

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes: One column per year \$10.00, Half a column per year \$5.00, Quarter column per year \$2.50, Special notices per line \$1.00, Business notices per line \$1.00, For one year \$10.00, Marriage and death notices free.

J. A. PENROSE, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, SHOES, QUEENSWARE AND GROCERIES, CENTER STREET, One Door west of Alexander's Drug Store, M'Connellsville, O.

J. D. MCARTY, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND Provisions, in the "ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING," M'CONNELLSVILLE, OHIO.

V. B. LEWIS & Co., DEALERS IN HARDWARE, FARM IMPLEMENTS AND SEEDS, No. 65 Main Street, ZANESVILLE, OHIO. Agents for the "BUCKEYE MOWER"

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

A TALE OF AN AIR VOYAGE. BY J. P.

A number of years ago, when the science of aërostation was confined to the comparatively few, I received the following note from Prof. Colchester: "MY DEAR FAIRCHILD—Bauw has disappointed me—he will not go up today. There are only four beside myself—two ladies and two gentlemen. Will you take B's place? Let me know positively by 3 o'clock, for another gentleman has applied for a passage, and my answer to him will depend on yours to me. We are advertised for 4, and shall cut loose by 5. I give you the preference over all others, but please decide as soon as possible. I cannot foresee the result, of course, but the day promises to be fine, and I think the trip will be an agreeable one to all parties."

This note was signed and dated from a well-known garden in the suburbs of London, and, as has probably been conjectured, was a special invitation to make an ascent in a balloon, then a much rarer venture than now. It had long been a wish of mine to see terra firma from the clouds, and now I could have my desire gratified. The professor had already made three ascensions with passengers, and as this was announced as his last for the season, I lost no time in agreeing to become one of the privileged few for an aerial flight.

The day promised to be all that could be desired. It was clear without being hot, and there was little or no breeze. Between 3 and 4 o'clock I was at the garden, and saw the balloon was in the act of being inflated. As a man surveys a ship in which he is about to embark for an uncertain, perilous voyage, so did I examine my aerial vessel. As far as I could judge, everything was right. It was a monster in size, made of the best lutestrung silk, and required 40,000 cubic feet of gas to fill it. This silk was well covered with an elastic coating of oil and India rubber, and further protected by a close net work of Italian hemp; but still, as I looked up at it, slowly swaying and rolling from side to side, swelling out with gas and tugging to get loose from its fastenings, I thought how comparatively frail a thing it was to carry humanity above the clouds and through the mid-heavens, and I shuddered at the thought of what would become of us should any portion of it give way in the thousand different strains it would be put to in the ever-varying struts of air. Attached to the balloon, by eight strong ropes, was a car of wicker-work capable of containing twelve persons—though, compared to the balloon in size, it was a pean-

pended below the point of a large humming-top.

At 5 o'clock the professor announced everything was ready for a start, and we, the passengers, immediately took leave of our friends and entered the car. There were some laughing, some crying, according to the different views of the various parties. In one case a husband and father was leaving his wife and children, who clung to him with such fondness, and so piteously begged him not to do so, that had I been in his place I certainly should have remained with them. He, however, continued firm to his purpose and made so light of their fears, that at length they began to smile—though I shall never forget the agonized expression of his wife's face, as I caught a glimpse of it at the moment when we were bounding in the world of air.

"Give my love to the man in the moon!" cried a merry voice.

"Just put a hextinguisher hover one of the stars!" exclaimed a true-blooded cockney.

"Bring us back a chunk of chain-lightning!" laughed a third.

"Don't come down fast enough to put a hole through the earth!" shouted a fourth.

At exactly 5:20 the signal was given, the rope was severed, and away we flew, amid the shouts and plaudits of the assembled crowd, and next of half London, who were in the streets looking at us. It did not seem to us as if we moved, but as if we were remaining stationary and the earth was receding from us. I experienced a sensation of giddiness and nausea, which at first destroyed all my pleasure; and both of the ladies, almost fainting, threw themselves down in the bottom of the car, and clung spasmodically to whatever they could get hold of. Fortunately these disagreeable sensations did not last long, and in a few minutes we were all on our feet, delighted with the magnificent panorama spread out before us.

