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J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITOR.  
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
[Apr. 13, 1868.]

JOHN PENLON, Attorney at Law,  
Ebensburg, Pa.  
[Aug. 13.]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at  
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
[Aug. 13.]

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, Attorney  
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[Aug. 20.]

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neys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
[Apr. 29.]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys  
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
[Aug. 13.]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,  
Cerrostown, Cambria county, Pa.  
[Aug. 13.]

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[Aug. 13.]

JOHN & DICK, Attorneys at  
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[Oct. 22.]

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[Aug. 13.]

BEVERLY, M. D., Physician,  
[Aug. 13.]

DR. WITZ ZEIGLER—  
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## Violet Time.

Violet time is come again;  
Once more laughing through the rain,  
Spring with sunny crown advances,  
Sunshine glittering on his locks.

Long live Spring!—the rainbow arch  
Greets his coronation march;  
Green his banners, free and brave,  
From each tree top rustling wave.

Birds before him fly in crowds;  
Fast above him fly the clouds;  
Swifter run rejoicing rivers;  
Sunbeam darts are in his quivers.

Where he treads primroses rise,  
And the daisies ope their eyes;  
Blackbirds sing in every bush,  
Answering the merry thrush.

Swallows are his heralds fleet,  
Faster than the pulses beat;  
Butterflies between the showers,  
Tell the glad news to the flowers.

Our old Monarch, Winter's dead;  
His crown is on another head;  
Sunbeams chase the ev'ning rain;  
Violet time is come again.

## MIRA, THE MARBLE-HEARTED.

"Who is that beautiful girl yonder—  
the one dancing with Leslie? Do you  
know her, Paul?"

The young man addressed as Paul raised  
his eye-glass and looked long and steadily at  
the young girl, and replied, "That is Mira  
Swain, the marble-hearted."

"Why do you call her the marble-hearted?  
It seems a strange name to bestow  
upon a beautiful woman."

"Yes, it is a strange name, but very appropriate  
for yonder lady, who, as the story  
goes, is like the icebergs of the Polar  
Sea."

"I do not question the fitness of the  
name; I only ask why it was given her.  
She is by far, the most beautiful girl in  
the room."

"Yes, she is beautiful," replied Paul,  
"but as heartless as she is pretty. She has  
had all the gentlemen in this room at her  
feet, but treats them all alike," said  
Paul, bitterly. "She is heartless, and is a  
great mystery to us all."

Warren Dagon, who had just introduced  
Mira, said, "I like her appearance,  
but I am a stranger to all present. Ten  
years is a foreign land renders one a  
stranger to his own family. Any way, I  
am a stranger here."

"I will introduce you with pleasure;  
but I caution you and kindly admonish you  
against loving her, for remember she is  
marble, and your heart will have to pay  
for it if you do."

"Lead on, Paul; you have cautioned  
me of my danger, and I still remember  
the old adage, forewarned is forearmed.  
I am not a boy, Paul, to break my heart  
for a woman."

"Boys' hearts often lead when men's  
break," said Paul.

Mira Swain was pretty, and an only  
daughter. Her slight, rounded form was  
perfect in symmetry. Her small mouth,  
with even, white teeth, half seen when her  
rosy lips dimpled into smiles, her rich,  
black hair, which rippled over a broad  
white brow, was looped up from her face,  
and fastened at the back in a mass of  
shining curls, and gave a very beautiful  
effect to her appearance. She was also  
very prettily dressed, being attired in crimson  
silk, with an overdress of rich black lace  
fastened at the neck with a scarlet gem-  
stone brooch—a cluster of the same  
glancing in her hair. Mira cared more  
for buds and blossoms than for pearls and  
diamonds. She was gay and brilliant, yet  
when any of her lovers whispered of the  
"grand passion," she would be a very  
green in her haughty self-possession.

Warren Dagon was introduced, and was  
very soon floating with her through the  
lurid mazes of the dance. He paid her  
the most assiduous attention throughout  
the evening. Mira knew him by re-  
putation to be a gentleman of unbounded  
wealth and extensive travel. In his com-  
pany, as the hours swept swiftly by, her  
interest deepened all the while in her  
noble admirer. Her young heart beat as  
it had never done before.

