Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. BE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1869. NUMBER 9.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

For sale by R. J. LLOYD, Agent, Ebensburg

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative *Pill*. The obvious reason is, that it is more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it know that it cured them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cases are known in every neighborhood, and we spare the space to publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drugs they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their misuse in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

AND REESE J. LLOYD, EBENSBURG.

ROHRER'S WILD CHERRY

TONIC BITTERS

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BEST IN USE!

USE ROHRER'S TONIC BITTERS,

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R. E. SELLERS & CO.,

No. 45 Wood St., opposite St. Charles Hotel

Also, Entrance Nos. 102 & 104 Third St.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.,

☞ Wholesale Agents for the West.

For sale by A. A. BARKER for Ebensburg and vicinity [je.11,'68.-1y.

BETTER BARGAINS THAN EVER—The undersigned having disposed of his interest in the Ebensburg Foundry, and retired from the business, offers for sale, to close out the remaining portion of his stock, FOUR THRESHING MACHINES and ONE TON OF METAL SLED SOLES. The Machines are well made, and will be sold for $125 each, on six months' credit, or for $112 50 cash.—The sled soles will be sold in one lot for 3 cts. per lb. E. GLASS.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!—By virtue of an alias order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises in Cambria township, on THURSDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1869, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described Real Estate, of which Jenkin A. Davis, late of Cambria township, died seized, to wit: All that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Cambria twp., Cambria county and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the north east corner of a tract of land warranted to John Shoemaker, jr., thence south 1¾ degrees west 118 perches to a post, thence south 9 degrees east 122 perches to a post, thence south 88½ degrees east 102 perches to an ironwood stump, thence south 2 degrees west 35 perches to a post, thence north 88½ degrees west 100 perches to a post in the center of public road, thence by said road north 28 degrees west 9 perches to a post, thence south 86½ degrees west 7 perches to a post, thence north 57½ degrees west 25 perches to a post, thence north 29 degrees west 6½ perches to a post, thence north 16½ degrees west 27 perches to a post, thence north 13 degrees west 37 perches to a post, thence north 2½ degrees west 59 perches to a post post, thence north ¼ degree west 15 perches to a post, thence north 14 degrees west 15 perches to a post, thence north 31 degrees east 70 perches to a post, thence south 88 degrees east 38 perches to the place of beginning, containing 104 ACRES and 157 PERCHES, and the usual allowance of 6 per cent. for roads, etc., about 60 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a LOG HOUSE and LOG BARN.

TERMS OF SALE—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

MARY A. JONES,

mar.11,'3t. Adm'x of Jenkin A. Davis, dec'd.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises in the borough of Loretto, on FRIDAY, THE 26TH DAY OF MARCH, 1869, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described Real Estate, of which Margaret McKenna, late of the borough of Loretto, died seized, to wit: A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND situate in the borough of Loretto, county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Fronting 50 feet on St. Mary street and extending back 160 feet to St. Joseph street, adjoining lot of Patrick Moran on the north and St. Paul street on the south, and known and numbered on the general plan of said borough as Lot No. 85, having thereon erected a one and a half story House.

TERMS OF SALE—One half the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale and the residue in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

FRANCIS O'FRIEL,

Adm'r of Margaret M'Kenna, dec'd

Loretto, March 11, 1869 3t.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned, Guardian of the minor children of JOSEPH SPANGMAN, late of Susquehanna township, will, in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, sell at public outcry, at the house of Lawrence Schroth in Carrolltown, on WEDNESDY, MARCH 31st, 1869, the following described Real Estate, to wit: That certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Susquehanna township, adjoining lands of formerly Wm. Glass and Isaac Gifford, and land of J. Weiland, containing FIFTY ACRES.

TERMS—CASH. MICHAEL VOGLE,

March 11, 1869 3t. Guardian.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!—Letters of Administration on the estate of MICHAEL MORRA, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

NICHOLAS LAMBOURN, Adm'r.

MARY MORRA, Adm'x.

Carroll Tp., March 11, 1869. 6t

ESTATE OF JOHN SKELLY, SR., DEC'D.—Letters of Administration on the estate of John Skelly, sr., late of Summerhill township, deceased, having been granted to me by the Register of Cambria county, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them properly probated for settlement, and those indebted to the same are hereby notified that payment must be made at once.

