THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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To persons residing outside the county or cash in advance will be charged to per month.

No deviation will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you intend to stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1880. NUMBER 42.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ [illegible]
1 " 3 months	[illegible]
1 " 6 months	[illegible]
1 " 1 year	[illegible]
2 " 6 months	[illegible]
2 " 1 year	[illegible]
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3 " 1 year	[illegible]
1 col'n 6 months	[illegible]
½ " 6 months	[illegible]
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¼ " 6 months	[illegible]
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Administrator's and Executor's Notices	[illegible]
Auditor's Notices	[illegible]
Stray and similar Notices	[illegible]

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

Look! Look! See! See!
JUST RECEIVED:
A LARGE AND NOBBY LINE OF
FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.
Also, a Full Stock of
CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING
IN ENDLESS VARIETY. OUR LINE OF
OVERCOATS
CANNOT BE BEATEN FOR QUALITY, MAKE-UP AND PRICE.
We have also received a large and complete line of
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
—AT THE—
Young America Clothing House,
Corner 11th Avenue and 11th Street,
OPPOSITE THE OPERA HOUSE,
ALTOONA, PA.,

N. B.—Do not fail to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are acknowledged to be the largest house in Blair county. [Sept. 24, 1880.-4t.]

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of lifting the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KINDS OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.
Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.
Also: FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock
BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and super-seders after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

NOW the LOUD WELKIN RINGS
WITH THE NEWS THAT IT BRINGS
OF SOME VERY GOOD THINGS
FOR THE FOLKS OF CHEST SPRINGS.

In other words, and to be more explicit, there is great rejoicing among the people of Northeastern Cambria at the opening in Chest Springs, at what is known as the "Old Pump Corner," or Doughas Property, of a

New Store by S. B. Corn & Co.,

Which every farmer and resident in the neighborhood should patronize, as the proprietors are determined to sell at the lowest Altoona prices for either cash or country produce. They will keep a

GOOD STOCK OF VARIOUS KIND OF GOODS

For ladies, gents and children, and can obtain from their store in Altoona at short notice any style or quality of Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., that may be desired.

One Room has been fitted up and filled exclusively with

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, AND FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY,
FOR MEN AND BOYS, AS WELL AS A FULL LINE OF
SHOES, GAITERS, OVERSHOES, &c., &c., for Ladies, Misses and Children,
WHILE THE OTHER ROOM IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO
LADIES' GOODS OF ALL KINDS,
Embracing everything in the Millinery and Fancy Goods line, such as Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats for ladies and children, Ribbons, Ruches, Notions, &c., &c.

A CORDIAL INVITATION TO CALL

is hereby extended to young and old, rich and poor, grave and gay, all of whom will be accommodated with the best bargains ever offered in Northern Cambria, no matter whether they bring the cash or come prepared to exchange wool, hides, chickens, butter, eggs, or other desirable produce, at the highest market rates, for first-class merchandise at the lowest Altoona city prices.

REMEMBER THE NAME AND PLACE:
CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,
Chest Springs, Cambria Co., Pa
S. B. CORN & CO., Proprietors. - - S. M. DOUGLASS, Salesman.

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unexpressible prices, which are so low that to per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

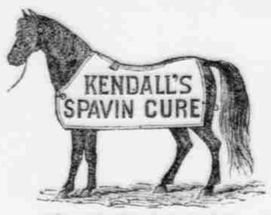
S. TEITELBAUM.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf.

GROCERS SELL ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S
FAMILY CHOCOLATE!
An article superior in quality and lower in price than any other in the market. A prominent and experienced New York physician gives it as his opinion that chocolate is preferable to tea or coffee because it adds strength to the body, new life to the exhausted brain, quiets the nervous system, harmonizes the workings of the digestive organs, and gives purity to the blood.
For a superfine confection, ask your confectioner for our Sweet Spiced Vanilla Chocolate. Aschenbach & Miller, 3d and Callowhill Sts., Phila., Pa.

Dr. Ware's Pulmonalis
is a household word with those who have used it, because it does its work quickly and effectually in cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Pains in the Breast, Consumption, and Bleeding of the Lungs. Only 50 cents a bottle. Ask your druggist for it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. cor. 3rd and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a, Pa. [9-24.-94m.]

