

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon., A. Vend. Expon. No. 10, issued out of the Court of Sessions of Cambria county and to the direct order of the said Court, on MONDAY, the 27th day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to-wit:

1. The right, title and interest of William Smith, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in the Fifth Ward, Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Philip H. Hamner, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, store room, frame stable and a brick house, now in the occupancy of William Smith. Taken in execution and sold at the suit of John Meyer against the said William Smith.

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2. The account of Moses B. Miller, guardian of minor children of Wm. Reighart, late of Richland township, deceased.

3. The first and final account of John F. Fritts, administrator of Samuel Eskin, late of Richland township, deceased.

4. The first and final account of James McMillen, executor of John F. Fritts, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

5. The first and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Thomas Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

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WHY?—An Idle Girl's Question.

I wish I had something to do,
The rain is falling so fast,
Let me be busy like you,
Idleness tires so at last;
Just to be idle one day,
I thought would be very nice,
You said it would not, but pray,
Does any one heed your advice?

Look at the flies out there,
How they do nothing but bloom,
Insects but float on the air,
Roses but only a perfume;
The kitten can only play,
The sky is nothing but blue;
If I am as idle as they,
Why am not I happy too?

HER MOTHER'S ANSWER.
But everything you know,
Is framed with a special care
If flies are meant to bloom,
And roses to scent the air,
And insects to float and fly,
And kittens to gambol, why,
Then all are done for right.

Are you exactly the same,
And quite as careless and free,
Without any higher aim,
Than just to be seen and see?
Have you got nothing to do?
Is that the end all the while?
Forgive me I thought that you
Were a child with a living soul!

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

During the Spring of 1840 I was engaged by the heirs of a gentleman who had died in Bangor, Me., to go out to Illinois, and look up a township which had been bought by said gentleman from the soldiers of the war of 1812, to whom it had been allotted by the government land warrants, as part pay for services rendered. Most of our readers are probably aware that the men who served in the campaign of 1812 were entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, over and above their monthly pay, and at the close of their service they received warrants of bonds for this land, which land was marked off into townships, and these into numbered lots, each man receiving a specified lot. Most of these warrants were sold at the time for trifling sums—say from five to twenty dollars—and many of them have not even yet been looked up by their owners; but, as civilization is spreading West, more attention is now turned to this matter, and speculators are busy buying up the old claims.

The man, for whose heirs I had interested myself, had bought a large number of consecutive lots. They were located near the head waters of the Kaskaskia, and we had reason to believe that they were uncommonly valuable.

After having armed myself with the necessary documents, I set out on my mission. I reached Vandalia without difficulty, and from there I took the stage for Shelbyville. Beyond Shelbyville I still had some sixty miles to go, and there was no method of conveyance save such as chance might throw in one's way. I had learned that there was a settlement in Macon county which would come in my way if I kept along by the river; but I could not get no direct clue to its whereabouts. I knew, however, that I should find "squatters" on my route, and from them I could learn all that was necessary.

Ten miles from Shelbyville I made in a small boat, and here I purchased a horse of an old settler, and from him I learned that I should find plenty of "squatters" on the very land of which I was in search.

It was early in the forenoon when I started on with my horse, and I made easy progress on the alluvial tract upon the western bank of the Kaskaskia. About two o'clock in the afternoon, whatever pleasing reveries I may have been engaged in were cut short by a sudden darkening of the sun; and, upon looking up, I found that huge clouds were rising in the northwest, and I could hear the wind as it moaned through the trees upon the table land to my left. I knew there was a storm brewing, and I knew, too, that my horse and I were in a bad way. However, I spurred up my horse, and allowed myself to hope that I might come upon some chance "squatter" before the storm broke.

False hope! In less than half an hour the storm was upon me. For two hours I kept on my way, with only a sort of wind driven mist; but at the end of that time the rain began to come down in torrents. For a while I allowed myself to quail before the combined force of wind and rain; but I found that the enemy must be met; and, at length, with a stout ejaculation of defiance, I faced the storm, and rode on. No shelter arose to my view, and night fell upon me. It was dark—oh, how dark! So dark that the sable mass might have been cut with a knife. I gave the horse the rein, and let him follow his own instinct. It still rained as though the big lakes had recently been tipped over upon the land, and the wind, too, still piped away without flagging.