ALEX. SKELLY, Administrator.

Summerhill Tp., March 11, 1869. 6t.*

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE!—Letters of Administration on the Estate of Mrs. Ann Biella, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons having claims against said estate will present them in proper shape for settlement, and those indebted to the same are hereby notified that payment must be made at once.

PATRICK STORM, } Adm'rs.
PETER O'NEILL, }

Munster Twp., Feb. 18, 1869.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters Testamentary on the Estate of Mrs Margaret McKenna, late of Loretto borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them proper v authenticated for settlement to

FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Administrator.

Loretto, Feb. 18, 1869.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Wherens Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Jacob Bender, late of Carrolltown borough, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay

HENRY BYRNE, } Ex'rs.
MICH'L WEAKLAND, of Wm. }

Carroll Twp., Feb. 18, 1869.-6t.

ESTATE OF DENNIS MAGEE, DEC'D.—Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Dennis Magee, late of Carroll township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that prompt payment must be made, and those having claims will present them in proper shape for adjustment.

BERNARD MAGEE, Executor.

Strongstown P. O., March 4, 1869. 6t.*

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with a Wagon and Sled purchased by me from Edward Davis, collier, Jackson township, and which I have left in the possession of the said Edward Davis during my pleasure.

V. S. BARKER.

Ebensburg, March 6, 1869. 3t.

The Poet's Department.

THE PRINTER'S HOHENLINDEN.

In season when our funds are low,
Subscribers are provoking slow,
A few supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,
When duns pour in from morn to night,
Commanding every sixpence bright
To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due bill are arrayed,
Each seal and signature displayed,
The holders vow they must be paid,
With threats of law and chancery.

Then to despair we're almost driven,
Their's precious little use in living,
When our last copper's rudely riven
From hands that held it lovingly.

But larger yet those dues shall grow,
When interest's added on below,
Leath'ning our chin a foot or so,
When gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun
To plead for time on a dun,
Before there comes another one,
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens—on, ye brave!
Who would our very bacon save;
Waive, patrons, all your pretext waive,
And pay the printer cheerfully.

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,
A few delinquents now to meet,
Asking of us a clear receipt
For papers taken regularly.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

ADVENTURE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI.

The good ship Lone Star had been eleven months out, and her whaling cruise had met, as yet, proved very successful, when she ran short of wood and water whilst beating about the Mozambique Channel under easy sail, and with all hands on the lookout for any sperm whale unfortunate enough to heave in sight.

It was my first voyage as mate, and I was pacing the quarter deck in no very enviable frame of mind—for my share in the profits of the voyage were promising to be but small—when the captain sent for me to join him in the cabin.

Leaving one of our boat steerers in charge of the deck, I went below, and found my superior poring over a chart spread out on the saloon table.

"Well, Mr. Wylie," said he, "whales are kind of scarce, so I am thinking of putting into the Comorin Islands for a supply of wood and water. Take a look at the chart."

I did so, and found we were only forty miles from the land referred to. Coinciding with the captain's view, I received his instructions, and returned on deck to alter the ship's course and steer for the islands.

That day we made but little progress. Towards noon the light and fitful breeze died altogether, nor could our most ancient mariners woo back its coy presence with their indefatigable and superstitious whistling.

Slowly and regularly the trim Lone Star rose and fell upon the steady heavings of the glassy sea. Strange, leaden colored fish, of dolphin shape, but otherwise unlike any finny denizen I ever saw before, swam lazily around our motionless black hull; odd looking jelly fish, slimy and shiny, with huge and hairy feelers stretching far out to clutch their prey, floated amongst them; unwieldy, a most shapeless, and altogether useless sun fish, sculled slowly past us with their two great side fins. Now and then, with a sudden plash of the smooth waters, a shoal of silvery flying fish would dart into the air, and skim swiftly along on outstretched wing, just dip upon the surface of the water again to damp their drying pinions, and then double off in another direction to elude their relentless and untiring enemies—the fierce albicore and the nimble bonita—ever on their track, darting along a foot or so beneath the surface. Ravenous, unfaltering, and determined, these fish-eating fish would follow the frightened little fugitives till some poor winged thing fell tired and desparing into the fangs-glistening jaws just thrust an inch or two out of the water to catch it. Here the swift and glittering dolphin, swiftest of all fish, would chase the silvery prey with unconceivable rapidity, now and then revealing its course by immense bounds through the air, often of twenty yards and more; there, an ominous looking, tall, black object, standing still and upright from the water, told where lay the quiescent shark—for that ugly angular thing was his straight dorsal fin; while the gaudily-striped black and golden pilot fish might be seen shooting about beneath the vessel's quarter, every now and then darting off to its savage lord and master. Birds of gorgeous plumage, unknown name and curious cry, came over and anon, to gaze for a moment at our long black ship and her taper spars; and then, off they flew among the brilliant little insects and splendidly painted butterflies which were winging their frail flights across the bosom of the sleeping Mozambique channel.

