

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, } EDITORS.
ED. JAMES.

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

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August 13, 1868.

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Nocturne.

Dear Night, from the hills return!
Darkness hath passed away,
And I see the flush of morning burn
Over the mountains gray.
My life is like a song
That a bird sings in its sleeping;
Or a hidden stream that flows along
To the sound of its own soft weeping.
Sunlight is made for care,
For the weary, languid day,
When the locust cymbals beat the air,
And the hot winds cease to play.
But Night rolls dark and still,
Oblivion's faded river,
In whose sweet silence the restless Will
Sleeps, and would sleep forever.
Shrill in the rustled maize
The boding cricket cries,
And thro' the East, where the dawn delays,
Seaward the wild duck flies:
Nook comes with brazen glare,
Stiffening earth's song with splendor,
To drink the mists from the glittering air,
And dew from the blossoms tender.
But when the Night comes on,
With cool and quiet signs,
To shed fond thoughts on his soul alone,
And rest in the tear-stained eyes,
I lie beneath the stars,
And life from their light is given,
Till my dreams escape from mortal wars
And sleep on the shores of heaven.

"Our Gal."

I must write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks, and the description of "our gal," as Harry calls her.
Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with most hearty welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was and am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but we have always boarded until now, and when I started in my pretty house, with two good girls, and everything new, I fancied clock-work would be a mere wandering vagrant compared with the regularity of my proceedings.
"Twice on a Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chambermaid came up with a rueful countenance.
"If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm going," she said.
"Going!" I exclaimed. "Where?"
"To leave, ma'am. Home. I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by."
"But you can lie down here if you are sick."
"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn."
"A turn?"
"Yes. I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel 'em coming."
Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did. I went into the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect terrier, and to my utter amazement she wheeled round with the cry—
"Gone! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?"
"Certainly."
"To-day?"
"How can I get a girl on Sunday?"
"And to-morrow is wash-day!" Well, I'm not going to stay to do all the work. You'll either get another girl early to-morrow or I'll leave!"
"You'll leave now, in the shortest space of time it takes to go from here to the door," cried Harry from the sitting-room, where he had overheard us.
With many insolent speeches, she departed, and inconvenient as it was, I was glad to see her go.
Of course there was no church, and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he was, took off his coat and came down to help me, with an assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tone she did one instant longer. It was a merry day. Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by care, and not the weight of years. He peeled potatoes so beautifully that they were about as big as bullets, after he had taken off the skin an inch thick all around. Pies were the only article of cookery with which I was well acquainted, so I made a meat-pie, two apple pies, and short-cake for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock. It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing. Harry was in the bath-room refreshing himself, when I discovered that the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day, so I took the scuttle and went down in the cellar myself, laughing to think how he would scold when he knew it. I am not strong, but I filled the big scuttle, and tugging away with both hands, started up stairs.
I was at the top, my labor nearly over, when somehow, I cannot tell how, I lost my balance. I reeled over, and the heavy thing came with me, down to the bottom

of the stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I heard Harry's call, and then fainted. I know now, though I did not then, how he lifted me in his strong arms, and carried me up stairs, and the touch of the cold water which he poured over me is the next thing I remember. As soon as I was conscious and able to speak, I let him go for the doctor, lamenting that mother and Lou were both out of town for the summer.
Well, well; it was a weary night; no time to scold, Harry said, so he petted, nursed, and tended me, till my heart ached with its fullness of love and gratitude. Morning found me, my fractured ankle in a box, lying helpless in bed, and Harry promised to send me a girl immediately. So, after this long prelude, I come to "our gal." Oh! I must tell you how Harry made me a slice of buttered toast for breakfast by buttering the bread on both sides and then toasting it.
It was about nine o'clock when my new girl came. Harry had given her a new latch-key, so she entered and came up to my door. Her knock was the first peculiar that startled me—one rap, loud as a pistol-shot, and as abrupt.
"Come in!"
With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition. Stop a moment! I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was uniformly red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But oh! how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them? She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a hwy and really not ungraceful courtesy.
"Madam," she said in a deep voice, "your most obedient."
"You are—" I said questioningly—
"Your humble servant."
This was not "getting on" a bit; so I said—
"You are the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence Office?"
"I am that woman," she said, with a flourish of her shawl; "and here is my certificate of merit;" and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another step and stop, until she reached my bedside, she laid down the paper with a low bow, and then, stepping back three steps she stood waiting for me to read it, with hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death-warrant.
It was a well-written, properly worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I would endure to wait.
"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with the stride and stop.
"My name is Mary," she said, in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her gaiters.
"Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes."
Oh, if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb into the brush as if she were saying "Die, traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were fagots for a funeral flame. She gave the curtains a sweep with her hands as if she were putting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit snuffing a tyrant in his power.
But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and arranging my hair and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for an eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own comfort and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the door-bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.
Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was—
"How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?"
"In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied—
"What man art thou?"
"Is the woman crazy?" cried the doctor.
"Lay not that flattering unctious to your soul!" cried Mary.
"If'm—yes—" said the doctor, musingly; then in his own cheery, brisk tones he added: "you are the new servant, I suppose?"

"Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."
"H'm. Well now, in plain English, go tell her I am here."
"I go and it is done!" was the reply, and with the slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon at my door. "Ma'am, the doctor waits!" she said, standing with one arm out in a grand attitude.
"Let him come up," I said, choking with laughter.
She went down again.
"Sir, from my mistress I have lately come, to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within your chamber for your coming."
Is it to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment?
"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked.
"Harry sent her from the office."
"Stage-struck evidently, though where she picked up the fifth-cut-actress manner remains to be seen."
The professional art of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—when I the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm—
"The butcher, madam!"
I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum-book with intense gravity.
"Well, Mary," I said, "he is not waiting?"
"The dinner waits!" she replied.—
"Shall I prepare the viands as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?"
"Cook them as you will, but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."
"Between the strokes 'twill wait his appetite." And with another sweeping curtsy she left the room, the door, as usual after her exit, standing wide open. She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table in my room. I was beginning to let my keen sense of the ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, straggling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes and behold the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing for death, which she poured out the water was elegant. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.
Not one mouthful would she bring to me till she had made it as dainty as could be; mashing my potatoes with the movement of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment that she brought it to me, all the affectation dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kind hearted.
It took but one day to find that we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epicure; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her punctual and trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful kindness. Sometimes, when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smooth my hair softly, and her voice became almost musical in its low murmurings of "Poor child! poor little child!" I think her large, strong frame, and consciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness in her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.
I often questioned her about her former places, and discovered to my utter amazement that she never was in a theater, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.
I had become so used to her manner, and no longer feared that she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunken man in the street called out, with a yell that was really startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out, and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out in a voice of perfect horror.
"Gracious heavens! What hideous screams is those?"
Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face only increased the fun.
"Go down, Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at last.
To see her brandish a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfect unconsciousness of doing anything out of the way.
Harry found out the explanation. She had lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor, who wished to bury the

knowledge of their past life, and who never mentioned the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they had made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imitated, and poor Mary had unconsciously fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way into the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long may she remain "our gal."

Bread.

Holy Writ assures us that bread is the staff of life; and our daily experience fully proves the truth of the assertion. But it is not enough to procure this staff of life in sufficient quantity; the excellence of its quality is also of great importance. The strong, healthy man may perhaps eat poor bread without experiencing any inconvenience, but the delicate child, or the invalid whose impaired digestion requires great care in diet, cannot pay too much attention to the quality. Bread is indeed to them the staff of life. The superior nutritious properties of bread have been disputed, but the doubt has been dispelled by some chemical researches made in France, testing the comparative nutriment of various edibles.
Messrs. Percy and Vanguelin have discovered that bread contains 80 nutritious parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92; common beans, 79; peas, 93; cabbages and turnips contain only 8 parts solid matter in 100 pounds; while 100 pounds of potatoes contain 25 pounds of solid substance. And as a general result, the scientific reporters estimate 1 pound of good bread is equal to 2½ or 3 pounds of good potatoes. An alarming statement to many of us, who have supposed potatoes quite equal to bread in nutriment.—The Irish, whose food in the old country chiefly consists of potatoes and milk, might find bread quite as cheap food if they could raise the wheat. Potatoes also give a flabbiness to the muscular system.
The word bread is derived from brayed grain, from the verb to bray or pound; indicative of the old method of preparing the flour. Dough comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *deagan*, to wet, to moisten. Loaf is from the Anglo-Saxon *lif-ian*, to raise, to lift up, as raised bread. Leaven is derived from the French word *lever*, to raise, as the Saxon word *lifian*.
The superiority of good home-made bread has long been acknowledged, yet how few families really make good bread! All bakers use alum, which is injurious to the health, and causes indigestion in delicate persons. But the alum benefits the baker in several ways; it causes his loaves to separate evenly and without trouble, and increases the weight of the loaf, as it makes the flour absorb more water; therefore, a four-pound loaf of baker's bread will contain less nourishment than a loaf of home-made bread of equal weight. Economy should make every woman her own bread-maker. The alum also imparts a better color to the flour, and conceals any unpleasant odor arising from damaged flour. Baker's bread dries much quicker than home-made. The reason is that alum is what chemists call an efflorescent salt, that is, it dries by exposure to the air; common salt is deliquescent, that is, it attracts moisture from the air, and therefore bread which contains salt only will keep moist much longer than that which contains alum. These are certainly good reasons why every woman should make her own bread, or have it made in her kitchen.
We propose to give a few recipes for bread-making that will not fail. First we will give a recipe for making yeast. The yeast bought at the door is not always of good quality. The recipe given for hop yeast has been tested for 20 years and rarely fails; never, if the yeast jug is perfectly sweet and the yeast properly made. Boil in a porcelain or copper tinned kettle, two large handfuls of hops, tied in a cloth, six large potatoes, sliced thin, in six quarts of water. When the potatoes are very soft, skim them out, and either rub through a colander or mash fine on a plate. Take out the hops, squeeze dry, and hang away for another time, as they can be used twice. Keep the water boiling, mix one and one-half pints of wheat flour to a smooth batter with cold water, and one tablespoonful of ginger, two of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt; mix in the mashed potatoes, stir all into the boiling water, and boil ten minutes. Turn into a six-quart tin pan. When milk-warm to the touch, add one teaspoonful of yeast. Let it rise over night, then put into a stone jug.
This yeast will keep, in a cellar, perfectly good for six weeks. A large teaspoonful will make two large loaves of bread. Be sure to reserve a teaspoonful to raise the yeast with the next time. Always scald the jug thoroughly and keep water in it over night, with a tablespoonful of saleratus stirred into it. This will sweeten the yeast. It takes a larger quantity of this yeast to raise bread, biscuit, or muffins than of distillery yeast, but the effect is quite as good.
To make bread of first-rate quality, the sponge should be laid over night. Bread that has been raised three times is much the best. It is of a firm, even texture, has no fissures or cracks, and the slice presents an even surface. Here is a recipe that

