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tion," March 31st, 1876.

TUME X.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1876.

NUMBER 41.

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A SETTLER'S STORY.

When I first purchased this farm, said my old host, it was a wild and rugged tract of country, lying in the midst of what was then an uncultivated and almost pathless mountain region. The only road through it was that from Fincastle, in Virginia, to Knoxville, in Tennessee-a route at that time, but little frequented, especially in winter; and the sole habitation in sight of my own "squatter" settlement was a log house, standing near the road, bearing a rude inscription on its front, informing the passer-by that there was to be

found "entertainment for man and beast." The keeper of the "tavern" as it was called, was an old man past seventy, whose whole household consisted of his wife, a year or two younger than himself, a negro boy named Jack, and a huge black cat, ealled Derrick. Jack worked the bit of garden and cornfield, and tended the horses of what few guests necessity compelled to stop here over night. Both the old man and his house had rather a bad repute, in consequence of the latter having been in former days the baunt of a certain gang of horse thieves who had infested that part of the country, and with whom old Burnett had been more than suspected to have private dealings. However this may have been, people preferred, when it was possible, to press onward to another house of entertainment, some twelve miles distant, rather than take lodgings for the night with Burnett and his "old woman"-even though age had rendered them helpless and infirm for any thing but the legitimate business to which they now confined

It became my custom to go over to the tavern about once or twice a month for the chance of meeting with some passing guest from whom I could hear news of the outer world, or perhaps, make purchases bein' always in the way, worriting round, of clothing and provisions. Indeed, it was and stealing everything he can lay his upon this source that the Burnett's de- claws on-" ally in winter, They were not lazy, but singularly improvident, raising no stock, and keeping but a cow and a few chickens which yielded them milk and eggs; whilst for meal, bacon, potatoes, and the like staples they trusted either to their neighbors or the passing provision wagons. They were very close in their dealings, always giving as little and taking as much as they could, and, indeed, it was their inordinate greed of money which I most disliked in the old couple. I was willing, in view of their age and belplessness, to assist them as far as I could; but I disliked to see them grinning and mumbling over the money I paid, as though the very sight or

feel of it were a delight. One cold, bleak day in January I set out for Knoxville, wishing to procure some seeds and other things, in view of the approaching spring planting. My way lay past the tavern, and seeing two strangers in the yard tending their horses, whilst old Burnett was chopping off the head of a cestress of a dozen generations, I pulled up my own horse and stopped for a brief chat. The travelers, I found, were going my way, and only waited for the promised chicken, and bacon and dried peas to resume their journey; and for the sake of company, I agreed to wait and ride with them, And partly to be sociable and partly because I liked, as I have said, to do the old people the afternoon. any little help in my power, I requested to have dinner served for me along with the

It was a poor repast enough, as even old Burnett had the grace to acknowledge, though he refused to abate a cent of the exhorbitant charge. It was not his fault. he said, that the dinner was not better. His provisions were nearly out, and be and his old woman were depriving themselves for our sakes of what they would likely need, unless those wagons came along tomorrow or the next day. And there was helpless as a newborn baby. In short he home. was in a peck of trouble, with everything dependent on his hands; and we could not have the conscience, seeing how things had done, for even the poor meal he had been able to give us. In fact, he doubted left but for him and his old woman to issuing from its chimney.

As he spoke he laid his hand upon the immense cat, which, with tail erect and sense of fear and borror seemed suddenly back arched, was stalking around the table, to fall upon me-a consciousness of somerubbing against and clawing the legs of the thing wrong-an impulse to urge my horse guests. This creature was a great favorite onward—though with no distinct aim or with the old man, though disliked by his object in view. And as we stumbled forwife, and he was now evidently surprised ward through the heaped up snow, the to observe that the cat, instead of recipro- horror was increased on observing that the cating his careses, suddenly started from snow-drifts were unbroken-the ten days' his touch with a side-long spring, backed fall of snow untracked by footstep of man with a sword and its last pulsations will all on end, and its great yellow eyes fixed to take a definite shape; and pitiless for upon its master with a look that was almost my poor horse, I urged him onward, even

"What on airth alls the critter, I won- The place I found a picture of desolader?" mumbled the old lady from her bed tion. All around the house and yard the child is recorded in the great book and he wayman." Of course both parties were

last night I heard him scratchin' and clawn' at the winder here, and yellin' enough to set a body crazy. What evil sperit's got into bim I can't guess."

