

A. MCPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 37.

DLUME VI.

BUCKEYE

HIN AND SEED CLEANER,

atented Feb'y Ist, 1870.

EBEL & PENNINGTON

inckeye Grain and Seed Cleaner

to any other Fanning Mill ever more than twice the screening

can be easily handled and lifted

75 bushels per hour, and runs se

ary mill, while it is neat and

be turned by a boy ten years

above advantages, it is far cheap-ther Faching Mill now made. ite our assertions, we give the fol-opinions of several reliable gen-

ts of Seneca county, Ohio, who "CLEASER" a thorough trial :

signed, have thoroughly tested an and Seed Cleaner, and believe

to any one in use for cleaning

small seeds, for market or for

separates every grain of Chess

MANUFACTURED BY

Tiflin, Ohio.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1872.

ing the young girl.

words :

peace !"

could

self

[ORIGINAL.] TO LITTLE MAGGIE.

Dearest little Maggie, Sprightly little elf, There was ne'er a sweeter fairy Than her dainty self; Charming hazel eyes, Lovely eurling hair, Fair complexion, rose-bud mouth-

Maggie is a beauty rare. Witching little mischief, Never tired of play, Prattling, singing, romping,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, Happy all the day; Winning love from every one With her charming way, Chasing gloom and sadness From our hearts always.

> Sometimes acting "mamma," Mimicking her talk, Telling papa of her trouble

In teaching "doll" to walk-Then off to tease old Carlo, Or coaxing poor sick puss, to see

If she cannot make her take A little toast and tea. Happy, darling Maggie,

1 pray thy heart may ever be Just as it is to-day.

From care and sorrow free ; That angels bright may guard thee Where e'er thy feet may roam, And bring the safe at last Unto a Heavenly home.

Dudley, Pa., Aug. 19, 1872.

At dark, Bessie Walters ran into the cottage, rousing her father with the news that the smuggler's schooner was laying off alternative was to make him shift for him-Arish Mell, and Jim Bolton had gone to

dred yards of the shore, and then the work

doubting that she would see George some- a small room at the top of a house in some how and bring him off from the ship. The back street in Dorchester. sailors were too busy to notice the boat Meantime the body of the coast guard glide up; so Bessie lay under the lee of the had been found. Harry Walters' threat schooner, watching, with clenched teeth was corroborated by a dozen voices, and two men, struggling for life or death, come the old man was hurried off to jail. The to the bulwarks just over the boat. She village was in a ferment of wonder and ex. could hear their panting breath, then a pis- citement, for simultaneous with the murtol-shot, and then a body was hurled over der was Bessie Walters' elopement with Kit. But, no ! it is mine ear that fails and underthe side. Clutching desperately at the The first news that met Bessie and her slippery wood, grasping at the last moment husband was that of her father's arrest.

a loose rope, he swung down almost touch-Who can describe the girl's horror and misery, the perplexity which beset and crushed her-on the one hand, to see her At first she was too busy to notice his face ; but when the bandage was tied which father hung for a crime of which her husshe furnished, she looked at him and saw band was guilty ; and on the other to dehis lips moving, though his voice was too nounce the true murderer, and save her father by the sacrifice of her husband. faint to be heard over the noise of the fight

There was one thread of hope, the eviand roar of breaking waves. Her ear almost touched his lips before she caught the dence against Henry Walters was merely circumstantial; those who had heard him swear vengeance against the officer were "Hide me, hide me, and let me die in now ready to swear he was drunk; and For a moment Bessie stood staring at the that a more forgiving, peaceable man never

Once Bessie saw her father.

