

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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

TERMS: (\$2.50 PER ANNUM,
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.)

VOLUME 10.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1869.

NUMBER 1.

W. M. JONES, Notary Public,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Apr. 29]

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
August 13, 1868.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street. [Aug 13]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 13]

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, Attorney
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 26]

SCHOEMAKER & OATMAN, Attor-
neys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections.
Office on High street, west of the Di-
vision. [Apr. 29]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
A. L. JOHNSTON. [Aug 13] J. E. SCANLAN.

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,
Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifi-
cations made. [Aug 13]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace
and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st.,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13-6m.]

A. KOPELIN, T. W. DICK,
Attorneys.
Office in Colonnade Row, with Wm.
Kittell, Esq. [Oct. 22]

JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of the
Peace, Johnstown, Pa.
Office on Market street, corner of Loc-
ust street extended, and one door south
of the late office of Wm. M'Kee. [Aug 13]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Rail-
road street. Night calls promptly attended
to, at his office. [Aug 13]

DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Offers his professional services to the
citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will
visit Ebensburg the second Tuesday of each
month, to remain one week.
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous
Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms in the "Mountain House,"
High street. [Aug 13]

DENTISTRY.—
The undersigned, Graduate of the Bal-
timore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully
offers his professional services to the citizens
of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to
thoroughly acquaint himself with every im-
provement in his art. To many years of per-
sonal experience, he has sought to add the
improved experience of the highest authorities
in Dental Science. He simply asks that an
opportunity may be given for his work to
speak its own praise.
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth
Monday of each month, to stay one week.
August 13, 1868.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers—
EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and
other Securities bought and sold. Interest
allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made
on all accessible points in the United States,
and a General Banking Business transacted.
August 13, 1868.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
ALTOONA, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities, and Silver
and Gold for sale. Collections made. Mon-
ey received on deposit, payable on demand,
without interest, or upon time, with interest
at fair rates. [Aug 13]

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK—
OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
Paid up Capital.....\$50,000 00
Privilege to increase to.....100,000 00
We buy and sell Inland and Foreign Drafts,
Gold and Silver, and all classes of Govern-
ment Securities; make collections at home
and abroad; receive deposits; loan money,
and do a general Banking business. All
business entrusted to us will receive prompt
attention and care, at moderate prices. Give
us a trial.
Directors:
D. J. MORRELL, C. T. FRAZER,
JACOB KAUFMAN, JACOB LEVERGOOD,
JACOB CAMPBELL, JAMES McMILLEN,
GEORGE TRITT.
DANIEL J. MORRELL, President.
H. J. ROBERTS, Cashier. [Sep 3]

W. M. LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA,
PA.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED
STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North
Ward, Altoona, Pa.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL.....\$50,000 00
PAID UP CAPITAL.....130,000 00
All business pertaining to Banking done on
favorable terms.
Internal Revenue Stamps of all denomina-
tions always on hand.
Purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in-
terest will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to
\$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.;
\$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Aug 13]

LATEST ARRIVAL!—
The subscriber has just received, at
his store, on High street, Ebensburg, a large
and valuable stock of
Flour, Bacon, Sugars,
Meal, Tea, Coffee,
Table Salt, Barrel Salt, Spices,
Cheese, Tobacco, Cigars,
and everything in the
Grocery, Notion and Confectionery line,
Boots and Shoes, Carboxon and Lubri-
cating Oils, &c., &c.
All which will be sold very cheap for
cash. [Aug 13] G. G. OWENS.

GROVER & BAKER'S
FIRST PREMIUM
ELASTIC STITCH
FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES!
495 Broadway, New York,
730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
115 Market Street, Harrisburg,
121 Wood Street, Pittsburg,

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.
Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch.
Perfection and Simplicity of Machinery.
Using both threads directly from the
spools.

No fastening of seams by hand and no
waste of thread.
Wide range of application without change
of adjustment.

The seam retains its beauty and firmness
after washing and ironing.
Besides doing all kinds of work done by
other Sewing Machines, these Machines ex-
ecute the most beautiful and permanent em-
broidery and ornamental work.

The highest premiums at all the fairs
and exhibitions of the United States and
Europe, have been awarded the Grover &
Baker Sewing Machines, and the work done
by them, wherever exhibited in competition.

