# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873. NUMBER 17.


LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDISE, as assessed for the year 1873:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

| | License. | | Licese. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Geo. Reisel | $ 7 25 | 14 Louis Shank | $ 7 25 |

ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | $ 7 25 | | |

BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

BARR TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Nich. Lamborn | 7 25 |

CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Leonard Hiller | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 J. W. Sharbaugh | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Henry Blum | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Andrew Hagg | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

CAMBRIA BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Joseph Stibich | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Kintz | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | | 14 Louisa Aaron | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 Jacob Wertman | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Aug. Lehmyer | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

CROYLE TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 J. D. Wintroth | 7 25 |

CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 M. Douglass | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Crouse | 7 25 |

CHEST TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 75 | | |

CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 P. F. Shaffer | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Leonard Kist | 7 25 |

ELDERSBURG BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 Lemuel Murray | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 A. P. Fields | 7 75 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 M. L. Catavan | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 C. T. Robert's | 7 75 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 G. C. K. Zahm | 7 75 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Baxter & Son | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 E. J. Mills | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. Krauss | 7 75 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. Strittmatter | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Thos. Griffith | 7 75 |
| [illegible] | 7 75 | | |

FRANKLIN BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 D. W. Coulter | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Peter Rubritz | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 James Murray | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Patrick Smith | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Thos. Bendley | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. J. Sanker | 7 25 |

JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | | 14 L. B. Cohick | 7 75 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 John Senable | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 John Miller | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 Jno. T. Kinney | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | | 14 James Quinn | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 John Thomas | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 D. W. Harshberger | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 V. Louther | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 L. Luckhardt | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 M. L. Gronberg | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 F. & G. Gallaher | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 S. J. Hess & Bro. | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Louis Cohen | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. D. Brinker | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 M. & J. Nathans | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. Montgomery | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 C. T. Frazer | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 M. L. Meagher | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 W. W. Pike | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | | 14 Fockler & Co. | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Bailey & Hay | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 R. Sweeny & Co. | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 E. Kohler & Co. | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Gedeck | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | | 14 Benj. F. Orr | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 J. J. Hassinger | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Davis & Lewis | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 W. J. Rose | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Julian Laurent | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Hannan | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Chas. Oswald | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 J. H. McCulloch | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 F. Border | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Brinker & Co. | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Wm. P. Davis | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Charles Lewis | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Wm. T. Patton | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Pendry | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Rich'd Bennett | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Thomas | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Dilbert & Bloch | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Fockler & Levergood | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Geo. Shaffer | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Chas. Samuel | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Chas. Holstein | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Levingston & Co | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Joseph Kountz | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | | 14 Wm Levergood | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 J. W. Stevenson | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Jacob Fend | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. Pfiler | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 10 25 | 14 J. Q. A. Benshoof | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 T. J. Sheppard | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Geis & Reith | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Jordon | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 C. Kreiger | 6 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Dan'l Albaugh | 7 25 |

LORETTO BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Wm. Litzinger | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Bradley | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 F. O'Friel | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Mary Kessler | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

MINERSVILLE BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 P. Rodgers | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

NORTH CONEMAUGH TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

PARKSBURG BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Bauer | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Jas. Bradley | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

PATTON TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

PORTAGE TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

SALIZAR TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

SOMERSET TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

STONYCREEK TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

SUMMERHILL BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Eager | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Jas. Bradley | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Jane Leahy | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 John Beck | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Martin & Co. | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Wm. Pringle | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Wm. Griffith | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

WILMORE BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Paul & Settlemoyer | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Edward Evans | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 P. Kirby | 7 25 |

WHITE TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 A. H. Fiske | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

WOODVALE BOROUGH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | | | 7 25 |

YODER TOWNSHIP.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 7 25 | 14 Jere. Hipple | 7 25 |
| [illegible] | 7 25 | | |

PATENT MEDICINES.