Warren Dagon was a brilliant conversa-  
tionist, and few men could be more fas-  
cinating than he, for he had traveled ex-  
tensively in his own and foreign lands,  
and when he chose to exert himself to  
please, his dark, eloquent eyes, pure clas-  
sic language and high-bred elegance of  
manner, were irresistibly charming. He  
evidently desired to please Mira, and his  
manners toward her implied as much.

Mira listened, spell-bound, to his beau-  
tiful conversation, thereby awakening the  
jealous indignation of a dozen other less  
fortunate admirers. They felt themselves  
aggrieved, for she always treated them  
with such cool indifference. One lady,  
resplendent in brocade and diamonds,  
muttered to herself, "The marble-hearted  
warming at last."

Mira cared little for admiration, and  
less for the opinion of her fashionable  
friends so freely expressed. She was  
walking in the cool piazza in the moon-  
light with young Dagon, listening to his  
musical voice, whose low, sweet tones  
were stirring a strange, wild melody in a  
heart that never before vibrated with love.  
She was listening to a thrilling descrip-

tion of Rome, the eternal city crouched  
on the seven hills. He delineated, with  
an artist's enthusiasm, her grand old mar-  
bles and inspired paintings, over which  
the dust and decay of ages rest, like the  
grey shroud on the bosom of the dead.

In eloquent language he described the  
wonders of disintegrated Pompei. He pictured  
temples, theatres and dwellings where  
lived and loved the people of two  
thousand years ago. He told her, in glow-  
ing language, of the graceful minarets,  
feathery palms and grand and solemn py-  
ramids, and white turrets, she seemed to  
sense with him the dangerous passes of  
the Alps, and to tread in breathless awe  
looking up the dizzy heights crowned with  
ice and snow. And in imagination she  
wandered down the golden Nile, and ad-  
mired the rich beauty of its fertile val-  
leys, rendered gloriously beautiful by its  
frequent inundations. His voice took a  
deeper and sweeter tone when he de-  
scribed the ruined cities of the far East,  
the fretted arches and vast cathedral aisles  
of the Old World, made grand by the  
work of art, and rainbow painted windows,  
whose artist's, dying, left immortal names  
behind them, way marks for other gifted  
spirits, who are destined to follow them  
down the broad aisle of coming ages.

She drank in the tones of his softly  
modulated voice, making no note of time.  
When supper was announced he led her  
to the table. During the repast she  
watched him narrowly, and when wine  
was served she became pale with excite-  
ment. She offered him a glass with a  
smile; he gave her a searching look and  
refused it, calling for water in its stead.

"I cannot pledge you with wine, for I  
do not drink it; but with this glass of  
water, Nature's purest beverage, I drink  
to you. May love and happiness be your  
portion in life."

"Thank you." It was all she said, but  
a bright smile rewarded him better than  
words. Mira had indeed met her affinity.  
Love budded in their hearts that night,  
and ere the year had passed it blossomed  
into a hymeneal wreath.

It was moonlight upon the Hudson.  
The home to which Warren Dagon took  
his young bride was beautiful with vines  
and summer blossoms. He and Mira  
were walking arm in arm on the road  
along the river, and Mira was telling him  
of the bright dreams of the future—long  
years to come, crowned with earthly happiness.

"I never could comprehend the reason  
that your friends called you marble-hearted.  
You were never cold to me, darling,"  
said he, drawing her down to a seat by his  
side.

"It is a sad story, dear husband; let  
us sit here in the moonlight, and I will  
tell you of my fair young sister who died  
three years ago. I shall never again meet  
a spirit like hers, so proud, so pure and  
free. Elsie was but seventeen when she  
gave her heart to Atwell Chandler. He  
loved the wife ere better. He was an  
ordinary man; many and rich were the  
gifts bestowed upon him by nature. He  
was a dark haired man, with eyes of rare  
depth and feeling. He was very hand-  
some; in manner he was gentlemanly and  
pleasing. We all loved him; father loved  
him as a son, and so gave him Elsie.  
They were married and went to dwell in  
his beautiful home in the South, and for a  
few years they were happy."