"We may's well risk it. May be there's "Don't yo' fret, my darling. Yo' know I be innocent as an unborn babby," he said. no other boat about, and he's too handsome A great and exceeding bitter cry burst a young chap to be hanged. Garge maun

from Bessie's lips. Excitement lent extra strength to her "Doant say that, oh ! fayther, yo'r killin' arms. Shooting through the Durcle arch-I-I must tell yo'-I maun tell, or my I wi way, she ran the boat into the beach just heart will break. Kit did it-fayther-' in the quiet little nook behind the "Door," The old man sprang to his feet ; he had

where the projecting rocks made a perfect been kneeling beside the seat she was on. haven, dragging the boat up as far as she "He did it fayther; I seed him !" and seizing the arm that, with hand clenched, hung by her, she told him the story of her The man was moaning now with pain. but as she couldn't lift him out, the only

husband's crime and her misery. When she was done he stood still, his hands clenched, his head drooping.

"You'll hey to land, young man. I allow Suddenly he turned, and lifting her up it's difficult, but yo' maun do it. Ther's a in his arms, held her to his heart as he had cave here yo' can lie in till the cutter's men done when, as a motherless child, she had come to him for comfort in her childish tri-For answer he got up and scrambled, als.

"Bessie, my darling, ye've done right in

[OBIGINAL.] THE DYING WIFE TO HEB HUSBAND. BY G. J. AKERS.

I hear the church bell toll the hour-the hour for holy prayer ;

how my suffering heart doth long to join the suppliants there? I hear the bell-and yot methinks its clear,

goes the change : I'm drifting from the shore away, all sights and sounds grow dim

Away from what the good Lord made I'm passing unto Him life! Oh, time! Oh, aching heart and

Look upward from your dismal deep; where

battling billows roll. And turn thy weary sight to God-to you bright, sun-lit home,

Where earth's poor, weary children rest, beyond the billow's foam

And, husband, dearest, sre I go from thy kind love away, I ask of thee to look above-He will thy

sorrow stay.

Thou long hast sought to bring to me each earthly wish and need ; oh, my God ! how sinks my heart to

think that his should bleed. When summer smiles and summer flowers,

long gone, were bright and fair, We clasped our hearts and hands and vowed

earth's weal and woe to share. winters came, but passed away before

the April rain. And, like the summer flowers, I go, but ne'er

shall come again. Come nearer oh, dear husband! for I am al-

most gone. sh to speak but little more ere you shall be alone-

Ere I shall sleep the long, long sleep, and

thon shalt weeping be For her, who through a changeful life, ne er changed her love for thee.

The clouds will pass away, dearest, the sunlight come anew, And others' smiles will light the path with

glittering gems for you It is a blessing given to us in life's fleet pass-

ing hour That future promise points to rest in her en-

chauting bower. So, too, for thee will promise come, with re-

gal smile and form. then again thy heart will glow with

passion deep and warm. where my head hath lain oftimes in And days gone by, When thou didst whisper loving words, with

love-light in thine eya, heart will swell With pride and deep emotion, which thy glistening eye will tell. And may she prove to you, dearest, a true and loving wife-As true as I have tried to be throughout our wedded life.

was acquitted on his evidence, both should dangle from the same gallows ! He was not to be "bluffed," however, and replied that he would testify to the truth, whatever might happen. The Vigilance Committee did not attempt to take the trial of the prisoner into its own hands, but used its power and influence in aid of the prosecution; and stood ready to mete our summary punishment, should the court fail to convict the alleged

that the prisoner and Stewart were differ-

ent men, was warned that if the prisoner

culprit. The trial was pretty much onesided. The counsel assigned to the prisoner did his duty manfully, all things considored ; but the witnesses were evidently afraid of the Committee, and such of them as had any doubts of the prisoner's identity hardly dared express them. (Stewart's connection with the crime was established by inconfrovertible evidence, and the case hinged upon the question of identity). At length Stidger was called to the stand, and testified promptly and positively that he knew Jim Stewart well, having seen him nearly every day during a long period, and that the prisoner at the bar was not Stewart. On his cross-examination a colloquy something like the following occurred between Stidger and one of the attorneys for

the prosecution : Q: You admit that there is a strong reemblance between the prisoner at the bar and Jim Stewart?