X'MAS PRESENTS, free. Send address for particulars. F. TRUE & CO., 22 School St., Boston, Mass.



KENDALL'S
SPAVIN CURE.
The most successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW:

From Rev. P. N. GRANGER,
Presiding Elder of the St. Albans' District.

ST. ALBANS, VT., JAN. 20, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle from your agent and with it cured a horse of lameness caused by spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks, when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ringbone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found.
Respectfully yours, P. N. GRANGER.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL
STOUGHTON, MASS., March 18, 1880.
B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In justice to you and myself I think I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with Kendall's Spavin Cure—every large one I have ever had since I know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large off and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no bunch to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but if it does for all what it has done for me its sale will be very great.
Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.
ASHLAND, Schuylkill Co., Pa., June 5, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: A case of spavin that came under my observation was entirely cured by one bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and the horse sold afterwards for two hundred dollars.
Yours truly, CHAS. H. REINHEIS, "The" Druggist.

STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the year 1875 I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and reduced the enlargement. I have worked the horse ever since very hard, and he never has been lame, nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with Kendall's Spavin Cure. E. A. GAINES.
Enosburgh Falls, Vt., Feb. 28, 1879.
Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 20th day of February, A. D. 1879.
JOHN G. JENNE, Justice of the Peace.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
ON HUMAN FLESH.
PATTEN'S MILLS, Washington Co., N. Y., February 23, 1880.
B. J. KENDALL, M. D.—Dear Sir: The particular case in which I used your "Spavin Cure" was a malignant ankle sprain of three months' standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your "Spavin Cure" put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we have ever used. Yours truly,
REV. M. P. BEEL,
Pastor M. E. Church, Patten's Mill, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best ancient for man ever used, being as mild in its action as it is certain in its effects. Send address for illustrated circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy for man as well as beast has ever to our knowledge met with such unqualified success.

Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. [9-10.-4m.]

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP
is superior to all other soaps. It is combined with Sulphur in its pure, unadulterated state, which enters the pores of the skin, boiling them out into the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, both locally and constitutionally, thereby eliminating all impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a luxurious purity and freshness of the complexion which is unequalled, and has no rival by any other means. No toilet, nursery or bathroom is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white and healthy; is delightful, deodorizing, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, eleanor, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles when nothing else will have any effect. Ask for VAN DYKE'S "SULPHUR SOAP" and take no imitation. Sold by druggists. Aschenbach & Miller, Proprietors, No. 301 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. [11-5.-1y.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—JONATHAN JONES versus DAVID E. JONES and LUTHER STILES, trading as JONES & STILES.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County: No. 3, September Term, 1880. Fi. Fa. to the Sheriff of Jefferson County.

And now, September 13th, 1880, ALVIN EVANS is appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the Prothonotary.

By the Court.

In pursuance of the above order of Court the undersigned will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 30th day of November, 1880*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 29, 1880.-3t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale her **Farm of 185 Acres**, situated on the Turnpike in Munster township, one mile from Creekson, having thereon erected a large two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a FRAME STABLE, and all necessary outbuildings. There is also an abundance of apple, pear and plum trees and plenty of good water on the premises. This property is one of the best in the county for the purposes of a summer resort, and as such could be made very profitable. It will be sold at a bargain and on easy payments. For further information call on or address WM. GALLITZIN, Munster, Cambria Co., Pa., or apply to the owner.

MRS. ALICE SYTH.

Aug. 20, 1880.-3m. 20 Pike St., Pittsburgh.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.
HAVING failed to dispose at public sale of the Farm in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, of which Hugh McSkimick, late of said township, died seized, the undersigned offers the same at private sale. Said Farm consists of **225 Acres**, in a good state of cultivation, and is believed to be underlaid with bituminous coal. The land will be sold as a whole or in parts to suit purchasers. For terms, etc., call on or address

JAMES BOLAND, Acting Executor,
Oct. 22, 1880.-6t. Summit, Cambria Co., Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of JAMES MEHAFFEY, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of James Mehaffey, late of Summitville borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement. PAUL MCKENNA, } Executors.
JOHN EGER,
Summitville, Oct. 27, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN LEAP, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of John Leap, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.
DOROTHY LEAP, Administratrix.
Washington Twp., Oct. 22, 1880.-6t.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office on 14th street, between 19th and 18th avenues. [8-7.-tf.]