"It's only that he smells so'thing a comin," responded her lord, with a grim humor. "You know it's said cats can smell when there's agoin' to be a corpse in the house, and no doubt this critter scents beef and bacon on the way from Knoxville. Don't you, now, Derrick?"

Derrick only responded by a snarl which exhibited every one of his long, sharp fangs; and straightway commenced kneading and clawing on the floor, with his nails projecting an inch from his great paws. In his whole aspect was something so fierce and malicious that it aroused the ire of even his master.

"Quit that now, you ugly black rascal!" he shouted; "and larn to behave yourself afore folks!" And seizing the iron poker, he flung it full at the animal. The creature gave a yell like that of a wild cat, sprang upon the bed where lay its mistress and there stood, hissing and spluttering like a fury, until the old woman, with what feeble strength she possessed, strove to fling it aside, She would probably not have succeeded but for her husband, who, coming to her aid with a good sized stick. hunted the creature round the room, and finally, seizing it by the tail, flung it through the window into the yard. But, before our meal was concluded, I saw again the white fangs and great yellow eyes gleaming in at the window.

"I would shoot that cat, if I were you, Burnett," I said.

"So I often tell him," chimed in the wife, "and I don't know but what I'll do it myself, if he won't. He ain't o' no airthly use, even to cotch a rat for himself, and he eats as much as any human critter, besides

snarl drew our attention to the window; but before the host could reach it, the creature had again disappeared. As I rode away in company with the strangers, I caught a glimpse of the cat perched upon the ridge of the roof, tail erect and teeth gleaming-like a spirit of evil brooding over some doomed dwelling.

That night we reached a stopping-place about half way to Knoxville. Here we found the wagons old Burnett was expecting; he having received information from some our who had passed them on the road. The teamsters told me they had stopped some hours earlier than they might have done, in consequence of an apprehended change in the weather. And in fact, upon rising the next morning, I found a heavy snow had set in-one of those slow, steady falls that last generally for days together, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or two everywhere, and so completely blocking up the narrow mountain roads as to render them impassable. Untough old ben who must have been the an- der these circumstances, I was not surprised to learn that the wagons had set off at daybreak, hoping to reach the more practicable though less direct route known as the valley road. I myself, with my fellow-travelers, lost no time in pushing onward, before the snow should have become deeper and the road more difficult; and wo succeeded in reaching Knoxville tate in

Business and bad weather detained me in Knoxville upwards of two weeks; and the heavy snow-storm had yielded to a slight thaw, when I again found myself on the road, homeward bound. My progress was slow and difficult, in consequence of the swollen torrents which sometimes crossed the way, and the huge drifts of snow which obstructed the road, especially in places where it was steep, or lay between high banks. More than once I had to dismount, and work at the huge drifts with my own hands, before I could force my his boy Jack, had only two days ago ran horse through; and it was with a feeling off with a Yankee peddler, and the cow had of more than ordinary satisfaction that, not been home since, there being nobody toward the close of the second day of my to fetch her from the meadows; and his journey, I began to descry familiar land- his master? old woman down with the rheumatics as marks, announcing my near approach to

I reached at length an eminence about three miles from my house, where I for a if he had any, to being sentenced to prison stood, to expect him to charge less than he landscape. There was nothing to be seen | and said; but snow; snow on the hills, snow in the valleys, snow covered the naked woods, if he was not doing ill to part with any of and almost hiding my humble little dwelhis little remaining store of food; for no- ling. Right at my feet, as it seemed, I body knew but what bad weather might could descry the low, gray walls of old Bur set in and prevent the wagons from coming nett's tavern; and I noticed at the first on. In that case there would be nothing glance that there was no sign of smoke

Why this circumstance should have struck me as it did, I can't say. A strange with blows.

in the corner of the room. "He's been in snow lay, white and aubroken. In hag shall answer for it.

tantrum ever since this mornin,' and all drifts it covered the road, and piled up against the fences, the stable, the well. curb, and-yes-against the house door. Had, then, the aged couple abandoned their desolate abode, and betaken themselves to some neighbor's for a time-perhaps, as I hoped, to my own home-that being the nearest. Or had they-horrible thoughthad they, deprived by the snow-storm of the provisions they had expected, devoured what remained of their scanty store, and then, as the old man had with a grim humor predicted, either starved or eaten the cat?

With a heart that had almost ceased it? beating I approached the house, looking in vain for some sign of life; listening for some sound betoken human presence.-Everywhere was a profound, death-like stillness, save when now and then an icicle fell from the eaves into the snow with a sort of muffled sound, or the crazy old wooden shutter creaked slowly and faintly

in the scarcely perceptible breeze. Suddenly the silence was broken by shrick, or yell, so loud and sharp that it seemed to pierce through my brain. I looked up; there in the window stood the well-remembered black cat, his back up, his bair bristling, and his huge tail waving too and fro, glaring now at me and then at something within, which he seemed to regard with a peculiar and ferocious interest. He appeared to have grown to almost double his former size, and his swollen and bloated body assured me that he at least had not starved. But the exultant diabolical expression of his grinning fangs and glaring eyes, as well as triumphant walk.

I can find no words to describe. I advanced to the door, and with but little effort pushed it open. But as I did so I heard again the yell, and felt something strike me on the breast and the grip of sharp teeth and claws on my neck. And with rage and horror, such as one feels within the slimy coils of a serpent, I grasped the hateful thing-the gloul-like black cat-and burled him in blind fury against the wall; and then, as he lay there kicking and writhing, I saw that my hands were covered with cold, clotted blood, that there was blood on the wall, on the floor, on the bed, and, merciful beaven! what else was there I dare not attempt to de-

With what sick sorrow I rushed out o that house I need not tell. But when in an hour's time I returned with my brother Mark and our two negro men, the black cat had disappeared.

We at first thought that the old woman was, like her husband, lifeless, but proper remedies revived her. She was starving, and her hands and her face were fearfully lacerated. She told us feebly, afterward, of the terrible sufferings of those days how they had watched for the wagons that had never came, and how the snow storm had prevented their seeking aid at any house; until in the pangs of hunger the old man had taken his meat-kuife with the intention of sacrificing the cat. The struggle between the two was fearful; and in it her husband had fallen, striking his forehead against a projection of the iron fire-dog. She had heard his moans once or twice, but had been unable to help him or even to turn in the bed. And the rest we shuddered to imagine.

We took the best possible care of her but she never recovered from her shock.

For myself, I have never since been able to endure the sight of a black cat; nor will I on any account allow one in my house. . I may add that for years afterward, and in some instances even to the present day, it was the superstitions belief of the country that 'old Burnett's 'cat haunted the house where these horrors occurred. He was certainly seen in the woods the summer following, wild and ferocious, but though we made several attempts to hunt him down, could never succeed

And now, sir, do you think it just possi ble that that animal could have compre hended his master's words when the latter threatened to eat him, and have resolved in his own mind, to turn the tables and eat

HE HAD NO MOTHER. - The other day when a stern and dignified judge ordered moment paused, and took in a view of the for a long term of years, the prisoner rose

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me !. Ilis words entered every heart in the court room. He was a rough, had man, in the middle age of life and he had been

convicted of burglary, but every heart softened toward him as his lips uttered the words. He felt what he said and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued:
"If I had had a mother's love and a mother's tears, some one to plead with me and pray for me. I should not now be what Ah! That's it! There is a power in

mother's love, in her tears, pleadings and prayers, whose infinence is hardly to be realized. God pity the lad who has no home to go to—no mother to whom he can tell his griefs and troubles—no mother to put her arms around his neck and beseech Heaven to keep him pure! There is no heart like a mother's Her child may wound it again and again, yea pierce it the first to excuse his faults, the last to condemn. The man who looks back over his childhood and youth regrets nothing as much as that he has brought tears of sorrow and sadues to a fond mother's eyes. Every tear a mother a wayward child is recorded in the great has a wayward of the looked at you I took you for a high-wayward when I looked at you I took you for a high-wayward. Adien."

RIDING ON A RAIL.

Here we sit side by side, one behind another, all in rows. Our umbrellas and traveling-bays and shawl straps over head. our dusters about us, each armed with a ticket which the conductor occasionally unches, with what motive he alone knows. The majority wearing his or her most discontented expression of countenance, and in every mind an occasional thought of colision or overset, as the whistle gives an exceptionally shrill shriek.

