

Cambria Freeman.

A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1870.

NUMBER 15.

FIRE!! FIRE!!
DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?
AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO
MEET THE SUMMONS!

You are not, unless you have been to
Wolf's Clothing Store,
and have bought one of those superb
FIREMAN'S COATS,
which are warm and dry. WOLF makes
them from \$18 to \$30, and any other
garment you want you can have made to order
at short notice.

NO FIT, NO CHARGE!
WOLF has just returned from the East,
with his READY MADE

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
contains the largest assortment, the most
pleasing assortment of

WATER-GARMENTS FOR MEN & BOYS
BYER DISPLAYED IN ALTOONA.

OVERCOATS, from the lowest priced
to the finest Beaver—all sizes.
Full Suits of Clothing at from \$9 to \$30.
Also, a general variety of

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
MILLINERY, SATCHELS, TRUNKS, &c.
In the LADIES' DEPARTMENT will
be found a full stock of FURS, from the low-
priced Conroy to the finest Mink and Sable.

THOMAS CARLAND,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,
SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,
MEAT AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,
between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,

Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,

QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,

IRON AND NAILS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
CLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
dealing with all manner of Western Produce,
such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT,
LARD, OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail orders solicited
and promptly filled on the shortest notice and
reasonable terms.
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
Johnstown, April 28, 1869. ly.

DREW MOSES,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
NEW BUILDING, CLINTON ST., JOHNSTOWN,

Has just received his fall and winter stock
of the French, London and American
CASSIMERS and VESTINGS,
and a full assortment of Gent's FURNISHING
goods.
Mr. Moses has been for eight years cutter at
Wood, Morrell & Co.'s establishment, and now
wishes to inform his friends and the public gen-
erally that he has commenced business in Sup-
ply Building, on Clinton street, with a stock
of goods adapted to the fall and winter, which
he is prepared to make up in the latest styles
at moderate prices for cash, hoping by at-
tention to business and maintaining a share of public
confidence, and maintaining his efforts in producing
the finest garments. Give him a call.
Johnstown, Sept. 2, 1868. if.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of
certain writs of Vend. Expon. and final
Plu. Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of
Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me
directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale,
at the Court House in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY
THE 10TH DAY OF MAY NEXT, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,
the following Real Estate, to-wit:

All the right, title and interest of Jas.
Wilmore, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land
situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county,
adjoining lands of Owen Roberts, Patrick
McCormick, dec'd, and others, containing 118
acres, more or less, about 80 acres of which are
cleared, having thereon erected a two-story
(part log and part plank) house and a frame
barn—now in the occupancy of James Wilmore
and Wm. A. Skelly. Taken in execution and
to be sold at the suit of Patrick Doran. As-
signed of James A. Young.

Also, all the right, title and interest of
William Wilson, of, in and to a piece or parcel
of land situate in White township, Cambria
county, adjoining lands of David Younklin,
Samuel W. Turner, and others, containing 100
acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which
are cleared, having thereon erected a one and
a-half story log house and a log barn—now in
the occupancy of Wm. Wilson. Taken in ex-
ecution and to be sold at the suit of Jefferson
Smith.

Also, all the right, title and interest of
George W. Pringle, of, in and to a piece or
parcel of land situate in Summerhill town-
ship, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Jacob
Weaver, George Rorbaugh, Eli Miller, and
others, containing 25 acres, more or less, about
10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon
erected a two-story plank house, frame stable
and plank wood house—now in the occupancy
of Geo. W. Pringle. Taken in execution and
to be sold at the suit of Joseph Miller.

Also, all the right, title and interest of
E. M. Lemmon, Administrator of R. M. Lem-
mon, deceased, of, in and to a piece or parcel
of land situate in Washington township,
Cambria county, adjoining lands of M. M.
Adams, Heirs of Edward Donaldson, dec'd,
and others, containing 350 acres, more or less,
having thereon a coal bank and hoppers, (not
now at present) and having thereon erected
two tenant houses, one and a-half story plank
house and a plank stable—now in the occu-
pancy of John McQuillan and Joseph Boleyn.
Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John E. Storm.