COMING BACK.

Up in a city garret, on a hot June day, a weary woman leaned back in her chair, and pressed her fingers against the eyes that refused to see the stitching in the shop work over which she had toiled from daybreak till now, four o'clock in the afternoon.

From the street far below her, a voice had only that moment soared upward, calling "Strawberr-ees!"

And, as if by magic, her thoughts turning backward had carried her to Deepdene, the home of her youth, and to a certain lovely June day in her sixteenth year, when she had stood in the strawberry pasture on the Blessing farm, with the red berries perfuming all the air, and said the words which severed her fate from that of Maurice Blessing, and made her life what it was on this day, almost hopeless, and a ceaseless struggle for bread, won at needle point.

How it rose up before her! The green pasture sloping upward to the darker green woods, whose tops seemed to touch the deep blue sky, sloping downward to the gray stone wall, with the cold spring leaping out through a wooden trough, among its lower stones.

And below the wall, "the thirty-acre meaning," spread out like an immense emerald velvet carpet, with the two-story cream-colored house lifting its piazzaed front at the extreme end, just where the shaded lane began, that led from the Blessing farm out into the village road.

She, the poor orphan girl, had been offered this comfortable home; and she had refused it—for what? For a dream of fame, which had left her toiling in this hot garret, while in the black trunk yonder the book which was to have made her fortune, refused by one publisher after another, was lying, till she could find courage to thrust it into the fire.

"Scarcely five years," she sighed, rocking herself to and fro. "And Maurice has sold the old farm and gone to Colorado; and I am here, lonely, disappointed, old before my time. Oh, if I could only live that day over again, and be as wise as I am now! For now I know that I love him—now, when it is forever too late?"

Sickening, with sort of calenture among those city streets, for one glimpse of her early home, Hester May rose and went to the desk where her worldly wealth was stored.

By the closest economy, she had managed to lay aside a few dollars, for the gloomy purpose of paying the expenses of her own sickness and death, when the time should come for her to die among strangers.

From this sacred hoard she counted out a sufficient sum to take her to Deepdene.

"I will stay only one day," she thought. "And I will work all the harder after I return to make up this sum again. I must! And I will take one more look at the dear old farm before it is in the hands of strangers, and so altered that I shall not know it."

The next day saw her on her way.

The five years of her absence had been years of great change to the little country village.

A railway whisked her across the hillroad from Torrington. Once she would have made the journey in a yellow stage, drawn by four horses, with John Colney, crossest and most disagreeable of earthly stage drivers, on the box.

The village, too, was smartened and freshened up—new houses, new faces, a new iron fence around the small oval park that graced the centre of the town; new names above the gilded fronts of the shops; a new set of giggling misses on their way to the new brown stone academy, which stood where she had once thought it an honor to attend the district school, in a plain, one-story structure of faded brick.

No doubt all these alterations were for the better; but they made her heart ache with a sense of loss unspeakable.

And she turned into the shady lane that led only to the Blessing farm, dreading to see the old house desecrated by the stranger's hand.

No: there it stood as she had always known it—the very picture of home comfort, the centre of all those modest luxuries that a well-to-do farmer, of all other men, may most easily command.

But, although the dear old house was unchanged, its inmates were new and strange to her. A stout middle aged man, in a white summer suit, with a broad brimmed hat and a cigar, sat on the steps of the piazza reading a newspaper. A fashionably-dressed lady, some years his junior, swung in a hammock upon the lawn, lost in a novel.

Several children, in broad-brimmed hats and brown Holland blouses, were making the lives of two nurses a burden to them, further down the lawn, among the elm trees, where a swing had hung from time immemorial.

"City" was stamped upon every face and figure that she saw.

Had Maurice sold the place to some retired merchant, who would over-ornament and disfigure it in the modern villa style?

"If one could but live their lives over after they grow older, and are taught by experience what is best for them!" thought Hester in her sadness, once more.

She would have gone to the house and asked leave to rest and look around if it had remained in the care of old Father Williams and his wife, the tenants of the upper farm.

But she could not face those prosperous and happy "city people," who would look at her with their coldly curious eyes, and wonder almost audibly, "what she could want," even if they did not absolutely mistake her for a "tramp."

"I wish I could have gone through the strawberry pasture once more," she thought, as she turned back toward the railway station, tired, hungry and unrefreshed.

