Cambria Freeman.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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UME X. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1876. NUMBER 45.

DVERTISEMENTS.

Medal Awarded to the KNITTING MACHINE! Stocking in 15 Minutes. Knitting off the toe and narrowing off the toe to suit all sizes; narrows and widens at the heel; knits either Tubular or Flat, Plain or Ribbed, producing all varieties of work. Send for circulars and sample stocking. KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or Philadelphia, Pa.

J. & P. COATS Awarded a Medal and Diploma of the Council at Exposition, and recommended by the Judges for Superior STRENGTH —AND— EXCELLENT QUALITY —OF— "Spool COTTON."

A. T. GOSHORN, Director-General. J. R. HAWLEY, Pres. ALEX. E. BOWLER, Sec'y pro tem

Fine Visiting Cards, with name, 10 cts. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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Little Rock and Fort Smith RAILWAY —IS— FOR SALE. 1,000,000 Acres Grazing Lands, Fruit Lands, Timber Lands, Wood Lands, some Prairie Lands, and Uplands, on terms to suit purchasers, six per cent. interest on deferred payments, 10 per cent. discount for cash. Maps and pamphlets, apply to CHAS. BLACK, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Ark.

Chromo Cards, with your name finely printed, 10c. We have 100 styles. Agents Wanted. 8 samples sent for stamp. G. S. HULLER & CO., Brockton, Mass.

$45 PER TERM, $27 PER YEAR, Board and All Expenses at Chamberlain Institute, BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Established 1856. Property $102,000. Endowment, $50,000. One hundred and fifty pupils (both sexes) shall be received at the opening of the Winter term, Wednesday, Dec. 6, 1876. For Catalogues (free) address Rev. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D., President.

GOOD FORTUNE! Persons can purchase tickets in the Grand Extraordinary Drawing, Monday, December 4, 1876. LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY. This Company was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational purposes, with a Capital of $1,000,000, to which it has added a surplus fund of $550,000. Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. The season of 1876 closes with the Grand Extraordinary Drawing, January 2, 1877. Tickets $1. Halves, $5 00. Quarters, $2 50. Eighths $1 00. Twenty Tickets for $20 00. Twenty-five Fractions for $20 00. Twenty-five Halves for $50 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $100 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $200 00. Twenty-five Tickets for $500 00. Twenty-five Halves for $1,000 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $2,000 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $4,000 00. Twenty-five Tickets for $10,000 00. Twenty-five Halves for $20,000 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $40,000 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $80,000 00.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $50,000. Tickets at $20 each. Fractions in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize	$50,000
1 Grand Prize	20,000
1 Grand Prize	10,000
2 Prizes of $5,000	10,000
5 Prizes of 2,500	12,500
10 Prizes of 1,000	10,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
500 Prizes of 50	25,000
1,000 Prizes of 20	20,000
2,500 Prizes of 10	25,000
10,000 Prizes of 5	50,000
100,000 Prizes of 2	200,000
100,000 Prizes of 1	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Approximation Prizes of $300	30,000
100 Approximation Prizes of $200	20,000
100 Approximation Prizes of $100	10,000
1,967 Prizes, amounting to	$368,900

Send for Circulars or send orders to W. H. MARCH, 307 Broadway, New York. J. A. BEARD, New Orleans, La. Address, THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY, New Orleans, La. Louisiana State Lottery Company's Regular Quarterly Drawing takes place monthly. The next Grand Extraordinary Drawing takes place January 2, 1877. Tickets $1. Halves $5 00. Quarters $2 50. Eighths $1 00. Twenty Tickets for $20 00. Twenty-five Fractions for $20 00. Twenty-five Halves for $50 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $100 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $200 00. Twenty-five Tickets for $500 00. Twenty-five Halves for $1,000 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $2,000 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $4,000 00. Twenty-five Tickets for $10,000 00. Twenty-five Halves for $20,000 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $40,000 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $80,000 00. Twenty-five Tickets for $500 00. Twenty-five Halves for $1,000 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $2,000 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $4,000 00. Twenty-five Tickets for $10,000 00. Twenty-five Halves for $20,000 00. Twenty-five Quarters for $40,000 00. Twenty-five Eighths for $80,000 00.