| | |
|---|---|
| [illegible] & Son, Wilmore Bor. | 5 25 |
| [illegible] " " | 5 25 |
| [illegible] Washington Township | 5 25 |
| [illegible] Gallitzin Township | 5 25 |
| [illegible] Ebensburg Borough | 5 25 |

BREWERIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| [illegible] Loretto Borough | 15 25 |
| [illegible] Carrolltown Borough | 15 25 |
| [illegible] " | 15 25 |
| [illegible] Conemaugh Borough | 15 25 |
| [illegible] Conemaugh Township | 15 25 |
| [illegible] Johnstown Borough | 15 25 |
| [illegible] " | 15 25 |
| [illegible] Cambria Borough | 15 25 |
| [illegible] Washington Twp. | 15 25 |

TAKES AND TEN-PIN ALLEYS.

| | |
|---|---|
| [illegible] Johnstown, 4 Billiard Tables | 50 25 |
| [illegible] Washington Twp. | 15 57 |
| " T. P. Alley | 15 75 |
| [illegible] Allegheny Twp. | 15 75 |

[illegible] licenses charged in each case above [illegible] be understood as the fees of [illegible] County Treasurer, which with the license [illegible] paid to said County Treasurer on or [illegible] the 1st day of July next, as the law re-[illegible]

[illegible] will be held at the Treasurer's [illegible] on Monday, the 2d day of June [illegible] P. M.

H. C. DEVINE,
*Mercantile Appraiser.*

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

[illegible] purchased, refitted and refur-[illegible] in a modern and commodi-[illegible] the subscriber is fully pre-[illegible] accommodate all who may [illegible] with their patronage, and [illegible] the attention of his [illegible] and Blair counties [illegible] expense or pains will be [illegible] to make all feel at home who sojourn [illegible] TEN MILE HOUSE.

M. FITZGARRIS, Proprietor.

[illegible] April 4, 1873. tf.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Al. Vend. Expon.* and *Pluries Vend. Expon.*, 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 **Monday, the 2d day of June next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,** the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Ellen McLaughlin, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Russell, estate of Mrs. Rose McGough, and others, containing 7 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame stable—now in the occupancy of Ellen McLaughlin. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Zachariah Erbers.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Barnabas McDermitt, of, in and a certain lot of ground situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street and extending back to the public square, adjoining lot of J. Moore on the north and Evan Evans on the south, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame stable—now in the occupancy of James Todd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Cambria County.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter A. McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Nagle, sr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 59 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn—now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Neason, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 30 acres, more or less, having erected thereon a water saw mill—now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Randolph McMullen.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James Parrish and Catharine Flanagan, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Peter Bertram, Simon Owens, and R. Hite, containing 80 acres, more or less, about 30 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 Jas. Parrish and Catharine Flanagan. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Felix Jacobs.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Zepharia Weakland, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Hiram Fritz, Isaac Weakland, and others, containing 65 acres, more or less, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a frame barn and a small stable—now in the occupancy of Zepharia Weakland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Johnston Moore.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William McCombie, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Simon Weakland and Jacob and James Kirkpatrick, containing 125 acres, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house and a log barn—now in the occupancy of Wm. McCombie—and a one-and-a-half-story plank house, partly finished, not occupied. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Hillier, Abraham Lantzy, and others, containing 90 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. C. Fisher et. al.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 2, 1873.

AUDITORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP in account with CORNELIUS HANLON, Supervisor, for the year 1872:

| DR. | |
|---|---|
| To amount of Duplicate | $146 22 |
| To balance due at last settlement | 35 50 |
| To order on County Treasurer, (Tax on Unseated Lands) | 57 44 |
| To order on Supervisors | 35 78 |
| Total | $274 95 |

| CR. | | |
|---|---|---|
| By exonerations | $ 5 13 | |
| By services as Supervisor, 65 days, at $1.50 per day | | 97 50 |
| By 17 days with team, (C. Hanlon,) at $4 per day | | 68 00 |
| By cash paid to James Hanlon for cutting trees | | 25 00 |
| By cash paid to James Hanlon, 50 days at $1.50 per day | | 75 00 |
| By cash to same, 25 days at $1 p. d. | | 25 00 |
| By cash paid Jas. and John Hanlon for shoveling snow | | 25 00 |
| By probate | | 25 |
| By order lifted | | 1 50 |
| By cash rec'd from Co. Treasu'r) paid Jas. Smith, Supers'r | | 28 72 |
| By work done by taxables on roads | 223 85 | 4574 95 |

AUDITORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP in account with JAMES SMITH, Supervisor, for the year 1872:

| DR. | |
|---|---|
| To amount of Duplicate | $528 19 |
| To cash rec'd from C. Hanlon (Co. Treas'r) | 28 72 |
| To order on John T. Storm, Sup'r for '71 | 64 47 |
| To order on Supervisor | 1 91 |
| Total | $622 29 |

| CR. | | |
|---|---|---|
| By exonerations | $ 2 35 | |
| By orders lifted and cash paid for work | | 56 05 |
| By cash paid for 25 days work, at $1.50 per day (Jas. Smith) | | 39 00 |
| By team 3 days, $4, (J. Smith, Sup.) | | 12 00 |
| By horse and cart, 36 days, (James Smith, Supervisor) | | 72 00 |
| By work done by taxables | | 311 39 |
| By 87 days as Supervisor, at $1.50 per day, (James Smith,) | 130 50 | $623 20 |

We, the undersigned Auditors of Gallitzin Twp., having audited the foregoing accounts, do certify as above stated.

JOHN F. BRADLEY, } Auditors.
HUGH GALLAGHER, }
Attest—F. J. PARRISH, Twp. Clerk. [5-2.-3t.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Benford House, Johnstown, on WEDNESDAY, the 21ST DAY OF MAY, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Sarah J. Morrison, Executrix of Abraham Morrison, dec'd., of, in and to a lot of ground situate in that part of Johnstown borough known as Kernville, fronting on Morris street and extending back to an alley—adjoining property of A. Robb on one side and an alley on the other—having erected thereon a two story frame double house, a frame stable, and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Sarah J. Morrison and David Davis. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Robert Morris, Executor of Anna Bloodgood, deceased.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 2, 1873.-3t.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

To Mary Rager, intermarried with Alfred Constable, one of the heirs and legal representatives of Philip Rager, deceased:

Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of Philip Rager, late of Jackson township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, on **Monday, May 19th, A.D. 1873,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased, to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudices to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same. At which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 21, 1873.

## LOOK HERE!

THE undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Chest Springs and vicinity that he has this day bought from Jas. A. Littlefield his BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and Tools, and will carry on the business in all its branches. Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Grain taken in exchange for work.

WM. H. JONES.

Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-$* [11-6m.]

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of SIMON WEAKLAND, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Simon Weakland, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

HENRY SCANLAN, Executor.

Carrolltown, April 4, 1873.-6t.*

CARD.—The undersigned will open a SELECT SCHOOL in Union School House building, Ebensburg, on MONDAY, MAY 12TH, inst. Tuition fee, one dollar per month.

HANNAH EVANS.

May 2,-2t.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## A BOQUET FOR MOTHER.

BY MAUDE.

I have nothing else to offer
On this joyous festal day,
But with hope and love I proffer
My poor tribute—a boquet.

Now you'll laugh and say I'm joking,
But have patience and you'll see
That I am indeed in earnest,
Which is something new for me.

In the centre of my nosegay
Must the "queen of flowers" be;
And MOTHER shall have that honor,
For a very *Rose* is she.

And here's a shining oak-leaf—
Part of that noble tree—
For GIBB a fitting emblem,
And a pledge of what he'll be.

Beside the sturdy oak-leaf
I will place a "bleeding heart"—
That's PORT, who, as our family staff,
Bears patiently his part.