London had become a dense cluster of little toy houses; the Thames was a mere silver ribbon; the bridges over it looked like twigs; the shipping on it were only nut-shells cut in half; St. Paul's Cathedral resembled a snuff-box with fancy carving, and miles of country appeared to be but a variegated acres of scenery. As for the people, I could not distinguish them at all with the naked eye, and through the glass they seemed rather like the smallest kind of ants, than human beings puffed up by worldly vanity into ruling gods performing a mighty part in the economy of creation.

Up, up—still higher—till London itself could scarcely be distinguished by the naked eye. The air had now become so cold that we were glad to envelop ourselves in our cloaks and overcoats, and so rarified that we could not breathe it with great difficulty; and there was a pain about the temples, pressure in the eyes, and a kind of roaring, cracking sound in the ears. The gas, too, was rushing out of the bottom of the balloon with great force, pouring right down upon and half strangling us. Looking directly up at it, I was startled, and for a moment thought our balloon was on fire—for the gas, which I had observed in the garden below as presenting a color of beautiful pinkish red, now had the appearance of a dense, black smoke. The professor noticed my expression of alarm, and made me a sign that all was right. He now pulled open the valve made for the escape of the gas at the top, and our aerial vessel soon descended to an attitude where we could breathe easily and hear each other speak.

We now struck a strong current of air, and began to pass rapidly to the westward. In a few minutes I observed a cloud that looked like a huge ledge of gray rocks, coming toward us with such velocity, that, till we entered it, I could not dispossess myself of the fear that we should be dashed to pieces. When we did enter it, we found ourselves in a cold fog, so dense that we could not see half a dozen feet in any direction. Here there was no breeze whatever, and our balloon soon became stationary, or at least, moving only with the cloud. What had become of the wind, which had carried us to it

with such velocity, I could not imagine; but the professor explained it by saying we had got out of the current.

"Within half a mile us," he pursued, "there are probably at this moment two strong currents of air rushing in exactly opposite directions; while, as you perceive, everything is still. It is thought by some that when these things come to be better understood—when we shall have got them reduced to a science, in fact—we shall then be able to navigate the air as well as the water. Well, ladies, what do you say—shall we go above the cloud or below it?"

"We should like to see it from above," was the answer. "But, professor, how can you tell which way you are going now?"

"Thus," he answered, taking a piece of paper, making a ball about the size of a pea, and dropping it over the side of the car, where it slowly disappeared below us. "You see," he continued, "we are descending, but not so fast as the paper ball. If we were either stationary or ascending, it would leave us much faster; and if we were rapidly descending it would remain alongside of us."

He then lightened the car a few pounds by emptying a bag of sand, and we soon shot up above the cloud, and beheld the sun shining on it. The effect was very beautiful—the cloud appearing from the upper view like an immense roll of snow-white cotton. We now, in accordance with the professor's remarks, struck another current of air, which swiftly bore us away in a direction opposite to the one by which we had entered the cloud, and which, so great was our velocity, was soon seen afar in the distance.

I was much interested in seeing from this upper region the sun set upon the world below. While it was shining bright upon us we could see shade after shade creeping over the face of the earth, which grew dimmer and dimmer, till at last all form and shape disappeared, and the eye rested only upon a bleak, dismal gulf, as it might be the beginning of the Bottomless Pit.

An hour after this, it became quite dark where we were, and the rapid gathering of a thunder storm, toward which we were drifting, began to make the most of us quite uneasy.

"Had we not better descend at once, before the tempest breaks upon the earth?" was the anxious question now put to the professor.

"If it is the general desire," was the obliging answer.

It was the general desire; and he immediately took hold of the cord connected with the valve at the top of the balloon to let off the gas. From some cause he could not give it. I did not notice this at first; but seeing him steadily jerking for some minutes and apparently becoming nervous and anxious, I asked him if there was anything wrong.

"I fear there is!" he replied, in a tone that betrayed a good deal of anxiety, not to say alarm; "the valve will not open."

"Oh, my God," cried one of the ladies; "what will become of us?"

"Do not be frightened!" said the professor nervously; "I shall bring it all right presently."

But he did not. In spite of all he could do, the valve remained closed, and we could not descend. In fact, it was soon discovered that we had begun to ascend. Moreover, we were rapidly approaching the black rolling storm-cloud, and the lightning was playing vividly, and thunder roaring heavily.