However, during the early hours of the night, a light breeze sprang up, so that we made the land soon after midnight, when we stood off and on till daylight, and then sailed slowly into the sheltered anchorage formed by the Comorin Islands and the neighboring mainland of Africa.

After coming to an anchor, all hands went to breakfast, and when the cravings of the inner man had become duly satisfied, I armed the crew of my own whale boat, and set off for the shore on a reconoitring expedition, in order to ascertain whether any natives—hostile or peaceable—were to be met with, and also to pick out the most likely spot whence to obtain a stock of wood and water.

Hoisting the sail, a light fair wind soon wafted us to the nearest little islet. But here nothing rewarded our patient search. Low, impenetrable jungle, together with soft black mud, marked with what astonished us, the footprints of some strange and monstrous beast, formed an altogether uninviting wilderness. Proceeding to the next and largest island of the group, however, we found abundance of good water, and a fair proportion of dry-wood trees fit for our purpose. Having selected a suitable landing place, and seen no trace of inhabitants, I gave the order to shove off, and the boat's head was once more turned towards her massive mistress, looming fair and tall, at anchor in the distance. The mainland was only a mile or so from where we now lay on our oars; and, as I gazed in that direction, the temptation to visit it—the curiosity to explore a strange coast—came strong upon me.

"Well, boys," said I to my crew, "what do you say for a stretch as far as the shore away there? There is a leading wind, fair going and coming, and we might find better wood and water."

This latter expression of opinion was to save my dignity from suffering by any suspicion of idle curiosity.

Of course, my men were only too delighted at the prospect of a run ashore—the islands being small, uninteresting, and uninhabited.

Hauling aft the main sheet, and keeping the boat away for the desired coast, I left Long Tom, my boat steerer, in charge, and stretched myself out in the stern-sheets, whilst the rest of the crew followed my example by throwing themselves into the most comfortable positions they could find along the thwarts.

The breeze was gradually falling lighter, and for some time we sailed gently on, still and silent, save for the musical lap of the ripples against our bows.

The soothing aspects of nature tended to throw me into a dreamy sort of a reverie, from which I was suddenly aroused by my boat steerer's exclamation—

"I saw a black skin shining in the sun just then, sir."

"Well," said I, drowsily, "it's only a bottle-nose or porpoise."

And I did not even take the trouble to raise my head above the gunnel.

A few moments elapsed, and we had got into shallow water, when Long Tom shouted—

"There it is again!"

"Where away? Where away?" I cried, startled by his animation.

"There away, sir," pointing ahead; "and it's no porpoise, nor bottle-nose, nor—nor anything as ever I seed 'afore, as wears thick skin!"

All eyes were now straining to catch a glimpse of Long Tom's strange discovery.

"There she blows! There she blows!" came in chorus from my men, as a large black back rose slowly above the surface, rolled steadily over, with a motion just like that of a spouting or playing whale, and then sank out of sight only a short distance ahead.

"Wait a bit, my lads," said I. "Unship the mast; stow away the sail; then out oars, and we'll see what it is."

My orders were promptly obeyed.—Then my sturdy oarsman gave way with a will, and the light whale boat was soon darting swiftly forward to where the object of our curiosity had last appeared.

I was standing on the bow platform, directing Long Tom at the steering oar, when suddenly we "brought up all standing" against something hard, upon which the boat had run "stem on, like a nor'west buffalo," as my mariners expressed it.

"Starn all! Starn all!" I roared.

As the boat was backed off, an enormous beast heavily raised its huge head out of the water, gave us a look, uttered a loud sort of snorting bellow, and then sank down again in the muddy water, through which we had not been able to discern it.

"Holy sailor, Bill!" I heard the bow oarsman say to his nearest shipmate.—"What is it? I'm blest if I ever saw such a thing before, and I've been whaling, man and boy, nigh upon twenty years."

"Pass me up the iron, boys," said I, interrupting the conversation, "and if it comes within reach again we'll soon find out what kind of a creature it is."

A whale boat is never without the gear of her profession; and so, when my men saw me handle the harpoon, they gave an approving shout, and eagerly gave way again in obedience to my order for them to pull ahead.

With iron poised and ready, I was intently watching for the strange monster's re-appearance, when my boat steerer cried—

"There they are, 'way in shore there; a hull school ov 'em."

Sure enough, the glistening black backs tumbling about in the foamy white water showed where a number of the unknown fish or strange amphibious animals were enjoying themselves.

"Look out ahead, sir! Look out ahead!" roared Tom again. "There's somethin' just broke water."

The next moment I had darted my iron into a back as broad as that of a whale calf, and was shouting—

"Starn all! Starn all! Back water, my boys!"

As the boat shot back and the line ran out, the monster that I had harpooned made desperate plunges to reach us. As it rolled and tossed about in its agony and surprise, I saw enough of it to know that we had fixed a hippopotamus.

Giving a succession of savage roars, and vainly trying to grasp the firmly-holding iron with its tremendous teeth, the wounded beast sank down in the muddy water, here only a couple of fathoms deep. Then the air-bubbles rising to the surface as he breathed, together with the long crimson track as he bled, showed us exactly the course that he was taking, and this was direct for his companions sporting together in shore.

Our prey went at a great speed, considering his ponderous build, and we were compelled to follow, or cut the line—the last thing I thought of; so, in a very few moments we found ourselves right in the midst of the herd of hippopotami, whose huge, unshapely heads were rising all around, whilst the wicked glitter of their savage looking little eyes seemed concentrated upon us with looks of wonder, fury and surprise.

Just then, unable to stay beneath the surface any longer, the wounded monster rose to breathe, and then turned upon us with a terrific roar.

"Starn all! Starn all for your lives!" I shouted.

The tough ash oars urged us clear of the savage brute's charge, but then the boat steerer cried—

"Hold on, sir! Hold water! Here's half-a-dozen uv 'em astarn coming right for us."

"Hold water, every man!" I roared; then, espying a clear course to the right, continued, "Pull the port oars. So! Now give way of all; give way, my lads! Pull for your lives!" And I was paying out line all the time.

But up from the murky water rose two of the brutes, one on either side, only a few feet distant, and with huge distended jaws they rushed upon us.

Snatching up one of the boat-axes, whilst Long Tom left his steering oar to the next man, and similarly armed himself, I sprang to where one of the hippopotami was almost touching the gunnel, and then, with all my strength, dashed the keen axe blade into his flat black nose. With a roar louder than that of a dozen wild bulls of Madagascar, the monster vanished, spouting blood. Long Tom had also succeeded in driving off its companion, though not before the latter had made a great rent in the side of the boat, and had also very nearly capsized her. A shudder ran through us at our narrow escape—we had not time for more.

The rest of the shoal had now come up, and were making the foam fly in every direction as they dashed through the water to attack us.

It was a terribly critical moment!—We could no longer escape by rowing, for the monsters were all around. If once they should succeed in overturning our frail boat, we would assuredly perish horribly amongst them; their gleaming great tusks and wide gaping jaws would pitilessly rend and tear us limb from limb.

Very fortunately, it suddenly occurred to me that I had read somewhere of hippopotami being frightened at the noise of firearms, though I well knew that their amazingly tough skins were quite proof against ordinary spherical leaden bullets.

"Pick up your muskets—be quick, my lads!" I cried, acting upon the inspiration. "Let each man choose an object; then fire all together."

Just as the fierce little pig-like eyes were glaring close upon us, and the terrible white fangs were glistening in close proximity, the loud roar of our volley echoed across the water, and then the sulphureous smoke-wreaths hid the plunging monsters from our sight. At the same instant, however, one enormous beast reared its vast body half out of the sea, and every man shuddered as he expected it would dash our weak boat to atoms; but, at the flash and noise of our guns it fell back, though, even in doing so, it nearly capsized us, and half filled our little craft with water. When the smoke cleared away, our formidable pursuers had disappeared. After a momentary pause in thankfulness at our marvelously narrow escape, the whaling spirit returned, and I said—

"Pass me a lance, Long Tom, and we'll settle the fellow we're fast to, any how. Give way, my hearties, and let the two bow hands haul in the line."

