

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 56.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2892.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1860.

VOL. 3. NO. 32.

JACOB REED, G. W. RUFF, J. J. SCHELL
REED, RUPP & SCHELL,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE.
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.
Deposits solicited.
REFERENCES:
HON. JOS. MANN, Bedford, Pa.
"JOHN CESSNA, " "
JOHN MOWBR, " "
R. FORWARD, Somerset, " "
BENNY RAIGUEL & Co., Phil " "
J. W. WIT & Co., Pittsbur " "
J. W. CURLEY, & Co., " "

Commonwealth Insurance Company,
UNION BUILDINGS, THIRD STREET,
HARRISBURG, PA.
CHARTERED CAPITAL, \$300,000.
Insure Buildings and other Property
against loss or damage by Fire.

AGAINST PERILS OF THE SEA, INLAND NAVIGATION & TRANSPORTATION.
DIRECTORS:
SIMON CAMERON, GEO. M. LAUMAN, WM. DOCK,
JAMES FOX, GEO. BRUNNER, BENJ. PARKE,
WM. H. KEMER, A. B. WATSON, W. F. MURRY,
F. K. BOAS, J. H. BERRYHILL, W. F. PACKER,
ELI SILVER.

OFFICERS:
SIMON CAMERON, President.
BENJAMIN PARKE, Vice-President.
S. S. CARRIER, Secretary.
J. W. LINGENFELTER, Agent,
Bedford, Pa. Office on Julianna Street.
Oct. 21, 1859-ly.

Pennsylvania Insurance Company
OF PITTSBURGH,
OFFICE, NO 63 FOURTH STREET.
Capital And Surplus over \$150,000.00.
DIRECTORS:

JACOB PAINTER, C. A. COLTON, N. VOECHTLI,
ROD PATTERSON, A. A. CARRIER, I. G. SROUL,
HENRY SROUL, A. J. JONES, G. W. SMITH,
WADE HAMPTON, ROBT. PATRICK, J. H. HOPKINS
This Company has paid losses from the date of its incorporation in 1854, up to May, 1859, to amount of \$392,845.07, in addition to regular semi-annual Dividends of from 5 to 15 per cent affording evidence of its stability and usefulness.

LOSSES LIBERALLY ADJUSTED & PROMPTLY PAID.
A. A. CARRIER, Pres't. I. G. SROUL, Sec'y.
J. J. Lingenfelter, Agent. Office at Bedford Pa. September 2, 1859-lyr.

Cessna & Shannon,
HAVE formed a Partnership in the Practice of the Law. Office nearly opposite the Gazette Office, where one or the other may at all times be found.
Bedford, Oct. 26, 1849.

John P. Reed,
Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pennsylvania
Respectfully tenders his services to the Public
Office second door North of the Mengel House.
Bedford, Feb. 20, 1852.

O. H. GAITHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.

WILL promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Pitt street, two doors east of the Gazette office. He will also attend to any surveying business that may be entrusted to him. Nov. 4, '59.

ATTENTION, MARKSMEN!
JOHN BORDER,
GUNSMITH, Bedford, Pa.
Shop at the east end of the town, one door west of the residence of Major Washbaugh.
All guns of my own manufacture warranted.
May 21, '58-ly.

J. C. DICKEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
July 1, 1859-lyr.

Samuel Ketterman,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WOULD hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford, where he may at all times be found by persons wishing to see him, unless absent upon business pertaining to his office.
April 16, 1858-ly.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.
JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG
The undersigned have associated themselves in the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Office on Julianna Street, three doors south of "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Maj. Tate
JOB MANN,
G. H. SPANG
June 2, 1854.

WANTED.
1000 BUSHELS of Wheat, 1000 bushels of rye, 1000 bushels of corn, 1000 bushels of oats and 1000 bushels of buckwheat, wanted by the undersigned, for which the highest market price will be paid.
JOHN NELSON.
Poor House Mill, Bedford, Pa., Oct. 14th, 1859-6m.

