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Attorney-at-Law, HUNTINGDON, PA. May 16, 1878.

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The Muses' Boomer.

"Only a Nigger Preacher."

BY SAMUEL W. REALL.

The Rev. B. Baker, a colored Methodist minister at Holly Springs, vowed himself a hero during the proslavery of the yellow fever. He visited white and black, and administered comfort wherever he went, and at one time was the only minister present in the village to console the sick and assist in the burial of the dead.

"I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," replied Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk.

"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, in some surprise.

"Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years."

"Dear me," ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down on a divan near her.

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"

"No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"What is very true," said Mrs. Seymour, sagely; "Cynthia says there's no society here."

"I have," said Grace with calm dignity, "a factory girl," gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?"

quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace! O no—certainly not; there is no harm in earning one's living in an honorable way," returned Mrs. Seymour.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that the calico factory I owe my daily bread.

"Very laudible, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the clear blue gaze, "only—there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is so poor."

"My dear friend, I'm sure," said the old lady, "that it is not a matter of social position, but of necessity."

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A Wandering Typo.

PRINTERS' ROMANTIC CAREER—HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES BY LAND AND SEA STARTS A PAPER IN JERUSALEM, AND WEDS A PERSIAN LADY.

Little over a year ago a short notice was published in the St. Louis papers of the arrival and strange career of a wandering typographer named Isaac Smith, or, as he was frequently called by his brother compositors, Ike Smith.

At that time he was staying at the Friendly Inn, 1221 Broadway. His restless, erratic nature, however, did not permit him to remain long in this city, and he suddenly disappeared from St. Louis as he appeared in it. Since then Ike has wandered to the golden slope of the Pacific, taking in on his route Denver, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Deadwood, Carson City and San Francisco, gaining his precarious livelihood at this office or that in the various towns he passed through during his wanderings.

Last week Ike unexpectedly turned up in his old haunts in this city on the look out for a job. He looked very dilapidated and battered and his gray beard was unkempt and unshaven.

It was now about thirty-five years of age, but he still tolerably hale and hearty. One day last week he did some type setting for the "Evening Post," and managed to set up between 5,000 and 6,000 ems.

"I've got a job," reported the old fellow, who was smoking short clay pipe, and knowing his affection for "Bourbon," invited him to take a drink, when he gave him a short account of his wanderings.

He was born in 1812, in Muskingum county, in the neighborhood of Zanesville, Ohio, where he became

learned to set type, and has followed the occupation of a printer ever since. He must have had an extraordinary passion for traveling, for when he had once learned his trade he seldom remained twelve months in one place.

In 1830, when eighteen years of age, he left Indiana, and spent the next ten years of his life wandering through the various States of the Union, and visiting nearly every city of any size.

In 1840 he worked his way as a deck hand on a sailing vessel to Liverpool, and began working in the United Kingdom. He always managed to earn a tolerable existence by his type setting.

After passing nearly eight years in England, Scotland and Ireland, he crossed the Straits of Dover, and stayed a couple of years in Paris, where he witnessed the coup d'etat of Napoleon. Thence he traveled through Switzerland, Spain and Italy, crossed the Alps into Austria, and went to Berlin.

At the break out of the 18th Polish insurrection he was still in that city, and becoming affiliated to secret order of Republicans, he, with some fifty men, crossed the Prussian boundary of Posen into Russian Poland. Here he followed the fortunes of Gen. Rogulski in many a skirmish with the Russians, but was unfortunately taken prisoner and sent to Berlin.

His sufferings during that deplorable period he described as intense. Arrived there he was kept at work in the district; but was so far favored as to escape being sent to the mines. After two years' severe hardship he managed to escape from the Russian Territory with a friendly party of Kurds, whose wanderings across the desert he shared.

He returned to Persia, where he remained for three years, and received an official appointment from the Shah as a kind of State's Printer. He

of distinction during his second year's residence amongst the polite Persians, but she died in childbirth. He then conceived a dislike for Persia, although his position there was the best he had ever enjoyed, and he quietly made preparations to leave.

He joined a caravan of Persian merchants who were on route to Bombay, and most of the English exports for Jerusalem.

He passed through the Turkish Empire, crossed the Arabian Gulf, and arrived at Bombay, where he remained for some time amongst the Dutch Boers. He crossed the Keppi region to Natal. From Natal he took passage in an Arab felucca to Zanzibar, and then to Abyssinia. In the latter country he at first did very well, until King Theodore imprisoned all the Europeans, and he remained in duration of the English expedition under Major stormed Magdala, killed Theodore and released the prisoners. Egypt was the next country visited by this restless individual, and here he engaged in the occupation of horse breeding on the banks of the Nile. This, however, did not pay out very well, but he made some money.