JUDICIAL LIST for December Term, 1876, commencing on MONDAY, the 11th day of month:

SECOND WEEK.

Evans, M. D., feigned issue; Burns vs. B., feigned issue; Seiden vs. Conway; Pate vs. Wentroth, feigned issue; Flattery; Cambria Iron Co vs. Wade; vs. Knoulton; Hugus vs. Morrow vs. McMullin; Hamilton vs. Kay; Lapsley; Russell vs. Hochstein; Kennedy et. al.; Breetle vs. Hannon; Caley; Fronheiser vs. Johnstown; Gurney vs. Patterson; Kerr vs. Walters vs. Shoemaker; Griffith Keim vs. Nagle; Mellon vs. Johnston; Cooper & Mellon vs. Finney; Sindler vs. Bonacker; Fritz & Co.

R. McCOLGAN, Prothonotary. Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1876.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of ANDREW DODSON, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Andrew Dodson, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby give notice of the granting of letters of administration on the estate of said decedent, to all persons indebted to the said estate that payment must be made immediately, and those having claims against the said estate will present their own interests by presenting them properly authenticated for settlement.

S. M. DOUGLASS, Administrator.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNEE OF HIS APPOINTMENT IN BANKRUPTCY. West District of Pennsylvania, ss: The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of FERDINAND MARX, of Johnstown in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his creditors' petition by the District Court of the District.

OTHELLO SMEED, Assignee.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The Sisters of Charity have opened a Boarding School for Young Ladies at St. Mary's Convent, Holidaysburg. Terms, $150 per annum, payable in advance. Music and Languages, extra charge. [9-1-3m.]

[ORIGINAL.]

Somewhere to Rest; or, the Laborer's Petition.

AIR—"*Mother would comfort me.*"

Weary and wand'ring the chilly day thro'—
Leafless the trees in the snow-covered view;
Sad wails the wind through the low friendly thorn—
God only knows where I'll stay until morn!
Yonder's a snow-bird, it knows where to rest:
Through this cold night it has warm, cozy nest.
Heaven look down on thy child in the storm!
Send him a shelter his chill limbs to warm.

CHORUS.

Hard is my fortune—I'm poor and forlorn!
Seeking for work in the chill wintry storm;
Don't look so coldly upon my distress—
Help a poor wand'rer and Heaven will bless.

Faces wear frowns when they look upon me,
Smiles and kind greetings all vanish and flee;
Coldly they look on my clothing so worn,
Sneering, perhaps,—O, 'tis hard to be borne!
What have I done that doth merit this shame?
Labor I'm seeking, yet I'm not to blame;
Gladly I've toiled through the happy day long,
Soothing the hours with a joy-laden song.
Hard is my fortune, etc.

Wide spreads the cold, frozen fields to my sight—
Give me a shelter this dark, gloomy night!
Glitter the stars through the frost-armored trees—
Wails through the forest the damp-laden breeze.
Happy you cattle, secure from the cold;
Calmly the fleecy sheep rest in the fold;
O, that I had where to lay down my head,
Where the cold winds would not harass my bed!
Hard is my fortune, etc.

Last night I slept on the cold, frozen ground,
Sofened by leaves that the wind had blown 'round;
Twinkling stars peeped through the twigs from the sky—
Only the All-knowing Presence was nigh!
Ah! but I tasted life's bitterness then,
Secret to all but the Omnicient ken!
God knows it is hard to be poor and forlorn,
Seeking for work 'mid the chill wintry storm!
Hard is my fortune, etc.

Some may be worthless, though poor and oppressed,
Yet God-like charity's hand will be blessed
If she but give with a wish to allay
Misery's work on poor souls of the clay.
When the few years of our lives shall have flown—
When we must tread the dark valley alone—
Thoughts of the wretched relieved from distress
Will the last moments of memory bless!
Hard is my fortune, etc.