The very highest prize, THE CROSS
OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, was confer-
red on the representative of the Grover &
Baker Sewing Machines, at the Exposition
Universelle, Paris, 1867, thus attesting their
great superiority over all other Sewing Ma-
chines.

For sale by C. T. ROBERTS, Ebensburg.
June 17-1y.]

NEW FIRM.—
The undersigned hereby gives notice to his
old friends and customers, that on the
1st of July he admitted his son, Geo.
H. Roberts, into full partner-
ship with him in the mercantile business in
Ebensburg, and that hereafter the firm
name will be
EDWARD ROBERTS & SON.

Their stock will embrace everything in the
fancy and staple dry goods line. Groceries
of every description. Boots and Shoes, Hats
and Caps, of the latest styles and patterns.
A full line of Hardware and Queensware, and
in fact any article to be found in a well regu-
lated country store.

Having enjoyed a successful and pleasant
experience of more than twenty years in the
business at this place, and having completed
a spacious edifice on High street, and in-
creased his facilities for supplying his friends
at all times and at the lowest market prices
with the best article in the market, he con-
fidently appeals to those who have so gener-
ously given me their confidence and favor in
the past, to continue the same measure of
patronage towards the new firm.
July 15-1f. EDWARD ROBERTS.

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN?—
The subscriber offers at private sale the
following described valuable property, situ-
ated in Strongstown, Indiana county:
ONE LARGE HOUSE.
Two stories high, L-shape, one L being 50
feet long, and the other 40 feet. It contains
some 20 rooms, and is well suited for, and
has heretofore been used as, a Hotel. Situated
in the business portion of town.

ONE SMALLER HOUSE.
Two stories high, 40x22 feet, capable of ac-
commodating two families.

THREE ACRES OF GROUND,
Upon which the foregoing described houses
are situated.
The property was formerly owned and oc-
cupied by Barker & Litzinger, who have dis-
solved partnership.

TERMS:
\$1,300 for the entire property. \$300 to
\$500 in hand; the balance in payments. Pos-
session given the 1st of April, if desired.
For particulars, apply to or address
A. A. BARKER,
Ebensburg, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—
In Common Pleas of Cambria county, No.
69, March Term, 1869. William Bendon
and James Bendon vs. Lydia Bendon, widow,
and others.
And now, 9th of June, 1869, on motion of
Messrs. Johnston & Scanlan, Jos. M. Donald,
Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution
of proceeds of Sheriff's sale of defendant's real
estate in above writ. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above order of Court, I
will attend at my office in Ebensburg, on
Monday the 23d of August, inst., when the
parties interested may attend if they see
proper.
J. JOSEPH DONALD,
Auditor.
Aug. 5, 1869.

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell
at private sale, a lot of ground situated in the
west ward of Ebensburg borough, having
thereon erected a two-story frame house,
with a plank kitchen attached, and a one-
story frame house, fronting 66 feet on High
street, and extending 132 feet back to lot of
Wm. S. Lloyd, adjoining lot of Robt. Evans
on the east, and an alley on the west, form-
erly owned by E. Stiles. The property will
be sold cheap for cash, or on good terms. For
full particulars apply to V. S. BARKER.
June 3-1f. Ebensburg, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.—
The undersigned offers at private sale his
FARM, situated in Carroll tp., one-half
mile from Carrolltown, containing 51 acres,
30 acres cleared and in a good state of cul-
tivation. A good frame house and barn, with
other necessary outbuildings thereon erected.
Good roads, church and school house con-
venient. A rare opportunity to get a bargain
is offered. For particulars call on or
address SAMUEL KOLLER,
Carrolltown, Pa.
July 22-3f.

NEW TIN SHOP!—
The undersigned desires to call the
attention of the public to the fact that he has
bought the stock and fixtures of T. W. Wil-
liam's Tin Shop, and has removed the shop
to the room of Mrs. McDonald,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE BUILDING,
where he will be pleased to wait on all who
may favor him with a call.
Prompt attention paid to repairing.
All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
VALENTINE LUTTRINGER.
Aug 6

The Reward.
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's
prime,
Sees not the sphere of his misspent time?

And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper of the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reticent look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone.
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fail;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we to-day.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his
years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent—

He has not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and
lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

HOW TOM GOT TO CONGRESS.
There was a little fellow among the New
England hills, years ago, as there are
many now, whose parents were poor. He
could not remember the time when he
wore shoes and stockings in the summer.
Sometimes in the winter, when he was
obliged to walk three miles to school, and
made through snowdrifts that did not melt
until the last of May, he did wear such as
his father rejected—a pair of shoes that
slipped up and down at every step he took.
Nevertheless, they were shoes and stock-
ings, and he was infinitely prouder of
them than any king living is of his throne
and scepter.