Next are some "apple blossoms"—
Dear LIZZIE'S pledge are they—
For when those buds doth wither
Fruit will appear some day.

Among the leaves a "primrose"
Nestles so smilingly;
And MAUDE, you will acknowledge,
Is sweet simplicity.

Then comes a dainty blossom—
Its name I'll not forget—
Your darling little JENNIE,
Our fragrant mignionette.

"Rosemary" boasts no color,
But claims "sincerity"—
Faithful in storm and sunshine—
Thus you ever will find me.

Now my task is finished,
And this rare boquet is made;
I hope it's beauties please you,
For then I'll be repaid.

Mother, the reason you should prize
These flowers that for you bloom—
Their prayer for you doth daily rise
To Heaven in sweet perfume.

Then when evening shadows gather,
And the day of life is o'er,
May your "amaranthine chaplet"
Bloom in Heaven evermore!

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE, OIL CITY, PA.

## MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE POLICEMAN.

Don't you go and make any mistake! The pictures in the comic papers, and all the rest of the jokes about policemen, may be all very well in their way, and I can laugh myself at a good joke at the expense of the force, but for all that there is not as much in them as some of the would-be sharp ones make out.

Why, taking it all through, there's few businesses as are more risky than a policeman's. In plenty of neighborhoods he goes on duty with his life in his hand. People read and talk about the dangerous classes, but it is the policeman that has to deal with them, and it's him as knows *how* dangerous they are. *They* know whether it's only women and boys that we collar; they know who lays them by the heels, and they remember it with a vengeance. "Revenge is sweet" is a motto with a good many of them, and when they are loose they will often go a long way to have it on the man that has been the means of caging them.

Men as are wanted will generally come quiet enough, when they find they are fairly dropped upon; but still you can never be quite certain of them; if the drink or the evil is in them at the time, they may take it into their heads to show fight, and when they do they're not particular as to trifles—the first thing that comes handy they'll use. But, as I said before, it's when they go in for being revenged on you that they are the most dangerous. It isn't a case of fighting then; they don't give you the chance to fight; they creep upon you—in the dark for choice—and are up to all sorts of cruel, cowardly ways of laming a man. Many a fine man has been made a cripple for life, in doing or having done his duty as a policeman, and some have been killed outright.

Then see how a policeman has to go into a row, and take his chance of what may happen from interfering with wild or drunken men with their blood up; again, see how he has to go into a house where "murder!" is being shouted, and where perhaps the first thing that meets his sight is a man more than half mad, and slashing right and left with a poker. Then there is being at fires, and being out all sorts of weather, so that what with one thing and what with another, a policeman's is both a hard job and a risky one. If there's any one as thinks as it ain't risky, just let 'em ask any policeman's wife as cares for her husband how often she has lain awake, fearing something might happen to him when he's been on night duty in a bad quarter.

What class of criminals are the most dangerous for a policeman to have to deal with? Well, I hardly know; the regulars, the "habitual criminals," as they are called, are much of a muchness. A sneaking thief may turn Turk upon you, while a burglar or garroter, as you think likely to show fight, will often let himself be took as quietly as a lamb. The chanee cases are often rough ones. A mad-drunk sailor ain't a nice customer to handle, and a mad-drunk soldier—especially when he takes to the belt—is a decidedly nasty one; and sometimes your swindling clerk, or absconding bankrupt, will show his teeth—pull out a pistol, or pick up a decanter or a chair, and talk of knocking your brains out if you lay a hand on him; though, of course, we do lay hands on 'em for all that. If you dash in boldly at them they generally knock under.

There is one customer, however, as is more likely than not to make a fight of it before he'll be taken, and as is generally a tough one to fight, and that is the escaped convict. It's generally a desperate hand that does manage to escape, and one that's dreadfully fond of his liberty, and knows that if he is took again he may bid a long good-bye to it. A gentleman of that stamp gave me the stiffest tussle I ever had, and the one I'm proudest of, for I fought him fair, and took him single-handed. When he made his escape he got clean away, and he had sense enough not to come back to his old established haunts while the search was hot; but about a year afterwards he did venture back, and I accidentally got wind of it.