A. Yes; a resemblance so close that I was at first deceived by it.

Q. How, then, did you satisfy yourself that the prisoner is not Stewart?

A. By the strong points of difference between the two men.

Q. What are those points of difference? A. Well, Stewart is a little taller-about an inch, I think,-than the prisoner, and his hair and eyes are a little darker. The middle finger on the prisoner's left hand is crooked, apparently from rheumatism. The middle finger on Stewart's righthand is crooked, having been nearly cut off with a knife in a hand-to-hand fight. Again, Stewart is a nervous, excitable man, with restless eyes. If he were in that box he would be constantly changing his position, and his eyes would be incessantly wandering about the court-room, never resting for more than a second or two upon one person or object ; whereas the prisoner sits quietly in one place, and regards everying gaze. The features of the two men * * * *

thing he looks at with a calm; steady, linare very much alike in their outlines, but totally different in their expression. If Stidger's testimony had any weight with the Court and jury, they were afraid to manifest it; for the judge charged against the prisoner and the jury, after a short absence from the court-room, brought in a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree.". It was fortunate for the prisoner that they did so. Had they acquitted him, he would have been seized and summarily hanged by the Vigilance Committee. As it was, he was allowed a short respite-two or three weeks-to prepare for death: To render his escape impossible, the Vigilance Committee, professing to distrust the Sheriff and his aids, kept a strong guard around the jail day and night. Three or four days before the time appointed for the execution, news reached Marysville that Jim Stewart had been captured, and in the hands of a vigilance Committee in San Francisco. The matter was considered of sufficient importance to inquire into, and a committee of the Marysville organization was detailed to proceed in all hasts to the Bay and ascertain the truth. Stidgers was invited to accom-

MINNIE MYRTLE. MARRIED TO A MURDERER. Sheet Metals,

prepare the men to be ready at the Mews, She was a smart little schooner, drawing wonderfully little water. So, the sea being like glass, only throbbing with a groundswell, she was towed up within a few hun-

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FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

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TIN, COPPER,

-AND-

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learfield and Susquehanna, and will ime call upon the farmers of the wnships and demonstrate to each own harn, that this "Cleaner" will is claimed for it. can be seen and tested at any

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WARD

CONNOR.

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from Wheat designed for seed, such from Timothy, and all wild Flar, so as to render each parf seed designed for sowing pur-lentirely free from filth and foreign THEO. T. INK. J. BOWERSOCK, OOR, G. KINZBR, JAMES DORAN.

RMERS, SEE THIS! ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

the past ten years Dr. Carpenter has ared thousands of cases of above es, and has now in his possession es from all parts of the counanalation is breathed directly into the analation is breathed directly into the using and healing over all inflamed entering into the blood, it imparts vi-permentes to every part of the syssation is not unpleasant, and the notten gives very decided relief, then there is much difficulty of der the influence of my reme soon grows ensier, the night heetic firsh vanishes, and with ion the patient rapidly gains entrated Food rapidly builds up the ated patient, presenting to the stom ready to be assimilated and made healthy blood.

igh Syrup is to be taken at night to alugh and enable the patient t ull directions accompany each box es which consists of

ler : One Bottle of Alterative Inhaiant ; the of Soothing Febrifuge Inhalant; One Anti-Hæmorringic Inhalant; One Bottle nirated Food; One Bottle Cough Syrup.

of Box containing medicines to last one 10; two months, \$18; three months, \$25. any address C. O. D. Pamphlets conlist of patients cured sent free .must contain one dollar to

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-AND-

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JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Sheriff's Sales. BY virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon. is-Sandout of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 15th day of Octo-ber next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real