Then Atwell began to neglect his busi-  
ness for a downward path, which ended  
in the drunkard's grave. Five years from  
her bridal Elsie came home broken-heart-  
ed. Atwell died by his own hand, for  
they found him in the summer-house  
with his brains blown out by a pistol shot;  
and my dear beautiful sister came to her  
girlhood's home broken-hearted; came  
home to die.

"It was just such a night like this,  
a beautiful night in midsummer, when Elsie  
died. She lay upon her pillow looking so  
white and fair. She was perfectly calm,  
no fear of death thrilled her pure spirit;  
her face would have charmed Raphael, it  
was so spiritual in its childlike beauty.  
If the angels on the other shore are fairer  
than Elsie in her dying hour, then indeed  
will heaven be glorious in its brightness."

"I knew that she was dying, for I saw  
the hue of death steal over her features.  
Her bright eyes were growing dim to car-  
rily sight, yet they had a stange inward  
light, as though her spirit had penetrated  
the gloom of the immortal day, which  
shines with eternal summers in the city  
of God. As I stood by her bedside mis-  
taking her lips with water, and wiping the  
cold dew of death from her forehead, her  
long silken eye-lashes were lifted for a  
moment, and fixing her eyes upon me with  
an expression of earnestness and tender-  
ness, she said:

"Mira, sister, this is death. My weary  
feet are even now treading the brink of  
the river that rolls between the other  
world and this; I do not fear to die; 'tis joy un-  
utterable to know that I am almost home.  
Poor Atwell! I shall soon meet him again.  
The morning of his life was very fair, giv-  
ing promise of a long and useful day; but  
his sun went down in darkness before it  
had reached the meridian, and his own  
hand hastened its untimely setting. I  
trust I may find him in the land to which  
I am going. Mira, promise me that you  
will never marry a man who is not temper-  
ate, for intemperance is the fountain of  
wisery. Think how many bright homes  
are made desolate by it. Fatherless and

motherless godown in sorrow to the grave,  
and wives and little children are made to  
suffer more than death by intemperance.  
O, Mira, I would far rather have you die  
now, while your heart is pure and free  
from sorrow, than have you live, and in  
the long years to come, find misery and  
woe in a drunkard's home. Remember  
poor Atwell, and promise what I wish."

"I promise, and may heaven help me to  
keep my secret," I replied. She smiled  
and whispered, "I am going to sleep;  
good night to me, for ere the ring of the  
morning star, Elsie, my beautiful sister,  
had gone to meet her God."

"There was not one in all my circle of  
friends and acquaintances who refused  
wine in the festive halls, and many of  
them embued freely of strong stimulants.  
I turned coldly from them all. There  
was nothing to attract my love, and I could  
not marry any one of them and keep my  
promise to Elsie. I kept my promise sac-  
credly unbroken, and my coolness to all  
who whispered of love, won for me the  
name of 'marble-hearted.'"

"Till I came, darling," he said, drawing  
her nearer to his bosom.

"Yes, till you came; and though I loved  
you dearly, had you drunk that glass of  
wine, I should have refused to marry you.  
Oh, Warren, you can never know what  
unutterable joy I experienced when you  
refused the cup I offered you."

May heaven and the spirit of your sweet  
sister help me to be worthy of your love,  
for it was the happiest hour of my life,  
when I met with Mira, the 'marble heart-  
ed,'" said he, smiling.

"Yes, it was a happy hour, and I know  
by the sweet content of my heart to-night,  
that the spirit of Elsie is smiling upon me  
for having so faithfully kept my promise."

