THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 17, 1874.

IN the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, on Tuesday last, the bill providing for compulsory education in this State was defeated by a vote of 24 yeas to 50 nays. Selah!

COL. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, President of the Alleghany Valley Rail Road, died at his residence in Pittsburgh on Tuesday last. He was a very prominent citizen, an active, enterprising business man, and enjoyed the entire respect and confidence of the business community at home and abroad.

THE Democratic members of both branches of the Legislature have addressed a letter to Dr. Andrew Nebinger, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, requesting him not to call the State Convention before the latter part of August or the first week in September. The proper thing for him to do is the premises is to call another meeting of the Committee and recognize the universal sentiment of the Democratic press and people of this subject; and the sooner he does this the better, as it is demanded by every consideration of political foresight and prudence.

GOV. HARTRANFT sent to the Senate last week for confirmation the names of the following judges under the new judicial apportionment bill, to hold their offices until their successors are elected in November next. John H. Orvis, the first named on the list, is a Democrat, and when appointed represented Centre county in the Assembly. His appointment was at once confirmed by the Senate, whereupon he resigned his seat as member of the House. Appointments in several other districts are yet to be made.

Additional Law Judges.—Centre, Clinton and Clearfield: John H. Orvis; Dauphin and Lebanon: Rob't M. Henderson; Columbia, Montour, Sullivan and Wyoming: Thos. J. Ingham; Butler and Lawrence: Charles M'Candless.

President Judges.—Delaware: John M. Bromall; Northampton: W. S. Kirkpatrick; Adams: David Wills; Mercer: Wm. Maxwell; Armstrong: John V. Painter.

THE bill appropriating *one million* dollars to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, which had passed the Senate of this State, has finally received the sanction of the House. It is a huge demand on the treasury of the State, and just takes that amount of money out of the pockets of the taxpayers. It may be right, or it may be wrong, to thus appropriate the money of the people for a merely *experimental* purpose, but we presume the patriotism of our citizens will be able to withstand if not endorse the movement. The appropriation of *three millions* of dollars by Congress for the same project has not as yet been effected, though it doubtless will be. It looks to us as if there was a *corrupt ring* in this whole affair, but we will await further developments before we form a definite and intelligent conclusion about so important a question.

THE Cassville school for the education of soldiers' orphan children has been abandoned by order of Governor Hartranft and Superintendent Wickersham. The children were granted a two-weeks' furlough in order that they might visit their friends and make choice of some other of the State schools in which to complete their education. We have seen several of them on our streets during the present week. As a somewhat singular episode to the recent investigation into the charges against Prof. A. L. Guss, we may remark that one day last week he was serenaded by the Huntingdon brass band, to which compliment he and one of his counsel eloquently responded. Whether or not the music was furnished on the original Artemus Ward plan the papers fail to inform us. It would seem to indicate, however, that in Huntingdon at least there are *two* sides to the question of his guilt or innocence.

ON Friday last, Mr. Welsh, member of the House from Franklin county, offered a resolution to discharge the committee on vice and immorality from the further consideration of the bill to repeal the local option law. The vote on Mr. Welsh's resolution is published below. The names of the members voting in the *affirmative* represent those in *favor* of the *repeal* of the law, while the vote in the *negative* indicates the opposition to its repeal. It will be seen that out of *one hundred* members only *sixty-three* voted on the resolution. Where were the remaining *thirty-seven?* We care not how the question of repeal is settled, but only wonder that on a question of so much importance only *sixty-three* members out of *one hundred* should be found in their seats. It simply proves that members of the House have no respect for the proper discharge of their duties. Mr. Henry was there, and voted, as he has always done, *against* local option. The effect of the vote given below is to prevent the repeal of the local option law during the present session. The following was the vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Brockway, Cronan, Egan, Foster, Heiges, Henry, Hildebrand, Laidley, Loucks, McCullough (Berks,), Pettikin, Piper, Reynolds, Rutter, Shelley, Smith (Berks), Snyder, Steckel, Talley, Tuner, Welsh, M'Cormick, *Speaker*—22.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen (Dauphin), Allen (Warren), Allison, Ameriman, Bates, Bedford, Boyd, Burchinell, Butterfield, Campbell, Christy, Cross, Fortenbaugh, Gerwig, Hayes, Jones (Potter), Jones (Susquehanna), Lattle, Loftus, M'Creary, M'Cure, M'Kee, M'Milleu, Morgan (Lawrence), Morgan (Schuylkill), Mitchell, Myer, Myles, O'Brien, O'Neil, Oliver, Potter, Rimey, Reybarn, Stranahan, Thompson (Armstrong), Thompson (Fayette), Wilcox, Williams, Worrall and Young—41.