I must have ridden thus through the utter darkness for two hours—it seemed two ages to me—when I thought I saw a light ahead of me. It twinkled like a misty star, and then disappeared; but soon I saw it again, and ere long I became convinced that it was a human habitation of some sort was ahead of me. I urged my beast on, and soon I had the real pleasure of pulling up before a house.

What sort of a house it was I could not tell; I could only see a dark mass, and a single window, from which shone the light. I alighted from my horse, and, after groping about for some time, I found a door, and knocked lustily. My call was answered by a woman; but the wind put out her light, and as she turned back to relight it, I followed her.

With cat-like, noiseless tread, my companion led the way out by the same door through which he had entered. This door gave us entrance to a room in which there was a bed, the outer door of which was open. I could not help noticing, as I passed the last door, the stout iron bolts which were fixed upon its outside.

My guide placed his finger upon his lip for an instant, and then he shaded the lamp with his hand, and hurried down the stairs, which led directly to the shed. The lamp did not go out, and we gained the stable in safety.

"Out with your horse! Quick!" uttered my companion.

"But you—what will you do?"

"I have a horse, too. Quick! Make no noise!"

More quickly than I can describe it did I equip my beast and vault into the saddle; and, as I turned toward the yard, my friend led his horse out. I had left the stable, and was just passing from the back yard, when I heard the house door open. Some one sprang forth with a hoarse cry of alarm, and leaped toward the stable. I heard a sharp cry from my friend, and I thought I heard the noise of a scuffle. My horse started into a gallop, of his own accord, and it was not until I had ridden half a mile to the northward that I tightened the rein.

I thought I was acting the coward's part thus to leave my companion in the hands of murderers, but the second thought convinced me that I should do better to keep on. While I was free, they would not dare to kill him; for they must have known that I would give the alarm, and then the crime would be detected. If I should return, they might capture and kill us both, without fear of detection.

Again I gave my horse the rein, and he galloped on. I know not how far I had ridden, when I thought I detected a stream of water directly ahead; but no movement of mine was necessary, for with a sudden jerk, my horse stopped, and I was thrown far over his head. I remember the sensation of falling, but that was all.

When I came to myself it was daylight, and the warm sun was looking brightly upon me. I moved heavily to a sitting posture, and found my horse at a short distance from me, cropping the long grass. I felt stiff, and my head ached; but ere long I arose to my feet, and looked about me. The stream which had caused my disaster had dwindled to a mere tiny brook; but the marks of its flood were left, and I could see that it had been quite formidable.

But one thing surprised me. Not more than half a mile ahead I saw quite a town—a large, flourishing village. It was some time before I could collect my scattered senses; but when I did so, I became convinced that the place before me was Decatur! My horse must have left the true road almost immediately after the darkness set in, and here I was, nearly twenty miles out of my way to the westward!

But I forgot all this—forgot the pain in my head and limbs—in my thoughts of what had occurred during the night; and I resolved to seek immediate aid to arrest the inmates of the horrible abode I had left, and to set free my unfortunate companion. I easily caught my horse, and, though I gained the saddle with difficulty, yet, when once there, I rode with ease.

When I reached the town, which proved, as I had thought, to be Decatur, one of the first objects that met my gaze was a lawyer's sign. I drove up to the door of the office, and dismounted. While I was hitching my horse, a wagon drove up, in which was a gentleman and lady; the gentleman was an elderly person, and one whose countenance was such as to command instant and universal respect. He entered the office directly behind me. He smiled and shook hands with the lawyer, and then turned to a desk, and began to overhurl a bundle of papers, which he had just taken from his pocket.

My muddy garments gave me anything but a comely appearance, but as soon as I was assured that I addressed the "lawyer," I proceeded to unfold my fearful tale. The attorney started and trembled as I commenced, and the gentleman who was overhauling the papers stopped from his work and looked at me. I went on, and described every particular; my hair bristled as I told of the terrible cries of the poor victim I had left behind, and I assured my hearers that it was the hostler who had sprung out as I rode off.