At the foot of the lane a gentleman, in a summer suit of silver-gray, stood leaning against the bars, with his straw hat pulled down over his face so far that he had failed to notice the stranger's silent approach.

"Will you let me pass, if you please?" said Hester, at last, after waiting for some moments.

He wheeled around as if she had struck him and stared doubtfully in her face.

She uttered a great cry.

"Maurice! Maurice! I heard that you had sold the farm and gone to Colorado!"

"Hester, can this be you?" he asked.

His eyes seemed to devour her. Words rose to his lips and were forced back again. At last he asked:

"Is your husband here with you, Hester?"

"My husband?"

"Why, yes! I heard that you were married very soon after you had went to the city."

"You heard wrong, Maurice! I have not been married. I have never even thought of such a thing."

"But why did you go, then, Hester? Why did you leave Deepdene? Why did you refuse to marry me, if—if there was no one else in the way?"

Poor Hester.

She thought of the hot city garret, of the dream of fame that never had been realized, of the unlucky book that was lying in the black trunk, of the little burial hoard so hardly earned and saved.

The tears came quickly to her eyes, obscuring the honest, handsome face on which she gazed.

"Don't cry, Hester," said Maurice Blessing, taking her hand. "And tell me why you would not marry me, dear?"

"Because I was a fool!" sobbed Hester.

"Is the folly ended? asked Maurice, hiding a smile as he bent over her. "Cannot you give me a different answer now, Hester? If you can, we will be just the happiest pair on earth, here on the dear old farm."

"But you sold the farm and went to Colorado," said Hester wonderingly. "At least I heard so."

"I was a fool, too, Hester; for I went to Colorado, and I was quite ready to sell. But my brother-in-law, from the city, persuaded me to rent it to him for one year, till I had time to think the matter over. When I came to my senses—although I had not forgot you, darling—I was very glad the poor old place was mine still, and I came back some six weeks ago to see it. My sister and her husband and family go back to the city next week, stopping at the mountains on their way. I shall be left alone, with good Mrs. Williams for my housekeeper, and her husband as head hired man—just as I was before. Hester, won't you take pity on me, and share my home? I have never cared for any one but you."

I do not know in what words Hester answered him. I see her almost daily in the cream-colored farmhouse, the very model of an active, bustling, good-tempered farmer's wife.

THE ORIGIN OF CLOTHING.—How did we come to possess our present form of dress is answered by a reviewer in *Nature*. Clothing at first was almost entirely ornamental. The simple sinciture was the germ, so to speak, of the clothing we wear. After some time a bunch of pandanus slips was added in front, and this was gradually extended until it made a complete fringe around the body. When the arts became so far advanced that man could make paper cloth or some woven material, these latter were substituted for the primitive fringe, and the gift was thus developed. Curiously enough, the dress of the Scotish Highlanders embodies these two stages of progress in the kilt and the sporran. As man advanced there were inconveniences attending the use of the kilt, which were abated by fastening that garment at one point between the legs, and the human mind was then fairly set upon the path to arrive at the attainment of a pair of trousers. When the back and shoulders needed protection the savages used the skin of some animal, and it is from this sort of covering for the upper part of the body that we have derived our coats, vests, shirts, etc. But the ancient cloak form is even yet retained, not only by such people as Zulu chiefs, but in all robes of ceremony by dignitaries of court and college of the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth. The elaborate and varied head coverings of the present day all sprang from a very simple original type.

A STORY OF REVENGE.—The *Alta California* tells this story: "An awful case of the consequences of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West Side. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a very handsome and well-preserved widow of thirty eight and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was twenty-six, and said he was old enough to be her father and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to and married the wretched girl's mother. Now, that wretched girl has got to wear stout leather boots two sizes too large for her and go to bed at 9 p. m., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice cream, and in fact everything else that makes life worth living for, her stepfather's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendidly matured a woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes around to see that wretched girl, her stepfather bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him and tells the wretched girl the young man is not a fit companion for her and that he is as solicitous for her future as he would be for that of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she was dead as many as a hundred times in a day."