DR. F. C. REAMER
RESPECTFULLY begs leave to tender his Professional Services to the Citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office on Julianna Street, at the Drug and Book Store.
Feb. 17, 1854.

J. W. LINGENFELTER,
Attorney at Law and Land Surveyor,
Will attend with promptness to all business entrusted to his care.
WILL PRACTICE IN BEDFORD AND FULTON COUNTIES.
Office one door West of the Union Hotel.

Dr. B. F. Harry
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. John Hofius
June 24, 1853.

DR. J. K. BERKEBLE,
St. Clairsville,
BEDFORD CO., PA.,
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens that place and vicinity.
(Jan 13, 1860)

Bedford Hotel,
And General Stage Office.
The subscriber respectfully begs leave to announce to his old friends and the public generally, that he has leased the Bedford Hotel, a present in the occupancy of Col. Adam Barnhart, and will take possession on the 1st day of April next. It is not his design to make many professions as to what he will do, but he pledges his word that his most energetic efforts will be employed to render comfortable all who give him a call. The House will be handsomely fitted up, and none but careful and attentive servants will be engaged. Persons visiting the Bedford Springs, as well as those attending Court, and the travelling community generally, are respectfully invited to give him a call and judge for themselves.
Boarders taken by the week, month, or year, on favorable terms.
Ample and comfortable stabling is attached to this Hotel, which will always be attended by a careful hostler. Also, a safe and convenient carriage house.
All the STAGES stop at this Hotel.
JOHN HAFER.
March 16, 1855.

MRS. S. E. POTTS
HAS just returned from the cities with a large and full assortment of

WINTER GOODS,
consisting of French Merino Valenciennes, Tub-et Cloths, of all shades, all wool Delaine Robes, Silks of all styles, handsome Silk Robes, with double skirts, elegant Winter Cloaks, Velvet Bonnets, and an endless assortment of GAY SILK BONNETS, trimmed and un-trimmed, ribbons and plumes, and French Flowers, with a general assortment of all kinds of goods.
Bedford, Nov. 4th, 1859.

CHEAP NEW GOODS
AT
J. M. SHOEMAKER & CO'S.
STORE, BEDFORD, PA.

HAVING just received the largest and cheapest stock of goods ever brought to Bedford, we are determined to sell out cheap and fast in proportion. We have LADIES' DRESS GOODS, of all descriptions, GLOVES, HOSIERY, FLANNELS, MEN AND BOYS' WEAR, CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, HATS and CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Muslin Shirts and Drawers, Coats, Pants and VESTS, CARPETS, Single and Double, Cotton charr, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, SPICES, TOBACCO, and every thing usually kept in a country store, which we will sell cheap for cash, or produce, and to punctual six month customers. Thankful for past favors, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
J. M. SHOEMAKER & CO.
Oct. 21, 1859.

TO MILL OWNERS!
S. D. BROAD has made Schellsburg his permanent residence, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in the Mill Wright line, on the most approved and durable plans, and reasonable terms.
He has on hand the most improved Smut and Screening Machines, Mill Brushes, Anchor Bolting Cloths, both new and old, at city prices. Mill Bars can be procured from him and shipped to any point.
Also—Agent for McCormick's Reaper and Mower for Bedford and Blair Counties.
S. D. BROAD.
Schellsburg, Bedford Co., Pa.
March 4, 1859.

TO BUILDERS.
The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish any quantity or quality of Building Lumber and Plastering Laths. Orders directed to St. Clairsville, Bedford County, will be promptly attended to, by giving a reasonable notice.
F. D. BEEGLE.

GREAT WESTERN INS. & TRUST CO
Capital and available assets, over \$300,000
Fire, Inland and Marine Cargo risks taken on the most favorable terms.
C. C. LATHROP, Pres't.
JAMES WRIGHT, Sec'y.
JOHN P. REED, Agent.

