty dollars, Mr. Upandownjohn quietly put him down.

"I knew your father," he said, "and a worthy, truthful man he was. He died just three years before Flora Temple was foaled. The mare he used for a hack and sold for fifty dollars must have been some other famous animal. Flora Temple will some day be the death of me. Every racing season some one narrated the circumstance of his father having owned Flora Temple and worked her as a hack, and what is more exasperating, he always sold her for fifty dollars. Would that I could find one man whose father sold her for sixty dollars or sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. You, my dear sir, are the sixty-eighth man this season whose father once owned Flora Temple. She was the most extensively owned mare I ever knew any thing about."

On another occasion a gentleman detailed with great minuteness how, in doing the regular thing at Niagara by going under the sheet, the wind parted the torrent and he stepped out upon the shelf outside, when, to his horror, the opening closed, leaving him outside the falling sheet on a narrow ledge of rock. With great presence of mind he darted through the falling sheet and rejoined the frightened party, who supposed him lost forever.

Mr. Upandownjohn took pencil and paper, and worked all night and the next day, without sleeping or eating. The next evening he exhibited to the hero of this marvelous adventure the weight of the water in that sheet, and demonstrated to him the fact that had he got under it, he would have been mashed, though he had been constructed of steel.

"Are you sure it was Niagara?" he asked, anxiously. "Wasn't it some other fall?"

One day a member died, and the club did the usual thing by him. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the bereavement of the members, and, as ill-luck would have it, Upandownjohn was put upon the committee.

They met, and, as is usually the case, two of the members really had no time to attend to it. One had an engagement at the theater, the other was to take his sister—or some one else's—to the opera.

"Upandownjohn," said the first, "you have nothing to do, and are handy with the pen. There is no earthly necessity for keeping us here. You just write out the usual resolutions, and send them down to the Screamer, the Soarer and the Spouter in time for to-morrow morning."

"How shall I treat the deceased?" asked Upandownjohn.

"O, in the usual way. Speak of his qualities as a man, the feelings of the club at his untimely taking-off, the sources of consolation we have, his qualities as an actor; hurl in something to alleviate the pangs of his family; speak of his general standing, and put in a strong dose of general comfort, and so on. It'll be all right. You'll attend to it now, won't you?"

"It is a disagreeable duty," replied Upandownjohn, "but I'll do it."

And they left him to his work.

Now, Mr Upandownjohn had had no experience in work of this kind, and, consequently, he wasn't clear as to its form. So he sent for the scrap-book, in which such utterances of the club had been pasted from the beginning. He was shocked. There were a great many sets of resolutions on deceased members (the liquors were bad at the Leviathan) and they were precisely alike. They ran as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the universe, to remove from our midst our esteemed brother, John James So-and-So, and,

WHEREAS, It is fit that we, his afflicted survivors of the Leviathan club, should publicly express our sore grief at this great bereavement; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of John James So-and-So, the Club has lost a worthy member, society an ornament, his family an affectionate father and husband, the State a pillar and defender and the world at large one it could ill spare.

Resolved, That while we mourn with sorrow that seems to have no alleviation under the great affliction that has fallen upon us, we can not but bow in humility to this inscrutable decree.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That the club-house be draped in mourning for thirty days in memory of the deceased.

As he finished, Mr. Upandownjohn brought his fist down upon the table till the glasses jingled.

"What stuff this is!" he said, indignantly. "I knew So-and-So. He was a dishonest and untruthful man—a tyrant in his family, a trader in politics, a disagreeable man in society, and a curse to humanity generally. And they mourn him, do they? And I suppose they want me to mourn Ranter, who is to be embalmed to-night. Ha! Ha! I will astonish these people. I will write one set of honest resolutions. I knew Ranter, who has just gone hence, and justice shall be done him, sure. I will be as mild as I can be, and do him justice, but I will be honest with his memory."

So Mr. Upandownjohn called for fresh pens and ink and paper, and wrote; and having made fair copies of what he wrote, took them himself to the office of the Screamer, the Spouter and the Soarer, and went home and slept as only he can sleep who rejoices over a duty done and well done.

The next morning the members of the Leviathan were astonished at reading in the journals the following:

WHEREAS, By a long course of most outrageous dissipation, of late nights, of late suppers of the grossest food, of perpetual beverages of the most villanous kind—those that give the stomach no show whatever—by unchecked and unregulated indulgence in the worst possible sensuality, in brief, by a long-continued series of the vilest outrages upon the physical, mental and moral man, our late member, Arthur Simpson Ranter, has been taken to that bourne from which we earnestly hope he may never return, and

WHEREAS, When a member of the Leviathan Club expires, it is customary to commemorate him, to give him a send-off, as it were; therefore be it

Resolved, That when we remember the villainous habit he had of revoking at whist, and also his adroit way of sliding out of paying the score whenever he lost the rubber, our grief at his departure is severely mitigated, if not entirely subdued.

