

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. FT & 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.

ALSO
AGAINST PERILS OF THE SEA, INLAND NAVI
GATION & 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 an
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 en-
trusted 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 en-
trusted to his care.
July 1, 1859-lyr.

Samuel Ketterman,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WOULD hereby notify the citizens of Bed-
ford 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 ad-
joining counties.
Office on Julianna Street, three doors south o
"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 ser-
vices 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 an-
nounce to his old friends and the public gener-
ally, 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 gener-
ally, 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 at-
tached to this Hotel, which will always be at-
tended 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 Me-
rino Valenciennes, Tub-
et Cloths, of all shades, all
wool Delaine Robes, Silks of all
styles, handsome Silk Robes, with dou-
ble 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 cheap-
est stock of goods ever brought to Bed-
ford, we are determined to sell out cheap and
fast in proportion. We have LADIES' DRESS
GOODS, of all descriptions, GLOVES, HOSI-
ERY, FLANNELS, MEN AND BOYS'
WEAR, CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, HATS
and CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Muslin Shirts
and Drawers, Coats, Pants and VESTS, CAR-
PETS, Single and Double, Cotton chair,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCER-
IES, SPICES, TOBACCO, and every thing
usually kept in a country store, which we will
sell cheap for cash, or produce, and to punctu-
ally six month customers. Thankful for past fa-
vor, we hope to receive a liberal share of pub-
lic patronage.
J. M. SHOEMAKER & CO.
Oct. 21, 1859.

TO MILL OWNERS!
S. D. BROAD has made Schellsburg his per-
manent residence, and is prepared to do all kinds of
work in the Mill Wright line, on the most ap-
proved 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.
Schellsburg, Bedford Co.,
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 HUN-
TINGDON 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, Straw-
berries, 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 frequent-
ly made so as to keep up a general assortment,
and all dealers are invited to call before pur-
chasing elsewhere. All kinds of grain and
country produce bought for cash, or in ex-
change for goods.
Cumberland, April 8, 1859.

**FOUNDRY AND
Machine Shop.**
THE subscribers having formed a partnership
under the style of "DICK & ASCHOM" for the pur-
pose of conducting a general
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE
business in the establishment recently erected by
Gillard 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 constant-
ly 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. GILLARD 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 T.,
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 substan-
tial manner and all work warranted. Call and ex-
amine our castings and work and judge for your-
selves. Our agents sell at laudable prices.
JOSHUA BAUGHMAN & BRO.
March 26, 1858.

Permanent Office.
Complying with the urgent request of hun-
dreds 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, in-
cluding Catarrh, Heart Disease, Affections of the
Liver, Dyspepsia, Gleet, Female Complaints, &c.
DRS. 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 a-
gainst 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 common-
ly 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 lo-
cated 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 al-
arm 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 quiv-
ering voice, looking fearfully around as he
spoke, "I tink I seed siffin down dar."
"You are always seeing something wonder-
ful," 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 laff Mars Jonas! Great Golly! I seed
eyes in the bushes—relse I never seed nuffin a-
fore—nuffin—durn dis life."
"Well, eyes are not apt to hurt anybody
Tom," 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," mut-
tered 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!"
"Ise 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,
Ise not de chile to fool you, Mars Jonas," pur-
sued Tom, quickly. "And if I didn't seed de
most horrible eyes—and dem ar eyes Injuns—
den I never 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 car-
rying 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 apparent-
ly 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 sav-
ages 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 pro-
ved fatal, the two savages who had just fired,
uttering yells of triumph, darted out from be-
hind the trees, and flourishing their scalping-
knives, bounded forward to the thicket; but ere
they reached it, Mr. Parker, who had succeed-
ed in getting upon his knees, and his rifle to
bear upon the foremost pulled the trig-
ger.

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 stop-
ped, uttered a howl of dismay, and seemed un-
determined whether to advance or retreat.
The momentary hesitation proved fatal to him
also; for the negro who had been all this time
leaving 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, cleav-
ing the savage through skull and brain, and
laying him a ghastly and bleeding corpse beside
the other.

"Dar take dat, you tieven red nigger," shout-
ed Tom with an expression of demoniac fierce-
ness, "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
near being de finishing ob dis child, but as you
isn't got no more loads in you, you old varmin-
ter," he added, shaking his fist in the direction
of the savages, "spoken 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
seem you drap, tought I'd just make em believe
Ise dead too, and would never know 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 true. An' Mars Jonas," he
pursued, bending down by his side, and speak-
ing 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 im-
mediately 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 advan-
tage, 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 success-
fully attacked by another party, for it is more
than likely these few have not ventured here
by themselves. Ah! God forbid!" he ejacu-
lated the next moment, fairly starting to his knees
"that they should have been attacked and mur-
dered 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 nig-
ger 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 ar. 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 care-
fully 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 rus-
tling shot, Tom instantly dropped the hat, and mak-
ing a thrashing among the bushes, uttered a few
groans, and then kept perfectly quiet; and Mr.

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

But though he believed his shot had been ef-
fective, 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 gen-
tly. In this direction the thicket extended some
twenty yards from where our friends lay con-
cealed; and with the assistance of Tom, Parker
now got noiselessly into position to cover the
advance of the savage. Then waiting in breath-
less 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 bound-
ed 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 de-
scended 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 be-
hind 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 faith-
ful servant, "I owe my life to you, Tom."
"Spec'd de Lord owe you on your side wid dis
choppin axe," muttered Tom, as he coolly wip-
ed the blood from his formidable weapon.
He then carefully raised his wounded master,
and getting him upon his back, carried him safe-
ly 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 strifes
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, mere-
ly jus wid a choppin axe.

A STORY AS IS A STORY.
We are not given much to sensation stories,
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 morn-
ing 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 skat-
ting match. The day was colder than ten ice-
bergs 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 twen-
ty-four hours, only stopping long enough to take
a drink. Well we got to the creek and fasten-
ed 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 light-
ning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been
going it 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 a-
gainst 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.'