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

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The Wading Veil.

There came when I thought her veil,
The smile that in her wedding night,
I saw my face—how faintly was it
And, laughing, turned, me to the light.

How, dear, and I wear at last
The smile that in her wedding night,
I saw my face—how faintly was it
And, laughing, turned, me to the light.

With kindly haste and trembling hand
She drew away the gauzy mist;
"Forgive, dear heart," her sweet voice said;
"I have been hiding my forehead kissed."

No passed from out the searching light,
The smile that in her wedding night,
I saw my face—how faintly was it
And, laughing, turned, me to the light.

I felt her soft hand smooth my hair,
The smile that in her wedding night,
I saw my face—how faintly was it
And, laughing, turned, me to the light.

Her tender lips touched my cheek;
"I will kiss you as I said,
Because I love you so," she said,
"Because I love you so."

She smiled, and I saw in her eyes,
The smile that in her wedding night,
I saw my face—how faintly was it
And, laughing, turned, me to the light.

The smile that in her wedding night,
I saw my face—how faintly was it
And, laughing, turned, me to the light.

RESCUED FROM CAPTIVITY.

Without exception Mark Trafton was the most beautiful man I ever saw. He joined our party at Council Bluffs on our overland trip to California, in the Spring of 1851. He was seven feet in all, tall, and three inches of muscle made up the sum total of his anatomy, with the exception of a long, shaggy-looking wolf-dog, the property of the late favorite of Zebulon Jinks, the late Governor of Iowa.

Mark was attached to a light wagon, built of pine, and made water-tight by means of a lead lining. In this we conveyed our provisions, traps, and a shelter-tent large enough to accommodate our entire party.

On our arrival in Salt Lake we camped in an open field just outside the town of the city. After our tent was pitched, everything arranged for our comfort, and some provisions taken from our trunks, we went to bed.

Each playing the part of barber for the other, we soon succeeded in making up a respectable order. It was a little after midnight when we started on our expedition, and half an hour later found us promening down through the principal street of the city.

Trafton was attired in a fashionably-cut frock coat of the best German texture, with black buttons and coat to match. Each side of his apparel fitted him like a duck's tail on the water. A neat Panama hat and a pair of leather shoes, with a profusion of gold jewelry to match, completed his neat and somewhat showy attire. His exquisite taste and universal attention. Slender and trim, and sternly glib—for a well-to-do man was of rare occurrence in the city—my eyes failed to turn and gaze admiringly at the stranger. I knew that my companion who claimed their acquaintance, for I was always a very ordinary-looking man, with not the slightest pretensions to beauty. There are some people who are so vain in their appearance as to cause a great deal of trouble in order to obtain a second opinion. It is the universal tribute to beauty expressed everywhere, and Mark was by no means insensible to the attention to which his fine personal appearance excited.

As we strolled along through the principal street of the city, we noticed two female slaves, who seemed just then to divide their attention about equally with the gay throng at my side. The eldest was a hardy-looking, rather good-looking duenna, of perhaps forty or forty-five, mounted on a beautiful dark mare, with a coat so black and glossy that you could almost see your face in it. She was attired in a black dress, trimmed with white under-kirts, and wore the fine-looking animal skin hat with the graceful and perfect self-possession, which is acquired only through long experience in equestrian exercises.

Her companion was young, and one of those beautiful-looking creatures it had been my lot to encounter. The skirts of her riding-dress were of fine-colored silk, and a waist or bodice of orange-colored cloth. Her hair was a dark-purple velvet, and ornamented with a collection of shining white ostrich plumes. Her jetty eyes and neck and shoulders. A more faultless form would have been difficult to conceive. She was mounted on a beautiful cream-colored Spanish genet, and as they drew near, her large, languishing orbs suddenly turned upon Trafton with undisguised admiration.

He had claimed her with one of those messenger-like looks, which would now and anon flash upon the bushes of summer lightning from the depths of his dark eyes, adding a transient gleam to his marvellous beauty, which was quite intoxicating to the senses. In her extreme confusion at the moment she dropped her handkerchief, and with that gallant air which was a leading characteristic of Trafton, he sprang gracefully forward, and with a low and smile that made his conquest a certainty, he picked up and handed her the exquisitely embroidered article in question.

"I am most happy to be of service to you, beautiful lady," he said in dialect tones, and bowing upon her parting smile which was perfectly ravishing.