A. D. H.

THE VALUE OF AN OATH.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

It was an unpopular case to defend. The crime charged against my client was one of shocking atrocity—the murder of his own child. The popular verdict had already condemned him, and there was little doubt but that of the jury would go the same way.

Arthur Berkley, the prisoner, had married Edith Granger, a wealthy heiress whose father had died, leaving her his whole fortune, to the exclusion of a profligate son whom he had disinherited and driven from his home.

Mrs. Berkley died within a year after marriage, leaving an infant a few weeks old, a feeble little creature, requiring constant and assiduous care. Indeed, Dr. Baldwin almost took up his quarters in the house, often passing the night there, that he might be at hand in case of need.

One of these nights, the doctor, as he afterwards stated in his evidence, after retiring to bed, feeling solicitous about his little charge, got up and stole softly to the nursery to see that everything was right.

He found the door ajar and a dim light burning within. As he advanced, he distinctly saw Arthur Berkley standing by the table, holding to the child's mouth the bottle from which it was accustomed to receive its food. At the sound of the doctor's footsteps, he quickly put down the bottle, and stealthily left the apartment by a side entrance.

Not a little surprised at these movements, the doctor approached and laid his hand upon the child's face, which he found in violent colvulsions, which were followed, in a few seconds, by the stillness of death.

A *post mortem* examination and analysis of the contents of the stomach, placed it beyond doubt that prussic acid had been administered. And an examination of the bottle, found where Berkley had left it, proved that the milk in it contained a large quantity of the same deadly poison.

On this evidence Berkley was arrested and indicted for murder; and there was not a dissenting voice as to his guilt. An incentive to the crime was found in the fact that, as heir to his child, he would inherit the fortune which had descended to the latter through the death of its mother. No wonder a deed so monstrous, actuated by motives so mercenary, should excite the deepest indignation.

Berkley's previous character had been good. He had always appeared gentle and kind; had been a devoted husband; and, during the brief period of its life, had shown the tenderest attachment to his child.

In my conference with him, he seemed overwhelmed with grief, but strenuously denied all imputations of guilt, asserting that he had not gone to the nursery after retiring that night, till called by the alarm of the child's death.

Of course, his statements, in the face of proofs so damaging, weighed but little. I had no confidence in them myself. Still, it was my professional duty to see that a man on trial for his life, who had entrusted me with his cause, had every right the law accorded him. This duty performed my conscience would be clear whatever the result.

It would be tedious to dwell on the steps preceding the trial. I interposed no obstacles in its coming on speedily. My aim was not to thwart the ends of justice, but to see it fairly meted out.

Dr. Baldwin was the first and chief witness. He told his story clearly and methodically; and it was easy to see it carried conviction to the jury. My rigid cross-examination only served to bring out his evidence with more distinctness of detail. I elicited the fact, for instance, that the child's nurse lay in the same room; that she was asleep when the doctor entered, and that it was to her he first announced the child's death. I also examined fully as to the prisoner's acts at the time the alarm was given, thinking to prove that he came from his own chamber, appearing to have been just aroused from sleep. But I made nothing of this, the witness stating that his agitation had distracted his attention from these points.

The doctor had only recently settled among us, but his conduct had been so exemplary that he had made many friends. He had especially won the confidence of the prisoner. I interrogated him as to his past career, but brought out nothing to his discredit.

The evidence of the chemist who made the analysis was next put in, and the State's attorney "rested."

"I have brought the nurse here," he said, "but as she was asleep when the prisoner entered, her evidence is unimportant. I thought it my duty to have her here, however, to afford the other side the opportunity to call her if they desired."

Nothing could render the prisoner's case more hopeless than it was already, while something might come out to his advantage.

"I will call the witness," I said.

She was a middle aged woman, of not unprepossessing appearance. Her agitation was visible; and I noticed that, in taking the oath, she laid her hand beside the book and not upon it.