WHEN the present unfair and iniquitous legislative apportionment was before the Senate last Thursday week on its final passage, Hon. William A. Wallace offered a substitute for the bill, which, while it would give the Republicans a working majority in the Senate and House, would do substantial and impartial justice to both political parties. Of course Mr. Wallace's substitute was voted down by the Radical majority, Senator M'Clure voting with the Democrats, and the infamy was consummated. The bill is now before the House for its action, and will receive the warm and enthusiastic support of Samuel Henry, who, unfortunately, misrepresents the county *of Cambria*, and who by his vote in favor of this political outrage will aid in the disfranchisement of *one hundred thousand* Democratic voters in the State. We have no doubt we will be able before our paper goes to press to announce its passage by the House. It will then remain to be seen whether Gov. Hartranft will sanction this monstrosity, or whether he will assert his political manhood and as an honest executive, which we believe him to be, send the fraud back to the Senate with his veto. He *ought* to do so as a fair-minded man, and thereby teach his Radical friends in the Legislature that although they are in a majority, Democrats have yet *some* political rights left which, on every principle of honesty and justice, ought and must be respected. That he *will* do so is almost hoping against hope.

In offering his substitute for the gerrymander of Senator Rutan, Mr. Wallace said:

He had had the honor of seeing two legislative apportionment bills carried over his head, but the present one eclipsed all its predecessors in partisan unfairness. According to the bill it would take but 10,708 Republican voters to elect a senator while it would require 18,691 Democratic voters to do the same thing. The bill would give the Republicans thirty-three of the fifty members and a majority of forty-eight on joint ballot. The principle of minority representation is recognized in districts which are Democratic but entirely ignored in those having a Republican majority. Luzerne and Schuylkill, two Democratic counties, are so arranged as to return a Republican in each, while in Allegheny and other Republican counties Democrats are given no chance whatever of representation.

Mr. Wallace reminded Mr. Rutan, who is championing the bill, that although he was an ardent politician and was fortifying his party against defeat, gerrymanders were unsafe and sometimes rejected. As an illustration he referred to Connecticut, where the Democrats carried seventeen of twenty-one Senators on Monday in the face of one of the most outrageous apportionments.

WHAT induced the "flings" at the publisher of this paper on the part of the *Freeman* we are at a loss to know, but in reply thereto, and in order that there may be no mistake as to the position of the ECHO AND VOICE, we have simply to say that if the next Democratic County Convention nominates Hon. Samuel Henry as its candidate for Assembly, this paper will support him; but should the Convention nominate some other gentleman, this paper will oppose Henry or any other person nominated by the opposition. One thing is certain, whoever we profess to support will be the party we shall vote for. We shall not, like the cross-eyed carsman, row one way and look the other.

And now, since we have been interrogated, will the gentlemen who does up the heavy articles in the *Freeman*, give one or two of his peculiar snorts and then answer as candidly (if it is possible for him to be candid) this interrogatory: Did you not, while writing articles for the *Freeman* in favor of the Democratic candidates, when the day of election rolled round go to the polls and *vote for Samuel Henry for Assembly?*

The two foregoing paragraphs are taken from the *Echo and Voice* of last week and are meant as the answer of the editor of that paper to an article in the FREEMAN of the week previous. It is what is known in law as a plea in confession and avoidance, and if cumulative evidence of the utter and shameless insincerity of its editor as the conductor of a Democratic paper in this county was necessary, he has furnished it himself. When he says, as he does in the first paragraph, "*that if the next Democratic county convention nominates Hon. Samuel Henry as its candidate for Assembly, this paper (Echo and Voice) will support him,*" he offers a bold, direct and unpardonable insult to the Democracy of the county. The next Democratic county convention would *scorn* to nominate Mr. Henry, and that gentleman being, apart from his politics, as we have always conceded, an honorable, high-minded man, would also *scorn* to accept a nomination at the hands of a Democratic county convention. Mr. Henry knows that *oil* and *water* never *did* and never *will* mix.

In reply to his interrogatory contained in the second paragraph, in which he impudently asks the editor of this paper whether, after having written articles in favor of the Democratic candidates, he did not go to the polls and "*vote for Samuel Henry?*" we reply emphatically, and without fear of successful contradiction, that *we never did*, though we are free to admit that we would rather vote for Samuel Henry as a Republican than for the editor of the *Echo and Voice* as a Democrat for any office in the gift of the people; and our reason is that the latter, unlike the former, is one of those political guerillas

"Who wires in and wires out,
And leaves the people still in doubt
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going south or coming back."

THE bill providing for the free exchange of newspapers between publishers and the free transmission of newspapers by mail to subscribers residing within the limits of the county wherein such newspapers are printed, passed the lower House of Congress on Monday last by a vote of 178 yeas to 41 nays. Now let the Senate do honor to itself and justice to newspaper publishers, as the House has just done, and we will try to forgive the gross outrage which was perpetrated upon the press of the country by the same body at the previous session.

Down the Susquehanna.

[Correspondence Chester Valley Union.]

MESSRS. EDITORS—On the western slope of the Allegheny mountains in Cambria county, the west branch of the Susquehanna rises. Almost within a stone's throw of the head spring of this river, another spring bubbles forth and takes its long and tortuous way to the gulf of Mexico. This is the head of the Conemaugh, which joins the Allegheny and flows on to the Ohio and Mississippi. They rise on either side of the great dividing ridge or water shed which separates the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Mississippi valley. Dashing swiftly down the slope, 'mid mossy rock and through shady hemlock groves, the Susquehanna, swollen by its many tributaries, becomes navigable for rafts (in time of high water), at Cherry Tree or Canoe Landing, between three and four hundred miles above tide (Port Deposit).

It might interest some of the readers of the *Union* to learn how the huge pines are transported down the roughest river in the "States," three hundred miles to Marietta. Early in September, the men go into camp in the woods and fell the lofty pines, and hew them square, in readiness for their transit to the river on the first snow. I spent my first winter in the pines at Wolf Spring Camp, on what was known to the natives as the "Haunted Ridge," in the midst of a huge tract of pine and hemlock. Our camp at Wolf Spring was a one-story log structure, with two rooms, one used as an eating and the other as a sleeping apartment. We had breakfast, and were in the woods each morning at daylight. Our crew consisted of eight men—two to fell the pines and trim and measure them, four to "score in," and two hewers following.—With the first snow the horses and sleds arrived at camp: roads were "swamped" to the timber, and rafts snaked to the river and piled on skids. When the day's work was done, we hied to camp, eat a hearty supper of buckwheat cakes and fat pork, and sat down around the fire to enjoy ourselves. Then good-natured Aaron Thompson would get down his violin, sit in a corner with his head thrown back, his tongue curling out at the corner of his mouth and the tobacco juice streaming in rivulets down his chin, working his bow with unction, and delighting our ears with the familiar air of the "Arkansaw Traveler," or "Natchez under the Hill." The "Haunted Ridge" is so called from the fact that a ghost, in the shape of a headless horseman, rode around the lonely timber roads at all hours of the night, mounted on a white horse. How he had lost his head or why he rode around on his milk white steed without one, I never could learn, but there was a headless ghost, that's certain, for the old man Crestley, a most reliable authority, had seen him frequently; but the ghost without the head had always been routed by this brave old man. In connection with this phantom a ridiculous circumstance occurred. It is customary in Clearfield and most other sparsely settled counties for the neighbors to help each other, and in the fall of the year husking bees, rolling frolics, wood choppings, etc., follow each other in quick succession.—When the work is done a big supper is provided for the men. The girls flock in in the evening, and either a dance or a "gumsucking" follows and continues until morning.

In the fall of '69, the old man Crestley gave a rolling frolic and quilting, and all the neighborhood, male and female, were invited. The clearing was rolled and ready to fire by sundown, and after supper Aaron "resined" his bow and the dancing began. About 10 o'clock the whisky ran out (I was there), and a collection was taken up, and old man Crestley dispatched with a jug to the river for a gallon of "tanglefoot." It was five miles to the tavern, and about the time we supposed the "old man" was on his return trip, a pair of us slipped out unobserved, and started down through the pine flats to meet him—one of the party being mounted on an old gray mare that belonged to one of the guests at the frolic. Reaching a lonely part of the road, we halted to await the arrival of the "old man." The old gray was placed directly in the middle of the road, and the rider wrapped up so as to resemble as much as possible a headless horseman. Pretty soon we heard a voice in the distance singing gaily, and in a few minutes up came the "old man," cheerful enough, and turning a sharp bend in the timber road, came suddenly on the "old grey." He stood for a moment transfixed, then giving a yell of terror, dropped the jug and flew back toward the river screaming "murder" at every half a dozen steps. We seized the jug and returned to the shanty. The balance of the party had not missed us, so we hid the "tanglefoot" behind a stump, and, entering the house, joined in the festivities. Every now and then a weary dancer, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks and his throat as dry as a powder magazine, would open the door, and shading his eyes with his hand, gaze anxiously across the clearing in the direction of the river, and wonder "why in the h— the old man didn't come with that whisky." I was dancing about midnight with the heiress of the estate, "hands across and down the middle," when she remarked uneasily, "It's queer the old man don't come. Darn his pictures; the fellers will be all flittin' if they don't get some whisky purty soon." To allay her uneasiness, I intimated that probably the old gent had encountered the headless phantom down in the pine flats and was having a pleasant chat with him. "Oh," she replied animatedly, "Pap ain't afeerd of ghosts; he'd scatter a dozen of them. He met that feller without the head twice, and I tell you he made that ghost scratch gravel." What confidence some children have in the invincibility of their fathers. The old man at that time was lying in a room down at the river, with two men guarding his bedside. The joke in the mean time leaked out, and when the old man became aware of the facts as they existed, he theatened us with dire vengeance, and ever thereafter we deemed it good policy to steer clear of old man Crestley.

THE Spring breaking up generally occurs about the middle of March. A few warm days and a little rain starts the ice; the water pours down in torrents from the mountain snow-banks, and the river overflows its banks. The raftsmen loop huge cables around their timber piles and hitch them securely to trees on the banks until the river recedes, when the piles are broken up and rolled in, the square sticks rafted side by side and secured by stout hickory lash poles strung across the platforms and fastened down with bows and pins.—The river above Lumber City is so narrow, crooked and swift that a long river raft cannot be navigated. Short creek rafts, or "pups," are first constructed, and two of these are coupled together endwise, below, where the river is more roomy. A "pup" is from 120 to 150 feet long and from 20 to 23 feet in width—the most of the single chutes being not more than 30 feet wide. When the first "pup" is rafted up and the oars hung, five men and a pilot are put aboard and she is run to Lumber City, a distance of 25 miles; the crew then return on foot to the head of the river, raft up the other "pup" and run it down also; this completes the river raft. The two "pups" are coupled and ready to start for the lower markets. A single pine raft will contain from 6,000 to 10,000 cubic feet, but few of them measure more than nine thousand, and bring from 17 to 20 cents per foot at Marietta. Oak leads pine 10 cents, and hemlock brings up the rear at from 12 to 14 cents. I see by a Harrisburg paper that a mammoth raft passed down the river this spring, containing 56 pine trees from which the owner expected to realize $10,000. The owner of that raft was stuffing the reporter. No *two* rafts ever passed down the Susquehanna that would bring that amount. All the rafts, however, do not reach Lumber City in safety; at least ten per cent. of them are stove upon the rocks and have to be gathered and rafted up again. From Lumber City to Clearfield town the river is quiet and easy to navigate. At the latter place a mountain pilot and two extra hands are taken aboard and the raft enters the Alleghenies.—"Now, boys, take off your coats and for eight or ten hours pull like good fellows." For miles upon miles no human habitation. Only the river, with barren mountains rising on either side—the haunts of deer, bears, and rattlesnakes. For sixty miles or more the river is rapid and rocky.—Abutment Riffle is the most shallow part of the river in the mountajns, and if a raft passes over it without bumping the bottom she is good for Lock Haven. Among the many dangerous or difficult passages are "White Break," "Side Pocket," "Big Stepping Stones," "Ninety Foot Gap," "Moshannon Falls," "Deer Creek Falls," "Big Tinker," "Little Tinker," "Catfish," "Ram's Horn," and "Buttermilk Falls." When the latter point is passed, the toughest of our mountain journey is accomplished, and the pilot and extra hands are paid off and sent ashore.

At many of the places mentioned above, it would appear to the uninitiated impossible to guide a raft through; but for the clever mountain pilot, familiar with the river from his boyhood, the task is an easy one, and we dash through the swift current, amid the ugly rocks, and around the sharp bends, as easily as a carriage glides along a smooth highway. From the foot of the "Falls" to the "Island" (Lock Haven) the work is easy when the water is high—not much to do except to steer clear of the islands. Between "Buttermilk" and Queen Run dam, the Sinnemahoning and Kettle Creek pay tribute to the Susquehanna, and down these streams rafts are also run and swell the throng bound eastward. Lock Haven is the first timber market, and many of the Eastern dealers come up that far to buy. We glide around the long boom into the dam and tie up in the crowd. It is a tedious task to work through the hundreds of rafts lying there, and sometimes a whole day is consumed in moving from the head of the boom to the chute, a distance of one mile. Around Hann's Hotel, in Lockport, opposite the city, hundreds of raftsmen are collected. The straight-haired "mossy-back," from the mountains, in his butternut suit; the phlegmatic Dutchman, from Kettle Creek; the vivacious Frenchman, from the green banks of French Creek, and troops of red-shirted logmen from the upper forests of Clearfield. Here is also found the ubiquitous showman mounted on a three-legged stool in front of his den of curiosities, proclaiming to a gaping crowd the merits of his show—"The Fat Woman; the Living Skeleton and the Wonderful Happy Family!" That great philanthropist, the patent medicine man, is also on hand with his panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The three-card monte man plies his calling profitably, and, opposite him, the man with the sweat cloth and rings and spikes—"Oh, yes, gents; five rings for fifty cents, and you win a five-dollar bill, if you ring the centre spikes!" But we are through runners—our timber is booked for Marietta—and we stop not here. With hard work we face our raft through the crowd, and gliding rapidly through the island chute, the longest and safest on the river, proceed on our journey downward. We pass Jersey Shore, a sleepy-looking village on the left bank of the river, and reach Williamsport dam, with its five miles of booms, that pay a dividend each year that amounts to double the cost of construction. But little square timber is sold at Williamsport—the mills manufacturing most of their lumber from saw-logs. We pass the chute through breakers as high as a house. The raft dives to the bottom, rises again, and we dart under the wire bridge, shaking ourselves like wet dogs. Five miles below Williamsport, we come to Canon Hole Islands and the Devil's Race Ground, through which we pass swiftly and enter Muncy Dam, crossing over to the left bank of the river again to make the chute. At the end of the sixth or seventh day we arrive at Northumberland, where the north branch joins its twin sister the west. At Shamokin Dam, opposite Sunbury, we take another pilot aboard, single out and dash through the chute, with the old raft straining, cracking and snapping as though she would go to pieces every minute. We "muskrat it" down the right hand shore, past Selinsgrove, Liverpool and McKee's Half Falls; we pass Grid's Notch, running close along the shore, and then dart across the river again through "The Lazy Man's Gap," between two large islands, and enter Green's Dam, 15 miles above Harrisburg. If the afternoon is on the wane, we will not go through the dam, as the river between this point and Dauphin is very rough. We paddle our "sleds" in to shore! A cable thrown out is caught by friendly hands; a hitch is taken around a snubbing post, the smoke flies, and the Shamokin pilot cries, "Hold her hard" (he don't buy the ropes). The up river pilot sings out, "Let her render." Finally she is brought up standing and safely secured for the night. We have a shanty for our regular crew and eat and sleep on the raft. In the grey of the morning the Shamokin man knocks at our shanty door: "Now, boys, day's breaking." We tumble out of our straw couches, untie our cable, dash swiftly through the dam, and pursue our way to market. At Coxtown, five miles above Harrisburg, our Shamokin pilot recieves his $25 fee and is conveyed ashore. We arrive opposite White House about noon; call for a pilot, who gets aboard and runs us into Marietta where our trip ends. The raft is inspected, measured and sold, each man receives his pay, spends a night at a ball in Irishtown, buys some candy for the babies, a new gown for the "old woman," and a broad-brimmed hat for himself, mounts the cars, rides to Ebensburg and walks thence to his home in the pines, happy enough.

It costs 11 cents per cubic foot to bring a pine tree from the head waters of the river to Marietta—to wit, 2½ cents for cutting, 2½ cents for hauling, and six cents for rafting and running. We cut our raft in Cambria and floated it through Indiana, Clearfield, Clinton, Lycoming, Snyder, Columbia, Northumberland, Dauphin and Lancaster counties, to market. There is not on this broad earth a more hospitable people than those of the pines of Pennsylvania. The scenes I witnessed among the lumbermen of the West Branch are vividly impressed on my memory, and I can close my eyes at any time and see again the old man Crestley flying from the headless phantom, or patient Aaron Thompson sitting back in the corner at the Old Wolf Spring camp playing that good old tune, "Natchez under the Hill." The pine forests of Pennsylvania are being rapidly exhausted, and twenty years from now but few pine timber rafts will pass down the Susquehanna.

H. C. W.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT may be administered to children with perfect success, in cases of croup, whooping-cough, influenza, and almost any of the diseases to which they are liable.

Miss Carroll's Memorial.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE—WHO PLANNED THE TENNESSEE RIVER CAMPAIGN?

This year, as for several years past, Miss Anna Ella Carroll comes before Congress with her claims for compensation for services rendered during the civil war. For a while this claim was laughed at on general principles, because Miss Carroll was a woman. Afterwards it was frowned upon as disrespectful in is essence to some of our great captains. But it gathered strength and consistency all the while, until it at last obtained the suffrages of many Congressman and the favorable report of a committee. It is now by no means impossible that it may yet be recognized by considerable parties in both Houses, and even that Miss Carroll may some day obtain the compensation she asks. Her claim is certainly an extraordinary one. She asserts and assumes to prove that she originated and suggested to the Government the plan for opening the Mississippi and breaking the rebel power in the Southwest, which was finally adopted and carried out. She claims to have made out a detailed plan of the campaign in which our armies ascended the Tennessee river to the decided position which they occupied on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. She claims further to have written an important series of papers on the Rebellion, for which the War Department promised her a compensation which she has not received. The latter claim is not so serious, and will scarcely hold, but the proof she brings to sustain her assertions in relation to the Tennessee campaign are of a character which it is almost equally difficult to admit or deny.

The Hon. Thomas A. Scott, Assisstant Secretary of War, certifies to the justice of the claim in the most positive and unqualified terms. His statement is worth giving in his own words;

PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1870.

On or about the 30th of November, 1861, Miss Carroll, as stated in her memorial, called on me, as Assistant Secretary of War, and suggested the idea of abandoning the expedition which was then preparing to descend the Mississippi river, and to adopt instead the Tennessee river, and handed to me the plan of the campaign, as appended to her memorial, which plan I submitted to the Secretary of War, and its general ideas were adopted. On my return from the Southwest, 1862, I informed Miss Carroll, as she states in her memorial, that through the adoption of this plan the country had saved millions, and that it entitled her to the kind consideration of Congress. THOMAS A. SCOTT.

Col. Scott repeats this unreserved declaration in two or three different forms. The Hon. B. F. Wade is equally emphatic. He says that President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton both informed him that the credit of the Tennessee campaign was due to Miss Carroll. The Hon. O. H. Browning, Senator from Illinois, gives the same evidence with equal distinctness. Chief Justice Evans, of the Supreme Court of Texas, goes further into details, giving the case of the memorialist far more fully and strongly than she presents it herself. The venerable Elisha Whittlesey joins in the same representations. Such legal authorities as Reverdy Johnson and Truman Smith say that the evidence is complete in her favor. Finally, the Military Committee of the Senate in the Forty-first Congress, after maturely weighing the case, reported through their Chairman, Senator Howard, of Michigan, that Miss Carroll had established her claim.

The case thus supported is one of the most remarkable ones which has ever come before the National Legislature. The decision is of importance to more than the memorialist. If it is in her favor, the country will, of course, give her ungrudgingly the compensation she deserves, although others have already been munificently paid in money and glory for the work she claims to have done.—*New York Tribune.*

AN ENTERPRISING SETTLER IN NEBRASKA.—The *Lowell* (Nebraska) *Register*, prints the record of an enterprising settler: Mr. M. S. Budlong settled on the edge of Franklin county, Nebraska, bordering on Kearney county, in March, 1872. When he arrived on his homestead, with his two sons, he had two span of horses, but only eleven dollars in money. At the beginning of 1874 he had 100 acres of land under cultivation; an orchard containing 500 young apple trees, 100 pear trees, and 100 cherry trees, and a vineyard of 500 grape vines.—Mr. Budlong is now about to plant 200 apple trees, 200 peach trees, and 500 additional grape vines.

The homestead is in Southern Nebraska, and on the level prairie; and no man who has the spirit of Mr. Budlong need fear to settle where there are no trees to shade his roof-tree from the sun. If he plants as Mr. Budlong has done, in five years his orchard will be coming into bearing; and, if he has made a windbreak of cottonwood, he will have ample fuel for his stoves.

Certainly, eleven dollars in cash is not adequate for the needs of the ordinary settler, though there are numerous instances in Nebraska of men starting in this way upon nothing, as it were, and in a few years working themselves into positions of comfort. Such men are brave and enterprising; but a capital of $500, at least, is a good thing upon which to start. The larger the capital—given skill, enterprise, courage and industry, without which money is of little moment—and the quicker and the greater the gain. There is abundant room and ample scope in Nebraska for men like Mr. Budlong.

A CALIFORNIA WONDER.—The tract of country known as the State Range Valley is one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago, and at that time the whole lower or central part of the basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and in still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost endurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this section was the absence of rain or moisture; the days were even sunny and hot, the nights without dew and generally warm. For more than five years it is said by those who claim to know there has been no rain there until some months since the spell was broken. Suddenly and without hardly any warning, rain commenced to fall, and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but yet a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when suddenly a water spout was seen winding its way thro' the valley. It came in a zigzag course across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side and coursing rapidly along them. The canons and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in fearful volumes, and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over and denizens of the place now look for another dry season for five years.

—A man from Benton Harbor, Michigan, moved to Nebraska, taking his dog with him. A few weeks ago the dog disappeared, and shortly afterwards was at his old home in Michigan.

News and Political Items.

—Rochefort & Co. sailed from Melbourne on Saturday. They are expected next at San Francisco.

—George Klock froze to death in Pennsylvania last week. He was about two months behind time.—*Boston Post.*

—The widow of ex-Governor Geary was married last Thursday in Carlisle to Henry E. Goodman, M. D., of Philadelphia.

—The Pennsylvania Sunday School Associations will hold its next annual meeting in Scranton, June 9th, 10th and 11th.

—It is said that if a lamp chimney is boiled in Indian meal and vinegar for an hour before being used it will never crack.

—A husband and wife in Evansville, Indiana, have each nine children of their own, and yet there are only twelve children in the family.

—A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

—The Lewistown, Pa., *Gazette* says an experiment of a big gun is to be made at the Logan steel works—a cannon eighteen feet long, to weigh forty tons.

—There is a rooster in Quincy, Ill., with four legs of his own. If he can run in proportion and also crow comparatively, what a political candidate he would make.

—A law court in Iowa has fined a farmer $20, because he made his son turn a grindstone 16 consecutive hours, for going home with an old maid from a singing school.

—The hat factory of Charles H. Tenney, at Methuen, Mass., was burned on Saturday. Loss $50,000. One hundred and fifty persons are thrown out of employment.

—Mrs. Dr. Whitman, of Menominee, Wisconsin, shot herself because, while riding out with her husband, she saw a couple of prostitutes wave their handkerchiefs at him.

—Uneasy lies the fair head of the hotel girl in Terre Haute who has inherited $40,000 in gold, for by all the aspiring young man of those parts she is persistently serenaded.

—Two employes of Robinson's Circus, named Hamilton and Park, while loading sonie cages on board a barge at Cincinnati on Sunday, fell into the river and were drowned.

—A merry wife of Dayton, Nev., aged fifty, has eloped with a Lothario of fifteen, and the injured husband vows that if he catches the destroyer of his happiness he'll spank him.

—An undescribed monster is said to have appeared in Lake Harney, Fla. Twenty feet of it was seen by the passengers on the steamboat Lollie Boy, and it spouted water like a whale.

—There is a school district in Maine where the 24 pupils are all the teacher's second cousins, and each is brother, sister, or cousin of every other pupil. This is what may be called a family school.

—A bit of geography from the Washington *Republican*: "Salem—A town on the New England coast, where they formerly cultivated witchcraft, but of late it has been exclusively employed in raising the devil."

—While some men were repairing an old well at Dexter Village, Canada, on Saturday, the curb gave way, letting the earth fall and burying three men, two brothers named Black and a man named Williams. All were killed.

—Pennsylvania's breadth is one hundred and seventy six miles; length, two hundred and eighty miles. It contains twenty-eight millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand and eight hundred and eighty-one acres of land.

—The champion forgiver lives in Terra Haute, Ind. He has taken his wife back after five elopements with as many different men. But he has confidentially suggested to a friend that the thing is becoming slightly stale.

—A Jersey cow belonging to Geo. Wanger, of North Coventry, Chester county, gave birth to a calf the other day that had no nostrils, and only one eye, which was located in the middle of its head, *a la* Cyclops.

—There were three executions last Friday—Lowenstien, Albany, N. Y., Hunter, colored, at Darlington, S. C., and Bryant, colored, at Pulaski, Tenn. Hanging don't seem to be played out, especially so far as the colored brother is concerned.

—A fire at Des Moines, Iowa, last Sunday night, destroyed the warehouse of J. C. Warner, with about twenty thousand bushels of grain, twelve thousand of which was wheat. Loss on grain about twelve thousand dollars; insurance nine thousand.

—The powder horn which Abraham Lincoln's father wore when he was killed by the Indians is in possession of an old gentleman in Beechland, Kentucky. It has carved upon it a snake, a square and compass, with the legend, "Liberty or Death."

—There is a boy in Washington county, Ia., who sheds his skin in scales every three months. He is a bedridden invalid, having injured his knee several years ago while bathing. His malady appears to be something like scrofula, but is a puzzle to the doctors.

—Jacob Good, North Coventry, Chester county, is the owner of a pair of tailor's shears, which are about four and a half centuries old, judging from the date on them —1428. Christopher Columbus probably brought them over, but this fact the shears are not sharp enough to remember, though certainly old enough.

—A fire in Williamsport, Pa., on Sunday morning last, destroyed 20,000,000 feet of lumber, a saw mill, a planing mill, and fourteen frame dwellings. The loss is estimated at $500,000. A man is reported to have perished in one of the mills. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

—The Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* remarketh thusly: Just wait until the State elections out West take place! The character of the radical routs then will depend on whether the Republicans remain in the field to be routed and overwhelmed. When the tidal wave reaches Tennessee—well, there will be slaughter then, my countrymen!

—Remarkable! Ninety-nine years ago the father of Dr. Mark, who is the father of a young milliner now in St. Joseph's, Mo., leased eighty acres of land in New York city for ninety-nine years. The lease has expired, Dr. Mark is dead, and the milliner is the only living heir. The property is worth $17,000,000. She's not for Joe any longer.

—On Friday evening a horrible accident occurred in the quarry adjoining the Allentown iron works, by which James Kennedy was killed outright and John Scanlan so badly injured that it is thought he cannot recover. Cause, premature explosion of a sand blast. Kennedy was about fifty years of age and leaves a large family. Scanlan is a young married man, with no children.

—The barn of Mr. James Reid, in Highland, Chester county, and three horses, two cows, four calves and two hogs belonging to Mr. David Watterson, were burned a couple of weeks since. The cries and moans of the burning animals are described as having been fearful. Mr. Watterson has become delirious from his loss, and will probably have to be taken to an insane asylum.

—Nineteen bricks, neatly arranged in a coffin and interred in a New York cemetery, came near drawing $10,000 life insurance money on Saturday. They were intended to represent the body of Louisa Germe, of twenty-three: no less a person than her lover having planned the fraud. At present, the plot being fully discovered, he is in great demand at the police headquarters.

—If the last census is good authority, lawyers are not much more numerous than honest men. There are exceptions, however, in the great West. A lawyer bought 2,000 acres of land near Webster, Iowa, for $24,000, and sold 1,700 acres in wheat. In two years he netted $80,000 from his crops. What a chance for hundreds of half-starved lawyers elsewhere who are trying to wrest a livelihood by sowing discord between neighbors.

—A few days ago a policeman in Detroit heard that a citizen of Twelfth street had been badly injured and he called at the house to obtain particulars. He found the man lying on the lounge, his head bound up and his face badly scratched. He asked, "What's the matter—did he get run over or fall down stairs?" "No, not exactly," replied his wife, "but he wanted to run the house his way, and I wanted to run it my way, and there he is."

—The Raleigh *News* says that the Stone Mountain bugaboo has caused the conversions to religion, broken up twenty-seven illicit whiskey distilleries, driven the country two sub-revenue officers out of the mountains of a sorry preacher, and furnished us several columns of reading matter. On the other hand, the damage is slight, for had it broken up all the distilleries in the mountains the cost would have been $10, while Mrs. Nancy Jones' money would have tumbled with the first strong wind.

—A landlord who died a year ago in Richford, Vt., had owned a black and white dog for eighteen years. During his master's sickness the dog was chained in the stable, where he whined and mourned piteously. After the funeral the dog was released and as soon as found his master's grave he lay down upon it and would not leave the spot for three weeks. He was then taken home and kindly treated, but nothing could induce him to stand up and he has not walked a step since. He seems to be literally dying from grief.

—Sister Mary Ursula, one of the Sisters of Charity in this country, died Friday night last at Mount Hope, near Baltimore, aged seventy years. Her family name was Elizabeth Marie. She was active in her profession as Sister of Charity for nearly fifty years, spending her labors in Brooklyn, New York, Buffalo, and Richmond, Va., for a number of years. She was Directress and Superiress at different times of a number of Catholic institutions in Baltimore, Maryland, and noted for her piety and self-sacrificing life.

—A startling incident of the war of secession occurred in East Douglas, Mass., the day or two since. A band composed of some of the prominent men and boys in the village had visited several places where well treated. About noon they called upon Mr. Simpson, a well-known hotel keeper, who politely invited them in, though apparently in a state of great prostration. After praying with him, they began reading the Scriptures, when he suddenly seemed to faint, and fell to the floor. He was immediately taken to his home, and remained insensible and died in a few hours.

—Old traditions are sometimes strangely verified, as is shown by the experience of a Vallejo, Cal., farmer. While ploughing just he noticed that after it had penetrated a certain depth, it went down easily. He investigated with a spade, and after digging about two feet and a half discovered the mouth of a cavern, in which it some painted feathers, and the head of an Indian hatchet. There is a tradition among the Indians that in olden times a powerful chief had a falling out with his wife, and whenever he was closely pressed he fled to the hill where the cavern was discovered and there disappeared. The Indians believed that he had been taken by the Great Spirit.

—When Napoleon the Great died at St. Helena, an English physician took a piece of his heart, depositing it in a vial and filling with water. Two tapers burned by it, but the custodian fell asleep, and while watching it through the night he did not sleep. In the silence of midnight he heard a rustling sound, the vial was broken into the water, and a serpent was drawn out—all occurring with the equinoctial storm. He sprang from his bed to see a venomous rat dragging the precious relic to its hole. A moment more and the fiend would have been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of mankind, and the world would have been more degraded than the dust of Imperial Cæsar.

A STORY OF TERRIBLE DISASTER.—Captain Bartlett, of the steamer Tigress, which arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on Friday last, gives the following account of her meeting with the Tigress, and a story of the disaster to that vessel, as told to the officers. On Friday, 3d inst., the Tigress was in long. 51 deg. 15 min. west, lat. 22 min. north, on her return to England, when the look out reported a vessel apparently moving only under sail, with her flag at half-mast. After approaching she went on board of her myself, and discovered her to be the steamer Polar, of the Polar fame. Her captain and officers were on deck. I was there informed that on Thursday, April 2, at two in the afternoon, the vessel was shaken by a terrible explosion of her boiler, which created great terror and confusion. The escaped steam completely enveloped the compartment below. In consequence the steam facilities had been destroyed, they had then made sail and, with a head-wind twenty-four hours, they reached the deck of the Tigress. Some of the men were making up and patching together some rough pine boxes. In reply to the commander what they were for, he said they were designed for receiving the remains of the unfortunate men who had been killed by the accident on the day of the explosion. The weather was then blowing with a stiff breeze blowing, and the sea was swell on. A number of the men who had been below after the watch and had crawled on top of the boiler for the sake of the warmth. Nineteen of the crew were in the engine room at the way when the crash occurred, and all of them were literally scalded bey