The fair equestrienne acknowledged the compliment with a genuine look of pleasure, while the hard-featured duenna looked on with a frown.

"Is she a beauty?" cried Mark, as he

"That," said a bystander, in answer to the inquiry, "is Belle Acherman, Elder Acherman's daughter from Illinois, and who is said to be already selected by the great Brigham for his forty-fourth wife."

"And the other lady?" I enquired, curiously.

"Oh, she is the senior stepmother of the young lady, and the director-general of old Acherman's harem of seventeen wives. He is a rich old nob, and bestows upon old Brig, with his daughter, a marriage-portion of five thousand dollars. He is fishing, you see, for an appointment to the 'Council of Ten,' next year."

We saw that our informant was radical in his ideas, and we took him to a neighboring saloon and treated him. He told us a great many novel things about the saintly city before we separated, and walked with us to the street where Acherman's residence was situated.

Between the next morning, Mark Trafton cleaned up his saddle and bridle, and after currying down the splendid black stallion he had ridden all the way from Council Bluffs, hid not a speck of dirt could be found upon his highly-polished coat, he mounted him and rode forth into the city. He was absent till nearly noon, and after dinner he sallied out again. This he repeated the next day, and for the four days following; but from our conversations in the evening I found out what he was up to.

He had already met Miss Acherman three or four times clandestinely, and she had expressed her repugnance to Brigham in no very guarded or respectful language. She pronounced him an old beast without hesitation, and declared she would die sooner than she would be his forty-fourth wife, and Trafton eagerly encouraged her in this resolution.

The last time they had met he proposed an elopement, and she had given her consent. She was ready to accompany her handsome lover to California, or anywhere else, to avoid the cruel fate that awaited her at home. They had laid all their plans for departure that night, intending to make their way beyond Bear River to the foot of the mountains, where they proposed to remain concealed till our party came up.

Their plan was to meet somewhere between ten and midnight, just beyond the northern limits of the city proper, where they were to take the traveled road leading to Bear River, and ride all night.

"Now, what I want, Sil," said Mark, in an elated tone, "is to borrow your mare for Belle. I thought you might ride as far as the mountains in the mule-team with Jagers, and then when you overtake us you might exchange places."

I gave my consent, and in order to cover up suspicion even from our own party, I rode into the city with Mark in the afternoon, and left my mare at a livery-stable, to be called for by Trafton at nine o'clock that evening. We then visited a saddler's and purchased a side-saddle and a small panier suitable to be attached to his own saddle. In this he intended to stow away provisions enough to last three or four days, and such selections from the young lady's ample wardrobe as would be absolutely necessary in the undertaking of so long a journey. I was to call for the side-saddle and panier in the evening and transfer them to the place of meeting, which we had driven to before stabling my horse.

On our return to camp we gave out the story to our companions that I had sold my horse for a round sum to a Mormon. This was satisfactory to our fellows, who had no particularly good reason for disbelieving the story when they saw that we had not brought the animal back with us.

A little after dark I started into the city in advance of Trafton, and securing the side-saddle and panier, I made my way to the point previously designated. I had not long to wait before Mark appeared, mounted on his own horse, with mine in lead.

It was a little past nine o'clock at this time, and a beautiful starlight night. We exchanged the saddles and attached the panier I had brought to Mark's. The provisions which he had brought in a bag thus far were carefully transferred to the panier, so as to make room for the reception of such articles as the young lady might think proper to take along with her.

It was understood that she was to slip out of the house the moment the family had retired and everything was quiet about the premises, and meet Mark, who was to await her near at hand, while I remained as sentinel over the horses, which were concealed from observation by a clump of bushes not far from the roadside.

How long I should be required to wait was uncertain, for no one could tell how long the family might remain up. Time away-seem long to those who are awaiting an expected event.

The two hours and a half that I remained behind that clump of bushes, holding the two horses by the bridle, before the arrival of the fugitives, seemed to me, in my impatient mood, to be fully double that length of time. But they came at last, and the small bundle of things which the beautiful girl had smuggled from the house, were stowed snugly away in the opposite side of the panier from where the provisions had been placed. When all were ready, Mark vaulted into the saddle, while I assisted his companion to hers.

In a few moments they were galloping along side by side over the northern road, waving their good-byes to me as they passed out of sight. When I could perceive no farther trace of them, I picked up the old saddle which had made room for the new one, and started on my return to camp, where I

the party had retired, and were sleeping so soundly that not one of them knew at what hour I had arrived.

The next morning about nine o'clock I took a stroll into the city and found it alive with excitement and flying rumors of the disappearance of the beautiful Miss Belle Acherman, the latest fiancee of the great Brigham. Detectives and post-riders were sent out in every direction from the city, and the "Council of Ten," backed up by the local police force, instituted a most thorough and vigilant search throughout every part of the town. Our own tent did not escape their scrutiny, for rumor and conjecture had been busy, as Trafton and Miss Acherman had been seen several times together during the past three or four days. But as all but myself had been profoundly ignorant of this circumstance till now, they could only express their astonishment at the cleverness of their companion.

As for myself, I was in a fever of excitement during the remaining two days of our stay in the city, lest my fugitive friends should be overtaken, or some accident occur to them in their perilous flight to the mountains.

But the two days passed, and the fugitives were not overtaken—at least no news to that effect had yet reached the city; but there were flying rumors that they had been seen fleeing northward by several persons, and the flat-boatman who transported passengers and freight across the river (Bear River) remembered to have seen them at the time of their crossing in his barge. He particularly remembered them on account of the remarkable beauty of both. He had never seen so handsome a couple together before, nor two finer-looking horses; but after this all trace of them was lost, nor could any further clue be obtained as to the precise direction they had taken.

Two days after their departure we broke camp in Salt Lake and started for Bear River. We met several parties returning who had been out in pursuit of the fugitives; but all gave the same answer to our inquiry, that no trace of them had been found beyond the river. Various were the conjectures we now formed regarding them. Zebulon Jinks gave it as his opinion that they had pushed on to the mountains, and were now lying in wait for our arrival. Some thought they might have overtaken and joined a party who had left Salt Lake a day or two before our arrival, while others imagined they might have been captured by Diggers, or destroyed by wild beasts. But the great problem was solved four days after in a most curious and providential manner.

We had camped for the night among the foot-hills of the Utah, selecting a small ravine or valley, which presented an unusual show of vegetation, and hampering our animals so that they might not wander far from the encampment during the night. We had not as yet taken the precaution to station a guard over property, nor apprehending any danger from the hostile Diggers at so short a distance from the Mormon country. But in this fancied dream of present security we were destined to be mistaken, for a little past midnight we were awakened by demonstrations of unusual excitement and terror on the part of the animals. The dog aroused the camp by his loud and vociferous barking, while the horses and two of the mules bled around the tent as if to ask protection from some impending danger. The other three mules were missing.

We looked for them in every direction, but they were no where to be found. We naturally came to the conclusion after this that we had received a nocturnal visit from the Diggers; and the discovery the next morning of a trail leading up the mountain fully corroborated our fears. We left two of the party in charge of the camp, while the remaining four started up the mountain in pursuit of the cowardly black rascals who were putting us to all this unnecessary trouble. The trail was very plain most of the way, and we made rapid progress.

From previous accounts we had read, we knew that these barbarous and degraded creatures—the most ignorant and debased, the nearest approach to the animal of any of the aboriginal tribes on the continent—inhabited the rocky dens and caverns of the mountains, disputing the right of occupancy with the grizzly bear or the gaunt wolf. We knew that by persevering we should ultimately track them to some of their numerous haunts, and that ordinarily one well-armed white man was able to cope with a dozen of them. If we succeeded in overthrowing them, a few well directed rifle shots would put them to flight, and leave us once more in possession of our property. For three hours we toiled on and upward, climbing height above height, till it seemed that we must have already reached the highest apex of the mountain, but still there was a higher height. Suddenly we observed the dog throw up his head and sniff the air. There was something in the wind it was plain.

"What is it, Hawk Eye?" said the guide. "Do you smell the red-skinned, hyenas, boy?"

The dog gave a low, admortory yelp, but still kept sniffing the air. Presently Zebulon himself, who was a few steps in advance of the rest, suddenly stopped, and, like the dog, seemed to be sniffing the air. At length, as if satisfied, he exclaimed:

"Roasting meat, by gingo! and a little burnt at that. The pesky varmints ain't far off. Hawk Eye, keep quiet. Now let us all move cautious."