Also, all the right, title and interest of
Thomas E. Evans, of, in and to a piece or
parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cam-
bria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Larimer,
Richard Bennett, John Evans and Wm. K.
Piper, containing 170 acres, more or less,
about 70 acres of which are cleared, having
thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank
house and a plank stable—now in the occu-
pancy of Thomas E. Evans. Taken in execution
and to be sold at the suit of William Larimer.
JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 21, 1870.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to
Thomas Roberts, whose whereabouts
is unknown, Robert Roberts, of New
Orleans and Jane Jones, wife of Elias
Jones, heirs and legal representatives of
Owen Roberts, late of said county, Greeting:
You and every of you are hereby cited to be
and appear before the Judges of our Orphans'
Court, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for said
county, on Monday, June 7th, next, then and
there to accept or refuse to take the real
estate of the said Owen Roberts, dec'd, at the
appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest
duly awarded by the said Court, and returned
by the Sheriff of said county, on the 19th day
of March, 1870, or show cause why the same
should not be sold, to-wit: A piece or parcel
of land situate in Cambria township, Cam-
bria county, adjoining lands of David Powell on the
east, David Evans and John Williams on the
west, David Evans and John Williams on the
north, and lands of Rees S. Lloyd on the south,
containing two hundred acres, more or less,
valued and appraised at the sum of Five dollars
and eighty three and one third cents per acre,
amounting to eleven hundred and twenty
dollars and sixty six and two third cents (\$1,
166 2/3). And hereof take notice.

Witness the Hon. Geo. Taylor, President
Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this
19th day of March, A. D. 1870.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk.
Attest—JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 21, 1870. 4t.

SUBPENA IN DIVORCE—
CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.:
THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA TO
SHERIFF OF SAID COUNTY, GREETING:
WHEREAS, Daniel Donley did, on
the 21st day of July, A. D. 1869, pre-
fer his petition to the Honorable the
Judges of the Court of Common Pleas
of said County, praying for the cause therein
set forth, that he might be divorced from the
bonds of matrimony entered into with Eleanor
Donley: We do therefore command you, as
we have heretofore commanded you, to cause
Eleanor Donley, that you be and appear in
your proper person before our Judges at Eb-
ensburg, at a Court of Common Pleas there
to be held on the first Monday of June next,
to answer the petition and libel of Daniel Donley
and show cause, if any you have, why the said
Daniel Donley shall not be divorced from the
bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Act of
Assembly in such case made and provided.
Hereof take notice.

Witness the Hon. George Taylor, President
Judge of our said Court at Ebensburg, the
10th day of November, A. D. 1869.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Attest—JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 14, 1870. 4t.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following
Petitions for Tavern and Eating House
Licenses have been filed in the office of the
Clerk of Common Pleas, &c., and will be pre-
sented to the Judges of said Court, at an Ar-
gument Court to be held on 10th May next:

FELIX BECK, Loretto Borough.
JOHN NOW, Cambria Borough.
GEORGE HOLMAN, 4th ward, Johnstown Bor.
HENRY SHAFER, 6th ward, Johnstown Bor.
ANDREW LANG, Carrolltown Borough.
MICHAEL LATNER, Cambria Township.
PAUL ELWANGER, Carrolltown Borough.

EATING HOUSE LICENSE.
LUKE A. PLATT, West Ward, Ebensburg Bor.
J. K. HITE, Clerk.
Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, April 21, 1870. 3t.

ESTATE OF JAMES MURRAY,
Dec'd.—Letters Testamentary on the
Estate of JAMES MURRAY, late of Gallitzin
township, dec'd, having been granted to the un-
der-signed by the Register of Cambria county, all
persons indebted to said estate are requested
to make immediate payment, and those having
claims against the same will present them, properly
authenticated for settlement, without delay.
DANIEL HANLAN, Executor.
Gallitzin Twp., March 31, 1870. 6t.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.—The best
and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town
are at M. L. Oatman's. Go and see.