One day, as Tom was plodding along
with his slipshod shoes, puffing from exertion,
and blowing his blue fingers to keep them
warm, there came dashing down the
hill a sleigh such as the youngster had
never seen—no, indeed, nor never dreamed
of. And the horse! Tom stopped blowing,
so intense was his admiration of the
elegant creature that came foaming and
tossing his daintily arched neck right and
left.

Tom sprang aside at the very last mo-
ment, and as he sank up to his chin in the
light snow, he tore his old cloth cap from
his head and bobbed up and down as if he
were in the presence of the President.

"Jump on behind, my lad!" shouted
the driver, "jump on behind!"
And Tom did jump on, at the peril of
his life, and away they went, tearing along
with great speed, until over went the
sleigh, and out went the riders and buffa-
loes and things generally.

Tom sprang to the horse's head, and
clinging to the bits, the tips of his great
cowhide shoes barely touching the snow,
asked if the gentleman was hurt.

"Not a bit of it, my lad," said he, shak-
ing himself free of the snow; "only
warned up a little. What's the damage—
any?"

"Nothing, sir, that I can see," returned
Tom, his handsome face glowing with good
humor as he yielded the horse to his owner.

"Well, then, my lad, get in, and we'll
try again. You are going to school, I
see," added the stranger, as he gathered
up the reins.

"Yes, sir."
"How far?"
"Guess 'tis about two miles from here."
The gentleman turned and looked into
his face, and then glanced all over his fig-
ure, even to his feet.

"He sees my shoes," thought Tom,
proudly, giving them a shake forward to
make certain that they should be seen.

The gentleman did see them, and smiled
in spite of himself as he glanced back at
Tom's face.

He then kindly pulled the warm furs
around the boy, and, pulling his cap over
his eyes, shouted—"Go along, Nell!"
And the chestnut mare, now thoroughly
sobered, meekly commenced the ascent of
what was known thereabouts as the "long
hill." She was evidently accustomed to
having her own way, for she availed her-
self of every little hollow to rest, and did
not allow herself to be pressed forward
until the whip was applied.

Tom wondered what had possessed the
creature a few minutes before. He scratch-
ed his head on the right side, and then on
the left, and finally, his Yankee curiosity
getting the better of his diffidence, he
ventured to ask:

"If you please, sir, what was it that
made the mare run?"

"A stump," returned the gentleman,
with a smile. "Nell is a little aristocratic
and shies at all such plebeian things. She
does not know that a stump was the mak-
ing of her master."

Tom scratched his head again, and wig-
gled all over. Then came the question:
"How could a stump be the making of
a man?"

"My lad," answered the stranger, mark-
ing the white surface of the snow gently
with his whiplash, "I was a poor boy, and
my father could not afford to send me to
school. We worked very hard, but I used
to study in the evenings by the light of
the fire, and learned the whole of the Latin
grammar by the light of one pitch
knot."

For a moment Tom sat perfectly still.
Then he asked, as if ashamed of his igno-
rance:

"Please, sir, what's a Latin grammar?"

This last question aroused the gentle-
man, and beaming sensible that the little
fellow at his side was thirsting for knowl-
edge, he kindly went over such parts of
his history as he thought would be of in-
terest to him, and ended by saying that he
was a member of Congress.

This last announcement almost took
Tom's breath away. He had heard of
members of Congress, but he had an idea
that they were myths, whom nobody ever
saw. Perhaps the awe with which Tom
regarded him as he glanced up sideways
into his face flattered the gentleman, for
he said, smilingly:

"You are just as likely to be a member
of Congress as I! You know, in Ameri-
ca, success is to be determined and brave.
If you study as I did, you may possibly
rise as high—yes, perhaps higher."

"But I haven't any Latin grammar, sir,"
said Tom.

"No! Well would you like one?"

"Yes, sir," cried Tom, with flashing
eyes.

"Well, my lad, I shall come this way
again, and I will leave one at the school
house for you."

"But I haven't any money!"

"Never mind; you can pay me when
you get to Congress."

"Thank you," said Tom; "I won't for-
get it, sir."

The gentleman looked down at him with
a paternalistic smile, and the two rode on in
silence until they reached the school-
house.

