THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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Persons residing outside the county of Cambria will be charged 50 cts. additional per year will be charged to subscribers.
In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consider their 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 the time forward.
Stop for your paper before you stop it, if you wish to do so, if 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.

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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:

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

CHEAP!
CHEAP CASH STORE
THE CHEAPEST!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware.
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Tinware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Guns, Rifles, Rope Chains, Bar Iron, Rail Iron, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
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Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
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WINDOW SHADES
SHADE FIXTURES: Lightning, ASHTON and the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; Fruit Jars, Cherries PUMPS, of the best quality; FRUIT PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS and SEATS, the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all sizes ever brought to Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable qualities; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of notions.
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
and a host of other articles too numerous and needful to mention. In fact, everything I have got or can't get at short notice to suit worth buying, and what I have got I always do sell the cheapest for the money, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having had nearly twenty years' experience in the sale of goods to my line, I am enabled to suit my customers with the very best in the market, give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest and that it never pays to buy an inferior article because the price is low, as it is invariably the case that such goods are always a dear article in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1881.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
508 Seventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
TINNING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Feb. 10, 1879.—tf.

THE PEOPLE'S
BATHING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.
The undersigned takes the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first-class tonorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who may be shaved, have their hair cut, or do other attentions in his line. Ladies' and children's hair cuttings made into curls and switches. Satisfaction rendered or no pay. Please give me a call.
H. P. SCHAEFER.
Ebensburg, Nov. 23, 1877.—tf.

B. & B.
SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.
NEW GOODS!
FOR EARLY FALL,
RECEIVED AND OPENED THIS WEEK!

One case English Silk Stripes, at 25 cts.; choice best styles and good effects.
50 pieces All-wool French Armures, 42 inches wide, full line of colors, at 50c. a yard, really worth 75c. This is a bargain worthy of special notice, and we ask our friends to see the goods in our store or write for samples.
New Plush Velvets in a combination of colors.
New Stripe Velvets, in a great variety of shades of color, at 34 and 44.50 a yard.
Handsome new Ombre Stripe and Plaid Dress Fabrics, 22c. to $8 a yard.

BLACK SILKS.

10 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $1.25.
10 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $1.50.
10 pieces Heavy Black Silk at $1.75.
10 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $2.00.
These four grades are the best value ever offered in any market.
New Black Satins.
New Black Satin Merveilleux.
Black Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 45, 50, 55, 60, 90 and 75c. per yard.
Black Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 75, 85, 90c. and $1.00 better values than ever before offered.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.
Special Inducements and Bargains.

Heavy Silk Fur-lined Circulars, $20.
Fur-lined Circulars and Garments of different and the most approved shapes in Sealskin, Da Lyon, Satin Rhadames, Satin Mercelleux and Cheltian.
SEAL SACQUES AND DOLMANS.
We will have opened early next week a lot Seal Sacques at $125 and $135; handsome qualities, full lengths and all sizes. Any person contemplating the purchase of a Seal Sacque can secure a bargain by selecting from this first invoice of these goods this season. A lady can save from $15 to $25 on that price of one garment by purchasing early.
New lines of Misses' and Children's Hosiery in fancy and plain solid colors—Cotton, Merino and Cashmere.
New and choice styles Ladies' Neckware, Spanish Lace Goods, Feathers and ready-to-wear Hats.
New and very extensive stock of Housekeeping Goods, Flannels and Blankets.
We are now prepared to show large and varied stocks and the very best possible values for the money in all our many departments.

BOGGS & BUHL,
118 & 120 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY.

N. B.—New Head Passamenteria Trimmings, 20c. to $5 a yard. New Beads, Ornaments and Fringes. New Buttons, 10c. to 50 per dozen.