Proceeding thus, we soon came up with the wounded beast. Then for a moment poising the bright lance over my right shoulder, I sent it deep into the heart of our unwieldy victim. With a few tremendous roars, and after a last desperate struggle to reach us, the strange amphibious creature went into its "flurry." After sinking for a few moments, it once more rose to the surface, and, like a dead whale, floated on its side.

With considerable trouble we managed to tow our prize alongside the Lone Star. Upon measuring the carcass we found it fourteen feet from stem to stern—or rather, nose to tail—and no less than twenty-three in girth. It was an immense brute, sure enough.

That night our mariners, long tired of salt junk, rejoiced over tender, succulent, and well flavored hippopotamus steak, for we found the flesh of the monster remarkably good, even delicious.

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER.

Many interesting stories have been woven out of the incidents of frontier life, particularly in connection with the Indian wars, but not unfrequently a case is developed which goes to show that even in this department the romance of the real transcends the ideal, and we think the little history we have got to tell, and which is substantially true, is an instance of this character.

On Wednesday last, a rather strange looking party might have been seen perambulating the streets of our city. A certain peculiarity in their dress and gait would at first have conveyed the idea that they were Indians, but when their faces and persons were attentively examined, one was convinced that, although evidently fresh from an uncivilized life, they belonged to the Saxon race.—The man had long hair flowing down his back in a tangle of ringlets, but nevertheless singularly fine and glossy. He had an unkempt beard, almost concealing a rather handsome face, and looked about thirty years of age. The woman was, perhaps, a little older and appeared full of vigorous health and had a roguish but rather prepossessing countenance. The boy was about six years of age, with black, sparkling eyes and evidently possessed of no small intelligence. The party visited the office of the Chief of Police, and during their stay the following particulars concerning their history were given, and in a manner so simple that no doubt of their truth could be entertained:

The man's name is Kimball, and his companions were his wife and child. In 1848 he was captured by the Indians, when on his way to California, and carried into the interior. He was not treated cruelly, but his escape was carefully prevented, and years elapsed and he remained still a captive. Gradually he became accustomed to Indian life and half reconciled to its wild freedom and savage accompaniments. After eight or ten years had passed he met among the Indians of another tribe a young American woman who, although not only resident but thoroughly domesticated among the savages, retained the marks of her parentage. We need not describe the incidents of their intimacy. Love vows are quickly consummated under such circumstances, and in due time Kimball became the husband of the Indian-American girl, and they continued to live among the Indians, enjoying a fair share of happiness. Kimball learned that his wife had been captured on the frontier when a child, but was so young at the time that she retained no remembrance of her parents or friends, or the circumstances under which she was carried off.

In the course of time the husband, who had learned the Indian language, taught his wife to speak English, and an imaginative mind may picture them sitting over the camp fire and talking of the strange destiny which had shaped their lives. It is not surprising that they ultimately framed the design of gaining civilization. The birth of their child made the father more anxious to carry this into effect, and he has at last succeeded, his wife accompanying him. On reaching the frontier they were without money, and were considerably delayed, but finally managed to reach this country. The man's intention was to reach, if possibly, Springfield, Ill., where, he says, he formerly had some relatives, and then if he could obtain some means, to go on to New York, where he has a brother living. Their visit to the Chief's office was in search of transportation to Springfield, and they were referred to the Mayor's office. Kimball is fully versed in Indian manners, and exhibits also, we regret to say, a truly savage proclivity for "fire water," otherwise whisky. He can give the war-hoop dance, Indian dances, and, in addition, performs sundry athletic feats which are quite remarkable. We must not forget to add that he and his wife exhibit the liveliest affection for each other, and appear contented and happy. The boy is exceedingly bright, and speaks English well, and Indian better.—*St. Louis Republicon.*

THE HONEST IRISH BOY.—There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and the boy at the other. He then said: "Pull, Adam, pull." "I cannot, sir." "Why," said the master. "Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this, the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home, but that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clark.

WHAT word of five letters will contain only one after two have been taken away? Stone.

A STRANGE STORY.