It was not the man himself that I was afraid of, though I knew he was a Tartar; what made the job so risky was the danger of being set upon by the whole of the gang to which he belonged, and who always went about together, and would, I knew, think nothing of murdering a policeman. I waited a few weeks to see what chance might turn up, and at length one afternoon I heard that the gang had picked up some sailors, and were spreeing with them in a public-house some little distance from their regular lurk; and thinking to myself that I might wait long enough without finding any much better opportunity, I determined to try my luck there and then, and down to this public-house I went.

There was no one then particular in the bar, and so I passed through to the back, and there in a shut-in skittle alley I caught sight of the gang, eight in number, and with three sailors in tow. I felt qualmish, but I knew that it wouldn't do to give way to that feeling; and so seeing my gentleman there in the midst as large as life, I put on my boldest face, bounced into the alley, and shutting the door, placed my back against it. Though the gang were taken by surprise, they acted cleverly enough; they didn't know which of them might be wanted, and not one of them said a word or moved an inch, but I noticed my man pick up a pot and make a pretence of sipping at it, though I could see easy enough that his real motive was to be ready to fling it at my head if it should turn out that he was the man wanted.

I caught his eye, and in an off-handed tone said, "O, you know it's you I've come for, then; but take my advice, don't do any thing in the pot-throwing line. It will only make things worse for you, for the house is surrounded and there are men enough in reserve to take a houseful of you."

"I shall make it death or glory this time," he answered, "and so here goes;" and as he spoke the words he threw the pot as hard as he could, and then made a dash for a window at the end of the alley. The pot just skimmed my ear, and then I was on to him like a panther and dragged him back just as he had got about half out of the window. I downed him, and had all but mastered him, when one of the gang, that had popped out as soon as my back was from the door, came running back to tell the others that it was all gammon about there being a reserve. This was enough for them. Without another word said, they made a rush toward me; and, though I still held my man, my heart grew cold, and a prayer flashed through my mind, for I felt that I was face to face with death. I knew that they'd stick at nothing, and that the very same gang had kicked a man to death only a few months before. But I was in luck.

I would have called to the sailors for help, but they looked helplessly drunk, and two of them was, but the third, as it happened, was only half-seas over. He was a big lump of a fellow, a Yankee mate, as I knew afterwards, and about as cool and bold a card as there well could be. As they sprang forward, so did he, and whipping out a revolver, says he, in an aggravating sort of a way, "Gentlemen, fair play is a jewel, and I like to see it respected—and so I will. They are man to man, and pretty fairly matched, and if the officer can take him, he shall." Whether or not he really would have fired at them, they must have believed so, for they slunk back. All the same, they had done a good thing for their mate.

While this had been going on I had, without knowing it, slackened my hold, and my man, putting out all his strength in a sudden move, threw me off, and got on to his feet, and before I could close with him again, had drawn a fife-preserver. He made a dash at me with it, and aimed a crashing blow at my head.

Fortunately it only reached my left shoulder, but even there it was a cripler for the time being, for I felt my arm drop useless to my side. He staggered a bit from partly missing his blow, and before he could recover himself I was alongside of him, and he went over like a ninepin, and held up his hands to have the bracelets put on.

It was about two minutes' job altogether, but it was a mighty tough one, I can tell you, and a dangerous one too; and what I say is, that when people talk about policemen, they should remember that they never know the day or hour when, in the way of duty, they may have to tackle a job in which their life is at stake.

## WHICH WAS BEATEN?

We were boys together, George Gibson and I. We were employed as salesmen in a grocery store. Business being quite dull, our employer gave us permission to close the store, that we might attend a ball to be given that evening. I had been paying my respects to Miss Kate H. George also seemed interested in her welfare, and knew that I would be certain to send her my compliments some time during the day, and request her company to the ball.