Estate, to wit: ALL the right, title and interest of Michael Doyle, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the village of Gallitzin, Cambria county, front, ng on a street and extending back to a street; adjoining lot of C. D. Bradley on the north and street on the south, having thereon erected a worstory plank house, now in the occupancy of Michael Doyle. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John E. Storm.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jos. Denzel, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carroll townsnip, Cambria county, fronting on the Ebensburg and Carrolltown road, adjoinin land of Andrew Strittmatter and Elizabeth Weakland, having thereon erected a one-andt-half story plank house, now in the occupance

of Joseph Denzel. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Albin Oswald. ALSO, all the right, title and interest of S. F. orge and Libbie George, of, in and to two lots George and Libble George, of, in and to two lots of ground situate in Chest Springs boro', Cam-bria county, fronting on Columbia street and extending back to a street, adjoining lots of Silas A. McGough and Ellen McGrain, having thereon creeted a two story plank house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Harrison Miller. Taken inferenceution and to be sold at the suit of Simon Weakland, W, B. BONACKER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Elsenshurg Sent 17, 1872 Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Sept. 17, 1872.

FATHER BROWN'S MONUMENT.

THE LETTING of this Monument will take place at the house of Judge EASLY. in Con-emaugh Borough. on MONDAY, the 14th day of OCTOBEE, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. Sealed Proposals will be received up to that The Committee have determined on erecting one similar to that of Father M'CULLOUGH'S.

adjoining it in the cemetery at the Summit. The plan and specifications can be seen at the sidence of Judge EASLY, or by examination of Father M'CULLOUGH'S, at the Summit. JOHN RYAN, ROBERT DIMOND,

PATRICK RODGERS, JAMES BURNS, D. M'LAUGHLIN, GEO, W. EASLY, THOMAS M'CABE, W.M. ADAMS, www. ADAMS, Monument Building Committee

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court D of Cambria county, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises in the Borough of Loretto, on SATURDAY, November 9th, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, of which MARY McGUIRE died seized: TWO LOTS OF GROUND, known as Lots No. TWO LOTS OF GROUND, known is hors no. 35 and 36 in the plan of said Borough, bounded and described as follows: Each Lot fronting 50 ft. on St. Mary's st't and extending back 200 ft. to an alley, adjoining lot of Sebastian Fry on the south and St. Paul street on the north, and half story having thereon erected a one-and-a-

FRAME HOUSE and a small STABLE. TERMS OF SALE. - One-half on confirmation of rang out : sale and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, properly secured by judgment bond and morigage. Adm'r of Mary McGuire, dec'd.

Sept.27.-3t. CLEOULAR and PRICE LIST PATRICK' SCOTT. Common Pleas of Cambria

MARY MAXWELL County. MARY SCOTT.

And now, to wit: Sept, 9, 1872, on motion of John P. Linton, Esq., C. W. Easiy appointed Commissioner to take testimony. J. K. HITE, Prothanotary.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the dutics of said appointment, at the office of John P. Linton, Esq., in the borough of Johns-town, on Friday, the 11th day of October next, at with the intention of boarding. Bessie

pon the shingle.

"We've only but two hours safe to do it in," said the leading man, "for when the tide turns the breeze 'll get up and carry off the fog. So push on, lads, and show what Dorset chaps can do." In a couple of hours nearly half the cargo was safe, each man working like two.

The tea and tobacco were stowed away in a snug cave, long used as a hiding place ; the kegs of spirits sent off to neighboring cellars, some of which were in vaults least suspected. By this time the fog had cov-

ored the downs, and lay there as if resting. Suddenly through the mist and silence came the shrick of a sea gull, then another and another.

Every man stopped working. Every face turned in the direction of the signal, for such it was; then down through the white cloud came a figure scrambling-jumping from rock to rock-and Bessie Walters, her face flushed, her hair loose, breathlessly stood by the men.

"Harry's gotten back fro' Weymouth," she said; "the revenue chaps ha' gotten word and the cutter's comin', and the soldiers too, and some of our own folks have blown the cave---'

"Then it's all up," said the captain ; "so much for your d-d Dorsetshire. I'll give five pounds to the man who will take us out. I'll give ten pounds. Twenty I'll give. Thirty-forty-fifty pounds to the fellow who'll run us out of this cursed hole. By G-, I believe you are all in the game, and brought us here to sell us. But I'll

beat you yet. If I can't do better, I'll burn the craft, rather than let a stitch of her fall into such d-d wreckers' hands. Here, Charlie, pull off."

As he spoke, a rocket whizzed up in the offing, and the cutter was within a couple of miles, coming with the predicted breeze.

"It'll be bad like to let the craft be taken," said a man who had been watching the captain's boat. "I've a mind to go off with her-fifty pound's a tarrible lot of money." He looked hard at Bessie, and Bessie's cheeks grew redder as she said :

"Soe be as you'll goe, Garge, I'll row you off."

No further words were then spoken, but the man walked down to the boat, followed by Bessie.

"Supposin' I git the money?" asked George, looking around.

Bessie bade him hold his tongue till he got it, and nodded him good night as he scrambled up the schooner's side.

Sullenly and desperately the smuggler held on her way. Suddenly the trumpet

"Haul to, or we shall fire." "Fire away !" shouted the captain of the schooner.

A spur of fire sprang from the cutter's side and a round shot crushed through the smuggler's jib, cutting half a dozen ropes

in two. Still she held on. Swish came another shot, this time hitting the mainmast | glared out of his blood-shot eyes.

and sending out a shower of splinters .--They were within two hundred yards of each other, the cutter coming on, evidently excuse himself.

"You're a good lass, and if you're as why I die. No, my dear, you're not to pretty as you're voice is sweet, I'll have the best of it hiding away here."

with many groans, out of the boat, dropping

and soldiers are out of the way."

black rocks and thinking; then a light lived.

crossed her eyes, and she said to herself :

look after himself, I allow."

"We'll see about that, my man. Yo're all tarred with the same stick. The moor a woman does for a man the moor she'll hev to do. The ferst sarcy word yo' says to I, my fayther he cooms to nus yo'. So yo' best keep a civil tongue."

The natural result of this narsing was that Kitty lost her heart. Pity is, we know, near akin to love ; and so it was.

By some means or other, the revenue officer left to keep a look-out at Lulworth began to get some inkling of the truth, and

one day, meeting Bessie, he questioned her rather closely as to her friend. But she up in her face. was too sharp to tell anything, and the name he went by (Kit Roberts) could give

no clue to his antecedents. That night, however, the officer came across Kit himself, and began chaffing him about Bessie.

Boasting a little loudly of his knowledge about domestic matters, there was a row. The officer threatened-Kit retaliated .-Then some of the older men stepped in and separated them before blows had actually

been struck. Henry Walters, however, had come in time to hear his daughter's name bandied about, and, it being Christmas eve, the old man was not perfectly sober. So he gave the officer a bit of his mind ; and, warming with the subject, ended by threatening to pitch him over the cliff if he ever said a word against Bessie again. Then Kit, who had been standing by, got the old man away, and for a few

hours the latter was at rest. Next morning Bessie started for East Lulworth to attend high mass. Returning, she went down the long, steep path leading to the ruined chapel of Binden. Suddenly she stopped. Surely that was Kit walking along the cliffs-yes, going slowly, as if watching or waiting ! Then he stood still, crouching down. There, within a hundred yards, wrapped in a night cloak and hood to keep off the keen east wind, stood the

revenue officer, watching with his glass a passing vessel. Behind him, creeping like a panther down the steep cliff, was Kit Roberts !