"I ask that the witness be sworn with her hand upon the book," I said, calling attention to the omission.

The judge so ordered; and the witness's hand shook violently as she reluctantly obeyed the direction, and the oath was readministered.

After a few preliminary questions as to the hour of her retiring, her falling asleep, &c.

"What is the next thing you remember?" I asked.

The witness hesitated.

"Answer the question," said his Honor.

"I—I heard a noise as of some one coming into the room," she faltered.

"Did you see any one enter?"

Another pause.

I repeated the inquiry.

"I did," was the answer.

"What did the person do?"

The woman's face grew paler, and it was with difficulty she found utterance.

"He came to the side of the cradle," she said, "with the bottle of milk in his hand, and put it to the baby's mouth."

The judge and State's attorney both bent forward in eager attention. The latter, it was evident, had not expected this testimony.

I felt that my questions thus far had only served to draw the halter closer about my client's neck. But I had gone too far to retreat.

My voice trembled almost as much as that of the witness as I proceeded:

"Did you recognize that person?"

"I did," was the answer, scarcely audible.

My client's life hung on the answer to the next question! The silence of the court-room was death-like. I dreaded to break it. The sound of my voice startled me when I spoke.

"Who was it?" I asked.

Her lips moved, but no sound came.

"By the solemn oath you have taken on that sacred book, and by your hopes of salvation hereafter, I adjure you to tell the truth!" I said earnestly.

Her agitation was fearful to witness.—She shook from head to foot. A deadly pallor overspread her face. Slowly raising her trembling hand, and pointing at Dr. Baldwin:

"That is the man!" she almost shrieked.

Then, in quick, wild accents she went on to tell that on finding himself discovered by reason of her waking, the culprit, who was no other than Geo. Granger, Mrs. Berkley's profligate brother, had disclosed to her that his purpose was to regain his lost inheritance by putting out of the way those who stood between him and it, promising the witness to provide for her handsomely if she kept his secret; but, when put to the test, she had found herself unable to violate her solemn oath.

Geo. Granger, *alias* Dr. Baldwin, would have left the court-room, but an officer was ordered to detain him; and when his disguise was removed, though he had been absent many years, there were many present who could testify to his identity.

My client was acquitted on the spot; and his cell in the prison was that night occupied by his false accuser.

WHAT we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.

A THRILLING SCENE.

HOW A CHILD WAS SAVED FROM BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH.

A writer in the *Ledger* says: I find it in my scrap book, clipped and pasted there a score of years ago. Anything touching the Austrian cavalry had a charm for me at the time, as I was just home from that part of the world. I had witnessed the evolutions at drill of the cavalry of every European nation except the Russians, and the Austrians bore the palm. It is a grand sight—twenty to forty thousand horses, where each and every horse understands the slightest note of the bugle, sweeping over the plain, and changing position like an enormous machine, guided by an unerring master hand.

It must be seen to be appreciated. Words cannot reproduce the picture. On a certain occasion an event transpired which lent a most thrilling interest to the military scene. It was a review held in Vienna, on the occasion of the fifteeth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of Maria Theresa.

Not far from thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child, not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping round from the main body. They had made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the ground.

Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction appeared to be inevitable—and such a terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs.

Directly under the horses' feet was the little one—another instant must seal its doom; when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slacking his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle bow, and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress.

And a proud and happy moment must it have been for the hussar, when the Emperor took from his own breast the richly encircled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, and hung it upon the breast of the gallant trooper.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, was in 1813 when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work for me while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan," said he, 'if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep.'

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself, "I don't expect to have a sheep." My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was worth a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time, so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got to the field I could not keep his words out of my mind Then I thought of Sunday's lessons: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things." I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty, be you faithful and you will have your reward.

