

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

L. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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Western, "	at	10.00 o'clock, P. M.

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Western, daily,	at	8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, "	at	8 o'clock, P. M.

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Phila. Express	9.55 A. M.
Fast Line	10.33 P. M.
Mail Train	9.02 P. M.
Altoona Accom.	4.32 P. M.
Phila. Express	8.40 P. M.
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Auditor—Joshua D. Parrish.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

F. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

S. of T.—Highland Division No. 84 805 of S. of T. meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

Life's Lot.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me with the billow's smile,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.

Under the Sea.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but among the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however.—We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly, struck a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one moment, destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked on our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

So deep was the water that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface, to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our abilities. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward, toward the south, and rising slightly, toward the north. Looking forward then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should proceed there.

Walking onward, along the bottom of the sea, above us like a black cloud in the sea we could see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water.—And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet, we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck.—But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed: we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over.—We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on!

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and, in some places, were covered by marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation.—We passed onward, and clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion—there she lay upright, with every thing still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clambered up her side. There was a low

moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swiftly approaching danger. What was to be done, must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin.—I went forward, to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here, all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly, I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

"Pshaw! it's only Rimmer. I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upwards; I sprang out on the deck.

It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver? I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door. I entered the forward-saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin and entered—

Oh, God of heaven!

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot.—For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped upon one another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each wild death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically at the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me they were looking! They were gazing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes which still gazed, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning; for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more feish than the others; for his long, black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down—and his beard and mustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with tenfold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seem-

ed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise.

My weights could not be loosed—I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my passage-way through the machine rooms. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer! The thought flashed across me. He was not here. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down in the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for it all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs, into the lower-hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. The aperture was closed!

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer in his panic-flight, blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprang towards me—?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den of horrors.—I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong-tube, and kept strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to pry it up; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in, to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had raised it four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side.

I ran around to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door. But when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible; for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then tumbled upon her side.

I rose; I turned up the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after, the mass went over back again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea-captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

A clerk down east having one morning in church proclaimed the ban of matrimony between a "gal" and her "feller," was followed by the clergyman reading a hymn of Watt's beginning thus: "Mistaken souls, who dream of Heaven."

A man passing through a gateway in the dark, bit his nose against the post. "I wish that post was in hell," said he.—"Better wish it somewhere else," coolly remarked a bystander; "you might run against it again."

A Lesson Come Down From John Tyler's Times.

The Trenton, N. J., *Union Sentinel*, whereof Charles W. Jay is editor, gives the following lively reminiscence of John Tyler's times. The lesson contained could be profitably learned by Andrew Johnson:—

"The present peculiar position of the President of the United States recalls to our mind some incidents of personal experience many years now gone by, when that political rinderpest, the 'Tyler grip' proved so fatal to many of the politicians of that day. For the benefit of the rising generation, and as a warning to men in office, we propose a hasty resume of our recollections of that interesting period.

"Four weeks after the inauguration of General Harrison, the Southern secessionists compassed his death by poison, (as they afterward did that of General Taylor by the same means, and that of Abraham Lincoln by assassination,) and John Tyler became President by virtue of a constitutional provision. His first official act of national import was the veto of an act of Congress for the establishment of a United States bank. This deed placed him in general opposition to the party that had elected him, and whose principles and objects were well understood when he accepted the nomination of Vice President at their hands. Hereupon the shrewd Democratic managers commenced their game of 'divide and conquer.' They called meetings all over the country to endorse his course of 'honest John Tyler,' just as they now do that of 'honest Andy Johnson,' and with precisely the same object.

"Through the efforts of Commodore Stockton and James S. Green, the old Trenton *Emporium* (now the *True American*) was purchased and run by Jim Zabrickis and Captain Jo. Yard as the Tyler machine of New Jersey. A Tyler State convention was then called, letters of special invitation were sent out to a few Democratic office-hungry individuals in the different counties to report as delegates! We at that time were a young man not entitled to a vote, and had just returned home from a three years' wandering in the West. The letter appointing us a delegate simply informed us that the convention was intended to 'inaugurate measures of vital importance to the welfare of the Democratic party.' This august convocation assembled at night, at the court-house in this city. Dr. John M'Kelway, then postmaster of Trenton, presided, and James S. Green, of Princeton, was the principal speaker. Jim Hardenburg, a young lawyer of New Brunswick, and afterward mayor of San Francisco, and ourself were among the secretaries. As soon as we saw the Democratic cat under the Tyler meal we protested to Hardenburg, in a whisper, against the movement. Jim whispered back: 'Don't say a d—d word! There isn't one of us here would vote for Tyler for dog-whipper, but we might as well have the offices away from the bloody Whigs.'

"Let Andy Johnson make a note of this little reminiscence. All the Johnson Democrats now want is the offices away from the 'bloody radicals.'

"Well, a few days after this, a meeting was called at the Cross Keys, about four miles from this city, to which everybody who was 'in favor of sustaining the policy of John Tyler' were invited. We were announced as the only speaker! Proud pre-eminence! But we were only a boy then, and believed that anything that would advance the success of the Democratic party must be morally and politically right.