WHICH WAS SMART?—In a county school in this county, recently, a very amusing scene occurred. A boy of about twelve years had a preference for a certain girl of about the same age, as boys will have, and he divided a large turnip with her during school hours. Another lad, somewhat jealous, began teasing the boy who gave the piece of turnip saying he was "sweet on the girl," etc., until the turnip-giver, thoroughly indignant, hurled his part of the turnip at the offender's head. The teacher saw the act and ordered the boy who threw at the other to take his place at the teacher's desk, and stand there until otherwise ordered. The girl who received the turnip, boiling with indignation at the treatment of her lover, hurled her piece of turnip at the offender's head, and she, too, was ordered to stand at the teacher's desk—which was just exactly what she wanted, so that she might be near her "true knight." This was an actual occurance in this county, and of recent day and the question naturally arises—Which was smart? The teacher or the girl pupil.—*Lancaster New Era.*

COULD DIE WHEN HE PLEASED.—In the earlier part of the last century there lived in Scotland a Colonel Townshend, who could apparently die whenever he chose, and come to life at will. His frame would become rigid and cold, his eyes dull and ghastly, and his features shrunk and waxy as in death. In this State he would remain for several hours, and then would slowly revive. He once performed this strange experiment in the presence of three physicians, who perceiving no pulsation of the heart and no respiration, convinced themselves that he was really dead. But soon after they left him he revived. It has been asserted that he actually died while repeating the ghastly performance.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "if you will come and sit down here, I'll explain the political situation to you. I am glad to see you take an interest in such things, for everybody ought to thoroughly understand what is going on in the country."

"I've been reading about them every day," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I think I know a good deal about politics now," and the good lady turned turkey red with the idea that she had excited her husband's admiration. "I think Mr. Garfield is just too sweet to live, and that dear Mr. Hancock is just as nice as he can be. They are ever so much better than that odious English and Arthur. Oh! if I was a man I would vote for Garfield and Hancock.

"That ain't the way to talk politics," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I thought you said you knew something about it! Got an idea that Garfield and Hancock are some kind of a bonnet, haven't you? Well, they ain't a foreign Bible society, either."

"Do you like English and Arthur best? They may be good men for the presidency, but I saw more in the papers about Garfield and Hancock, and I thought they must be splendid. Perhaps I was mistaken."

"Garfield and Hancock ain't running together, I tell ye," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "They are running against each other."

"There's another thing," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently; "if they are doing that, I perfectly agree with you in thinking that English and Arthur are the best. They are perfect gentlemen, and Mr. Arthur is so handsome! I saw his picture—"

"Don't you know anything at all, scarcely?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "English and Arthur ain't twins, they are running against each other, too. Where'd you find out about politics, anyway—in a cook book? P'raps you think these candidates are vegetables, Mrs. Spoopendyke. But they ain't, they're men with arms and legs; they ain't things to make pudding of."

"Certainly; I know that," responded Mrs. Spoopendyke cheerfully; "but if Mr. Garfield is running against Mr. Hancock, and Mr. English is running against Mr. Arthur, I don't see what we're going to do. How are we going to choose?"

"But they're got to run against each other," explained Mr. Spoopendyke, with rising emphasis. "You don't suppose candidates all run together like a lot of hens, do ye?"

"If Mr. Hancock and Mr. Garfield run against each other, won't Mr. Hancock have the best of it?"

"Why should he?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

"'Cause he's so big. If they were running together he'd get best, 'cause he's too fat—He couldn't—"

"Does anybody in the country know what you're talking about? Do you s'pose they stand off and bump up against each other like a couple of freight trains? Got an idea they're going to roll up their trousers and run a leg race? I tell ye Hancock is running for one president and Garfield is running for another. Now, d'ye understand?"

"Oh, that's it. Now I begin to see into it," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, joyously. "So if you was to vote for two men for president, you must vote for English and Arthur. I understand it perfectly now. But—"

"Oh, yes, you understand it, don't ye," yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You're the politician of seven ages. All you need is a registration book and a brass band to be a whole political campaign. I tell ye Hancock is running for President and so is Garfield, and Arthur and English are running for Vice President. Can you understand that?"

"Yes, I do; but do you think Arthur and English will get it? I read in one—"

"Get it?" They both can't get it. Only one of 'em can get it," exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, suppressing his passion. "What do you think the Vice Presidency is, a pair of pigeon holes? One of them will be President and the other Vice-President. Now can you bore that through your skull and remember it?"