A thousand sparks seemed to be flashing before Bessie's eyes. Her lips opened, she tried to scream, but her voice was gone; she endeavored to start forward, but her knees gave way, and falling, she lay still ; yet, impelled by the horrible attraction of murder, she watched her lover-he who in a few weeks was to be her husband-deliberately steal upon the officer, and with a sudden spring and blow, with his hands outstretched, strike him over the cliff. She heard the murdered man's death-yell, but

no more. A cold hand seemed laid upon her heart, and all her senses left her. When she recovered consciousness Kit was sitting by her. His face was white

and a terrible expression of fear and anger "How did you come here?" he asked,

making no attempt to raise Bessie up or

As Bessia told him his face grew wilder.

telling me. I can die happy when I know There, there will rest another, and thy noble fret; it is you I'm thinking for, not Kit.

God'll have to think for him. It's yo' dar, hing-you'll find it hard to hold your tongue, but you must, dear. I'm your fayther, and God has givon me a right to command my child. My command to yo' is go back to Kit and help the Lord to make him a bet-

ter man. I hadn't many years to live, year of five years later; and I allow I won't be hardly judged in the other world for what I'm doing now."

Kit was sitting at the table writing when she got out of bed. She went over to him and put her arms around him. He looked

God knows what he saw there ; perhaps the shadow of her doom in his. Whatever it was, it made him lay his head upon the table and sob in the very bitterness of a man's despairing passion.

Bessie did not try to comfort him, Sh⁶ had her work to do. Kit sobbed on ; then, turning he came over to his wife and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You are right, Bessie ; only you are not to do it. I'll do it myself."

Bessie ran after him-he was gone .--Rushing back to her room, she began dressing; life and death depended upon itave, indeed, life and death; for even as she hurried down stairs, a crowd came to the door-a crowd with white, frightened faces-bearing in their midst a body ! Kit had shot himself. The paper he had been writing when Bessie gave him her last

kiss was a full confession of the crime. Henry Walters was released, but never showed his face in Lulworth. When Bessie

was able to move they emigrated, and no tidings of them, weal or woe, has ever

reached their old home.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE .- We are fond of cats. Unlike most persons, it pleases us, while lying in bed at night, to hear three or four cats out in the back yard spitting and yowling and waltzing around to their own mysterious music. So we always keep a cat on hand, in order to contribute our share to the entertainments. It is a singular fact, however, that one hundred and sixty-three successive cats which we have purchased have disappeared, one after the other. We would buy a cat and have it around for a few days; and would place it in the yard, on a given night before retiring. In the morning that animal would always have disappeared and none of them ever came back ! We regarded it as a somewhat singular coincidence that the man who lived back of us always had fireworks on the very night that our cats disappeared. Reflecting upon this circumstance, we purchased our one hundred and sixty-fourth cat-a tortoise

shell-and determined to watch her. We placed her out in the yard a few nights ago and observed her from the kitchen door. The tortoise shell frisked around for a while and ground out a few melodions screeches. Then she jumped upon the fence for the purpose of making acquaintances.

While there we perceived the man in the rear yard wipe that cat suddenly off of the fence into a bag. Then that scoundrel tied a string to the tail of the tortoise shell and affixed the other end of the cord to a skyrocket. He then lit a match, and in about a minute that animal was swishing around among the stars without a hair

But now the crape is falling, I see, beyond, the sky.

I hear the angels whisper-let me kiss thee ere I die ! well! when grow the sweet, bright,

blithesome flowers of yore, Bessie. It's not much whether I go this My dearest, you will miss Jeanette forever,

ALTOONA. PA., Septemper, 1872.

The Trials of Thomas Burdue.