THE LATEST and MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION!
EDISON'S
INSTANTANEOUS
GUIDE
—TO THE—
Piano or Organ!
By which any Child or Person can play any of the Popular Airs by note, at sight, without STUDY, PREVIOUS PRACTICE, or even Musical Talent. The Company will FORFEIT $1,000 if any Child ten years old fails to play ANY ONE of our Popular Tunes on the PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON within ONE HOUR after receiving the Music and Instruction, provided said child can count, with the figures before it, from 1 to 100 correctly.
7 Pieces of MUSIC, with INSTRUCTIONS,
Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.00. Enclose one cent postage stamp for Catalogue of Tunes.
Agents wanted in every State and County in the Union.
Edison Music Co.,
215 & 217 Walnut St.,
Sept. 16, 1881.—3t. Philadelphia, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

THE undersigned will offer at public sale, at the Cambria House, in Ebensburg, on
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881,
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain Half Square of Ground situate in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, known as the McCague property, bounded on the north by Lloyd street, on the east by Julian street, on the south by Oak street, and on the west by lot of R. J. Lloyd, having thereon erected a two story *Frame House*, a *Frame Stable*, and the necessary outbuildings, all in good repair.

☞ This property will be sold in one entire piece, or in lots, as may suit purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser. HARRIET STYCH.
Sept. 30, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of Henry Hoppel, Executor of George Hoppel, late of Elder township, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Monday, October 17th, 1881, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims on said fund must present them, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the second and final account of Alexander McMullen, surviving Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel McMullen, late of Allegheny township, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, October 18th, 1881, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested attend if they see proper. A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—2t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of Paul McKenna and John Eger, Executors of James McNally.

Having been, on the motion of Johnston & Scanlan, Esqs., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of said accountants, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Thursday, the 20th October next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all interested may attend if they see proper. F. A. SHOEMAKER,
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of H. C. Kirkpatrick, Assignee of John Hessler.

Here, on motion of A. V. Barker, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the said Assignee, as shown by his account and vouchers filed, I hereby give notice that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Wednesday, the 19th October, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all interested may attend if they see proper. F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of FREDERICK YINGLING, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of Fred'k Yingling, late of Dean township, deceased, that payment must be made without delay to the undersigned, who has been granted letters testamentary on said estate, and those having claims against the same will present them properly protected for settlement.
DENNIS O'DONNELL, Executor.
Dean Twp., Aug. 19, 1881.—6t.*

DISSOLUTION!—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the lumber business at Lloydville, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of A. L. McFarlane & Co. (limited), has been dissolved, Mrs. M. E. McGee retiring. The business of the late firm will be continued by A. L. McFarlane.
A. L. McFARLANE,
M. E. McGEE.
Lloydville, Sept. 30, 1881.—3t.

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about forty acres cleared, the balance being well covered with raw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address P. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881.—tf. Loretto, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year, in advance.

TILLY'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES

Tilly Clifford was sitting one evening in the door of her humble home, an old brown farm-house, situated two miles away from the centre of the village of N——. She was wondering what made her father so quiet and sober of late, and why she caught her mother every now and then wiping away a tear with a stealthy hand.

She heard their voices now, as they were talking in a low tone in the kitchen, and once in a while she caught the words, "mortgage" "foreclosure," "ejection," and the like, and she pondered very soberly upon their meaning. Pretty soon her father went out, to attend to matters at the barn, and her mother called to her to "come in."

"Sit down, my child," she said, as Tilly entered. "I want to have a little talk with you."

The girl obeyed, rightly thinking that whatever was troubling her parents was about to be revealed.

"We have been harrassed greatly for some time now," her mother began, "with the the fear that we should lose our little home,"

"Lose our home? Why mother I thought that father owned it; that it was left to him by Grandfather Clifford."

"So it was, dear; and your father received it free from incumbrance, but, in an evil hour, he put a mortgage of three hundred dollars upon it, in order to loan that amount to an old friend. Not long after the friend failed and the debt was lost. The time for foreclosing the mortgage ended years ago; but kind Mr. Dey, who held it, has said repeatedly, "never mind, Mr. Clifford, as long as you pay the interest, the money can remain invested in the house." He died, as you know, a few weeks ago, and the nephew, who inherits the property, says we must pay the three hundred dollars within three months, or else leave the house."