A strange, unaccountable expression passed over the lawyer's face. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, clapping his hands upon his sides, he sank back into his chair, and burst into a long, loud, uproarious laugh. I was thunderstruck! The old gentleman dropped his papers, and actually sank upon the floor, as a wild burst of merriment shook his frame.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear friend," uttered the lawyer, as soon as he could command language, "you—ha, ha, ha! you were—ha, ha! you have been—O! old o-o-o—ha, ha!—he-e-e-e!"

I sank into a seat, utterly overcome, and at length I got at the truth. The old gentleman before me was none other than the celebrated Doctor Gabriel Landresser. He and his wife had left home on the day before, on a visit, and the storm had prevented their return. His dwelling was a private hospital, where he had a number of poor maniacs in course of curative treatment, and with those maniacs I had stopped! His hostler was the only real person here—he had left in charge of the buildings, and I afterward learned that this hostler had been much averse to my remaining at the house, and hence his gruff manner toward me. The man who had led me from my chamber was a poor fellow who had entertained the idea that some one was seeking to murder him, and his strange monomania had a variety of phases, according to the circumstances about him. He had evidently intended to have escaped from the doctor's house with me, but the timely appearance of the hostler prevented him.

Landresser insisted that I should return with him to his house, and remain there until I had recovered from the effects of my fall, and I consented. The last I heard from the lawyer was just as I mounted my horse, and that was another wild peal of laughter.

I remained with the doctor three days, and during that time I enjoyed his company much. Once I saw my companion of the night's adventure, and he did not fail to whisper expressly in my ear that I should be murdered if I remained in the house. The female whom I had seen was an inflexible creature, who had suffered from religious excitement.

At length I set out once more on my mission, which I performed entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned; but I met with no more adventures, or, at any rate, with nothing equal to that night's adventure on the prairie of Decatur.

American Enterprise.

Recovering from the recent panic and stagnation, railroad enterprise is beginning to develop itself of late in all departments, and in none more definitely and vigorously than in that of trestle-work, or the temporary bridging of ravines, &c., by iron or wood-work, generally the latter. Trestle-work is more used in this country than in Europe, and consequently has been brought to a higher degree of perfection. Pine, white or yellow, is the wood most in vogue, and labor, skill, enterprise, and capital are abundantly devoted to this branch of railroad engineering.

Three most notable examples of trestle-work in this country are on the Erie Railroad, near Portage; the trestle-bridge at East Tarrytown, N. Y., on the route of the important and rapidly progressing New York, Boston, and Montreal Railroad, and the well-known trestle-bridge of the Fourth avenue improvement, upper section.

Of these, the last mentioned is the longest, while that at East Tarrytown is the highest, with one exception, in the United States. The trestle on the Fourth avenue was erected by McIntire Bros. That at East Tarrytown by James McIntire, the senior member of the firm, who is confessedly at the head of trestle-work in the United States.

This enterprising contractor has also undertaken to build a bridge over Croton Lake, and is engaged in various other enterprises of magnitude in the line of trestle work, which promises to become, which in fact has become already, a leading feature of railroad engineering in the United States.

THE TOMSTONE AGENT.

Gilks is a tomstone agent. He finds it to his advantage to work upon the feelings in many a soul. The other day he happened to be in a strange section, and was sent to call upon a Mr. Brown, who had lately lost her husband. He introduced himself, and was invited to sit down; he spoke of the weather, and then getting round to business, said, rather tenderly, "So you have lost your husband?" She wept, and said that it had then resembled. He said he sympathized with her in the hour of her affliction; that the best of friends were doomed to part, and but few knew any more whose turn would be next.

He had not the honor of being acquainted with Mr. Brown, but he had heard him spoken of all over the country in the highest terms of praise (this was his usual style whether he had or not); everybody considered him an honorable man and an affectionate husband, and they mourned his loss with the most tender affection, and as it was a fitting memento, and as it was the last ride some excellent designs in Italian and American marble, which he was prepared to sell at the lowest terms.