rarely fails: Take one quart of new milk, add boiling water sufficient enough to make it warm to the touch. (Water can be substituted for the milk, but bread made without milk dries more rapidly.)—Add one teaspoonful of salt, stir in three quarts of flour and one teaspoonful of distillery yeast. Mix well together, then sprinkle flour all round the edges of the batter or sponge, leaving a small space in the middle uncovered. Set in a warm place to rise, covering with a pan. In summer the sponge will be ready to mold over before breakfast. Mix it up thick that it can be kneaded well, and knead it half an hour or more. Chopping it with a chopping knife adds to its lightness and porosity. When well kneaded, sprinkle flour on the bottom of the pan (thickly, put in the dough, and set it away for half an hour or more, but watch it closely.—(Bread making should be most carefully tended, as any neglect ruins the whole.—If allowed to rise too much its sweetness is gone, and though saleratus will take away the acidity, its aroma and flavor are destroyed.) When light enough, turn out on the molding board and knead thoroughly; divide into two loaves, reserving a portion for biscuit, so that the new-made loaves may not be cut that day. Mold well, put in the pans, let it rise in a warm place fifteen minutes, then bake in a hot oven. If the oven be hot, the bread will lose less weight in baking than when the oven is slack. The batter can be baked in the morning in muffin rings, and makes delicious breakfast cakes, better than hot biscuit.
Bread made with potatoes is very nice; if the flour is not of St. Louis brand it improves its quality: Boil three large potatoes, well pared, or six good sized ones; rub them through a colander into your bread pan. Rinse them through the colander with a pint of boiling water; add one quart of milk. Stir in half a pint of flour, and when the liquor is cool enough add a teaspoonful of home-made yeast; set it in a warm place. If this is done after dinner—using the potatoes left from the table—the sponge will be ready for more flour by 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening.—Now mix to a stiff batter, sprinkle flour over it, set it to rise. In the morning knead into a stiff dough, let it rise well, then knead again, put into pans, let it rise 15 to 20 minutes, and bake in a hot oven.
All bread, biscuit or doughnuts raised with yeast should rise after being kneaded before they are baked. If put into the oven or fried directly they are never light. The dough has had no opportunity to recover its elasticity, and cannot be as good. Common-sized loaves of bread will bake in three-quarters of an hour, provided the oven is of proper heat.
Palatable as good wheat bread is, there is no doubt that eating it entirely is not conducive to health. Rye, Indian meal and coarse flour make bread that is better adapted to the development of the muscles. Boston brown bread is much used, and is far better for young children than bread made of superfine flour. It is easily made: Take two quarts of Indian meal, sifted, one quart of rye meal or Graham flour, one large spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of home-made yeast, or half the quantity of brewer's yeast. Mix with hot water as stiff as one can stir it, let it rise one hour, bake in deep earthen or iron pots, which are made purposely. To avoid the thick crust produced by baking so long, boil it four hours and bake one, removing the cover before setting it into the oven.
Good bread and butter cannot be made without some experience and intelligence. Upon their quality depends half the comfort of the table, and yet full half the people in this country never taste them in perfection.—Springfield Republic.

OUT WEST, a stump orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said: "I have heard some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise moment one human being dies, another is born, and that the souls enter and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that some time previous to his nativity nobody died. Fellow citizens, you may draw the inference."

A LAD in Troy was directed by his mother to saw and split some old railroad ties, from which the family fuel was supplied. After hearing the sound of the saw and axe a few minutes, the mother noticed a period of silence in the yard.—Stepping out, she discovered the boy sitting complacently on top of the wood-pile. She asked him what was the matter. He rose slowly, and placing his hand solemnly on his breast, replied, "My dear mother, I find it very hard to sever old ties."

A BOARDING-HOUSE keeper in Springfield, Mass., is said to be in the habit, when her boarders neglect to pay promptly, of placing an extra fork by their plates, as a silent intimation to "fork over."

THE "substantial business men" of Laramie, it is said, keep Sunday by going around hunting up suspicious characters, and hanging them to telegraph poles.

A cow in Nashville ate a farmer's coat with \$20 in greenbacks in the pockets the other day.