Brothers and sisters in our objects, our discomforts and our danger, as we are whirled to the next station behind the great iron-horse, but by no means so because of any brotherly love that the situation awakens in us; for each seems to blame his unknown neighbor for all the untoward circumstances of travel which are assuredly under no one's control.

At all events, the gentleman yonder evidently thinks that that lady behind him was instrumental in getting that cinder into his eye, for, having coaxed it out, he turns and glares at her, and says: "Have you any objection to having this window shut, ma'am?" in tones which prove how his wife catches it, when his dinner doesn't suit him.

Poor little spinster! Some such thoughts crossed her mind, I think. She has been tugging at that window for an hour, and has looked very much as if some one, strong enough to shut it, at her side, would be a comfort, but now an expression of pure content settles down upon her features .-Yes, my dear, he might have been like that, and it is much better as it is, very much better. You had best not look behind you, though. There is a picture calculated to make every woman say "Yes" to the question, "Will you have me?"

A tableau of two, both young and bandsome, their eyes so full of tenderness; their clothes so new, their hearts so light-sitting so very straight in their seats when we have moon written all over them-the only people on the car who are not bot and tired and drowsy. Heaven pity folks who have not had a honeymoon. No, don't look around, my dear.

A family party youder : Pa; ma; nurse in a cap; baby with a bettle, poisoning itself: little boy of three, bellowing twins of five eating cake; seven year old boy pinching his nine year old sister; a young lady of fourteen and a young gentleman of sixteen trying to look as if they did not belong to the family. Will they all get there safe, under the wing of parental solicitude?-And will the establishment where they are to be boarded for the summer keep them in their present state of plumpness? rach one fatter than the other, until the baby is simply a pink-and-white ball.

What a contrast to the old bachelor in the next seat, who looks as though some one had made jelly of him and thrown the boues away. Yet he seems harmless and lonely as does the excellent spinster yonder. If one could only make a match between them, now! They seem to be so perfectly suited to each other. Probably, however, if one inquired, he would not consider her young enough, and she would not think him as bandsome as he should be. People's taste for youth and personal beauty in the other sex does not seem to expire with their own, by any means.

Am I sorry for that young exquisite or not? He had managed to get himself so nicely fixed-a seat next the window on the shady side, the rest of it for his portmantean, his umbrella and his bat box, and he was so trim and dapper and cool and happy. He was not going to move his belongings, not he, until some elegantly l'essed damsel entered without escort. Vainly old ladies gazed at the seat, and old gentlemen stood hesitating. Away they went to roast on the sunny side of the car, for aught he cared. But Sally Maria Slocom, who got on at Punkin Bridge-we know her name because it is marked in white on her traveling bag-did not wait for things to be moved. She sat down : and how our exquisite holds his umbrella in one hand and its handle in the other, and at his feet lies a flattened bat box, into which he dares not look; while Sally Maria, in her rose-be-strewn hat and blanket shawl, eat peaches with soft spots in them. and besprinkles him with the inice. No need of pitying him : be pities him-

self enough .- M. K. D. in Philadelphia

WEBSTER AND THE DRIVER .- On one ccasion Mr. Webster was on his way to his duties at Washington and was compelled to proceed at hight by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, 'and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington (a proper place for outrage), and here I confess my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and with a gruff voice inquired my full of sympathetic tears, he mee from the relieved.

HE Was Man .- On the bank of the

Saco River, not a thousand miles from Conway, lived Mark Wentup. Mark was an industrious man-a farmer in a small way-and willing to work for all who wished to hire him. In temperament Mark was sauguine and hearty, and he led if not a blameless life, a life about asclear in its daily record as are the average of lives. In that section, and in that time, and among the people who went to make up the society in which he moved, it would have been a marvel indeed if Mark had not occasionally moistened his lips with a beverage somewhat stronger than tea. His appetite for strong drink was not his master, and yet, once in every year, he gave

that appetite full sway. On the day of town meeting Mark drank liberally. It was a day by him set apart for a good time, and when the day came he was sure to On a certain town meeting day, when the political fever ran high, Mark drank