Our readers may remember the singular disappearance of Capt. Rehrer last summer, and the untiring efforts of his friends, and the Reading Masonic Lodge, of which he was a member, to solve the mystery. His ordinary mining clothes were found near a mine, and it was pumped out at an expense of several thousand dollars in expectation of finding his body. His business partners were arrested on the charge of his murder, and together with other suspected persons were placed in prison. One man, owing to the suspisions attached to him, has become ruined in business, and is now a drunken, worthless creature.

The mystery of his disappearace is at last solved. During the inauguration a little girl was in danger of being run over, and was rescued by a man in a marine's uniform. Mr. Cole, the partner of Capt. Rehrer's father-in-law, recognized in the man *the missing Captain Rehrer!* He tapped him on the shoulder and calling him by name said he wanted to see him. Rehrer denied his identity, but finally, on being informed that Cole did not wish to arrest him, went to the latter's room and there confessed that he was Rehrer. He gave as his motive that he was in debt, owing about $3,000, and he had only $1,300 to pay it, and was afraid to face his creditors. All his arrangements were made to induce his friends to believe that he had commited suicide, or been murdered; and with twenty-five cents in his pocket he left his place of business, and got a job on the Treverton R. R. as a laborer on the track. After working there a week, he thought a man was eyeing him curiously, and left at once for Philadelphia, where he hired as a porter in a sugar refinery. Leaving that city he finally reached Washington and there enlisted in the Marine Corps.

Mr. Cole suggested that when he got home, his story might be doubted, or people insist that he was mistaken, and asked for some token to show his wife and friends. Rhrer complied, and handed him his Masonic mark, remarking that his wife would know that. He did not know that any person had been arrested for his murder, and stated that he had not read a newspaper since he left Schuylkill county.

Rehrer's friends think he is partially insane. If not he should be punished for the wrong done and misery caused innocent parties; and we shudder to think how an additional item or two of evidence might have convicted innocent men of murder.

STORY OF SAM HOUSTON.—Usually he made a point, on his way north, to stop three or four days at Cairo to enjoy the fishing. On one occasion he had located himself on the stern guard of a wharf boat, where a boy was fishing. Both were patiently awaiting results. At the interesting juncture of a bite at the boy's bait, Houston threw out his line, which hopelessly entangled with that of the boy.—There was a pause. Neither seemed to have a word fit for the occasion. At last Houston broke the silence by saying:

"Sonny, go elsewhere and fish, and then we'll avoid entangling alliances."

"You blasted old short coat," retorted the bud of promise, "go elswhere yourself and fish."

"I apprehend you are a very saucy boy," returned the Senator, "for whom there's by no means rods enough in pickle."

"Now, look here old skeezicks," cried the boy, fully agitated, "I don't want to quarrel with you, nor nobody like you.—Your name is Sam Dawson, and you live in Texas; and, like everybody else, you stole a hoss, and had to go there; and now you are putting on a big shine, you old thief, and calling yourself Sam Houston." Saying which, this very amiable creature gave a sudden lurch, and pulled the honorable gentleman's rod from his hands and threw it into the river.

In relating this in his characteristic style, Houston said: "I have met men in debate at the bar, on the stump, and upon the floors of Congress, but never was I so completely discomfitted. The boy had decidedly the best of me, and from his looks, I knew when he said that I stole a 'hoss' in his heart of hearts he believed it.—*Harper's Drawer.*

MISPRINTS.—We met with an odd misprnt in a country newspapsr the other day. It stated that a young lady, at an amateur concert, had won a well-deserved encore by the exquisite taste with which she sang the well-worn old song. "An Angel's Whisker." This is nearly as good as the famous paragraph, which, by the substitution of a "c" for an "h," made a railway train run over a cow, and "cut it into *calves*." We read once too, in an account of an assault case, that the medical witness, on examining the complainant's head, found an incised wound there which was "two inches long and *some feet* deep." "Some feet" was a misprint for "somewhat," very badly written. The reporter was a Scotchman, and, having missed the exact depth of the wound, had cautiously indulged in a vague generality. Dean Stanley stated, at a public meeting a few months ago, that a correspondent once wrote to him to ask what he meant by a passage in one of his works, containing the words, "the horns of the bursting beast." On reference, he found that this was the humorous way in which a printer chose to reproduce "the thorn of the burning bush."