A remarkable idea now took possession of him; he determined to publish a

SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER IN JERUSALEM.

He thought the numerous European visitors to the Holy City would be sufficient to make the enterprise a lucrative one.

He accordingly departed for Jerusalem, and issued his paper, which was published half in English and half in French. For one month he published this journal, which he called "The Holy City Times," but then his funds gave out. Ike claims to be the only compositor who set type in Jerusalem. His next adventure was to visit Mecca, where he saw El Kabir, the Holy Caliph. One of these devout Turks took a great fancy to Ike and induced him to return with him to Constantinople. In Stamboul he remained for eighteen months working as a printer.

He afterwards made a tour of Greece, returning to Constantinople, where he remained a few months, and after which he crossed the Balkans, wandered through Rumania, and going into Southern Russia as far as Odessa. From Odessa he again shipped before the mast to London, where he settled down for three or four years, finally

RETURNING TO AMERICA

In 1872 he got employment in New York on the "Herald," but his wandering propensities would not permit him to settle down permanently. Without relatives or friends, he resumed his journeys through the States, and he is well known to the composing rooms of most newspapers in the country. His course is up and down to and fro on the face of the earth, and he will probably spend the remainder of his days in the same erratic, never resting manner. Every now and then he turns up unexpectedly in his old haunts, and just as unexpectedly disappears. How long he will remain in the Future Great is problematical, and, in fact, by the time this is printed he may be gone.—St. Louis Post.

Fluctuations of Gold.

THE STORY FROM 1862 WHEN GOLD BEGAN TO RISE IN VALUE UP TO THE PRESENT TIME—AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

Gold is down so nearly to par that the occupation of the broker is gone and the gold room of New York is deserted. Gold has had a fluctuating career during the last decade. The first day's transactions in the New York Gold Exchange were on Jan. 9, 1862, when the price was 102½ cents. It then rose to 104½ on the 18th, and on the 18th, reaching 104½ on the 12th of February on adverse rumors from the army, then wintering near Washington. In March it struck 101 several times, and in April the highest quotation was 102. In May it was 104½; in June 108 and in July 120. Adverse news from the army caused the advance. In September it advanced to 124, and in October 135. January 13th, 1863, it advanced to 148. Ten days afterward there was an advance to 150, and the highest price on the 31st of January, 1863, was 160. The greatest fluctuation in any one day was five per cent. Late in February there was bad news from the west and other points, and 17½ to 17½ closed up that month. In March it advanced to 192 in motion, and the speculative cavalry raid having been reported, the price ranged from 150 to 168, with the advantage in favor of the highest figures. The premium afterward fell in this month as low as 104, but on the 31st it touched 150. In April, May and June there were no eventful movements, but in July there was a drop to 125½, and August, 1863, saw gold fall to 122. From that time out for the rest of 1863 the premium ranged from 140 to 162, but the fluctuations were frequent.

In May, 1864, the price was 176 and 177. In June it ran from 194 to 250. In July, 1864, the premium advanced from 250—making a jump of 75 per cent. in the first day—to 290. There were several other advances, and the highest and lowest prices on the 20th of July, 1864, were 253 and 258. On the 11th the price went to 285, on unfavorable news from the South, being the highest price on record.

In August, 1864, gold declined from 259 to 231 (not to touch the fraction), and in September it touched 224, and in the first day of 191. October, 1864, closed at 227½, having once showed a quotation of 189, but in November, on the uncertainty of Southern events, the price was run up to 253, although it closed at 238. On one day the fluctuation from the highest to the lowest was 142 per cent.

January 1865, opened at 246 and 228 and closed at 202 (221) but on the 20th of January were the quotations, and after that the range was from 198 to 220, the latter being on the 28th. From February, 1865, gold fell. From 233 on the 4th of January, there was a decline to 146 on the last of April. The day of the assassination of President Lincoln was a *die* for the gold room; the next day was a holiday, but when business opened again on the 15th the price went up from 146 to 146½. Subsequently the alarm caused by the assassination subsided, and there was a slight decline. In May 128 was touched, and thereonward there was a gradual advance to 148. The year closed at 144½ in April, 1866, the premium had fallen to 126, and in May it showed a month of big fluctuations, on account of the Fenian raid on Canada, and the speculators' pretended fears of a war with England. On the 15th the highest and lowest prices were 149 and 147, and on the 16th they were 160 and 154, and on the 18th (the intervening day being the day of the Fenian raid) they were 167 and 155. The fight soon subsided, however, and a decline to 134 closed the year. In 1867 the lowest price was 132, in January, and the highest was 146, in October, and the year closed at 133. The year 1867 showed fluctuations from 147, August, to 134, in December, and 1868 was the panic year. From January to April, 1868, the price was slight but in May there was a rise from 134 to 144, which was lost before Black Friday. On the 23d of September there were signs of a coming storm. It was known that the Jay Gould and Fisk clique were resolved to hoist the premium, and nobody knew what would be the action of the Secretary of the Treasury. Gold sold at 141 (144) in the gold room, and it was said, at 150. On Black Friday the storm broke, and before noon the price had run up to 162. Brokers became madmen, and howled and yelled and jostled like wild beasts. The man lost his mind and fortune together, and was led away from the noisy scene by a policeman. The Secretary of the Treasury had been so anxious to get the gold room to get early news of his action. At noon it came. *Butterfield* was in-

Select Miscellany.

A Good Boy Rewarded.

A good boy of twelve having a tear in his eye and a lump in his throat, shielded in a friendly manner by a teacher, who had a composition to write for school, but to no purpose, he turned to his teacher.

"My father had a time, his mother was sick, and his big sister couldn't even write a love-letter."

"A composition on 'Machinery' is it?" observed Bijah as he reached for his pen.

"My son, I've written millions of compositions, and I'll help you out with the greatest of pleasure. I will now begin:

"There are several kinds of machinery, one of which is a wind-mill. If it wasn't for the wind-mill the world would soon be reduced to barbarism. A boot-jack cannot be classified as machinery, because it has no escape-valve. The same can be said of an extension table. Among the greatest inventions in machinery may be classed the engine, locomotive, saw mill, cider press, buck saw, hair-brush and hand organ. If it wasn't for machinery we'd all have to walk around with our hands in our pockets, and the price of admission to the circus would be a dollar and a half. We must all give credit to inventors. We must speak kind words to them, never steal their wood-piles, and if they die we must feel very sad. This is all about machinery, except that the man who invented it walked around with his pockets filled with gold. Good-by."

"I'll bet the stockings off'n any composition ever read in our school!" he chuckled, as he received it.

"I'll fatter myself it will," replied Bijah, as he stroked his chin in a self-satisfied way, "and I hope that the moral that runs all through it, and sticks on in every chapter, will have a good effect on teachers and scholars. Good-by, my son—remember that the good boy is always rewarded."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Tell a Gentleman.

You should never judge by appearance. The other day a little weazen faced man, wearing a suit of clothes worth about three dollars and a half, went into one of the big hotels and registered himself from Texas, asked for a room, and if breakfast was on the table.

The Olympian clerk gazed at him scornfully for a moment and languidly said: "Any baggage?"

"No."

"In that case," said the clerk, "the rules of the English expatriates insist on the payment in advance."

"Very well," said the guest, hesitatingly, "take two days' board out of this, and from a wad of greenbacks as big as his arm, produced a \$100 note.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the abashed clerk; "but we are so often taken in, and your face being unfamiliar to me, I—"

"No offence," cheerily responded the guest, "business is business, and rules are rules. It does look a little odd to be with-out baggage; but as cattle dealers ain't much on style, and—"

"That's all right, Colonel," said the clerk. "Put up your money; we know a gentleman when we see him. Show the gentleman up to 156. Call for the best in the house, General."

The old man stowed away an ample breakfast; got the clerk to give him small bills for a fifty; inquired where Coolback, the banker, had his office; asked where he had dinner; desired the clerk to tell Mr. Farwell if he called, that he would be back at two o'clock, and then went, and has not been seen since.

The clerk subsequently discovered that the fifty dollar bill was bad, and the sad event has cast a shadow over the hotel office.

He was an artist, and he was sparking the daughter of a retired sea captain. While he was whispering sweet nothings in his sweethearts ear in the dimly lighted parlor, he was paralyzed by the voice of the ancient mariner in the other room: "Cast off that painter!" But she explained that her father was only dreaming that he was on the sea again, and the engagement proceeded.

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, but the faithful kernians pasted on by women folk will stick to it still."

All the postage stamps are gummed by eight girls. Some of 'em put better sticks in 'em than others, says one funny man.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a stout gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.

Can we manage four in hand? asks "Wh