"Oh mother! will it be possible for father to do so?" asked Tilly anxiously.

"There is only one hope. We have tho't of a friend about thirty miles from here, who may possibly let us have the money, and allow us to transfer the mortgage to him."

"I do hope he will, mother; it would be so dreadful to have him leave the old house."

"It will be as God wills," replied Mrs. Clifford; but we must make every effort we can to save it. We think of taking the journey in our own wagon, to save expenses, and we have decided to start to-morrow morning. You will not be afraid to stay here alone through the day, will you? We have arranged for your Uncle John to come here and sleep the night we are away."

"It will be dreadfully lonesome here with you both away; but I am not in the least afraid to stay," said Tilly bravely.

As they wished to take an early start in the morning, the family retired very soon after Mr. Clifford returned from doing his barn chores.

Tilly awoke at sunrise, and found that her mother and father had been up already quite a while, and the preparations for their journey were nearly made.

"Don't leave the house, except to go a short distance, and be very careful, Tilly, about fire," said Mrs. Clifford as they drove away.

Tilly gave the desired promise, kissed them good bye, and then went into the house, to forget her loneliness as best she could in doing up the morning housework.

She had a long day, all to herself, and many a little piece of work that had been put by for a favorable time she managed to finish. In the afternoon she happened to think of an interesting book, which one of her school-friends had lent her a day or two before, and she sat down by the open window to enjoy it.

She was so absorbed in its contents, that she was startled when she heard a sweet voice say:

"Shall I intrude if I step in and rest my self a few moments?"

Tilly looked up, and young lady, beautifully dressed, stood before her. She had a sweet, winning face, and the most faultless grace of manner. She was instantly charmed with her strange visitor, and quickly replied.—

"Not in the least. Walk right in."

The young lady took the chair offered, which was a large cushioned rocker, and sank into its easy depths in utter weariness.

"I was journeying with my friends," she said, "and somehow have strayed away from them, and we have become separated."

"I dare say they will find you," said Tilly, hopefully, "and in the meantime, you may rest here as long as you choose."

"Thank you; this is such a clean, cozy little home, it will be a real treat to stay here a while," replied the young lady.

The two girls were soon chatting as familiarly as though they had always known each other. As it grew toward night, the strange lady's friends did not appear. Tilly wondered why she appeared so perfectly easy about her situation.

Not long after ten, the young lady said, "If you will allow me to spend the night here, I will make some arrangements whereby I can meet my friends further on."

"I should be very glad to have you stay," replied Tilly, "as my father and mother have gone upon a journey, and it will be pleasant to have company."

By and by Uncle John came in, and was introduced to Tilly's visitor, who made herself very agreeable to him, as she talked about crops and other matters that she tho't would interest him.

She retired quite early, and Tilly gave her the spare bed-room, which led out of the parlor.

"Where did that young woman come from?" asked uncle John, as Tilly returned to the kitchen.

She explained the story of having become separated from her friends, and of seeking rest there.

"It is rather of a strange statement, I should think," replied Uncle John.

"Do you think there is anything wrong about her, Uncle John?" asked Tilly, anxiously.

"I cannot say there is," he replied, "but there's a strange glitter in her eye once in a while, which I don't like. I think she'll bear watching."

There were two bedrooms leading from the kitchen. Till occupied one, and Uncle John the other, where Mrs. and Mr. Clifford usually slept.

About midnight Tilly awoke with a start and thought she heard strange sounds in the kitchen. She crept out of bed and looked through the crack of the door which was ajar. There she saw a sight which froze her blood with horror. Her young lady guest was standing by the table, clad in her night dress, and wildly brandishing a large carving knife, whose edge, every now and then, she would apparantly try upon her finger.