## How Pins are Made.

The pin machine is one of the closest  
approaches that mechanics have made to  
the dexterity of the human hand. A  
small machine, about the height and size  
of a lady's sewing machine, only much  
stronger stands before you. On the back  
side a light belt descends from the long  
shaft at the extremity of the machine,  
tangled in rows on the floor. On the  
left side of our machine hangs, on a  
peg, a small reel of wire, that has been  
straightened by running through a com-  
pound system of small rollers. The wire  
descends and the end of it enters the  
machine. This is the food consumed by this  
snapping, voracious little dwarf. He pulls  
it in and bites it off by inches incessantly,  
a hundred and forty bites to the minute.  
Just as he seizes each bite, a saucy little  
hammer, with a concave face, hits the end  
of the wire three taps and "upsets" it to  
a head, while he grips it in a counter-  
sunk hole between his teeth. With an  
outward thrust of his tongue he then lays  
the pin sideways in a little groove across  
the rim of a small wheel that slowly re-  
volves just under his nose. By the exter-  
nal pressure of a stationary hoop these  
pins roll in their places, as they are car-  
ried under two series of small files, three  
in each. These files grow finer toward the  
end of the series. They lie at a slight in-  
clination on the pins, and by a series of  
claws, levers and springs, are made to play  
like lightning. Thus the pins are dropped  
in a little shower into a box. Twenty-  
eight pounds are a day's work for one of  
these little automatons. Forty machines  
on this floor make five hundred and sixty  
pounds of pins daily. These are then pol-  
ished. Two very intelligent machines re-  
ject every crooked pin, even the slightest  
irregularity from being detected. Another  
automaton sorts half a dozen lengths in  
as many boxes, all at once, and unerr-  
ingly, when a careless operator has mixed  
the contents of boxes from various ma-  
chines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a ma-  
chine hangs the pins by the heads in an  
inverted platform through as many slots  
as there are pins in a row on the papers.  
These slots converge into the exact space  
spanning the length of a row. Under  
them runs the strip of pin paper. A barb  
like part of the machine catches one pin  
from each of the slots as it falls, and by  
one movement sticks them all through the  
corrugated ridges in the paper, from which  
they are to be picked by taper fingers in  
boudoirs and all sorts of human circum-  
stances.

A COUPLE of travelers who were look-  
ing for land, chanced to "lay over" at a  
farm house in a sparsely settled district in  
Kansas. The house had only one room,  
and the accommodations were of the most  
primitive character. When bed time ap-  
proached, a piece of blanket was hung  
across the room, the travelers took their  
moeity of the apartment, and darkness and  
silence reigned throughout the dwelling.  
It appears that the chickens, for want of  
a better place, roosted on the flour barrel,  
and when it was supposed that "nature's  
sweet restorer," had got hold of the guest,  
the good wife thus addressed her liege  
lord:

"I say, John, if you're going to keep a  
hotel you must make some different ar-  
rangements."

"Why, Sarah Jane?" returned the  
sleepy husband.

"Because I'm not going to get up in  
this fix to turn the tails of them chickens."

## The Use of Saxon Words.

It is well known that the English lan-  
guage has received many words of latin  
origin, as the result of the Norman con-  
quest in 1066, and through the cultivation  
of Latin classics. What our language  
would have been without the use of words  
thus introduced, is a curious problem.  
Dean Trench suggests that, combining our-  
selves to the use of pure Saxon words, we  
might have said sand-waste for desert;  
blood-bath, for massacre; sin-flood for delu-  
ge; sea-robber, for pirate; water-fright,  
for hydrophobia; show-holiness, for hypoc-  
racy; gold-board, for treasurer; well-will-  
ingness, for benevolence; undeathliness,  
for immortality; untellable, for ineffable;  
great-doingly, for magnificently; sour-  
dough, for leaven; un cunningness, for  
ignorance; eye-bite, for fascinate; eugripe,  
for embrace; ear-shrift for auricular con-  
fession; dipper, for Baptist, etc.

Those familiar with the German lan-  
guage will notice that the Saxon elements,  
having but little outside influence to pre-  
vent their natural expansion in that lan-  
guage, have taken nearly the form suggested  
above. Thus we have finger-hat for thumb-  
le; room man for carpenter; cutter, for  
tailor; (our word tailor means a cutter,  
from the French *tailleur*, to cut); cloth-  
dealer, for draper; foot-folk, for infantry;  
riders, for cavalry.