In order to get ahead of me, he sent his invitation quite early in the morning. I was not in a good humor after George triumphantly showed me his note of acceptance; so when evening came I determined I would not go to the ball, but stay in the store. We closed about dark. George was ready to start, but had some moments to spare, when, as if to amuse himself, he picked up an old revolver, which we always kept about the store, and was pointing at different objects in the room, remarking how easy he could put a hole through it.

When he pointed at an oil can, which was quite full, I immediately inserted a pin near the seat of his pants, which caused him to pull the trigger. Zip! the bullet went through the can, and the oil commenced running out in quite a stream through the holes the bullet had made.

"Jump, quick, and stop the leak with your fingers!" I exclaimed.

George knew the mischief would be to pay if our employer found the floor covered with oil, and he obeyed my order immediately. Then a happy thought struck me; I would leave him in that fix, and go and take Miss Kate myself. Amid a volley of oaths, I made my hasty departure. Arriving at the residence of Miss Kate, I informed her that George was not able to attend, and had sent me in his stead. Miss Kate accepted the apology, and we attended the ball. It was late when I returned to the store, and found George still in his uncomfortable position, swearing at me profusely.

The bullet had passed through the can, and he dared not remove either hand. I then procured an empty barrel, intending to pump the oil out below the bullet hole. In order to do this, it was necessary for him to be on the other side of the can. He agreed to change if I would hold my fingers over the holes until he went around the can. This I was unwise enough to consent to.

No sooner had he got me in this fix, than he proceeded to wash his hands; then taking up the lamp he went up stairs to bed. I was mad; language cannot begin to express my feelings. I swore, I entreated, I then tried to bribe him to relieve me. Like him, I dared not leave the can, for I knew it would cause my dismissal if our employer found the new floor spoiled with oil, besides the damage it would do the goods.

How I spent the remainder of the night I shall not attempt to describe; it is sufficient to say I stayed their until morning.

THE Warren *Ledger* has a subscriber it brags on, and this is the way it does it: He lives up the river, is eighty-two years old, reads by candle light without the aid of glasses, hasn't been sick a day since he was a child, smoked and chewed for sixty odd years, walked to town, a distance of six miles, last Saturday, and got drunk as a lord; does his own shaving, pares his own corns, sews on buttons, bets on horse races, talks slang and swears with as much ease as the fastest young man in the country; he hoed half an acre of corn, broke a colt, whipped his wife and went to prayer meeting all in one day last year. What other community can trot out his equal?

A NEAR-SIGHTED Indianapolis woman patched the seat of her husband's pants with a cold buckwheat cake, that the children had left in her work basket, last week. The color of the patchwork matched the original trowsers, and as the cake was tough, the mistake might never have been discovered, but the old man got caught out in a shower a day or two afterwards; the patch began to swell; he felt cold patches on his back, and thinking that it was spinal meningitis that had clutched him, sent for a doctor who soothed his fears; but he wants a divorce.

## Captain Jack of the Lava Beds.

I'm Captin Jack of the Lava Beds,
I'm "cock o' the walk" and chief o' the Reds,
I kin "lift the har" and scalp the heads
Of the whole United States Army.

When I go out my squaw she cries,
My squaw she cries,
My squaw she cries,
When I go out my squaw she cries,
You'd better look out for the army.

[O, yes! ladies and gentlemen, I'm the original Captin Jack, of the Modoc braves—big Injin me—white man he too much bombshell and telegraphy dispatch, but he no *sarcey* de lava bed. White man he play "high low," but he no catchee *dis* Jack, for—

I'm Captin Jack o' de Modoc braves,
And "cock o' the walk" of the lava caves,
When I catches 'em out, their heads I shave—
The heads of the braves of the army!

When I stand up the pickets they stare,
The pickets they stare,
The pickets they stare,
When I stand up the pickets they stare—
And then run back to the army.