"Ha! she'll make a nice victim, won't she?" she muttered; her neck is so thin and white. The fiends tell me I'll have a fount of blood to-night. Ha, ha!"

Tilly tried to scream, but she couldn't make a sound. To her intense relief Uncle John, who, as he afterward expressed it, "had not undressed at all, but had slept with one eye open," rushed out of the bed room and wrenched the knife from the frantic woman, seized her by the arm, and marched her back to her room.

By the time she reached there the fierce glitter had gone from her eyes, and she seemed as docile as a child. Shutting her into the room and barricading the door, Uncle John returned again to the kitchen.

In the meantime, Tilly had dressed and stood there, with a white face, awaiting him.

"O, Uncle John!" she cried, in a hoarse whisper, "I do believe she meant to kill me: what does it mean?"

"It means, child, that the woman is crazy, and has probably escaped from some lunatic asylum."

"O, dear! I'm afraid to stay here another minute, Uncle John, and, as for sleeping, I'm sure I shall not close my eyes again to-night."

"Her madness comes on by spells, I think, and we won't be troubled by her any more to-night. You go to bed, and I'll keep watch the rest of the night," said Uncle John.

Assured thus of safety, Tilly retired to her room, but she was too excited to sleep soundly, and only caught a short nap now and then.

Next morning the young lady came out, daintily dressed, to breakfast, and looked and appeared so perfectly sane, that Tilly was almost fain to believe that the incident of the night before was only a horrible dream. She retired to her room as soon as the meal was finished, and while Uncle John and Tilly were consulting as to what should be done, they were startled to see a handsome carriage, with a span of horses drive up.

A pale, anxious-looking gentleman came hastily up the walk, and knocked upon the door.

"Have you seen anything of a young lady, dressed in a black silk dress and sack, and a white hat, trimmed with lace and feathers?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Yes, sir; she is here now," said Tilly. "Won't you come in and see her?"

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, fervently. Then, turning to the lady in the carriage, he called out:

"Dismiss your fears, my dear. Alice is here."

The lady soon after entered, and Tilly immediately conducted her to her daughter's room.

Upon her return to the kitchen, Tilly told the circumstances of the young lady's arrival, and Uncle John related her midnight visit to the kitchen, and the muttered threats they had heard her make while holding the knife.

"My unhappy child," said the poor father, in a broken voice, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. She has been bereft of reason for the past three years, and been the inmate of an asylum until recently. Her keepers thought she was so much better, they allowed her to come out and try a change. While we were riding slowly along yesterday, she suddenly leaped from the carriage and plunged into a piece of woods by the road. I followed as fast as I could, but she escaped me, and her mother and I have been suffering tortures of suspense in regard to her fate. She has spells of frantic thirst for blood. I shudder to think what a tragedy might have happened here."

"It was a narrow escape," said Uncle John; "as it happened, there was no harm done, and I am glad that your daughter is safe."

Soon after the young lady appeared accompanied by her mother, and dressed for her journey. As her father passed out of the door he thrust a bill into Tilly's hands with the remark.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude for sheltering my daughter, and you shall hear from me again."

Tilly opened her hand, and a crisp five dollar bill lay upon her palm. She had never owned so much money in her life before, and she gazed at it in pleased wonder. How long the time seemed till night, for then she expected her parents home. At last they drove slowly into the yard, and from the expression of sadness upon both their faces, she knew their errand had been a fruitless one.

"Your father's friend was unable to make us the loan, and he has come home feeling utterly discouraged," said Mrs. Clifford, as she sank wearily into a chair.

"I'm so sorry," said Tilly, with trembling lips; "but it isn't so bad to lose our home as though some one of us had been killed or gone crazy."

Then, as her father entered soon after, Tilly told all about the exciting events of the previous day and night.

As they realized the danger that had threatened their only child, Mrs. Clifford exclaimed, thankfully:

"You were right, Tilly, in saying that our trouble is not the worst that could befall us; we'll bear it with becoming fortitude, now that all our lives are spared."