There was still another elevation to ascend in advance of us, of perhaps two or three hundred feet, and we commenced climbing it as mute as so many mummies. The odor of the burning meat grew stronger and stronger as we ascended, till we reached a level, which

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B—, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal flow from the huge furnace into the mould, which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid blue flames that burst from the top of the tall chimney flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house-tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarean shadows, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains crossing, half black, half golden, under the glowing roof, recalled the engines of the Cyclops under Mt. Atna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour sharp!" cried the forge-master. "We shall make the cast at a quarter to seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper on what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'Inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, laughing, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?" returned the man, in the same jesting tone.

"He's been round the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hallo! halo! I say! Where's the 'Inventor'?" Come here. Ah, there he is!" And in silent answer to the summons, a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopus," quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off."

The poor lad smiled, and meekly did as he was ordered—just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow this "Mopus;" stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the workings of the foundry, by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his sagacity, in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened, or went on in an unusual way, he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before, he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting-chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a dangerous injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength, he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the "Inventor's" eye do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sady to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty that was before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe,

An Interesting Incident.

An interesting incident has just occurred at Bucharest, and has created a profound sensation in theatrical circles in that place. It seems that the proprietor of the Subr Circus, anxious to provide amusement for the public, lately published an announcement that a challenge given by Jules Rigal, a wrestler attached to the circus, had been accepted by a gentleman who, wishing to preserve a strict incognito, would appear before the public in a week. The amateur athlete, who, it was stated, was a person occupying a high social position, was rumored to be no other than Prince Stourdja, a Moldavian noble who has the reputation of possessing herculean strength. On the evening when "the great unknown" made his first appearance in the circus, the stalls were filled with eager spectators long before the commencement of the performance. Rigal and his masked opponent having made their bow to the audience, at once commenced the struggle, which was, however, of short duration, for the distinguished unknown in a few minutes, amidst frantic applause, felled his professional antagonist. So great was the success of the spectacle that the manager announced to the admiring audience that the nobleman wrestler had condescended to appear again before them on the following evening, when the performance was accordingly repeated, and was continued for several successive nights, until one evening, an indiscreet member of the troupe unfortunately divulged the fact that the masked wrestler was not a distinguished nobleman, but only one of the elvish attached to the circus. This led to a disturbance, the "great unknown" narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by his late admirers, the manager and his troupe had to fly for their lives, and the circus building would probably have been dismantled and destroyed but for the exertions of the police, who, with great difficulty, succeeded in repressing what promised to be a serious riot.

A DREAM THAT PARTED MAN AND WIFE.

Bundy had been married two weeks and had left his wife. Bundy is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relic of the late Peter Potts. About ten days after marriage Bundy was surprised, on awakening in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in bed crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him, that was the cause of her anguish, so he remarked to Mrs. Bundy that as they were married she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he could avert it, and after a great deal of coaxing he elicited the following from her:

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well lighted street I came to a store where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them. Such beautiful men; some for \$1,000, some for \$500 and so on to \$150. And as I had not that amount I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, Bundy placed his arm lovingly around her and asked:

"And did you see any men like me there?"

"Oh yes," she replied, drawing away from him, "lots like you; they were tied up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents per bunch."

Bundy got up, and went to see his lawyer if he had sufficient ground for divorce.

Vicious friends are like bad corn—they will make you suffer terribly if you don't eat them.

THE REMAINING SAND.

The remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metallic ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast!"

"Who did this?" asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you," cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with her finger on her lips.

"The poor lad is in a brain fever," she said.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?" whispered the master.

"O, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell mould. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said. "Such things have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray Heaven he may!" solemnly ejaculated the master and his hien; and they turned away, deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lath-rooms of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in on a small soft reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength: His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild rhapsody to him.

"I remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head with a smile. "It's all new to me, all new and strange—so strange!"

"Yes," said the master, devoutly, "it was God's hand."

Every eye was turned upon the invalid. Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long underwritten, now a young man keen and intelligent, as if changed into another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once," said he. Two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sounds of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah," said the master, "there's a hal-lu-lu-hah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together!"

"Amen!" murmured all the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck rolled away with its melodious burden, the boy was lifted and carried after it and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways, waving their hands.

Little "Inventor" afterward well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matchless richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.