"When the night for the meeting arrived and the hour with it, the 'sturdy yeomanry of the township' were on hand to the number of five, all told. The agricultural Democracy of that day were honest, and would lend themselves to no swindle. In a short time two wagon loads of office-holders in expectancy arrived from Trenton. Desperate efforts were made to get one of the Democrats of the township to preside, but all thus approached spured the proposal with scorn. They even strongly protested against the meeting being held at all, and threatened to expose the whole affair in the Trenton papers if the experiment was not abandoned. And abandoned it was. No meeting was organized. But the subscriber and the two wagon loads of 'Tyler Democrats' from Trenton sneaked into a back room, and we addressed them in our 'usual happy manner.'

"We started for home, about four miles off, on foot, feeling very much like a young thief with his first stolen chicken under his arm, while the two wagon loads of 'sustainers of the President's policy' of financial reconstruction turned their faces toward Trenton, sadder and madder men. On their way back one of the members of the forlorn hope happened to remember that the resolutions had been forgotten.—A halt was called. A tallow candle was borrowed from the alarmed inmates of a wayside cottage, the resolutions read in the road,

"By the lantern dimly burning,
and passed without a dissenting voice amid loud and prolonged cheering."

"The next week a large package of the *Madisonian*, the Washington organ of John Tyler, (as Tom Florence's *Union* now is of Andy Johnson,) arrived in Trenton. On opening one of the copies the following blinding announcement astounded our vision:

"TREMENDOUS OUTFLOWING OF THE PEOPLE!
"TWENTY THOUSAND JERSEYMEN IN COUNCIL!
"THE POLICY OF THE PRESIDENT SUSTAINED!
"GREAT SPEECH OF GEN. C. W. JAY, OF OHIO!
"UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM!"

"Then followed an account of the meeting, resolutions, &c.

"Dear reader, this is no burlesque of ours, but a sober recital of the facts as they actually occurred. All that we have here related were a boyish actor in. This is the way the Democrats Tylerized honest John Tyler! Let honest Andy Johnson be warned in time. Tyler turned all his real friends out of office, and gave their places to his enemies. These enemies made the President believe that the Democratic party would nominate him for re-election at the national convention of 1844. (Pause again, Andy Johnson, and see how history repeats itself.) 'Honest John' was kicked out of that convention *à la posterior*, and has been the scorn and derision of all men of all parties ever since. (Another point for sober reflection, 'Honest Andy.')

"We forgot to mention one of the most important results of the meeting at the Cross Keys. A short time after the flaming account of that glorious affair appeared in the columns of the *Madisonian*, Colonel Sam. Kay, now of the old United States Hotel, Major Jo. Cunningham, of the Tremont House, Jim. Glover, Henry Boswell, and one or two others, whose names do not now occur to us, were snugly anchored in the New York custom-house on three dollars a day and roast beef. William Grant, Sr., was appointed purser on the ill-fated frigate Somers.—All these lucky individuals belonged to the two wagons that went from Trenton to the meeting. We believe that Major Cunningham held the candle by the roadside cottage while the resolutions were being read. The subscriber, as usual, got nothing for his valuable services.

"We intend to send a copy of this on to Andy Johnson, in hope that he will become a permanent subscriber to the *Sentinel*. Terms, two dollars in advance. We say in advance, for after the veto of the civil rights bill we don't feel like trusting even the President of the United States."

THE OLD GUARD OF NAPOLEON.

After the treaty of peace of Tilsit the most friendly intercourse existed between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia, and they were often seen riding or walking together without an escort. On one occasion as the two Emperors were leaving the palace, arm in arm, Alexander's attention was attracted by the appearance of a grenadier of the Old Guard, who stood sentry at the gate. This war worn veteran had his face literally divided by a scar of a sabre cut, extending from above the left eye brow to the right side of the chin. Noticing Alexander's look of surprise, Napoleon remarked: "What do you think, brother, of soldiers who survive such wounds?"

"And, you, brother," replied the Russian Emperor, "what do you think of the soldiers who inflicted these wounds?"

Before Napoleon could find a suitable answer to this home thrust, the old soldier, who stood at "present arms" as stiff as a statue, growled audibly from under his grizzled mustache, and without moving a muscle:

"They are dead, those?"

"Ah! brother," said Alexander, laughing, "here again the victory is yours!"

"It is," replied Napoleon, "because here again my Old Guard stood by me."

A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at a whipping-post, in an English town. The culprit, instead of bowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the officer lay on with bolder force. On giving him the twentieth blow the angry officer could stand it no longer.

"Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can tickle no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny?" roared the other, "why, it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith! I ain't the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one! Now you'll have to do it all over again. Really, it's too good! You must lick the other man! Ha! ha!"

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A girl, on being asked to unite herself in the silken tie, tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying.

"Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate.

The damsel blushed a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and with a modest blush said:

"Wouldn't April do as well?"

The English "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" are advertising "Hymns for use during the cattle plague, with music." They are probably to be sung to "the tune the old cow died on."

Grass was six inches high along the Kansas river on the 1st.

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