A few evenings after, while the family were sitting together in the twilight, a neighbor, who had been to the postoffice, threw a letter into the open door.

Tilly lighted a candle, and her father gazed curiously at the direction and the postmark.

"Who can it be from?" he exclaimed, turning it over and over in his hand.

"Why, father, open it and see," said Tilly, laughing; "that's the quickest way to find out."

He did so, and a check for five hundred dollars fell out.

"Here, Tilly, read it," he said, with a trembling voice. "I can't think what it means."

It read thus:

"MR. CLIFFORD—*Dear Sir*: Having obtained your name and address as I passed through your village the other day, I take great pleasure in sending you the inclosed check. It is only a slight return for the service your daughter rendered to my afflicted child. I beg that you will use this money for your own or her benefit, as you may see best. Yours truly
HERMAN ST. CLAIR."

"O, father!" said Tilly, clapping her hands with delight, "that will pay off the mortgage, and we can keep our home after all."

"We can, thank God," he said; "what a merciful Providence sent that young woman to our door."

"God has many ways of bringing about the same result," said Mrs. Clifford reverently. I have had faith to believe He would help us in our trouble, but I never dreamed it would come in the way it has. How can we ever be thankful enough?"

A few days after the whole family went upon a journey, and when they returned they brought with them a clear title to the little household. After paying the mortgage they invested one hundred and fifty dollars in the bank for Tilly, and the remaining fifty they presented to Uncle John, thus enabling the old gentleman to purchase some farm implements he had long needed.

Tilly never forgot this lesson of her girlhood, or the lesson of God's watchful care over us which it taught her.—*Ballou's Monthly Magazine.*

BURNED OUT.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

The following is from Edwin L. Arnold's "On the Indian Hills."

I was busy writing, and the evening being cold and wet, and fever still hanging about me, on that eventful day I had made a fire in the stove in my little hut, the chimney of which passed up through the thatch of the roof. The dinner was standing ready on the table, and the lamp was burning brightly, but, as the next day was mail day, I wrote on and on, absorbed in my occupation. The temperature increased very rapidly, and a sort of red glow came on the paper, which I remembered afterward, but at the time I thought little of.

However, the heat became so noticeable that I at last started up to attend to the stove which I supposed was the culprit: but to my dismay and astonishment, directly my eyes were raised, I saw the whole roof of my hut already in flames, and burning fiercely under a strong wind which was blowing thro' the trees outside. What followed was very brief and decisive. My "boy" was just coming round from the kitchen with a dish of curry, but when he saw that astonishing sight, he stood spell-bound for a moment, and then down went the curry and he flew to the big bell hanging to a tree close by, and rang a peal which brought the coolies swarming up the hill in a dusky, yelling crowd for their "lines."

Half a glance showed me that it was impossible to save the hut, for it was now well alight, and the strong wind increased the flames every moment, while the nearest water was at the bottom of the hill, and I knew well that before we could collect chattels and organize a fire brigade it would be all over. So I proceeded to save what was possible, the estate books were got out first, along with a lot of my own, which will bear the marks of the jungle mud, into which they were thrown, as long as they last; and then I unlocked some drawers and salvaged several parcels of money. By this time the place was like a bake oven, and burning "fore and aft," and the wild looking crowd of coolies outside were yelling and dancing about, quite at their wits' end.

One old woman rushed bravely in, and making for my sleeping compartment, seized a blanket and pillow, which she gripped tightly in her dusky arms and carried about with her for the rest of the time, being much too excited to lay them any where. Fired by this example, some coolies made a rush into the porch. Unfortunately my door opened outward, and in the scuffle banged to and kept hard shut in my face by the great crowd outside, of whom the men nearest the door were pressed close against it by the others further away. In vain I kicked and shouted; it was firm, and the dense yellow smoke was blinding me and getting down my throat. At length I called out to the head native "mahstry," who I knew was outside, "Jowra mahstry, knock some of these fools down and clear my door."