Said she, "Looker here, mister, you said he was an honorable man and affectionate husband, when you know I've lost him; he ain't dead, he ain't the kind that dies. He ran off last Wednesday with another woman, and doesn't need a tomstone, I'm sorry to say; and I'd be much obliged to you if you'd light out and not come back here again until you have occasion, mister."

He faded away from there, and staid in the neighborhood two days, endeavoring to cultivate an acquaintance with the man who sent him there.

A Doubter.

There was a man who lived in Custer county, Georgia, many years ago, who had once been in the State Legislature, and never neglected an opportunity to emphasize the fact. He was a perfect infidel as to new discoveries and new sciences, being perfectly satisfied that if the world should happen to turn over, the water would spill out of his well, and only giving in to steam cars by slow degree. But all the vials of his contempt were poured out upon the idea of a telegraph, and he was wont to say that nobody need try to come "the green" over him in that way, for he had been in the legislature.

Finally the State road was built, and one fine day workmen began to put up telegraph posts right in front of the house, and also to stretch wire. His exultant neighbors thought they had him on that occasion, and said—

"Well, old fellow, what do you think of telegraphs now?"

He was completely cornered, but did gasp. Drawing himself up an inch taller, he said—

"Gentlemen, when I had the honor of being in the legislature I gave this subject my very attentive consideration, and I said to you, as I say now, that it may do for letters and small handles, but it will never take a common bale, never!"

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Ten miles from Shelbyville I made in a small boat, and here I purchased a horse of an old settler, and from him I learned that I should find plenty of "squatters" on the very land of which I was in search.

It was early in the forenoon when I started on with my horse, and I made easy progress on the alluvial tract upon the western bank of the Kaskaskia. About two o'clock in the afternoon, whatever pleasing reveries I may have been engaged in were cut short by a sudden darkening of the sun; and, upon looking up, I found that huge clouds were rising in the northwest, and I could hear the wind as it moaned through the trees upon the table land to my left. I knew there was a storm brewing, and I knew, too, that my horse and I were in a bad way. However, I spurred up my horse, and allowed myself to hope that I might come upon some chance "squatter" before the storm broke.

False hope! In less than half an hour the storm was upon me. For two hours I kept on my way, with only a sort of wind driven mist; but at the end of that time the rain began to come down in torrents. For a while I allowed myself to quail before the combined force of wind and rain; but I found that the enemy must be met; and, at length, with a stout ejaculation of defiance, I faced the storm, and rode on. No shelter arose to my view, and night fell upon me. It was dark—oh, how dark! So dark that the sable mass might have been cut with a knife. I gave the horse the rein, and let him follow his own instinct. It still rained as though the big lakes had recently been tipped over upon the land, and the wind, too, still piped away without flagging.

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What sort of a house it was I could not tell; I could only see a dark mass, and a single window, from which shone the light. I alighted from my horse, and, after groping about for some time, I found a door, and knocked lustily. My call was answered by a woman; but the wind put out her light, and as she turned back to relight it, I followed her.

With cat-like, noiseless tread, my companion led the way out by the same door through which he had entered. This door gave us entrance to a room in which there was a bed, the outer door of which was open. I could not help noticing, as I passed the last door, the stout iron bolts which were fixed upon its outside.

My guide placed his finger upon his lip for an instant, and then he shaded the lamp with his hand, and hurried down the stairs, which led directly to the shed. The lamp did not go out, and we gained the stable in safety.

"Out with your horse! Quick!" uttered my companion.

"But you—what will you do?"

"I have a horse, too. Quick! Make no noise!"

More quickly than I can describe it did I equip my beast and vault into the saddle; and, as I turned toward the yard, my friend led his horse out. I had left the stable, and was just passing from the back yard, when I heard the house door open. Some one sprang forth with a hoarse cry of alarm, and leaped toward the stable. I heard a sharp cry from my friend, and I thought I heard the noise of a scuffle. My horse started into a gallop, of his own accord, and it was not until I had ridden half a mile to the northward that I tightened the rein.