THE TRAP.

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

There never breathed a more merciless
and villainous monster than Ben Nathans,
a fellow who had attached himself to the
interests of the Pawnee Indians, then a
peaceable tribe and well inclined toward
the white settlers of the far West. But
Nathans had sowed the seeds of discontent
among the red men; and although he
could not induce the chief to join him in
any murderous enterprises, he had com-
pletely won over a number of the warriors
who agreed to join him in any desperate
undertaking they might be called upon to
undertake, provided he would lead them,
and provided, also, that they would be
rewarded.

With a dozen of these fiendish Pawnees,
Nathans set out one bitter winter's
night upon an excursion, which he in-
formed his men would pay them handsomely,
and that too, without incurring any great
risk to themselves.

The point of attack was a ranche situ-
ated on the main road from Laramie to
Bridger's Pass. The leader and his savages
entered it about midnight. They had
murdered the watchman outside, and had
left his bloody form, ghastly and horri-
ble to look upon, stretched before the
dwelling.

Within, they found two men; and,
even before they had been aroused from
their slumbers, the dripping tomahawk
was raised over them, and when it fell,
it crashed through the brain of the half
awakened sleeper, and sent them back to
their long sleep.

A heavy door now intervened between
Nathans and an apartment he wished to
reach. He tried the latch, and found that
it was locked; but seizing an axe, he soon
effected an entrance by battering the door
into splinters.

A single shot was fired at him, and the
bullet whizzed past his head, cutting his
cap, but doing him no harm.

Instantly, he leaped through the open-
ing he had made, but all was darkness
around him. And yet he thought that he
heard the sound of a light foot-fall, and
saw the flutter of a night dress by the
rays of the torches which were blazing in
the next apartment. So he called;

"Bring lights, men! Quick, bring
lights!"

The savages sprang through the aper-
ture with wild yells, flashing their torches
over their heads, and dancing about in
evident delight. They already felt them-
selves more than repaid for their journey,
for in the ranche store they had found
blankets, ornaments, furs, tobacco, and
what was of still greater importance to
them, whisky. Of this they had drunk
until they were ready for any act, no
matter how daring or brutal.

As soon as the lights were brought into
the room, their rays revealed a bed which
was standing in one corner. To the side
of this couch the renegade sprang. He
saw that it had been but recently occupied
for it was yet warm. But there was only
a single indentation upon the pillow.—
Could this be the couch of the woman he
sought; where was the husband? And
where was the woman?

Nathans at once began his search. He
seized a torch, and high and low through
the building he went, not a spot escaping
his scrutiny. But he returned to the
main room foiled, for not a soul could be
found. And yet the villain felt sure that
he had caught the glimpse of a female
form, flying from his presence.

Upon reaching the upper room, he found
that it was in flames. He was angry,
but his wrath was of no avail, and he
found it impossible to extinguish the
flames.

At the moment he believed himself to
be foiled; for it was a woman he sought.
But a cry fell upon his ears. He sprang
into the sleeping apartment and throwing
back the bed covering he saw an infant,
who, up to this moment, had remained
concealed from his view. He seized the
child in his arms, and as he gazed the
outside of the burning mass, he laughed
loudly, and exclaimed:

"The proud beauty is in my power
now. This is her child, and wherever
the infant is taken, she will follow. But
it is strange that the mother should for-
sake her little one, even for an instant, at
a moment of danger. Where can she
possibly be?"

As soon as the little fellow was safe,
the villain asked:

"Well, my boy, what brings you here?"
"I came, sir," replied the lad, "on ac-
count of that child."

"Did the mother send you?"
"No—the mother is dead."
"How is that?"

"Well, sir, when the alarm of the at-
tack was given last night, poor Mrs.
Webber was frightened nearly to death.
She sprang from her bed, and forgetting
her little one entirely, she ran into the
cellar for safety. It was not long after
before she discovered the building was on
fire, and then she thought of her child.—
She made an effort to return for it, but a
faintness came over her, and for a time
she could not move. But she rallied and
staggered forward only to fall from suffo-
cation. And there she perished."

"How do you know this?"
"I was sleeping in the same apartment
with Agnes. When she ran to the cellar
I followed. I was as much frightened as
herself, and only thought of the child
when the mother spoke of her. I tried
to save my sister but I had only time to
crawl through a window and save my own
life."

"Are you the brother of Agnes Web-
ber?"
"You can see that I am if you ever
met Agnes, by my strong resemblance to
her."

"The resemblance is a striking one, I
confess. But where was the husband of
your sister?"
"He went to the mountains for a hunt
several days since, and had not returned
last night."

"Well, what do you want with me?"
"I knew you had the child, for I saw
it in your arms last, and I heard it cry
as you passed by me. I was too much
frightened to speak to you then. But
when I came to think, I didn't know why
you should wish to harm me, or to keep
the babe, and so I resolved to come to
you and ask for it."

"What will you do with the brat?"
"I really don't know; but I am the
uncle of the little one; and of course, I
must do all I can for it, for I think its
father must have already been killed."

"Then the best thing I can do with this
little whelp is to dash its brains out against
a tree," said the monster, raising the child
by one foot, and making a movement as
if to put his suggestion into execution.—
But the boy sprang forward, and catching
the infant in his arms, he cried:

"No! Don't harm the innocent
thing! She will be a woman some day,
and then you might be glad you let her
live."

"True, true—I never thought of that,"
continued the fiend. "And she may look
like her mother. It is a long time to
wait, and I shall be old then. But the
death of the brat will do me no good now,
and I'll let her live, if I don't change my
mind. Still I cannot help cursing myself
for permitting Agnes to slip through my
fingers. I loved her as much as I could
love anybody; and if I had only been
more careful, I might have made her
mine."

For some moments the villain remained
silent and thoughtful; then he turned to-
ward the boy and exclaimed:

"You may be deceiving me. If I thought
you were, I would dash your brains out
in an instant."

"Deceiving you in what, sir?"
"Agnes may not be dead."
"How can I satisfy myself about that?"
"You can't I do so?"
"Go with me and see the body your-
self."

"How can this be? If it was in the
cellar, as you say, it is burnt to a cinder
by this time."

"No. When I drew it from the burnt
timbers this morning there was still
enough left to recognize it by. Poor girl
—a smile was resting upon her face,
blackened as it was."

"So you found the body?"
"Yes."
"And drew it out?"
"I did."

"What did you do with it?"
"I placed it in the barn. I did not
know but her husband might be back in
a few days, and I knew he would want
to see it when he came."

"How many men are at the ranche, or
where it stood?"
"Not one. They were all killed last
night."

"Is it possible that the father of this
child may be back by this time?"
"Yes, it is possible."
"Well, I will take my warriors, and go
to the barn. I will satisfy myself that
Agnes is dead, if such is really the case.
But it will be a sorry deception for you,
if I find that you are deceiving me."

"Come on, and you will find it as I
tell you. I will carry the child. The little
thing is frightened when in your arms;
and if it cries, which it is sure to do, the
Indians may get angry and kill it."

"Very well—you can hold the brat."
Several of the savages were so drunk
that they were not able to walk, or even
stand alone, and these had to be left be-
hind. But Nathans started on his return
to the scene of the murder, accompanied
by four of his red fiends. These were
wild with the stimulants they had swal-
lowed, and several times they attempted
to kill the lad and the child, but were
prevented from doing so by their leader.
As they approached the barn, Nathans

appeared to be somewhat suspicious. He
gazed cautiously around on every side,
but not a sign of life was there.

The ruins of the ranche still smoked,
and occasional shoots of flame darted up
from between the timbers. But before
the blackened mass lay a ghastly sight.
It was the body of the watchman, who
had been murdered and literally cut to
pieces by the fiendish enemy.

The charred remains of the two who
had been killed within were visible, and
the spectacle was a sickening one, al-
though Nathans laughed as he looked
upon it.

Nearing the barn, the villain exclaimed:
"Boy, open the door for us!"
The lad advanced and did so; but he
started back, and exclaimed:

"O, I cannot look upon her face again
—it would kill me! You will find the
body, Sir, near the farthest end of the
barn. Go in, for I cannot!"

Nathans gazed in at the door, and ap-
peared to examine the interior of the place.
He was evidently satisfied, for he said:

"I don't see any living being here;
but there is a heap of half-burnt rags.
I suppose all that is left of Agnes is in
there."

As the villain spoke he entered the
barn, and the savages followed him.

The boy crouched low, watching the
wretch and his red fiends, until they had
disappeared from view. He manifested
considerable excitement and then leaped
to his feet, and ran to the ruins of the
ranche. He seized a blazing fagot and
returning a few steps toward the barn,
applied it to a train of powder which had
been previously laid. The flash shot up,
and crawled like a fiery serpent toward
the building in which the wretches were
standing. In an instant after there came
a terrible explosion, and the murderers
together with the blazing masses and broken
timbers were hurled high into the air.
They met a terrible but merited doom.

In half an hour after the husband re-
turned. The boy explained matters,
adding:

"I have saved our child, William, but
we must go where the child will be in no
further danger."
"Yes my wife, we will do so."

The mother had been temporarily absent
from her dwelling when the villain and
the Indians came upon the ranche. She
had returned just in time to see her infant
in the arms of Nathans. She had decided
in an instant upon her plan of rescuing it,
and she laid the trap. She disguised her-
self as the boy, and she recovered her
darling; while she was terribly revenged
upon those who had murdered her friends
and despoiled her home.

THE POPE'S SILVER NUGGET.—The
silver "nugget" presented to the Pope by a
gentleman of California, continues to
excite curiosity. Many old miners are
anxious to know where it was "found."
So many are found in the same place that
it may be called a foundry—not by nature
however, but by the highest art—at the
corner of Brannan and Seventh streets,
whence a drift is run to 416 Montgomery
street. Although millions dollars' worth of
silver have been cast there, no single lump
was ever made so large as this, ordered
by the donor, and composed probably of
silver from every mine on the coast. It is
sixteen inches long, eight inches wide,
six and one-half inches deep, 998 fine—
or say, nearly pure—weighs 3,885 1/2
ounces Troy, or 266 pounds avoirdupois;
value, \$5,137.78; inscribed, "D. J. Oliv-
er, wife, and children, of San Francisco,
to Pius IX." It is a kind of Peter's
pence, very acceptable no doubt to his
Holiness, who may preserve it as a memo-
rial, or may adopt the practical philoso-
phy of Cromwell when with the Iron-
sides he entered the cathedral, pointing to
twelve massive images, asked what it
meant. On the reply that they repre-
sented the Twelve Apostles, he ordered,
"Melt them into coin and let them go
about doing good."—*Alta Californian.*

ATUTOCOLAKKACHAGUT.—This is the
name of one of the noblest rivers of the
United States. It rises somewhere near
the Arctic ocean, and flows southwardly
till it empties into the Kvichpak river,
which ranks next to the Mississippi and
Amazon in size and length. The river is
navigable for many hundreds of miles,
and runs through a country productive of
ice in large quantities. It is not, how-
ever, the only valuable river we have
purchased, and whose waters unite to
swell the body of the Kvichpak. Among
the Alaskan rivers are to be found the
Noetachigut, Kayuyukuk, Connecovah,
Unalachtut, and Golsova-Riechka, along
whose banks live in almost Arcadian bliss,
Coyeharickpucks, Yakutskylitniks, Sa-
kiatskylitniks, Aukachagumks, Meku-
tuncatucovorts, Brakabaktunames, and
other people with equally simple nomen-
clatures. The Chicago Tribune adds:
That the intelligent officer who made a
partial exploration of the Youkon river
was able, of course, to collect the names
of only a few of the mighty rivers of the
country, and of the several tribes of our
fellow citizens in that quarter. It is pos-
sible that, when the list is completed, the
name which stands at the head of this
paragraph may be surpassed by some
other, still more portentous and guttural.