And it is another fact noticeable in this  
connection, that there are a large class of  
words in which we do now use Saxon com-  
pounds, instead of borrowed words, that  
are to common ears purely conventional  
and meaningless. We give a few among  
the many: Music-teacher, book-binder,  
writing-desk, book-case, watch-pocket, ink-  
stand, pin-cushion, gold-smith, watch-ma-  
ker, paper-dealer, etc. Why could we not  
say cloth-dealer as well as paper-dealer?  
The merest tyro in our language would  
know readily the meaning of cloth-dealer;  
while we presume there are millions who  
speak the English language, who could not  
tell whether a *draper* dealt in cloth or iron,  
or lumber; nor ever having seen the French  
word *drap*. So silk-dealer is expressive  
and sufficiently elegant; but *mercer*—mer-  
cy! a scholar could scarcely remember it,  
unless richer than scholars are apt to be.

## Father Smith and Ma'am Jones.

Widow Smith's wagon stopped one  
morning before widow Jones's door, and he  
gave the usual country signal, that he  
wanted somebody in the house, by drop-  
ping the reins, and setting double, with  
his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the  
widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremen-  
dous black ribbon on her snow-white cap.  
Good morning was soon said on both sides,  
and the widow waited for what was futher  
to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't  
want to sell one of your cows, no how, for  
nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't  
have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone  
widdler, like me does not know what to do  
with so many critters, and I should be glad  
to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow—  
Father Smith looked at Roan—then at the  
widow—at the Downing cow—and at the  
widow again—and so on through the whole  
forty. The same call was made every day  
for a week, but Father Smith on Satur-  
day, when widow Jones was in a hurry to  
get through with her baking for Sunday  
—and "ever so much" to do in the house,  
as well as farmers' wives and widows have  
on Saturday, she was a little impatient.  
Father Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That ere Downing cow is a pretty fair  
crittur"—but he stopped to glance at the  
widow's face, and then walked—round her  
—not the widow but the cow.

"That ere short horn Durham is not a  
bad looking beast, but I don't know—an-  
other look at the widow."

"The Downing cow I knew before the  
late Mr. Jones, bought her." Here he  
sighed at the allusion to the late Mr.  
Jones, she sighed and both looked at each  
other. It was a highly interesting mo-  
ment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and  
so is Bridle—but I have known better."  
A long stare followed this speech—the  
pauze was getting awkward, and at last  
Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord? Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you  
want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith  
and the widow Jones were duly published  
the next day, as is the law and the custom  
in Massachusetts; and as soon as they  
were "outpublished," they were married.

## A Pile of Greenbacks Ground Up.

A few days ago, when one of the em-  
ployees of Clark & Co.'s paper mill near  
the aqueduct, was engaged in running  
through the "rag-picker" a lot of old cloth-  
ing, his attention was attracted to some  
bits of greenish paper which had gone  
through the machine. On closer inspec-  
tion they proved to be scraps of green-  
backs, which had been clipped into pieces  
by the knives in the "picker." The man  
found a hat full of those scraps, and in-  
stead of gathering them up carefully, and  
devoting a portion of his valuable time in  
fitting the scraps together, he picked up a  
portion of the valuable debris, and gave  
them to friends as evidences of a curious  
discovery he had made of a fortune which  
had been run through a mill! The scraps  
are of the denominations of \$5, \$10, \$20,  
\$50, and \$100, and an estimate made from  
the quantity of pieces found indicates that  
not less than \$3,000 was in the package  
which was ground up in the "rag-picker."

In a small bunch of the contents, there  
were twenty pieces with \$100 on them. Now  
that it is too late to effect anything of con-  
sequence in the matter, we learn that the  
finder of those greenback scraps intends  
to try and make a collection of them, and  
fit the pieces together. The theory of the  
money getting into the picker, is that the  
coat which contained the money was one  
of a lot of soldiers' blouses, which were  
collected at different points, and that the  
money was sewed in the breast of a blouse  
which belonged to an officer who had died  
in a hospital, and the secret of the green-  
backs died with him. Doubtless the poor  
fellow's family often wondered what be-  
came of his money, and the rag-picker has  
solved the mystery, but unfortunately to  
no good purpose.—Dayton Journal.