Then there came the refreshing "Whack, Whack," of his stick, and the crowd parted and the door opened, but not too soon. Already the flaming mass or the roof overhead was rocking on the slender uprights which supported it. Any moment it might fall. The last I saw of the interior of my hut was the ready-set table; the lamp still burning placidly in the thick yellow smoke, the white tablecloth on fire in twenty places, and big flakes of matting, falling, smoking, left and right. Scarcely had the door opened and freed me, when I heard the sharp crack of my revolver which hung up loaded at the head of my bed, and the bullet whistled overhead.

The pistol had become red hot, and now, added to the general confusion by falling to the ground, and every now and then leaping up and firing a shot promiscuously into the crowd. This reminded me of my unfortunate guns, which there had been no time to save, and they, in turn, reminded me of a new, unopened five-gallon tin of kerosene oil which stood in my bed-room. I would have fetched it out, though it were red hot, had there been any chance of staying the fire but, as it was, I was so disgusted with the loss of my property I thought it might as well take its chance and end up the tomasha by a grand final firework.

And so it was! The coolies had scarcely obeyed my warning, and got behind trees, when there was a terrific bang which was heard right on top of the Bungalow Hill; a great column of smoke, flames and sparks leaped right up to the tree tops, singeing the leaves; and then, dying down, the roof fell in, followed by what remained of the walls. For a moment everything was brightly illuminated, but soon the fire went out with a sudden calm, and I was aware I was standing in my slippers, bareheaded, in the rain, which was falling fast now, by the smoking cinders of the poor little house which had sheltered me for ten or eleven months.

That night I slept rolled up in a blanket on tge floor of L——'s bungalow on the hill, and the next morning after a melancholy search among the hills for treasure trove—in which I found rupees and annas fused into lumps, and only the metal work of my gun remaining—I confided my servants, my dogs all my be longings that could be got together (and the cat, if she could be found,) to the care of my friend; borrowed a pair of boots and a hat, and, mounting the state pony, turned my back on the Pardagherry jungles, meaning to go to Calicut to refit and see a doctor, and perhaps, take a holiday, if he prescribed one, at that great resort of the broken-down Southern Indians, the Nellgherry Hills.

FASHION item: It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

IT BEATS LIFE INSURANCE.

A PLAN THAT PROMISES TO ECLIPSE THE GRAVE-YARD BUSINESS.

The following marriage notice, says a Hamburg (Pa.) correspondent of the N. Y. *Sun*, appeared in one of the neighboring weekly newspapers to-day:

On Sept. 14, by Rev. Y. R. Leinbach, Mr. Enos L. Boyer, of Maiden Creek, to Miss Lizzie Catharine Holman, of Lebanon county. No cards.

Mr. Boyer is an honest young ore miner of good character. His bride is a farmer's daughter, educated in the kitchen and graduated a first-class, intelligent house-keeper. He is thirty and she just twenty. Their parents are only in very moderate circumstances. Six months ago the young people were quite poor. They had intended to board with a poor family after marriage.—Instead, however, of doing this, they were enabled to go to housekeeping in first-class style, and all by a novel streak of luck. No secret is made of the fact that they were first insured by speculators for about $75,000 in a dozen or more marriage insurance companies. Mr. Boyer, the groom, was asked if he had any objection to giving his experience in this entirely new method of starting in life, and he promptly replied, with a smile:

"Of course not. I am willing to let everybody know all about it, so that other young people may enjoy good luck also. Thirteen months ago Lizzie and myself were engaged to be married. The wedding day was fixed, but suddenly the mines stopped work, and I was thrown out of a job. Lizzie was living home with her parents, and after I had told her of my bad luck we concluded not to get married, because we had no money to commence housekeeping, and I had very poor prospects ahead. One day George Merritt, a neighbor of mine, called to see me. He taught school at Dry Rock during the winter season. He said he heard that I was going to be married soon, and I told him of my bad luck. He told me not to let that worry me, and said that if I would let him take out a marriage insurance policy on me and then marry, he would buy me an eighty-dollar walnut bedroom set of furniture, with a marble top washstand, bureau and table. He said he was the agent of one of the new companies, and that he would take out a policy for $5,000 and have it transferred to himself. I said I was willing that he should if Lizzie was. My friend Merritt then told me that he had a few friends who would use me well if they might have the same privilege of insuring me in the other companies, and I said it was all right, and that they should come along. The very next evening another agent came and offered to buy me a flowered carpet for a front room, a flowered carpet for a sitting room, and a rag carpet for the kitchen. I was delighted with the business, and I told him he might take out the policy. In the meantime I had seen Lizzie, and she seemed first to dislike the idea, but finally told me to use my own judgment. Along came another agent and he agreed to furnish two bed rooms for the privilege of insuring us. I accepted this offer, and looked for the next agent. To make a long story short, fifteen agents agreed to take policies for $5,000, and thus I became insured for $75,000 in about a dozen companies. Every agent made a present of some kind, and when all the details were ready to be carried out I rented this modest two-story house here, and Lizzie and her friends scrubbed and scoured it from top to bottom. I met the agents over at my uncle's tavern in a back room. I signed the applications and the assignments one after another until the large, old fashioned table was covered with printed matter, blank forms, &c. Each agent either gave me an order on a store or the cash money as soon as I had signed his papers. Afterward I learned that the orders were on stores owned by the officers of the insurance companies. Well, with this money and the orders in hand we got married and then furnished our house as you see it here. I invite you to examine it from top to bottom. Everything is new, so you see how the marriage insurance business works for us. Yes, those vases and the pictures and that parlor organ were all bought for us in the same way. The agents explained to me that one year after our marriage each of those $5,000 policies would be worth about $1,740 each. That is why they were so anxious to furnish my house.

"Two other agents, wanted us to have a bridesmaid at our wedding. They went to my wife's sister Helen, and asked her if she would accept a handsome silk dress to wear at the wedding as a bridesmaid. She got mad and told them they were in a shameful business, and that if she couldn't buy her own dresses she would do without. She told them to clear out. They next went to the bride and asked her to name another bridesmaid, but Lizzie said that the thing had gone on long enough, and that the insurance business must stop right there. That is the reason why we had no bridesmaid. I suppose enough agents could be found to dress up a groomsman, too, had we wanted one. I have heard that at a number of weddings the bride and bridesmaids were fitted out with money given by the insurance companies' agents for the privilege of taking out policies. You see that as soon as a party becomes insured he can marry, but his policy won't be payable until a year elapses. I have figured out the profits, say on a policy of $5,000. The agent makes a present to the man who is to marry, say of $50; the policy will cost him $45, and the transfer or assignment, $1; total $96. His man then marries, and in a year's time the company promises to pay cash from $350 to $400 per thousand, say $1,750 for a $5,000 policy. The company raises this money by assessing other members of the class not married. If the companies keep their word the agents will make handsome profits on their investments; if they don't keep their word it won't hurt us. The business must pay, and agents must have confidence in the companies, because they make daily calls on all ministers and dressmakers to find out who is going to be married. Of course, the agents don't keep all the policies they get hold of. They sell them at a high advance and invest the profits in other policies. I know these things because I have gone through the hands of fifteen of them. Nearly every couple that is married nowadays is insured.—The business has spread into nearly every circle of society, from the highest to the lowest. The poorest young people now can afford to have the grandest weddings. I know of a wedding that is to come off just before Christmas that will open the eyes of the people. The bride and groom are insured for over $200,000, and as they are very poor they don't hold a single policy. I believe they got about $1,200 cash in advance from the policy holders, who are mostly rich farmers and agents. The young couple are going to have a very grand wedding in church, the grandest that ever took place in the church, and a city minister will perform the ceremony. The bride is a cigar factory girl and the husband works for a huckster Both of them are odd characters, and they say they are going to give the people something to talk about. Over 1,000 invitations are to be sent out, and the idea is to have a number of newspaper reporters present at the wedding and banquet. Our wedding was to have been this way, but we concluded to have our house furnished, as that was the most sensible thing. The couple that I am talking about desire to create a sensation, and I suppose they will succeed. The bride's dress is to be a long-tailed affair, and twelve of her lady friends are going to get new white dresses, to cost $10 each, all to be bought by the bride. They are going to have carpet laid from the church door across the sidewalk to the street, and there will be no end to the flowers, laurel, cedar, pine, cakes and wine. This sort of wedding promises to be very common in a few years. The graveyard business is slowly playing out, and the new marriage business is looming up as the latest sensation."