"Why, of course; but I feel sorry for poor Mr. Garfield and poor Mr. Hancock. They'll be awfully disappointed, but of course we can't help it. Which will be President do you think, Mr. Arthur or Mr. Eng—"

"Dod gast it!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't know enough to go to sleep when you're tired. Don't I tell you Garfield or Hancock will be President. Say it over until you can remember it. The tickets are Hancock and English, and Garfield and Arthur. Comprehend that?"

"Why, certainly. I saw those names on the banners. I remember now. Which will be elected?"

"That's the question," rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, sarcastically. "If Mr. English can carry his own State and Ohio, he will be elected, but if Mr. Garfield can carry his own State and Indiana, he has an excellent show."

"What will Mr. Hancock and Mr. Arthur carry?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, with an air of absorbing interest.

"Carry?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, "they'll carry swill to the pigs, and that's more'n you know how to do. What d'ye s'pose they'll carry?"

"I suppose Mr. Arthur will carry Mr. English's State, won't he, and his own? And Mr. Hancock will carry Mr. Garfield's State and Governor's Island. Ain't that where he lives? I don't imagine what they want of each other's States. They ought to ——"

"Oh! you've got it!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've got it boiled down. You only need a heavy rain and the side door of a bar-room to be an election day. What you want is a lot of blots and your name spelled wrong to be a poll list. Don't I tell ye that two of 'em are running against the other two, and the two that get the most States will be elected? And if a man can't carry his own State he's liable to be kicked? Can't ye understand that?"

"I see; I see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's as plain as day now. But suppose they all carry their own States, won't it be funny?"

"He, he, he," giggled Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrid grimaces. "It'll be the funniest thing ever known. If they do that you just dramatize it. It'll beat nine circuses in a row. How's each going to carry his own State? Think he's going to turn it up on one end and roll it like a hoop?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Spoopendyke reflecting. "I don't exactly understand how they do it, but they ought to know what they are going to do before they accept the convention. I read——"

"Who cares a dog gasted cent what you read," pealed forth Mr. Spoopendyke.—"You don't know enough about politics to stuff a chicken. Who said anything about any measly convention? Git into bed, will ye? You got an idea that you put candidates in a pot like turnips and poke 'em with a a fork, and the one that's done first is elected. Oh! you're right—you've got the sense of it. With your statesmanship, all you want is four amendments and a motion to adjourn to be an act of Congress," and Mr. Spoopendyke cast his clothing into a corner, flopped into bed and pulled the clothes over his ears.

"I don't care," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke as she turned out the gas and then began pattering around to see if everything was all right. "I know that if Mr. English carries Mr. Garfield's State and Mr. Garfield carries Mr. English's State, it will go hard with Mr. Hancock and Arthur, and Mr. Arthur is such a handsome man," and Mrs. Spoopendyke sidled into bed, planted her cold feet into the pit of Mr. Spoopendyke's stomach and went to sleep, dreaming that that worthy was running for the office of notary public and had carried every State in the Union, including "Governor's Island."

A NEW PERIL FOR SMOKERS.—The poisonous effects of nicotine, which the anti-tobacco party has based most of its arguments against the weed on, have found a powerful ally. A well-known journalist of New York, one of the most distinguished war correspondents of the country, was recently much alarmed to learn that a lip sore, from which he had been suffering for some time, was diagnosed by his physicians as a symptom of a scrofulous disorder of a serious character. A thorough examination failed, however, to reveal the presence of any other evidence of the disease, and the doctor was, for the time, at a loss to discover its origin.

The patient is an inveterate cigar smoker, and this fact led his physicians to make some inquiries in regard to the quality of the cigars that he smoked, the manner and place of their manufacture and other particulars. His investigation resulted in his forming the opinion, in which his patient is disposed to concur, that the mysterious sore and the disease, of which it is the undoubted evidence, were due to the smoking of cigars which had been made by some person with a scrofulous taint, which had communicated through the cigars to the smoker.

This theory, alarming as it is, is fully borne out by the testimony of the physicians of Bellevue and other eminent authorities, who are reported by the New York correspondent of a Western paper to have recently declared that, within their own experience, cases of contagious disease have frequently been traced to the same cause. These medical gentlemen assert that disease is so common among the tenement house cigar-makers who use their mouths as well as their hands in their labor, that it is not safe for any one to smoke cigars without the use of a tube or holder, so as to avoid contact with the possibly infected leaf.