"Please don't forget the grammar," sug-
gested Tom, as he lifted the old cap again.

"Not I," returned the gentleman. "A
man who cannot keep a promise should not
make one—hey, my lad?"

Nell tossed her head, and the boy soon
lost sight of the rider. Then he looked
down at his shoes, at his coat, and his old
cap, as he hung it on the peg in the entry,
and silently contrasted them with the fur
trimmed overcoat and outfit of the stranger.

"Never mind," said Tom to himself,
"I will have them all, too, when I am a
member of Congress."

At the end of two weeks a bundle of
books was left at the school house. There
was not only a Latin grammar, but a well-
worn copy of Virgil, Esop's Fables, and
sundry other volumes such as Tom had
never seen.

Pine-knots were plentiful where Tom
lived, and he sat up till midnight all the
rest of the winter pondering over the mys-
teries of those books.

As luck would have it, the school-mas-
ter, who boarded around with his pupils,
had not eaten the rations due him at Tom's
father's. When he arrived he entered
warmly into the boy's ambitious projects,
and as he had a smattering of Latin him-
self, was qualified to aid his pupil.

Although the schoolmaster was allowed
the use of a tallow candle, he vastly pre-
ferred the more brilliant light of Tom's
pitch knot; so that, as often as the long
winter evenings set in, the master and
pupil might be seen (and were seen) sitting
before the fire-place with their heads
buried in the pages of the books, along
which they plodded slowly, but to such
purpose that, at the end of the winter,
Tom could read his fable and solve the
problem in a manner creditable to himself
and master.

It was up hill work with poor Tom, but
he managed to make what little he accom-
plished to tell on the future.

One day his father brought home a
stranger, and told Tom that he was ap-
prenticed during his minority, to this man,
who would make him a blacksmith.

"But I am not going to be a black-
smith," cried Tom, in a passion; "I'm
going to Congress."

"The more need that you should learn
to shoe the horse that carries you there,"
replied the father with a shrug.

Tom packed up his worldly goods, not
forgetting his books, and trudged away to
a distant village, where he pared horses'
hoofs by day, and studied and read at
night by the light of a candle.

Six months the poor fellow tried to be
faithful to his duty; but, one night, when
his master had thrown his grammar into
the fire, and lathered him for disobedience,
Tom took leave of the workshop. He made
his way, bare-footed as he was, over bogs
and briers, until he ventured into the
main road, and by dint of begging a ride
now and then, reached the city. As Ben

Franklin had done before him, with his
roll under his arm, he sought and obtained
employment.

Perhaps the happiest day of Tom's life
was when he found himself in an anti-
quarian book store with plenty of leisure,
plenty of books, and nothing to fear from
friend or foe. It was wonderful how he
read—and read. The parched earth does
not more greedily take in the summer rain.

When his intellectual thirst was parti-
ally satisfied, he began to work. He saw
the ladder up which he must climb, and
seizing the lowest round, he made his way
steadily upward. We all know by what
steps an ambitious man makes progress—
by patient toil—by self denial—by court-
eous deportment—by constant acquisition
of knowledge.

Years passed by, during all of which
Tom had looked in vain for his early friend,
the stranger. In his timid awkwardness,
he had not thought to ask the name of his
benefactor, and the only opportunity to do
so had been lost.

Well, years slid away, and Tom was
elected member of Congress from the very
county where he spent his struggling boy-
hood. He went to Washington, not in
cowhide shoes and butternut colored home-
spun, but dressed something as imagina-
tion had pictured, as he looked after his
benefactor on the eventful day of the
sleigh ride.

A nobler looking man the ladies in the
galleries said never had appeared upon
the floor than this Yankee member, who,
if he spoke through his nose, always drove
his arrows home to the mark.

One day there appeared in the House
the venerable form of an ex-member,
whom all present delighted to honor. It
needed but one glance at that genial face
for Tom to recognize the giver of the Latin
grammar. He had come, he said, to listen
to the gentleman who had so manfully de-
fended the right, and to wish him God
speed.

"I," said Tom, with his old modesty,
"if it has been my good fortune to do any-
thing for my country in the hour of her
peril, I owe my ability to do so in a great
measure to yourself."

"To me!" exclaimed the astonished
gentleman; "to me! I do not recollect
ever having had the pleasure of meeting
you before in my life."