Some Western editor has been puffing  
a barkeeper. Hear him: "Mr. James  
Smitherman, proprietor of the above insti-  
tution, last week asked us to give him—or  
it—a puff, at the same time handing us a  
greenback whose dimensions we shall not  
mention. We do not know anything about  
said saloon, but Jim says he keeps splen-  
did whisky, and never sells mean—oh no.  
Jim thinks the weary traveler should stop  
at his ranche and 'wet his whistle,' as it  
would help him along amazingly. No  
doubt it would help him to squander his  
money, waste his time, destroy his health,  
beggar his family, gain the costumely of  
society, embitter his whole life, make a  
widow, cause him to fill a drunkard's grave,  
damn his soul and make more work for the  
devil. Does this puff suit you, Jim? If  
not, we will refund the money."

A ruined debtor having done his utmost  
to satisfy his creditors, said to them:—  
"Gentlemen, I have been extremely per-  
plexed till now how to satisfy you; but,  
having used my utmost endeavor I shall  
leave you to satisfy yourselves."

Subscribe for this paper.

## Widow Smith and Ma'am Jones.

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to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't  
want to sell one of your cows, no how, for  
nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't  
have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone  
widdler, like me does not know what to do  
with so many critters, and I should be glad  
to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow—  
Father Smith looked at Roan—then at the  
widow—at the Downing cow—and at the  
widow again—and so on through the whole  
forty. The same call was made every day  
for a week, but Father Smith on Satur-  
day, when widow Jones was in a hurry to  
get through with her baking for Sunday  
—and "ever so much" to do in the house,  
as well as farmers' wives and widows have  
on Saturday, she was a little impatient.  
Father Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That ere Downing cow is a pretty fair  
crittur"—but he stopped to glance at the  
widow's face, and then walked—round her  
—not the widow but the cow.

"That ere short horn Durham is not a  
bad looking beast, but I don't know—an-  
other look at the widow."

"The Downing cow I knew before the  
late Mr. Jones, bought her." Here he  
sighed at the allusion to the late Mr.  
Jones, she sighed and both looked at each  
other. It was a highly interesting mo-  
ment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and  
so is Bridle—but I have known better."  
A long stare followed this speech—the  
pauze was getting awkward, and at last  
Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord? Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you  
want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith  
and the widow Jones were duly published  
the next day, as is the law and the custom  
in Massachusetts; and as soon as they  
were "outpublished," they were married.

I kum to the conclusion lately that life  
was so unartin that the only wa for me to  
stand a fair chance with other folks was  
to get my life insured, and so I called on the  
agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance  
Company, and answered the following  
questions which was put to me over the  
top of a pair of poll specks, by a slick,  
fat old fellow, with a little, round,  
gray head, and az pretty a little belly as  
any man ever owned:

QUESTIONS.  
1. Are you male or female? If so, state  
how long you have been so.  
2. Are you subject to fits, and if so, do  
you have more than one at a time?  
3. What is your precise fitting weight.  
4. Did you ever have any ancestors,  
and if so, how much?  
5. What is your legal opinion of the  
constitutionality of the 10 command-  
ments?  
6. Do you ever have any nightmare?  
7. Are you married, and live single, or  
are you a bachelor?  
8. Do you believe in a future state, and  
if so, state it.  
9. What are your private sentiments  
about a rush or rate to the head—can it  
be did successfully?  
10. Have you ever committed suicide,  
and if so, how does it seem to affect you?  
11. Did you ever have the measles, and  
if so, how many?

After answering the above questions like  
a man, on the confirmative, the slick, fat  
old fellow, with goldspecks on, led  
I was insured for life, and probably would  
remain for a term of years. I thanked him  
and smiled