I thought I was acting the coward's part thus to leave my companion in the hands of murderers, but the second thought convinced me that I should do better to keep on. While I was free, they would not dare to kill him; for they must have known that I would give the alarm, and then the crime would be detected. If I should return, they might capture and kill us both, without fear of detection.

Again I gave my horse the rein, and he galloped on. I know not how far I had ridden, when I thought I detected a stream of water directly ahead; but no movement of mine was necessary, for with a sudden jerk, my horse stopped, and I was thrown far over his head. I remember the sensation of falling, but that was all.

When I came to myself it was daylight, and the warm sun was looking brightly upon me. I moved heavily to a sitting posture, and found my horse at a short distance from me, cropping the long grass. I felt stiff, and my head ached; but ere long I arose to my feet, and looked about me. The stream which had caused my disaster had dwindled to a mere tiny brook; but the marks of its flood were left, and I could see that it had been quite formidable.

But one thing surprised me. Not more than half a mile ahead I saw quite a town—a large, flourishing village. It was some time before I could collect my scattered senses; but when I did so, I became convinced that the place before me was Decatur! My horse must have left the true road almost immediately after the darkness set in, and here I was, nearly twenty miles out of my way to the westward!

But I forgot all this—forgot the pain in my head and limbs—in my thoughts of what had occurred during the night; and I resolved to seek immediate aid to arrest the inmates of the horrible abode I had left, and to set free my unfortunate companion. I easily caught my horse, and, though I gained the saddle with difficulty, yet, when once there, I rode with ease.

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A strange, unaccountable expression passed over the lawyer's face. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, clapping his hands upon his sides, he sank back into his chair, and burst into a long, loud, uproarious laugh. I was thunderstruck! The old gentleman dropped his papers, and actually sank upon the floor, as a wild burst of merriment shook his frame.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear friend," uttered the lawyer, as soon as he could command language, "you—ha, ha, ha! you were—ha, ha! you have been—O! old o-o-o—ha, ha!—he-e-e-e!"

I sank into a seat, utterly overcome, and at length I got at the truth. The old gentleman before me was none other than the celebrated Doctor Gabriel Landresser. He and his wife had left home on the day before, on a visit, and the storm had prevented their return. His dwelling was a private hospital, where he had a number of poor maniacs in course of curative treatment, and with those maniacs I had stopped! His hostler was the only real person here—he had left in charge of the buildings, and I afterward learned that this hostler had been much averse to my remaining at the house, and hence his gruff manner toward me. The man who had led me from my chamber was a poor fellow who had entertained the idea that some one was seeking to murder him, and his strange monomania had a variety of phases, according to the circumstances about him. He had evidently intended to have escaped from the doctor's house with me, but the timely appearance of the hostler prevented him.

Landresser insisted that I should return with him to his house, and remain there until I had recovered from the effects of my fall, and I consented. The last I heard from the lawyer was just as I mounted my horse, and that was another wild peal of laughter.

I remained with the doctor three days, and during that time I enjoyed his company much. Once I saw my companion of the night's adventure, and he did not fail to whisper expressly in my ear that I should be murdered if I remained in the house. The female whom I had seen was an inflexible creature, who had suffered from religious excitement.

At length I set out once more on my mission, which I performed entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned; but I met with no more adventures, or, at any rate, with nothing equal to that night's adventure on the prairie of Decatur.

American Enterprise.

Recovering from the recent panic and stagnation, railroad enterprise is beginning to develop itself of late in all departments, and in none more definitely and vigorously than in that of trestle-work, or the temporary bridging of ravines, &c., by iron or wood-work, generally the latter. Trestle-work is more used in this country than in Europe, and consequently has been brought to a higher degree of perfection. Pine, white or yellow, is the wood most in vogue, and labor, skill, enterprise, and capital are abundantly devoted to this branch of railroad engineering.

Three most notable examples of trestle-work in this country are on the Erie Railroad, near Portage; the trestle-bridge at East Tarrytown, N. Y., on the route of the important and rapidly progressing New York, Boston, and Montreal Railroad, and the well-known trestle-bridge of the Fourth avenue improvement, upper section.

Of these, the last mentioned is the longest, while that at East Tarrytown is the highest, with one exception, in the United States. The trestle on the Fourth avenue was erected by McIntire Bros. That at East Tarrytown by James McIntire, the senior member of the firm, who is confessedly at the head of trestle-work in the United States.

This enterprising contractor has also undertaken to build a bridge over Croton Lake, and is engaged in various other enterprises of magnitude in the line of trestle work, which promises to become, which in fact has become already, a leading feature of railroad engineering in the United States.

THE TOMSTONE AGENT.

Gilks is a tomstone agent. He finds it to his advantage to work upon the feelings in many a soul. The other day he happened to be in a strange section, and was sent to call upon a Mr. Brown, who had lately lost her husband. He introduced himself, and was invited to sit down; he spoke of the weather, and then getting round to business, said, rather tenderly, "So you have lost your husband?" She wept, and said that it had then resembled. He said he sympathized with her in the hour of her affliction; that the best of friends were doomed to part, and but few knew any more whose turn would be next.

He had not the honor of being acquainted with Mr. Brown, but he had heard him spoken of all over the country in the highest terms of praise (this was his usual style whether he had or not); everybody considered him an honorable man and an affectionate husband, and they mourned his loss with the most tender affection, and as it was a fitting memento, and as it was the last ride some excellent designs in Italian and American marble, which he was prepared to sell at the lowest terms.

Said she, "Looker here, mister, you said he was an honorable man and affectionate husband, when you know I've lost him; he ain't dead, he ain't the kind that dies. He ran off last Wednesday with another woman, and doesn't need a tomstone, I'm sorry to say; and I'd be much obliged to you if you'd light out and not come back here again until you have occasion, mister."

He faded away from there, and staid in the neighborhood two days, endeavoring to cultivate an acquaintance with the man who sent him there.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon., A. Vend. Expon. No. 10, issued out of the Court of Sessions of Cambria county and to the direct order of the said Court, on MONDAY, the 27th day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to-wit:

1. The right, title and interest of William Smith, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in the Fifth Ward, Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Philip H. Hamner, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, store room, frame stable and a brick house, now in the occupancy of William Smith. Taken in execution and sold at the suit of John Meyer against the said William Smith.

2. The right, title and interest of P. M. Johnson, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in the Fifth Ward, Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Philip H. Hamner, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, store room, frame stable and a brick house, now in the occupancy of William Smith. Taken in execution and sold at the suit of John Meyer against the said William Smith.

3. The right, title and interest of P. M. Johnson, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in the Fifth Ward, Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Philip H. Hamner, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, store room, frame stable and a brick house, now in the occupancy of William Smith. Taken in execution and sold at the suit of John Meyer against the said William Smith.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 9th, A. D. 1874.

1. The first and final account of Moses B. Miller, executor of Isaac Reighart, late of Richland township, deceased.

2. The account of Moses B. Miller, guardian of minor children of Wm. Reighart, late of Richland township, deceased.

3. The first and final account of John F. Fritts, administrator of Samuel Eskin, late of Richland township, deceased.

4. The first and final account of James McMillen, executor of John F. Fritts, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

5. The first and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Thomas Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

6. The first and final account of Thomas Donahoe, administrator of the estate of John Hoffman, late of Washington township, deceased.

7. The first and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Thomas Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

8. The first and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Thomas Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

9. The first and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Thomas Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

10. The first and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Thomas Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

WHY?—An Idle Girl's Question.

I wish I had something to do,
The rain is falling so fast,
Let me be busy like you,
Idleness tires so at last;
Just to be idle one day,
I thought would be very nice,
You said it would not, but pray,
Does any one heed your advice?

Look at the flies out there,
How they do nothing but bloom,
Insects but float on the air,
Roses but only a perfume;
The kitten can only play,
The sky is nothing but blue;
If I am as idle as they,
Why am not I happy too?

HER MOTHER'S ANSWER.
But everything you know,
Is framed with a special care
If flies are meant to bloom,
And roses to scent the air,
And insects to float and fly,
And kittens to gambol, why,
Then all are done for right.

Are you exactly the same,
And quite as careless and free,
Without any higher aim,
Than just to be seen and see?
Have you got nothing to do?
Is that the end all the while?
Forgive me I thought that you
Were a child with a living soul!

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

During the Spring of 1840 I was engaged by the heirs of a gentleman who had died in Bangor, Me., to go out to Illinois, and look up a township which had been bought by said gentleman from the soldiers of the war of 1812, to whom it had been allotted by the government land warrants, as part pay for services rendered. Most of our readers are probably aware that the men who served in the campaign of 1812 were entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, over and above their monthly pay, and at the close of their service they received warrants of bonds for this land, which land was marked off into townships, and these into numbered lots, each man receiving a specified lot. Most of these warrants were sold at the time for trifling sums—say from five to twenty dollars—and many of them have not even yet been looked up by their owners; but, as civilization is spreading West, more attention is now turned to this matter, and speculators are busy buying up the old claims.

The man, for whose heirs I had interested myself, had bought a large number of consecutive lots. They were located near the head waters of the Kaskaskia, and we had reason to believe that they were uncommonly valuable.

After having armed myself with the necessary documents, I set out on my mission. I reached Vandalia without difficulty, and from there I took the stage for Shelbyville. Beyond Shelbyville I still had some sixty miles to go, and there was no method of conveyance save such as chance might throw in one's way. I had learned that there was a settlement in Macon county which would come in my way if I kept along by the river; but I could not get no direct clue to its whereabouts. I knew, however, that I should find "squatters" on my route, and from them I could learn all that was necessary.

Ten miles from Shelbyville I made in a small boat, and here I purchased a horse of an old settler, and from him I learned that I should find plenty of "squatters" on the very land of which I was in search.

It was early in the forenoon when I started on with my horse, and I made easy progress on the alluvial tract upon the western bank of the Kaskaskia. About two o'clock in the afternoon, whatever pleasing reveries I may have been engaged in were cut short by a sudden darkening of the sun; and, upon looking up, I found that huge clouds were rising in the northwest, and I could hear the wind as it moaned through the trees upon the table land to my left. I knew there was a storm brewing, and I knew, too, that my horse and I were in a bad way. However, I spurred up my horse, and allowed myself to hope that I might come upon some chance "squatter" before the storm broke.

False hope! In less than half an hour the storm was upon me. For two hours I kept on my way, with only a sort of wind driven mist; but at the end of that time the rain began to come down in torrents. For a while I allowed myself to quail before the combined force of wind and rain; but I found that the enemy must be met; and, at length, with a stout ejaculation of defiance, I faced the storm, and rode on. No shelter arose to my view, and night fell upon me. It was dark—oh, how dark! So dark that the sable mass might have been cut with a knife. I gave the horse the rein, and let him follow his own instinct. It still rained as though the big lakes had recently been tipped over upon the land, and the wind, too, still piped away without flagging.

I must have ridden thus through the utter darkness for two hours—it seemed two ages to me—when I thought I saw a light ahead of me. It twinkled like a misty star, and then disappeared; but soon I saw it again, and ere long I became convinced that it was a human habitation of some sort was ahead of me. I urged my beast on, and soon I had the real pleasure of pulling up before a house.

What sort of a house it was I could not tell; I could only see a dark mass, and a single window, from which shone the light. I alighted from my horse, and, after groping about for some time, I found a door, and knocked lustily. My call was answered by a woman; but the wind put out her light, and as she turned back to relight it, I followed her.

With cat-like, noiseless tread, my companion led the way out by the same door through which he had entered. This door gave us entrance to a room in which there was a bed, the outer door of which was open. I could not help noticing, as I passed the last door, the stout iron bolts which were fixed upon its outside.

My guide placed his finger upon his lip for an instant, and then he shaded the lamp with his hand, and hurried down the stairs, which led directly to the shed. The lamp did not go out, and we gained the stable in safety.

"Out with