A PRAIRIE TORNADO.—M. C. Stevens, of Cherokee county, Iowa, a former resident of Oswego who had a terrible experience with a tornado in June last, arrived here a few days ago. Mr. Stevens is still on crutches, nursing a broken leg and is suffering from other injuries sustained at the time. His account of the tornado was very interesting. On the 26th of June, about eight o'clock p. m., he with his wife and three children were walking near his house when what they supposed a rain storm was seen approaching. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the coming storm, and the family were about to take shelter in the house when suddenly the building collapsed and the air was filled with flying timbers and household effects. Mr. Stevens was instantly knocked senseless, and on regaining consciousness, three hours later, found his thigh broken, his arm and head injured and his wife beside him with her hand in his, stone dead. Mr. Stevens, when he saw nothing could be done for his wife, crawled around in the black night in search for his children. The youngest boy he found lying on the ground insensible, with his leg broken. The oldest boy was not hurt, but the little girl could not be found for some time. Finally she was discovered clinging, head downwards, to a stove on the top of the wreck of the house. The wind continued to blow a fearful rate after the tornado had passed and the uninjured boy found it almost impossible to release his sister, but he finally did and found she was not hurt. This done the little fellow started for a neighbor's house, a quarter of a mile distant. It was impossible to stand erect on account of the wind, and the journey was performed on hands and knees in the face of the terrible storm and in the blackest darkness. Assistance was soon at hand and all were removed to a place of safety. An examination of the body of Mrs. Stevens disclosed that a splinter had been driven into the base of the brain about two and one-half inches, and that death must have been almost instantaneous. The house and furniture were a total wreck. The sides of the house had fallen in, with the roof on top, and on the summit of the pile was the stove, to which the little girl was found clinging. The contents were sma-shed to pieces. Mr. Stevens says the tornado was sixty feet wide and about twenty-five or thirty feet high. The wind was so hot that it was impossible to breathe it, and its velocity terrible. It was followed by a blast that was icy cold. The lightning which accompanied the tornado was awful, and hail stones the size of eggs fell.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Times.*

CHILD-LIKE AND BLAND.—His name was Moses Sparrow, he was very green. That was the idea that always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country landlady's son. Such a rustic youth, with such fair hair, worn long, such big blue eyes and such sloping shoulders, such a lamb-like expression. And being there at the farmhouse, whither she had been sent to spend the summer months, the city belle resolved that she would try her powers of fascination upon the boy, who struck her as so good a subject for flirtation, in which all the fun was to be on her side and all the sentiment on his.

And at it she went, beginning with a smile, a word, and rejoicing to see the fish bite so readily. She enjoyed herself very much, until she grew tired of it, and then she decided to break the heart she had won, and enjoying the crash. So she turned him out in the garden and made him set beside her on the bench under the wistarias, and said, sadly:

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding cards when I am married I am to be married to a rich old gentleman next winter."

Then she waited to see him drop at her feet, but drop he did not. He only said:

"Wal, I'm real glad! I kinder felt afraid I'd been goin' to far with you. I'm a sort of butterfly, flirtin' from flower to flower, you know; and I have flirted with you, I do allow. I was afraid you'd go off in a decline or suthin'—you seemed to set so much on me—if you heard