"Ah, sir, you have forgotten, then, the
little school boy among the hills of New
Hampshire, to whom you kindly sold a
Latin grammar?"

"Sold—sold a Latin grammar! Now
that you recall the incident, I do recollect
a little fellow who interested me, and to
whom I gave some books."

"Well, sir, I am that boy. You told
me that I might pay for them when I got
to Congress. If you will honor me by
meeting a few friends at dinner, I will set-
tle the bill."

How a SOLDIER TOOK GEN. HAN-
COCK'S ADVICE.—Rations were scarce
with us—so much so that some of the boys
bought of other regiments. During this
scarcity, Blake happened to be on guard
at Hancock's headquarters. He was pac-
ing his beat very industriously in front
of the General's tent, about daylight, when
the General rolled out of bed and came to
the door.

"Soldier, are you from the 140th?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it true that rations are scarce?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many have you? Half enough?"

"I think so, sir."

"Well, it's a poor soldier who can't steal
the other half."

With the last remark he went to bed
again, while Blake renewed his labors.

Before long the cook began preparing
breakfast. One thing after another was
put on the table in the mess tent, and final-
ly a plate of hot biscuit. When the cook
returned to the kitchen, Blake stepped up,
emptied them into his haversack, and re-
sumed his walk. Breakfast was announced
and the General went in. He had not
been there long before he called the cook
to bring in some bread. Cook told him
he had put some warm cakes on the table.
Some conversation passed between them,
and the General, stepping to the door,
watched Blake very closely.

Blake walked his beat, apparently un-
conscious of any one being within a mile.

Finally the General called a corporal,
relieved Blake, and sent him to his quar-
ters.

He had twenty-eight biscuits in his
haversack.

THE PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—During the
conflict with Great Britain a number of
our troops were engaged in repairing the
fortifications of Niagara; and while so
engaged, the enemy commenced a pretty
sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the
whole of the time of our force to keep on
the lookout for the shots of the enemy.

Finding that they did not make much
headway, they stationed a son of the Em-
erald Isle to give warning when a shell
was coming.

This the sentinel faithfully performed,
alternately singing out, "shot," "shell,"
"shot," "shell," until finally the enemy
started a songre rocket, which Pat had
never seen before.

He hesitated, and seeing it elevated, he
shouted, "Shot, and by jabbers the gun
with it!"

An Adroit Sell.

One day a gentleman called at the store
of Mr. Ralph Hardman with a violin box
under his arm. He purchased a neck-tie,
for which he paid fifty cents, and then
asked permission to leave his box while he
did a few errands down town. Old Hard-
man—a dealer in new and second-hand
clothing—had no objection.

"It is a violin," said the gentleman,
"which I prize very highly. It was given
me by an old Italian who died at my father's
house. I beg you will be careful of
it, sir!"

Mr. Hardman promised, and the owner
of the precious violin departed.

Toward noon, while the old clothing
dealer was very deeply engaged in the
work of selling a suit of shoddy for bang-
up Prussian Triot, a stranger entered the
store—a remarkably well dressed man, with
a distinguished look. The violin was in
sight upon a shelf, and as no one was near
to prevent, the new comer slipped around
and opened the box, and took out the in-
strument—a very dark-hued and ancient
looking one.

"Hallo!" cried Hardman, when he
heard the sound of the viol. "What for
you touch dat, eh?"

The stranger explained that he was a
professor—that he was leader of an orches-
tra—and that he could never see a violin
without trying it. And then he drew the
bow across the strings, playing a few pas-
sages of a fine old German waltz.

"My soul!" he cried, after he had run
his fingers over the instrument a while,
"this is the best violin I ever saw! There
is not a better in the city—a perfect gen-
uine old Cremona! I will give you a hun-
dred dollars for it."

Hardman said it was not his.

"I will give you a hundred and fifty—
two hundred!"

Mr. Hardman was forced to explain
how the violin came to be left at his store.

The stranger had taken out his pocket
book, and drawn forth two one hundred
dollar bank notes, but put them back re-
marking:

"I must have that violin if money will
buy it. When the owner returns will you
ask him to wait for me? If he cannot
wait, ask him to meet me here at six
o'clock. If he cannot do that, tell him to
call at the office of the Treasurer of the
Academy of Music, and inquire for the
Director of the Orchestra. Will you do
it?"

Hardman said he would.

"But," suggested the stranger, "you
need not tell the man what I have said
about this violin, nor what I have offered;
because he may have