In the present case the physician is of the opinion that the disorder thus strangely incurred has gone already too far even to be completely eradicated from the system, and hence another illustration of the danger of indiscriminate cigar-making and of unprotected cigar-smoking.—*New York News.*

THE POLITICIAN OF THE PERIOD.—A ragged man of leisure who was sunning himself on the wharf at the foot of Griswold street the other day, was accosted by a second, who was a little more ragged, if possible, with the inquiry:

"And which party are you hollering for this fall?"

"Neither," was the brief reply.

"What, ain't you fixed?"

"Not a fix. The best offer I have had is the promise of $2 for boilerin'."

"Only two dollars. Why, what sort of an election is this going to be, and Presidential year, too? Did you take it?"

"Take it?" echoed the other, as he pulled a loose patch over his knee, "I did not. I've been thinking and thinking for a week past, and do you know what I've made up mind to?"

"No."

"I'm going to let this country go to her destruction. Yes sir; I'm going to see her plunged into the depths of anarchy. Two dollars to save this country. They don't begin to know me, sir."

And the pair sat down on a salt barrel and made a dinner off of hard apples and a piece of salt codfish.

A SINGULAR TEXT.—Many doubtless remember the style which obtained among ladies some years since of gathering their hair together and piling it in a stationery mound on the upper portion of the head by the aid of sundry little steel instruments. While this fashion was in vogue, an orthodox clergyman of a certain village, regarding it as an abomination, was determined to use his influence against it and "preach it down." Accordingly, one Sabbath morning, he mounted his pulpit and gave out as his text, "Topknot come down;" and in short the congregation were much "exercised," because the worthy pastor had preached from a text not to be found in the Scriptures. On Tuesday they called him before a convocation of the saints for the purpose of making a formal charge against him from his cure. The charge was made, and he was asked if he had aught to say in reply. He mildly remarked that the text was to be found in the Bible; and that if they would hand him one he would point out its location and read it to them. A Bible was given him, and he turned slowly to the place and read: "And let those upon the house—top not come down!" A vote of adjournment was then passed.

A PETRIFIED woman has been discovered near Cascade Lake, Nev. An Italian fisherman was going out to fish at the time, and when pushing off his boat struck against something. He then investigated the matter and found a petrified hand protruding from the sand and pebbles on the beach. In a short time he had unearthed a woman in a complete state of petrification. It was small in size, brown in color, and scrawny and emaciated. The petrification had a hideous appearance, and the body originally must have belonged to a shriveled, sickly woman. The left breast was well-developed, but the arms and legs were not much larger than the bones would have been, and the fingers of the right hand were gone. The petrification weighed nearly 200 pounds.

A LADY wants to know why the railroad companies do not provide special cars for tobacco chewers as well as for smokers. Bless your innocent heart! Tobacco chewers are not so particular as that. An ordinary passenger car is good enough for them.—*Boston Transcript.*

BATTLING WITH THE FLAMES.

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A CREW AT SEA WITH THEIR SHIP ON FIRE.

The English steamship Timpsah, Captain Corkery, which left Galveston in the early hours of Monday morning last, on her trip to Liverpool, had a remarkable escape from being burned at sea. The experience which her officers and crew went through, commencing on Tuesday morning and ending on Wednesday last, when the vessel reached New Orleans, will probably be remembered by them as one of the most exciting in their seafaring career. The Timpsah left Galveston on Monday morning at 1:30 o'clock, having on board a cargo of 3,745 bales of cotton. The vessel took the usual course of outward bound craft, and nothing of unusual interest or note occurred during the following twenty-four hours. On Tuesday morning, shortly after three o'clock, the engineers, who happened to be off duty and asleep in their cabin, were awakened by the suffocating fumes of smoke, which filled their room. Their cabin and mess room both adjoined the after hold of the vessel, from which the smoke was issuing. Captain Corkery, who was asleep, was quickly informed of the condition of affairs, and lost no time in calling all hands on deck. There was no confusion even under these exciting circumstances, and the orders of the Captain were obeyed with that alacrity and precision which show the nerve and coolness of the crew. The first thing done was to cover up every aperture which might possibly let a draught of air into the burning hold. A quantity of pipe was proc