HUNTINGDON and BROAD TOP R. R.
On and after Monday, November 14th, THE PASSENGER TRAIN, BETWEEN HUNTINGDON AND HOPEWELL, will leave, and arrive as follows:
Leave HUNTINGDON for HOPEWELL, at 7.40 A. M.
Leave HOPEWELL for HUNTINGDON, at 10.20 A. M.
Connecting at HUNTINGDON with MAIL TRAIN EAST AT 1.10 P. M., and arriving in PHILADELPHIA at 10.25 P. M. The train from HUNTINGDON, at 7.40 A. M., connects with EXPRESS TRAIN WEST ON PENNA R. R.
J. J. LAWRENCE,
Huntingdon, Nov. 18, '59. Su'pt.

O. C. CLARK & CO.,
Flour, Feed, Grocery and Produce Store.
Central Street, next door above Lutheran Church, Cumberland, Md.

A well selected stock is now open and offered to families and country dealers, consisting of Family Extra, and Superior Flour, Corn Meal, Corn and Rye Chopped, Shorts, Ship Stuff and Bran, New Orleans, Porto Rico, Muscovado and refined sugars, Golden and S. H. Molasses, Imperial, Young Hyson and Black Tea, Java and Rio Coffee of the best quality. All kinds of Spices, Pickles in barrels and jars, Candles, Soap, Mackerel and Herring, Water, Sugar, Soda, Edinburg & Ginger Crackers, Pies, Strawberries, Pine Apple and Green Corn, put up in cans expressly for family use. A choice lot of Liquors, consisting of Wines, Brandy, Rum and Whiskey, selected with care. Tobacco and Segars of various kinds. With a variety of other articles usually found in store.
Additions to the above stock will be frequently made so as to keep up a general assortment, and all dealers are invited to call before purchasing elsewhere. All kinds of grain and country produce bought for cash, or in exchange for goods.
Cumberland, April 8, 1859.

FOUNDRY AND Machine Shop.
THE subscribers having formed a partnership under the style of "DICK & ASCHOM" for the purpose of conducting a general

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE
business in the establishment recently erected by Gilliard Dock, in Hopewell, Bedford county, are now prepared to execute orders for CASTINGS AND MACHINERY of every description. They will build or order steam-engines, coal and drift-cars, horse powers and threshing machines—also, casting of every kind for furnaces, forges, saw, grist and rolling mills, ploughs, water-pipe, columns, house fronts, brackets, &c., &c.
They are also, now making a fine assortment of STOVES of various kinds of the latest patterns and most approved styles, including several sizes of COOK STOVES of the best make, heating stoves for churches, offices, bar-rooms, &c.
A full assortment of Stoves will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at wholesale and retail, at prices to suit the times, and quality, warranted equal to the best Eastern make. Machinery of all kinds repaired promptly.
GILLIARD DOCK, C. W. ASCHOM.
Nov. 11, 1859

BLOODY RUN FOUNDRY AND Machine Shop!
THE subscribers are now prepared at their Foundry in Bloody Run, to fill all orders for Castings of every description for
GRIST AND SAW-MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, APPLE MILLS, PLOUGHS and all things else in our line that may be needed in this or adjoining counties.
We manufacture Threshing Machines of 2, 4 or Horse Power, WARRANTED equal if not superior to any made in the State. We keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Wood Cook, Plug and Hillside Ploughs, WARRANTED to give satisfaction, or no sale. Points, shares and sides to fit all Woodcock, or Seyler ploughs, in the county.
Farmers' Bells, Ploughs and Castings of our make may be had at the store of
Wm. Hartley, in Bedford, Sonderhaug & Pee, East Providence Twp., John Nycum & Son,
Times being hard, we offer great inducements to Farmers and Mechanics to buy of us.
All kinds of repairing done in a neat and substantial manner and all work warranted. Call and examine our castings and work and judge for yourselves. Our agents sell at foundry prices.
JOSHUA BAUGHMAN & BRO.
March 26, 1858.