In another minute—five minutes of the most intense anxiety fast deepening into terrors—during which the professor tugged at the valve cord, with great beads of perspiration standing all over his face—in another five minutes, I say, we entered the black cloud, which closed around us like a pall, shutting out every ray of light, so that we could not see each other, nor even our hands before our eyes. We now felt our situation to be appalling, and all had become breathlessly still. Suddenly we were lighted up with a crackling fire, that seemed to play all around us, and which was followed by a crash of thunder that shook us from our feet. The ladies screamed, and I believed every man of

us, not even excepting the professor, uttered exclamations of surprise and terror. We had a large, five pronged grapnel aboard, for catching into trees, bushes, fences and hedges, when near the earth, and we were afraid the lightning would be attracted by this. It was terrible to think of the consequences which would follow a little damage to our frail vessel. Thousands of feet below us, our breathless, mangled bodies would be found by strangers. Again that awful lightning crackled over us, lingering around, and seeming to set us all on fire, and again that crashing peal succeeded. In the comparative silence that followed we could hear the wild roaring of the wind below us; but with us all was still. Five times more did that crackling fire and almost deafening roar make us think our last moment was at hand, and then we suddenly emerged into a lighter region, and saw the stars above and the clouds below us.

Alas! we had only escaped one danger for another. We were ascending, and the valve was fast! We had no means by which to force ourselves down! Already the gas was pouring out below, and we soon began to feel the unpleasant sensations in our heads. We were going up, up, up, and would soon be at a point where the balloon would burst! What was to be done?—Something quickly, or our voyage would end in eternity. The professor himself became alarmed. He pulled and tugged at the cord till he felt it was hopeless, and then stood for a few minutes with his hands pressed against his temples. There was no crying or complaining. We all knew our danger; and in silence, except, perhaps, an occasional moan, were preparing ourselves by repentance and prayers, for our last great change.

Suddenly the professor started and threw off his outer garments with great rapidity, and then threw off his boots. The next moment, without a word to us, and before we were aware of his purpose, he had swung himself clear of the car, and was boldly climbing up the ropes to the netting above, with nothing to keep him from the eternal fall but the frail hold of his hands. We comprehended his designs; and all how prayerfully we watched him, in the dim light, till he had gone beyond our sight! and then how we clasped each other's hands, with tremulous expectation, and silently stared in each other's wondering faces, and fervently prayed for his success.

Five minutes, that seemed like an eternity then, and we heard the peculiar sound of the escaping gas. Noble man! God bless him! he had saved us! Another minute and, in the dim light, we saw his form descending, and we prayed for him still, for we could not aid him. Down, down—slowly cautiously—till at last his feet rested on the car; and then, with a wild shout, we caught him in our arms, and mingled our tears of gratitude with his.

We now struck a current of air that carried us away from the storm, and then we descended to the earth as gently as a bird on the wing, and found ourselves within two miles of a railway station and a hundred from London. The next morning we were within the limits of the mighty city, relating our adventures to our anxious and wondering friends.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.] A Reflection of the Past—Execution of Louis the Sixteenth.

There is more romance in history, than has ever been coined by the brains of the writer of fiction, and still as the wheel of time revolves, we find that the legends of the past are repeated with startling fidelity. How striking are the scenes now enacting in Washington to those which in Paris preceded the French Revolution prior to the execution of Louis XVI. The demoniacal frenzy with which the leaders of the Jacobin party in 1792 pursued their vindictive policy, and scandalized the civilized world, is reflected but too faithfully at the present day in the American capital. Seventy-four years ago, yesterday, Louis XVI was brought to the scaffold, and the rabble, brutalized by the teaching of their Jacobin leaders, with ferocious joy, dabbled their hands in his blood. But there came a day of retribution, and the anarchists realized in their turn the

whirlwind they had sown. Their fate about that time, but alas! now, as then, a witness rules the hour.