[O, yes! ladies and gentlemen, big medicine man Killem, he going to eat up Modoc chiefs at one square meal, but he make too muchee fight at San Francisco telegraph man, and shoot bombshell at Modoc squaw and scalp only dead Injin, Charley. Ugh! Captin Jack, he bullee boy with glass eyes. Captin Killem, he played out on dis line—all summer time.]

## HAND TO HAND.

The Modoc outrage having intensified the national Indian sensation which had been slowly fermenting to murderous explosion for so many months before, there is a painful revival of popular interest in the red American Ishmael, and whatsoever relates to his savage characteristics is germain to the news of the hour. Though all Indians are not Modocs, the proscribed race, as a general thing, in their hopeless and rapidly increasing numerical inferiority to their hereditary white pursuers, are more given in these later days of their despairing hatred to treacherous wiles and dastardly ambuscades than to the nobler, open warfare of their historic past; yet the warrior who delights to meet his pale-faced peer in mighty hand-to-hand grapple is not yet extinct, and merits renewed celebration if only to show that his dying people have not always been mere robbers and assassins like the dastardly murderers of Canby and Thomas. In the times of the Cherokee troubles in the South, Major John Seaborn, who may yet be living in his home in North Carolina, had an aboriginal adventure which a citizen of Whitefield county, Ga., now recalls in the *New Georgia Citizen* for modern study. While a member of a surveying party, encamped on the banks of the Etowah river, in what is now the Seventeenth district of Bartow county, the Major started one day to visit a missionary station situated near a large spring about a mile and a half inland, armed only with the hunting knife in his belt, and not even accompanied by the faithful dog usually attending his steps. The savages were very bold in their encroachments at that time, and the Carolinan had not followed the forest trail very far before he involuntarily ambushed a gigantic Cherokee who was cautiously leading captive a pony, upon which sat, in pleading terror, an English missionary's lovely daughter, whose too daring morning ride had brought her into the toils of the red outlaw. Seaborn paused for a moment in his unsought concealment in the undergrowth to witness the girl's wild effort to make the pony break free from the iron grasp of the captor, and see the latter raise his tomahawk in murderous menace, and then with a shrill yell of championship and defiance, sprang grandly to the very side of the rearing animal. The beautiful captive had just fallen from the saddle, and, as the surprised Indian involuntarily retreated some steps away, the rescuer swiftly caught her in his arms, replaced her on her steed, and bade her ride for her life. She needed no second warning, but was off like the wind; and then the white and red knights confronted each other with looks meaning battle to the death. The Indian was a herculean chieftain, known as Unakaybswah—the "white man killer"—and the Major, although standing over six feet in attitude himself, and proportionately muscular and brave, felt impelled to such skirmishing tactics as might draw his foe towards the camp on the river and at the same time tempt him to discharge his deadly tomahawk. The moment the Cherokee detected this design in the other's measured backward strides he bounded forward, brandishing his weapon, and, when the strategist finally wheeled and broke into a dead run, sent the huge battle-axe hurling thro' the air. Only by an adroit swerve did Seaborn elude the terrible missile, which, after grazing his hair, struck deep into a tree beyond; but now he was upon more even terms with his enemy, upon whom he turned instantly at bay. So quickly did he make the movement that a terrific blow of his fist met his pursuer before the latter could check his advancing impetus, and sent him reeling backward several paces. Now began the fight in earnest. Thrusting forward and aiming his head like a battering ram, in the manner of the athletes of his tribe, the savage came on again with a ringing whoop, his purpose being to throw his head between the legs of his adversary, who would thereupon be dashed in a somersault upon his own head. Major Seaborn was familiar with this trick, however, and so deftly swung himself aside that it was the headlong assailant who came to earth, and that on all-fours. Then he was down upon the discomfitted warrior like a wolf, wrenched his arms from their supporting position with agile strength, and in a second had him face downward on the ground, like a hawk under eagle. Momentarily disengaging one hand then to make a vain effort for the drawing of his hun