Permanent Office.
Complying with the urgent request of hundreds of their patients,
DRS. C. M. FITCH & J. W. SIKES, Have concluded to remain PERMANENTLY IN PITTSBURGH, and may be consulted at their office, NO. 191 PENNY STREET,
Opposite St. Clair Hotel,
Daily, except Sundays for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all other Chronic Complaints, complicated with, or causing pulmonary diseases, including Catarrh, Heart Disease, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Gleet, Female Complaints, &c. DR. FITCH & SIKES, would state that their treatment of Consumption is based upon the fact that the disease exists in the blood and system at large, both before and during its development in the lungs, and they therefore employ Mechanical, Hygienic and Medicinal Inhalations, which they value highly, but only as Palliatives, (having no Curative effect when used alone), and Invalids are earnestly cautioned against wasting the precious time of curability on any treatment based upon the plausible, but false idea that the seat of the disease can be reached in a direct manner by Inhalation, for as before stated, the seat of the disease is in the blood and its effects only in the lungs.

NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION.
A list of questions will be sent to those wishing to Consult by letter.
(April 8, '59-ly)

CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES,
Just Received for Sale, cheap, at Shoemaker's Store.
Dec. 23, 1859.

THE SETTLER AND SERVANT.
A Tale of Western Virginia,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Just before the breaking out of this commonly known as Lord Dunmore's war, a man by the name of Parker, settled in the Western part of Virginia, on a small creek that empties itself into the Ohio. His family consisted of his wife and three children, ranging from five to twelve and a negro servant. The place where he located was some distance from any settlement or station, and the scenery around very wild and romantic, with lofty and heavily wooded hills sloping back from the valley. He brought his family here early in the spring, built himself a rude log cabin, and by great exertion succeeded in planting a considerable patch of ground the same season.

One day near the close of summer, as Mr. Parker and his negro Tom, were at work in the woods, about a half a mile from the dwelling, the latter, who had gone to the creek near by, came hurrying back, with an expression of alarm depicted on his black face.
"Well, Tom, what's the matter with you now?" inquired his master, suspending his work at the frightened domestic.
"Oh, Mars Jonas," answered Tom, in a quivering voice, looking fearfully around as he spoke, "I tink I seed siffin down dar."
"You are always seeing something wonderful," pursued the other, "but it generally turns out a very trifling affair. Did you see a black face in the water when you stooped down to drink?"
"Oh, Mars Jonas, I seed siffin worsen dat. Don't lart Mars Jonas! Great Golly! I seed eyes in the bushes—relse I neber seed nuffin afore—nuffin—durn dis life."
"Well, eyes are not apt to hurt anybody," returned Mr. Parker, with a laugh; "I've seen a good many eyes in my time."
"Yes, but Mars Jonas, it is difference what they's tached to."
"That's very true, Tom. Well, what did yours eyes belong to?"
"I tink de eyes I seed was tached upon de head ob a big Injun."
"Ah!" exclaimed the other appearing for the first time a little startled. "Why did you not say that you thought so in the first place, you blundering fool? Pshaw! there are no Indians about here, except in your imagination. What makes you think it was an Indian?"
"Case I tink de Injun was dar, dats all," muttered the black, looking timidly around him.—"I tink, Mars Jonas, we had better go down to de house and tect Masus and children."
"I believe it would be folly for us to do so," said Mr. Parker, for I am almost certain you have seen nothing at all. Still you have made me uneasy, I will go back; but if you fool me many times, look out for a tanning!"
"I ne not de child to fool you, Mars Jonas," said Tom, hastily gathering up his tools, whilst his master took up his rifle, which was leaning against a tree, and casting his eyes warily about him, proceeded to examine the priming. "No, I ne not de chile to fool you, Mars Jonas," pursued Tom, quickly. "And if I didn't seed de most horrible eyes, and dem ar eyes Injuns—den I neber seed nuffin."
Mr. Parker now suggested that it might be as well to go down to the creek, and make a search through the bushes; but to this proposition the negro excitedly demurred—saying that if they were Indians, they would be certain to shoot him.