The following description of the scaffold to an execution of the unfortunate monarch, written by M. Edgeworth, will be found interesting:

The 21st of January, the clock of the temple struck five. The King awoke, called Clery, inquired the hour, and dressed with great calmness. He congratulated himself on having recovered his strength by sleep. Clery kindled a fire, and moved a chest of drawers, out of which he formed an altar. M. Edgeworth, sitting on his pontifical ornaments and began to celebrate mass. Clery waited on him and the King listened, kneeling with the greatest devotion. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and, after mass, rose with new vigor, and awaited with composure the moment for going to the scaffold. He asked for scissors that he might cut his hair himself and thus escape the performance of that humiliating operation by the hands of the executioner; but the Commune refused to trust him with a pair. At this moment the drums were beating in the capital. All those who belonged to the armed sections repaired to their company with complete submission. Those who were not called by any obligation to figure on that dreadful day kept close at home. Windows and doors were shut up, and every one awaited in his own habitation the melancholy event. It was reported that four or five hundred devoted men were to make a dash upon the carriage and rescue the King. The Convention, the Commune, the Executive Council and the Jacobins were sitting. At eight in the morning Santerre, with a deputation of the Commune, the Department and the Criminal Tribunal, repaired to the temple. Louis XVI, on hearing the noise, rose and prepared to depart. He had declined seeing his family again, to avoid the renewal of the painful scene of the preceding evening. He desired Clery to transmit his last farewell to his wife, his sister and his children; he gave him a sealed packet, hair, and various trinkets, with directions to deliver these articles to them. He then clasped his hand, and thanked him for his services. After this he addressed himself to one of the municipal officers, requesting him to transmit his last will to the commune. This officer, who had formerly been a priest, and was named Jacques Roux, brutally replied that his business was to conduct him to execution, and not to perform his commissions. Another person took charge of it, and Louis, turning toward the party, gave with firmness the signal for starting.

Officers of gendarmerie were placed on the front seat of the carriage. The King and M. Edgeworth occupied the back. During the ride, which was rather long, the King read in M. Edgeworth's breviary the prayers for persons at the point of death; and the two gendarmes were confounded at his piety and tranquil resignation. They had orders, it was said, to dispatch him if the carriage should be attacked. No hostile demonstration, however, took place from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution. An armed multitude lined the way. The vehicle advanced slowly, amidst universal silence. At the Place de la Revolution an extensive space had been left vacant about the scaffold. Around this space were planted cannon; the most violent of the Federalists were stationed about the scaffold; and the vile rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue and misfortune, when a signal is given to do so, crowded behind the ranks of the Federalists, and alone manifested some outward tokens of satisfaction, while all else buried in the recesses of their hearts the feelings which they experienced. At ten minutes past ten the carriage stopped. Louis XVI, rising briskly, stepped out into the place. Three executioners came up; he refused their assistance, and stripped off his clothes himself. But, perceiving that they were going to bind his hands, he betrayed a movement of indignation, and seemed ready to resist. M. Edgeworth, whose every expression was then sublime, gave him a last look, and said, "Suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is

about to be your reward. At these words, the victim resigned and submissively suffered himself to be bound and conducted to the scaffold. All at once Louis took a hasty step, separated himself from the executioners, and advanced to address the people. "Frenchmen," he said in a firm voice, "I am innocent of the crimes imputed to me; I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not fall upon France." He would have continued, but the drums were instantly ordered to beat. "The executioner," he said, "spread themselves throughout Paris, shouting, 'Vive la Republique! Vive la Nation!' and even went to the gates of the Temple to display that brutal and factious joy which the rabble manifests at the birth, the accession and the fall of Princes."

Miss My Wife or Fight Me—An Oculatory Alternative. There are few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed, but an exchange relates the particulars of a case in which a newly-wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife wasn't kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful and blooming young country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party, where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the good old fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except B, the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her heroic husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, however, for suddenly he expressed himself. Rolling up his sleeves he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that secured attention, said:—"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have I done anything to hurt your feelings? Yes you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of them, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she does not get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B— was slighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourself, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

Remarkable Skating.

The Minneapolis (Min.) Chronicle records the following extraordinary feat:—"A few days since a young lady of this city, on whose head only fifteen summers have passed, determined with her brother, to make a pilgrimage to Dayton, on skates. They left here at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and arrived at Dayton at four in the afternoon. The journey was performed in six hours; the distance traveled, by the way they went, was about fifty miles. This will do for a young lady of only fifteen years of age. The names of the parties are Miss Nellie and Samuel Nettleton, children of highly respectable parents of this city. We feel a little proud of this Minneapolis girl."

James Lane, of Hampton, N. H., and his family have been severely ill for several weeks, of trichina, from eating pork of his own raising. A chemical examination showed 3,000 living creatures in every cubic inch of flesh.

The trotting horse Ethan Allen sold for \$10,000 recently.