I have just read, in the MOUNTAIN CITY TIMES of the 31st ulto., a selected sketch entitled "Circumstantial Evidence. A Hair-Breadth Escape from the Gallows in San Francisco," the writer of which claims for it exceptional truthfulness and accuracy. It is indeed, like Artemus Ward's stories, "founded onto fax," but those facts are awfully distorted in the narration. Thomas Burdue's remarkable resemblance to Jim Stewart caused him to be twice tried and condemned, but both trials were had before lawfully constituted courts. Here is the true story, as it is well known to many old Californians; and it is far more wonderful than the very imperfect version above men-

tioned. The murderous assault upon Jansen, and the robbery of his store, in San Francisco, took place in the winter of 1850-'51-the exact date I have forgotten. From Jansen's description of the robbers, the police were satisfied that one of them was a notorious desperado named Jim Stewart. After a time they succeeded in arresting a man whom they supposed to be Stewart, but who asserted that his name was Thomas Burdue, and that he had arrived in California after the date of the robbery. He was, however, tried, together with his alleged accomplice ; was identified as Stewart ; and both the prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to long terms in the California State Prison.

In the fall of 1850, the sheriff of Sacramento county had been murdered, while traveling on horseback from Marysville to Sacramento, and robbed of about \$6,000 which he had in his custody. Circumstances clearly indicated Jim Stewart as the perpetrator of the crime. Accordingly, after the trial and sentence of the supposed Stewart in San Francisco, he was delivered to the authorities of Sacramento county, by whom he was conveyed to Marysville and committed to jail to await his trial for murder.

Jim Stewart had formerly resided at Foster's Bar, a mining camp on the Yuba River, about eight miles from Marysville. He was well known in that region ; and after the prisoner had been placed in jail, still strongly protesting that was he Thomas Burdne, and not Jim Stewart, and that he was innocent not only of the crime of which he had been convicted, but of that with which he was charged, he was visited by many of Stewart's old acquaintances, most of whom believed they recognized him, while others entertained some doubts of his identity, But one man was positive that the prisoner was not Stewart. This man was O. P. Stidger, a Justice of the Peace at Foster's Bar, before whom Stewart had appeared on many occasions, and who knew him well. After a long interview with the prisoner, Stidger was thoroughly convinced that he was not Stewart, and stated his conviction and his reason therefor freely and publicly.

By this time the Vigilance Committee had been organized in San Francisco with branches in many interior towns, including Marysville, and the organization embraced the leading business and professional men

had its good effect after all, and that at an opportune time.) A look at him was sufficiently convincing. Notwithstanding his remarkable resemblance to the condemned man in Marysville, who called himself Thomas Burdue, the points of differance noted by Stidger were now plainly apparent. Stewart was at once recognized by every man of the party. Furthermore, he had confessed both of the crimes of which Burdue had been convicted. There was now barely time to save the latter's life. It could only be done by executive interference. In breathless haste the party waited upon the Governor, got his signature and seal to two distinct pardons, and, with great exertions; reached Marysville with he documents just as the minions of the law were about to lead Burdue forth to execution.

pany them and did so. (His testimouy

And thus, after languishing for many months in prison, being twice condenaned and finally pardoned for crimes he had never committed, Thomas Burdue was turned out, friendless and penniless, upon the world. Whither he went or what became of him no one in that part of the country knows. He was never again seen or heard of there. JOHN CLERKE.

PLEDMONT; W. VA., Sept. 16, 1872. -Correspondence of Cumberland Times.

EXTRUMCANCE VS. MARRIAGE .- Those who like, with Mr. Buckle, te collate social phenomena and draw general deductions from them, may just now gather exellent material for the process. As an example we find the London journals discussing with earnestness the prodigious and increasing cost of beef, bread, and female attire ; and looking at the law reports in the same papers, we find a most unusual number of breaches of promise in which the man is the defendant. The significance of this is probably beyond dispute. Among a hundred men who have engaged themselves, a certain percentage of cautions natures will be found who, on the contemplated step becoming imminent, are more and more disturbed by the thought of its pecuniary difficulties and responsibilities. These swains retreat; and a certain proportion-probably a small one of the outraged damsels-seek such solace as the law will accord them.

A CLEVELAND woman not long ago modestly requested her husband to go to the dressmaker and tell her that she (the wife) had changed her mind and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin and "that if it would look better with ten blas flounces without puffing and boxplaited