"That's true Tom," replied the other, "but I do not believe there are any Indians down there. However, as you seem so much alarmed and as I am willing to admit the possibility of such a thing, we will return home."
Accordingly Mr. Parker and his servant set off along the side of the hill, to a point where they could get a view of the dwelling, he carrying the rifle so as to be ready for instant use, and the negro keeping close at his heels, with axes and other implements, and both looking warily about them, scanning every tree and bush.
Nothing occurred to justify the alarm of the negro until they reached the edge of the corn-field, which ran down to the house; when Mr. Parker was just in the act of reproving his servant for exciting his fears without cause, there suddenly came reports of three or four rifles in quick succession—instantly followed by wild Indian yells—and both Tom and his master dropped together, the latter struck by two balls, one in the side and the other in the leg.
"Oh, my God! my poor family!" he groaned as he gathered himself upon his feet, and beheld the negro stretched out upon his back apparently dead, and the Indians with a savage yell of triumph, in the act of bounding forward to finish their work and secure the scalps of their victims.
Hastily staggering to the nearest tree, Mr. Parker now set his back against it, and drew his rifle for the foremost, and stood as it were at bay. Perceiving this, and knowing too well the certainty of the white man's aim—and also feeling themselves secure of the prize, and therefore not caring to throw away a single life—the Indians immediately took shelter behind different trees and began to reload their pieces.

To remain where he was Mr. Parker saw now would be certain death in a few moments, wounded as he was, and continually growing weaker from loss of blood, it was vain to think of flight; and yet, with death staring him in the face, and an almost maddening desire for self-preservation, equally for his family's sake as his own, he felt that something ought to be tried for his salvation, though ever so helpless the attempt.
Looking quickly and searchingly about, he perceived about ten paces distant, an immense thicket, and believing if he could reach that his chances of life would be increased—as the savages could not make their aim sure without ac-

tually entering—he gathered all his strength and nerve for the effort, and ran forward to the spot, falling in the midst of the bushes just in time to escape two balls of the enemy, which at the same time whizzed over his head. Seeing him fall and supposing their last shots had proved fatal, the two savages who had just fired, uttering yells of triumph, darted out from behind the trees, and flourishing their scalping-knives, bounded forward to the thicket; but ere they reached it, Mr. Parker, who had succeeded in getting upon his knees, and his rifle to bear upon the foremost pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a crack and a yell at the same moment, springing some three feet clear of the earth, the Indian fell back dead, at the very feet of his companion, who suddenly stopped, uttered a howl of dismay, and seemed undetermined whether to advance or retreat.
The momentary hesitation proved fatal to him also; for the negro who had been all this time leaning death, but was really unarmed, now thinking there might be a possibility of escape clutched one of his own axes nervously, made two sudden bounds forward, the distance being about ten feet, and before the astonished warrior had time to put himself on his guard, brought the glittering blade down like lightning, cleaving the savage through skull and brain, and laying him a ghastly and bleeding corpse beside the other.
"Dar take dat, you tieven red nigger," shouted Tom with an expression of demonic fierceness, "take dat ar! an don't say nuffin more 'bout shootin down white gemmen."
The words were hardly uttered, when crack went the rifles of the other two savages, one grazing the left cheek of the negro and the other causing the right ear to tingle.
"Great golly!" cried Tom, "dar dat was most neber being de finishing ob dis child, but as you ne't got no more loads in you, you old varmint," he added, shaking his fist in the direction of the savages, "speak you doesn't shoot any more afore us gemman does."
Then seizing the guns of the slain warriors, rushed into the thicket, where Mr. Parker lay concealed, exclaiming—
"Mars Jonas, I hope you isn't dead yet but two ob de Injuns are, and here I is wid dar two guns, dat only wants siffin in em to blow de order two to de debil."
"Ah, Tom," groaned Mr. Parker, as he lay on the ground making every effort to raise his rifle which his falling powers would permit—
"Thank God, you have escaped. I feared that you had been killed at the first fire."
"Not 'tactly dat time, Mars Jonas; but dis nigger was dreadfully skeered dats de trufe, and siffin you drap, tought I'd just make em believe I neber seed nuffin more durin dis life. But when I seed you get away and shoot dat rascal dar, and de order stop so 'stonished to look at him, I concluded I'd quit playing de possum, and git up and do siffin, and I did it—dats trufe. An' Mars Jonas," he pursued, bending down by his side, and speaking in a very sympathetic tone, "you is hurt bad—I know you is—and I's berry sorry, but you know I said dar was Injun eyes in de bushes."

"You did, Tom, and had I then hurried immediately home—ward it is possible I might have escaped, though it is equally probable that the Indians were on the watch to take us at advantage, in which case the result might have been no better than it is. Oh! that I was at home with my family, for they must have heard the firing here, and be terribly alarmed, or if not they may have been off their guard and successfully attacked by another party, for it is more than likely these few have not ventured here by themselves. Ah! God forbid!" he ejaculated the next moment, fairly starting to his knees "that they should have been attacked and murdered first! But no, for then I think we should have heard their cries, and then it is probable the savages would have wrapped the house in flames. I must go home, Tom—oh! I must go home! But how? how?"
"Why Mars Jonas, ef you'll jest let dis nigger tote you on his back he'll fetch you there."
"But what of the other Indians, Tom? have they fled or no?"
"Doesn't know—but guess dey am. I axed one of dem to stop—an' he did—but I guess de orders did not want to."
"You are a brave fellow, Tom, for all;" said his master, "and if I live I will not overlook this affair."
"Well, you see, Mars Jonas, I is one ob dem as goes in for prudence—for keeping out ob de fight, but when de fight does come I's dar—I is—durin dis nigger's life."
"Hist," whispered his master, as he carefully brought his rifle forward. "I think I see one of the Indians peeping around yonder tree.—Ah! I am too weak to raise the gun. Get you down here Tom and let me rest it across your shoulder. There—that will do. Keep quiet, now."
"Does you see him Mars Jonas?" whispered Tom, after keeping silence half a minute.—"Scarcely were the words spoken when crack went the rifles of both white man and Indian at the same moment; and then the latter, uttering a wild yell, was seen to run staggering from tree to tree on his retreat, while his companion, taking advantage of the opportunity, bounded forward and screened his person behind a large oak near at hand, keeping his rifle ready to fire upon his foe.
"Drop down Mars Jonas," whispered Tom, "dis chile fix him."
Taking his master's hat as he spoke, Tom placed it on the end of a gun, and pushed it with some noise, through the bushes a few feet in advance of him. Scarcely was it visible to the savage, when believing it to contain the head of his enemy, he bro't his piece to his eye, and sent a ball whizzing through the middle of it.
Fairly clucking at the success of his ruse, Tom instantly dropped the hat, and making a dash through among the bushes, uttered a few groans, and then kept perfectly quiet; and Mr.

Parker, comprehending the design, kept perfectly quiet also, though managing meanwhile to reload his rifle.

But though he believed his shot had been effective, the wary warrior was resolved upon prudence and caution. First reloading his rifle he next carefully reconnoitered the thicket; and then, finding all still, he suddenly darted from this tree to another, and from that to another, and so by a sort of semi-circular movement came up as it were in the rear of his enemies.
Still finding all quiet, he advanced cautiously to the bushes, and began to part them gently. In this direction the thicket extended some twenty yards from where our friends lay concealed; and with the assistance of Tom, Parker now got noiselessly into position to cover the advance of the savage. Then waiting in breathless silence till the Indian had so far advanced as to make his aim sure, he fired again—A sharp yell of pain, and a floundering among the bushes followed; Tom seized his axe, at once bounded forward towards his fallen adversary.
The Indian was badly wounded though not sufficient to prevent him from making use of his rifle, but fortunately for Tom it only flashed in the pan with the muzzle fairly pointing at his heart, and the next instant the axe of Tom descended with Herculean force and ended the work.