What is the difference between a fall-
ing star and a fog? One is missed in
heaven, and the other is mist on earth.

JOSH BILLINGS ON GNATS.

I dont kno az i think it iz a very diffi-
cult thing tew be a good injon up in heav-
en, but to cum down here and be a good
injon, iz just whar the tite spot cumz in.

Forgiving our enemys haz the same re-
freshing effect upon our souls as it dux to
confess our sins.

What a lamentable cuss man iz. He
pityz biz nabor's, misfortunes, bi calling
them judgments from heaven.

Wise men go thru this world az boys
go tew bed in the dark, whistling to short-
en the distance.

"The gods help them who help them-
selves." Upon the same principle mankind
praze those who praze themselves.

Falling in love iz like falling into mo-
lassis, sweet but dreadful lobby.

Hunters and gamblers are poor ekone-
mists, they kill time, a species or game
that cant be reproduced.

Good breeding iz the art or avoiding
familiarity, and at the same time making
the company satisfied with you and
pleazed with themselves.

Tew be happy—take things az they
cum, and let them go jist az they com.

It takes a great deal of money tew
make a man rich, but it dont take but
little virtew.

It iz the little things ov this life that
plague us—
Muskeeters are plenty, elephants scarce.

What an agreeable world this would
be tew live in if we could pump all the
pride and selfishness out of it! It would
improve it az much az taking the fire and
brimston out ov the other world.

Don't mistake pleazure for happiness;
it iz entirely a different breed ov dogs—
There iz a grate deal ov exquisite pleazure
in happiness, but there iz a grate deal ov
pleazure that haz no happiness in it.

There iz only one thing that I kan
think ov now, that I like to see idleness
in, and that iz, in molassiss—I want mi
molassiss soft and enzy.

Experience haz the effect on most folks
that age haz on a goose, it makes them
tuff.

"Sewing Societys" are generally places
whar the wimmin meet to rip and so—
up the naberhood.

A lazy man iz one who haz no time to
spare; an industrious man iz one who haz
more time to spare than he knows what
to do with.

It takes a smart man to conceal from
others what he dont kno.

A lazy man alwaz works harder than
a bizzzy one—the hardest work i kno ov,
iz to grunt—it iz harder tew set still, and
file files, than it iz tew git up and escape
from them.

The man who controls hiz pashuns sits
at the helm ov hiz ship.

It iz very diffiult tew kalkulate upon
suckcess, unless a man sets up for a phool
—in this department, I have known hun-
dreds to succedd, contrary tew ther expek-
tashuns.

I dont want enny tewter evidence that
a man iz a phool than tew see him cultivate
exercitricitys.

The man who kan conceal his real kar-
akter when he iz drunk, or in a pashion,
haz got a giant karakter.

I have found out that happiness kon-
sists in working bizzzy 12 hours, sleeping
8 hours, and playing checkers 4 hours,
out ov every 24.

A GOOD ONE.

A Methodist minister was on his trav-
els through the west of Illinois twenty
years ago. Illinois was a wild place then.
He traveled twenty-one miles one day be-
fore coming to a farm house. But there
he was received with hospitality. Chick-
en pot-pie and corn-dodgers composed his
supper; but to a hungry man these are
as good as a truffled turkey.

A fine old grandmother of the house
was most profuse in her hospitality. She
pressed the pot-pie on the good man's
plate till he could eat no more. And
then, when the family was gathered around
the great log chimney and his blazing fire,<