freely-so freely that on his way home-ward the breadth of the road troubled him more than did its length. His cottage stood upon a bluff, and directly back of his out-buildings the river's bank had an almost perpendicular height of thirty feet or more. Arrived at home, Mark sought the rear of his barn, probabty there to lie quietly down and repose, but in his uncerain gait he made a misstep, and fell over the bank, rolling like a log from top to bottom, and bringing up against a board fence, where he lay for a little time bereft of sense. But his wife had seen him approach, had watched him go behind the barn, and had come out just in season to see him pitch over the bank. Of course she was very soon by his side, and ere long he was upon his feet, with no bones broken, and without serious injury of any kind. But his wife fancied she had made

a discovery.
"Mark !--Mark Wentup!" she exclaimed, with look and tone of intense scorn, 'you've been drinking !-you're drunk !'

He straightened himself instanter, and flashed back an indignant, heroic look of

"No-o, I ain't d-d-runk, but, by Jerew (kic) s'lum I'm 'bom'able mad ! S. C., JR.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES. - A neighbor found a slip of paper the other day which from the following memoranda pena taudable desire on the part of some German Bible reader to come familiar with leading Biblical personages and events by nothing and abstract for the purpose of memorizing: Ve vound id oud by der book dot Adam

[I forgot his oder name] vos de firstests

Eve wer der nexed. Von day dey got troubled erbout eading some qvinces and as kicked out of der garten. Cain and Able was the firstest shildren.

ain got mad und put a head on his brudder und den lit oud. He vas one pad boy. Yough vas a visherman. Von day he gone to der goose pont to catch shrimps, and ven he vas looking for bait, be valked right away of a vahle's mout in. But der valle make him poody gwick valk oud again. He vos too strong mit de fishes

Yoseph's big brudder got yellous of him because he vore a striped goat, and sold him for \$20. Und after avile give um some roasding ears und make it all righd. Solomon knew more as everypody. He don vood cut a little boy in bieces to settle a disturbance mit two gals. He said it

was petter to gove the whole hog or none. Sam's sons (I don't hear he mudder's name), vos de strongest. He vos a bruiser. He got fighten mit a dozen fellows, und he clean um oud mit a jackass' bone. Yob vos der pashentest man. You could stick pins in him all tay and be wouldn't

Lazarus vos der boor man. Dev don't give no free lunch dese tays, und be vos always skirminishin' around for de grumbs.

REMARKABLE CASE OF TRANCE .- A VECT extraordinary case of suspended animation vas revealed at No. 137 Delancy street, in this city, a few days ago. The victim of it is a Swedish girl aged twenty-two, named Anna Froben. She was taken suddenly while at work with a stroke of what was called paralysis, and fell dead to the floor. The alarmed family called in a physician, Dr. Lindenborn, who examined the body and pronounced the girl dead. Her rela-tives were sent for, and a brother soon arrived. By this time the girl's face had turned blue and there was every evidence that she was a corpse. But, to everybody's astonishment, the brother declined to beheve it, and declared that she was only in a trance and had been subject to such fits-for many years. The friends of the girl were indignant at this statement, and sent forthwith for an undertaker to prepare the ody for interment. The man of and shrouds arrived, and joined with the physician in pronouncing the girl to be dead beyond possibility of doubt. He proved it by dropping hot sealing-wax upon the breast, and as the body gave no sign of life it was concluded that the undertaker was right. The body was placed on ice for the night. In the morning the undertaker returned to complete his preparations, when to his horror the girl started up, and exclaimed, "I am so cold,"—a natural result of being on ice all night. She was taken to a fire, and in a short time was able to converse. She said her brother was right and once before she had been laid out for burial. The physician was recalled, and procounced the case a very remarkable one.

New York Letter.

Sue led him to a sofa and in a deep base roice called him het soul's idol and inquired what his a monthly income was. Seeing his gaze fixed on her boa-constrictor like month, she remarked : "Darling, I see you notice my large and beautiful mouth, let me explain to you the reason of its unusual size. When I was quite a child I was playing on pappy's cellar door. It gave way: I was precipitated down into sofa, and replied as he made towards the door; "My angel, you are perhaps mixta-ken. Probably in the excionment of that

A PAIR of cuffs-two dark ya.