With a shout of triumph, Tom now rushed from the thicket, without heeding the calls of his master, in pursuit of the only remaining savage, whom he could easily follow by his trail of blood. About a hundred yards from where he had been shot he found him concealed behind a log and in a dying condition. Too weak to make any defence, the Indian looked up at his enemy and extending to him his hand, said "How de do, brudder."
"Jus dis way," cried Tom, "dis is jus de way I does to all such rascals as you," and with the last word the bloody axe descended and was buried in the brain of the Indian. Tom now went back to his master and proudly recounted his exploits.

"Thank God, we are saved!" exclaimed Mr. Parker, warmly grasping the hand of his faithful servant, "I owe my life to you, Tom."
"Spec'd de Lord owe on your side wid dis yere choppin axe," muttered Tom, as he coolly wiped the blood from his formidable weapon.
He then carefully raised his wounded master, and getting him upon his back, carried him safely to the house, where both were received with tears of joy by the terrified family.
Mr. Parker's wounds proved not so serious as was first supposed; and the night following he and his family were removed to the nearest station by a small party of scouts, who had been sent out to warn and protect the more exposed settlers against the expected incursion of the Indians, who, as we have already shown, had just begun their work of laying waste on the border.

Mr. Parker finally recovered, though not in time to take any part in the sanguinary strife which ensued; and Tom, for his bravery was given his freedom, and lived many years to boast of what he had done 'durin his life, mery jus wid a choppin axe.

A STORY AS IS A STORY.
We are not given much to sensation articles, but occasionally a remarkable thing will come under our notice, and it would be a sin to keep it from the public. We cannot vouch for the truth of the following story, told us this morning by an old sucker, but venture to say that such things have been heard of before, (in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.)
"It is just twenty years ago that a party of us tellers went over to Cahokia Creek on a skating match. The day was colder than ten icebergs stuck together, but the ice was smooth as glass, and we made up our minds to have heap of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the crowd. He was a tall six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation. Give Bill Berry a good pair of skates, and smooth sailing, and he'd make the trip to Baffin's Bay and back in twenty-four hours, only stopping long enough to take a drink. Well we got to the creek and fastened our skates on; and after taking a good horn out of Joe Turner's flask, started off in good style with Bill Berry in the lead. As I was telling you it was a dog-gone cold day, and we had to skate fast to keep the blood up. There was little breathe holes in the ice, and every now and then we would come near gain' into 'em. My skates got loose and I stopped to fasten 'em. Just as I had finished buckling the straps I heard a noise. I looked up and saw something shooting along the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been going like greased electricity, and before he knew it he was into one of them cussed holes. The force was so great as to cut his head off against the sharp corners of the ice. 'It's all day with Bill Berry,' said I; 'and all night too,' said Joe Turner.—Just as he got these words out of his mouth, I looked at Bill's head, which had been going it on the ice, and all at once it dropped into another hole. We run to it and heard Bill Berry say, 'For God's sake, boys, pull me out!' I looked into the hole, and there as sure as I'm a skinner, was Bill Berry's body which had shot along under the ice, and met the head at the hole in the ice. It was so thunderin' cold that the head froze fast to the body, and we pulled Billy out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating a while he was as brisk as the rest of us, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dark, all satisfied with our day's sport. About nine o'clock in the evening, somebody knocked at my door, and said I was wanted over at Bill Berry's. I put on my hat and went over. There lay Bill's body in one place and his head in another. His wife said that after he came home from skating, he sat down by the fire to warm himself, and while attempting to blow his nose he threw his head into the fire place. The coroner was called that night, and the verdict of the jury was that 'Bill Berry came to his death by skating too fast.'