Resolved, That the promptness of our late associate in accepting invitations to slake his thirst, and his intolerable tardiness in reciprocating, did more honor to his head than to his heart.

Resolved, That his habitual untruthfulness, his utter disregard for his word, and his blustering and overbearing manner, were the best points in him, as they served as a warning to the younger members of the club. For this his demise is to be lamented.

Resolved, That his habit of getting boozy before eleven a. m., and staying in that condition as long as there was a good-natured man in the club, gives us, his survivors, good reason to pause and ask no more that conundrum "Why was death introduced into the world?"

Resolved, That when we remember the success with which our late brother borrowed money, and his utter forgetfulness of such transactions, our hearts are softened toward Adam and Eve (through whose sin death was made a part of the economy of nature), and we publicly thank that lady and gentleman for their investigating turn of mind, and hurl back indignantly the charge that they did not do the best thing possible for posterity.

Resolved, That in the death of our late brother, who was vile as an actor as he was bad as a man, the long-suffering, theater-going public have a boon, the sweetness of which can not be over-stated, and upon which we extend them hearty congratulations.

Resolved, That we congratulate Mrs. Ranter upon the fact that her private fortune was settled upon herself, and so skillfully tied up that her late husband, our deceased brother, could not get a cent of it. And we do this remembering how often we have mourned it was so, for the reason that, could he have touched it, he would have drunk himself into an untimely tomb several years sooner than he did. Death, with us, buries all animosity and does away with all acrimony.

Resolved, That the club house be illuminated the night of the funeral, and be draped in white for thirty days in honor of this happy event.

Resolved, That this truthful tribute to the memory of our deceased brother be published in the Screamer, the Spouter and the Soarer.

To say there was an uproar in the club the next morning, as these resolutions were read, would be to convey a very faint idea of the case. In the midst of it, when it was at its height, entered Upandownjohn, cleanly shaved, and as serene as a June morning.

"Did you write and publish this miserable mess—this ghastly concoction of infernalism?" demanded a score of indignant men.

"Did I write those resolutions, you mean? I did. I was appointed a committee to embalm the memory of the late Ranter in the daily papers. I did it. Do you find any thing objectionable in them?"

"Why, you assert that he was a sponge!" exclaimed one.

"Unhappily it is the truth. I have myself paid for gallons of liquor for him."

"You said he was a bad actor."

"The worst I ever suffered under."

"What will his wife think of what you said of him?"

"She will recognize the portrait, and with us thank Heaven for her release."

"You give it as the sense of the club that he was—"

"Every thing that was bad, mean and disreputable. Very good. It is true, every word of it. He owes me thirty-seven dollars, sixty-three cents and a third, which he has owed (it was borrowed) since July 9, 1871, at twenty-seven minutes past ten o'clock in the evening. And every man of you is also his creditor. If there is a mean thing that he has not done it has escaped my notice."

By this time Mr. Upandownjohn saw that his fellow-members were angry, and he at once lost his balance and became angry, too.

Brandishing his umbrella (it was not raining, but, as it was the time of the month when it should have rained, he carried it) he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you have had one set of resolutions written which contained nothing but the truth, not the whole truth, for my time was limited, and it was impossible to get in all that I could have said, and besides I desired to be as lenient as possible. Having written nothing but the truth, you are offended. It is well. I will have nothing whatever to do with a club where the truth can not be told. Truth, if not the immediate jewel of my soul, is very close to it. Gentlemen, adieu. You have seen the last of John Upandownjohn. Should I stay, I might be called upon to resolve over some of your remains, and as I can not tell a lie, it would be unpleasant."

And that afternoon the directory received his resignation, and he was seen there no more.

There is no moral to this. There are very few men in the world of whom it would be pleasant, as the world now goes, to tell the truth. Therefore, all who read these lines live, as does he who writes them, so that when Azrael waves his dark pinions over them, they may lie down and die, feeling certain that the committee on resolutions, though they may be as truthful as Upandownjohn, will say nothing that will call a spirit blush to their cheeks in the hereafter.—The Late D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.

THE GIANT MADRONA.

Something About the Gorgeous Arbutus Tree of California.

The genus really belongs to the Old World. Asia has its species, and Mexico claims one or two representatives, but the pride of the family and delight of arboriculturists is the strong, healthy and handsome child of the west coast. It is often eighty to one hundred feet high, three feet in diameter, and a famous specimen in Marin County has a measured girth of twenty-three feet at the branching point of the tremendous stem, with many of the branches three feet through. The foliage is light and airy, the leaves oblong, pale beneath, bright green above. The bloom is in dense racemes of cream-white flowers; the fruit, a dry orange-colored berry, rough and uninteresting. But the charm of the madrona, outside of its general appearance, is in its bark—no, it is not a bark, it is a skin, delicate in texture,