I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York city as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took this meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, James Geery, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you; be careful who you walk the streets at night with." That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are: "Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates." Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

THE sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

A child in a nursery crying—a boy in a cricket-field "out!"—
A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gout—
A heart dried up, and narrowed—a task repeated in vain—
A field plowed deep and harrowed, but bare and barren of grain.
Some sense of experience wasted, of counsel misunderstood,
Of pleasure, bitter when tasted, and pain that did him no good.
Some sparks of sentiment perished—some flashes of genius lost—
A torrent of false love cherished—a ripple of true love crossed,
Some feeble breasting of trouble, to glide again with the stream—
In principle void as a bubble—in purpose vague as a dream.
A future hope half-hearted, for dim is the future now
That the triple cord has parted, and death is damp on the brow.
And a debt is to pay by the debtor—a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse;
A feeling he should have been better, a doubt if he could have been worse;
While the ghostly finger traces its ghostly message of doom,
And a troop of ghostly faces pass on in darkened room;
With ghostly shapes to beckon, and ghostly voices to call.
And the grim record to reckon, and add the total of all.
The sum of a life expended—a pearl in a pig-trough cast—
A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last?
The dead man propped on a pillow—the journey taken alone—
The tomb with an urn and a willow, and a lie carved deep in the stone!

Brave Blacksmith Lambert.

In the year 1812 the western portions of Pennsylvania, embracing the mountainous regions between Chambersburg and Pittsburg, presented little more than an unbroken wilderness, through which the great road from Philadelphia passed; and at that period it was a highway between the Eastern cities and the great Western wilderness of Ohio and Kentucky.

About midway of this road, and in a most dismal locality, was located an inn, kept by an honest, well-to-do German, named Stottlers. The house was a small one, but the accommodations were amply sufficient for the travel that came that way. In the spring of the year mentioned, there came from the stock-raising region, around Pittsburg, a drover, who, with his flock of well-fattened bullocks, was on his way to Philadelphia. He was well armed, and mounted on a horse of spotless whiteness. In conversation with the inmates of Stottlers' inn—the most of whom were ordinary hunters—he stated without reserve the objects of his trip, and communicated the fact that on his return he would stop at the tavern with the proceeds from the sale of his cattle in his possession.

On the day following his arrival, the stranger departed. About three weeks thereafter, or at the time he was expected to return, two Canadian Frenchmen, of villainous appearance, and both heavily armed, arrived at Stottlers', and, after breakfasting, continued their journey eastward. In less than an hour they returned, accompanied by a third traveler, who was mounted on a white horse that closely resembled that ridden by the Pittsburg drover. The third party, in the course of his conversation with the landlord, stated that his name was Pollock, that he lived near the residence of General Arthur St. Clair, in Westmoreland county, and that he was on his way to rejoin his wife and children, from whom he had been separated for some weeks. He stated also that he was a farmer, but possessed of small means. The contents of his purse were, however small they might be, at the disposal, in equal shares, with destitute travelers, such as those whose company he was in, and whose expenses to Pittsburg he expected to pay.

After partaking of some refreshments the three men then took the road westward. In less than an hour John Stottler and his brother-in-law, John Lambert, a blacksmith by trade and a thorough frontiersman, were startled while in conversation on the porch outside the inn to see Pollock's riderless horses approaching them on a gallop. As the animal neared them they saw that he was besmatted with blood, and Lambert, who had just been communicating his suspicions of the Frenchmen; insisted that the farmer had been murdered, and urged an immediate pursuit of his companions.

The servants about the inn were at once mounted and sent out to scour the country for assistance, while Lambert and his less energetic relative busied themselves in preparing their horses and arms for the chase. By noonday about a dozen men, residing nearest the inn, congregated at the general rendezvous, and, with Lambert for a leader, were soon in pursuit of the murderers. After a journey of about one mile the party came to the scene of the murder. Here they discovered the evidences of a terrible struggle. The snow which lay upon the ground was much trampled and greatly discolored with blood, and a few feet away from this scene lay the corpse of the murdered man, wedged in between two logs, and covered with the rubbish of leaves and broken twigs. