

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. III., No. 18.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1875

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20.

CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.
W. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of furniture. Goods made to order.

Boot and Shoe Makers.
William Bretney, in Leont's building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Bank Street, Leighton, Pa.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will buy and sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased, a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

P. J. MEEHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 4, Dolon's Block,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Can be consulted in German. Jan. 9.

THOMAS S. BECK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.
Conveyancing, Collecting and all business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for first-class Insurance Companies, and Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms. Jan. 9, 1875.

JNO. D. BERTOLETTE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office—First National Bank Bldg. 2nd Floor
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.
May be consulted in German. Apr. 18, 1874

DANIEL KALBUS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Office, above Dolon's Jewelry Store, Broadway.

J. N. DIMMICK,
AUCTIONEER,
East Leighton, Pa.
N.B.—Sales of every description attended to at reasonable charges. The patronage of the public respectfully solicited. Jan. 24, '74.

DR. N. B. REBER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice, Leighton, Pa. Office hours—Parryville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office in Leighton. Nov. 23, '73

EAGLE HOTEL,
N. KLOTZ, PROPRIETOR,
Summit Hill, Carbon Co., Pa.
Best of accommodations. Excellent restaurant underneath. Good stabling attached. Terms moderate.

J. BOYD HENRI,
ARCHITECT,
No. 310 Lackawanna Ave.,
P. O. Lock Box No. 269,
SCRANTON, PA.
Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates giving exact cost of public and private buildings, from the plans to the most elaborate; also Drawings for Stairs, Hand-Rails, &c. July 3

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.
FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings.
Nov. 22, 1873. DAVID EBBERT.

THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
BANK STREET, Leighton, Pa.
Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Leighton and vicinity that I am prepared to do all work in my line in the neatest and most substantial manner, at prices fully as low as the same work can be obtained in Philadelphia. A special assortment of CHILDREN'S and MISSES' WEAR of the best make always on hand. A trial is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
at lowest prices. July 4, 1874.

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
Lebanon Mutual Fire,
Reading Mutual Fire,
Wyoming Fire,
Pottsville Fire,
Lehigh Fire, and the
Travelers' Accident Insurance,
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse
Thief Detective and Insurance Com-
pany. March 29, 1873.

FOR Chapped Hands, Face or Lips,
call at Lent's Drug Store.

BEATTY Piano!
AGENTS WANTED! (Male or Female) to take orders. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

BEATTY Piano!
Send stamp for full information. Price List, &c., to DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Leighton as follows:
5:00 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 9:00 a. m.
7:37 a. m. via L. & S. " " 11:10 a. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. & S. " " 2:15 p. m.
11:02 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:15 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. & S. " " 5:35 p. m.
4:47 p. m. via L. & S. " " 8:20 p. m.
4:44 p. m. via L. V. " " 8:20 p. m.
7:28 p. m. via L. V. " " 10:30 p. m.
Returning, leave depot at Berks and American Street, Phila., at 5:00, 8:30 and 9:45 a. m.; 2:10, 3:30 and 5:15 p. m.
Fare from Leighton to Philadelphia, \$2.55.
No. 1. 1874. ELLIS GARDNER, Agent

CENTRAL R. R. OF N. J.
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
Time Table of Dec. 7, 1874.
Trains leave Leighton as follows:
For New York, Philadelphia, Easton, &c., at 7:37, 11:07 a. m., 2:27, 4:47 p. m.
For Mauch Chunk at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:38, and 9:05 p. m.
For Wilkes Barre and Scranton at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:38 p. m.
Returning—Leave New York, from station Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 5:15, 9:00 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penna' R. R., at 7:00, 9:45 a. m., 2:10, 5:15 p. m.
Leave Leighton at 8:30, 11:45 a. m., 5:55, and 7:15 p. m.
Leave Mauch Chunk at 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 2:20 and 4:40 p. m.
For further particulars, see Time Tables at the Stations.
U. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Passenger Agent,
July 4, 1874.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RR. DIVISION,
Summer Time Table.
On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 28th, 1874, the trains on the Phila. & Erie R. R. Division will run as follows:
WESTWARD.
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia 12:55 p. m.
" Harrisburg 5:09 p. m.
" Sunbury 6:55 p. m.
" Williamsport 8:50 p. m.
" arr. at Lock Haven 10:20 p. m.
" Lehigh Valley 11:30 p. m.
" Harrisburg 4:25 a. m.
" Sunbury 5:30 a. m.
" Williamsport 6:35 a. m.
" Lehigh Valley 7:45 a. m.
" Harrisburg 9:10 a. m.
" arr. at Erie 10:55 a. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 8:00 a. m.
" Harrisburg 1:20 p. m.
" Sunbury 3:10 p. m.
" Williamsport 4:25 p. m.
" arr. at Lock Haven 5:30 p. m.
" Lehigh Valley 6:40 a. m.
" Harrisburg 8:10 a. m.
" Sunbury 9:20 a. m.
" Williamsport 10:30 a. m.
" Lehigh Valley 11:40 a. m.
" Harrisburg 1:10 p. m.
" arr. at Erie 2:50 a. m.
EASTWARD.
PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven 9:30 a. m.
" Sunbury 11:45 a. m.
" Williamsport 1:20 p. m.
" Harrisburg 3:10 p. m.
" arr. at Philadelphia 4:40 a. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 9:20 p. m.
" Lock Haven 10:50 a. m.
" Sunbury 12:40 p. m.
" Williamsport 2:40 p. m.
" Harrisburg 4:40 a. m.
" Philadelphia 6:30 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Lock Haven 9:45 a. m.
" Harrisburg 1:10 p. m.
" Sunbury 3:05 p. m.
" Williamsport 4:55 p. m.
" arr. at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie 4:05 p. m.
" Harrisburg 5:25 p. m.
" Williamsport 6:50 p. m.
" Sunbury 8:40 p. m.
" Harrisburg 10:55 p. m.
" Philadelphia 12:50 a. m.

Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. R. W. and at Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.
Mail West connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. R. W. and at Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.
Mail and Buffalo Express makes close connections at Williamsport with N. O. R. W. and north, and at Harrisburg with N. C. R. W. trains south.
WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

\$1000 REWARD for an incurable case of Catarrh. After having suffered, dizziness, purged, hawking and gagged to your entire satisfaction in your useless endeavor to get relief from catarrh, use Briggs' Alleviator according to directions. The filthy mass of mucus will be immediately expelled, and the inflamed surface soothed. The eyes will be bright, the head free from pain, and hope revived, for a cure is sure to follow the use of this agreeable, scientific and reliable remedy.

Coughs! MUCH has been said and written, and many remedies have been offered for the relief and cure of this and lung disease, but nothing has been so consistently successful, or obtained such a wide celebrity, as Briggs' Throat and Lung Healer.

Corns! The excruciating pain produced by corns, the unnecessary suffering from Bunions, the piercing, distressing pain from Ingrowing Nails, cannot be described. Thousands suffer, not knowing there is a cure. Briggs' Corn and Bunion Healer, or the acid or potash compound, but are reliable, soothing, and effectual, and justify merit the success they have earned from an appreciative public. The Curative is a healing ointment; immediate relief is obtained by its application, and it will positively cure the worst cases of festering corns, inflamed and ulcerated bunions, the most intractable, the largest and deepest Ingrowing Nails, the most obstinate callouses on the sides and heels of the feet, unyielding in the case of children in or frosted feet. The Alleviator for ordinary corns and preventing their formation is absolutely unexcelled by anything ever known. Ask for Briggs' Remedies. Take no other.

Piles! IT'S ALL VERY WELL, those not troubled to think it nothing to have Piles. For this reason, the unfortunate sufferer gets very little sympathy. The opening of Piles is not or cannot be much worse than the torture endured by millions who are troubled with internal bleeding, external and itching piles, Glad Tidings for sufferers. Briggs' Pile Remedies are mild, safe and sure.

Corns! ARE THE MOST PLEASANT, and a supply, from the three year old child to the grand old man of a hundred; stylish, handsome young ladies who daily promenade in high-heeled shoes; middle-aged matrons; old maids, dressed up to appear young and gay; dancers, with their patent-leathers, and venerable walking sticks; the clergyman, merchant, clerk, artisan and mechanic, of all ages and stations, have a full supply of corns, bunions, bad nails, and other blemishes of the feet, all of which are banished and cured by the use of Briggs' Corn and Bunion Remedies, Alleviator and Curative. Sold by

A. J. DURLING, Druggist,
Leighton, Pa.
May 9.—1874 ly.

THE People of Leighton and vicinity, unite in testifying that at A. J. DURLING'S Drug and Family Medicine Store, PURE, FRESH and UNADULTERATED MEDICINES can always be found.

Caught by Telegraph.

During the winter of 1869, I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at D—, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Omaha runs through D—, and the great irregular night trains, and constant danger of collisions resulting therefrom, rendered the position of night operator by no means an easy one. It may be well to mention here, as necessary to the following story—that besides the railroad office, there was also at D— a business office of the Union Company. This we always spoke of as the "down-town office."

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and for a wonder idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair listening to the wind outside and reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation. The eastern train had crossed the river more than an hour ago; all the depot officials had gone off home, and so far as I knew I was entirely alone in the vast building.

Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had occurred fifty miles up the river on the previous night. Three rafts-men, well known as desperate characters in that vicinity, had entered the cottage of one Matthews, a farmer living in an isolated spot—had butchered the farmer and his children, terribly maltreated his wife, and then departed as they came, having taken with them whatever plunder was handy. What interested me most was a full description, for purposes of identification, of the chief of the villainous trio, Tim Lynch.—Here it is:

\$500 reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the Matthews tragedy. Lynch is a remarkably large man, six feet four inches in height, very heavy, and broad across the shoulders. Eyes greenish gray, with a deep scar across the right eye.—Hair white, black, and beard of same color. When first seen he was dressed in black Kossuth hat, faded army overcoat, pants of grey jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts.

(Signed) Sheriff of—County.

At the very instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stair, and then the door opened and there entered—Tim Lynch! The moment I set eyes upon him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all his life. The army overcoat and grey pants tucked into the heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders, the slouched hat pulled down over his right eye to conceal—I was sure—the scar, above all a desperate, hunted look in his forbidding countenance—all were not to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had stepped forward, pulled off his hat to show the scar, and told me his name.

To say that I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone in the depot with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force or habit, I arose and asked him to be seated.—While he turned to comply, I succeeded in conquering my agitation to some extent. He drew a chair noisily forward, and sitting down threw open his coat, displaying by so doing a heavy navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, and spoke:

'Young feller,' he said, motioning with his hand toward the battery, 'thet thar mached in wat yer call a tellygram, I s'spose?'

'Well,' I answered with a faint smile, intending to be conciliatory, 'that's what we send telegrams by.'

'Wal, I want you to send a message to a friend o' mine out in Cohoe. I tell you aforehand I hain't got no collateral. But I kinder guess you'd better trust me, young feller.' (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt) 'I'll fetch it in ter-morrow if it's convenient.'

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end by his friend.

'Umph! Plague little you'll got o' Jim, I reckon. Howsumdover, you proceed.'

'What is the message, and to whom is it to go?'

'I want you to tell Jim Fellers, of Cohoe, that the bull quif here las' night, an' ther sheep'll be close on his heels.'

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as if he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:

'I suppose you are a dealer in stock and this is your partner? Ah, sir, the telegraph helps you fellows out of many a sharp bargain.'

'Ya'as,' he answered slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. 'Ya'as, that's 'um. I'm sendin' down a lot o' stock. Bought it dog cheap over in Genesee, yisterday. Purty lot as ever you see.'

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office, we often sent business messages; and if I did as usual now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble.—But in the short conversation with him I had somewhat recovered from my first alarm, and I now conceived the idea of attempting to capture Tim Lynch.

I was only a poor salaried operator, trying to save enough to marry in a spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the elat of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here I was alone in the depot with a man big enough to whip his weight in such little men as I was several times over. Any attempt to secure him single-handed was not to be thought of. But could I not excuse myself, and going out fasten him? No; well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine would be peremptorily objected to by him. What then?

'Why, simply this, I would telegraph to the down-town station. But alas! That very day the connection between the two offices had been cut for repairs. It was seldom used at any time of course. But what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more time.'

All these thoughts went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he arose and came to my side.

'Look a here, young feller,' he hissed in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, 'perhaps you mean fair enough—I hope ye do, for yer own sake. But I don't understand nothin' 'bout them tellygrams, and I jest want ter tell ye that you'd better be squar'—for by the Eternal Godd ef ye go back on me, I'll stretch you on this yer floor as stiff as I did any man yit, and I felt the cold muzzle of his revolver on my neck. Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but I was still unmoved in my resolution, as I replied:

'Never fear, sir; 'I'll tell him all about the stock.' He muttered something to himself, and still remained standing over me.

You have heard perhaps how much character and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch. Why, there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell at the instant, without ever making a mistake, who it was signaling. You could tell if a man was nervous from his telegraphing just as well as you could from his hand writing. The call that I sent hurrying across the State to Council Bluffs, must have rung out upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

'C. B. Are you there?' was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then with trembling hand, I rattled off my message: 'For the love of God, telegraph to our down town office at once. Tell them that Tim Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help.'

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise, and then came the response: 'All right!' which assured me I need not repeat.

'Wal,' growled the deep voice of Lynch, 'are you going to send my message?'

'I have sent it, sir.'

'What! Does all that tellyn mean what I told you?'

'Yes, and if you will wait fifteen or twenty minutes, you'll get an answer.'

'Wal, I dunno as I want an answer, Jim, he'll understand it all right.'

'But I'll tell you soon whether he's there or not. Sit down.'

So Lynch reluctantly took his seat, looking around at the doors and windows once in a while in an uneasy way. I was determined now to take him, at any cost; and I verily believed I should have planned myself in his path had he insisted upon going now.

'Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick!' the battery called out, and I listened to the message. 'Keep cool. Gould has gone for the police. Strange it was, wasn't it? That I should sit there and talk through two hundred and fifty miles of space with a man not half a mile from me.'

'What's thet signerfy?' inquired my companion, as the tickin' ceased; and I replied that the clerk at Cohoe, had just written out the message and sent it out. He seemed satisfied and settled back in his chair, where he sat in sullen silence, his jaws going up and down, as he chewed his weed.

O, how slowly the minutes crept along. The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many months. My companion seemed nervous too. He moved uneasy in his chair.

'Ain't it about time ye heard from Jim?' he asked at length.

'We shall get word from him in a few moments now,' I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:

'I don't believe I'll wait any more. I've got to see a man at the Pennsylvania House, and he'll be abed ef I don't git thar pretty soon.'

'Hold on a moment, and I'll see what they are up to,' I cried hastily, and I touched the key again. 'Make haste, was my message, I shall lose him if you do not. Not a moment to spare.'

Straightaway came the reply, short but encouraging: 'A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago. Thank Heaven! They ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch and thought of the five hundred dollars.

'Wal, what's the word?' he growled impatiently.

'Your friend is coming,' I answered for want of a better reply.

'Comin'! Comin'! Whar?' 'Coming to the office of Cohoe. He probably has an answer for you.'

'An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for? Lynch stood in stupid thought for a moment and then he looked at me with a dangerous light in his eye.

'Look a here, young feller,' he cried, 'it's my private opinion you're lyin' to me. And ef ye are—here he uttered a horrible oath—'I'll cut yer skulkin' heart out. I don't know anything 'bout thet thar masheen, but I swear Jim Fellers hain't got nothin' to answer. More like he'd git up and scatter when he heard thet message.'

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words, his hand on his revolver. I cannot account for it. As I before remarked, I am a timid man by nature. But his action only made me bolder. Everything depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at any cost. I tried a new plan.

'What do you mean, sir? I shouted rising, by coming into this office and talking in that style? Do you think I'll endure it? Leave this room at once, sir, or I'll—' and I advanced threateningly toward him. My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else, but it silenced his suspicions. He put his hands in his pockets and delivered a loud laugh in my face.

'Wal, wal, my bantam, ye needn't git so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had such spunk? Haw! haw! haw! Why I could chew you up 'thout makin' two bites of ye.'

'Well, sir,' I said, still apparently unmollified, 'either sit down and hold your tongue, or else leave this office.' And he good naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking of the clock as the minutes dragged their slow length around. Would help never come? Three minutes more! Great Heavens! The suspense was becoming intolerable. I must go to the stair and listen if I die for it. I arose and took a step toward the door, but a voice stopped me.

'Hold! shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicious arose once more, 'yer can't go out of thet door afore me. Come back here!'

'Sir!'

'Come back here, or by the Eternal—and the pistol muzzle looked me in the face. He stood now half turned from the door and I was facing it. Slowly without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! Help had come! I felt a joy uncontrollable come over me. I must keep the murderer's attention an instant longer till some one could spring upon him from behind. I walked straight up to him, but his quick ear had caught a moment behind. As he turned with an oath I sprang upon him, and bore down his arm just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself harmlessly in the floor. Before he could free himself from my grasp, half a dozen officers were upon him and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer, and praises of my conduct. The principal business men of the town made up a purse of five hundred dollars and presented it to me; and this, with the reward that was paid me the following week, enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I shudder at the remembrance of that half hour, I spent alone with Tim Lynch; and I don't think one thousand dollars would tempt me to go through it again.

Love-Making in Louisville.

A dapper young railroad, while wending his way homeward from Liberty Hall on Friday night, was entertained a moment by the tender gushings of a couple fresh from the exhortations of the evangelists. They were so deeply interested in themselves that they either did not notice, or paid no attention, to his approach. The subject under discussion was the accident to Mr. Will S. Hays, and the prayers offered up for his safety. Scene, Fourth street, between Green and Jefferson. Time the witching hour of ten or thereabouts.

Said George unto his Beckey: 'If your husband were to receive a fall similar to that of Mr. Hays, would you solicit prayers in his behalf?'

Beckey—'Why, Mr.—, how can you say such a thing? You know very well that I have no husband.'

George—'Oh, adorable one, say that you love me, and that you will be all mine!'

Beckey—'Oh, I do, dearest George.' Something awoke the echo of the stilly night, and the dapper young railroad leaped into the shadow across the street, appreciating the fellow's courtship experience when 'twas are company and three a crowd.'—Courier-Journal.

A Court Scene in Nashville.

The stolen goods were now brought into the court creating a good deal of talk. The cases having been continued, Capt. Yater made an incidental remark concerning the burglar's tools found in G. W. Zachery's room, when that individual told Yater that he was a "damned thief." Capt. Yater asked him what he meant, whereupon Zachery repeated the epithet. Yater instantly struck him on the forehead and drew a pistol. Mel Zachery immediately came to the help of his brother, and the pistol having become cocked in the scuffle, pointed it toward Yater's breast. City Marshal D. H. Pittman rushed to Yater's assistance, and catching the pistol, inserted his thumb under the hammer just as it descended. But for this providential circumstance the deadly cartridge would have perhaps, at once and forever ended the career of the captain of police. During the struggle the stove was knocked over, and a spectator immediately sat down with sudden force upon the bed of red-hot coals, but remembering just then that he had an important engagement, with a man down the street he forsook his seat and fled away to see his friend. One of the Justices being in range of the weapon, dodged under the desk, the other fortified himself behind a couple of chairs, while the clerk ensconced himself in one of the pigeon holes.—Nashville Banner.

—An Annapolis man rode clear to Savannah to lick a fellow who called him a liar, and the undertaker said he never seen a dead man look so much like a quarter of beef.

—When the postmaster of Vicksburg was on his dying bed the other day, twenty-eight men hurried past the house with petitions praying that they might be postmaster.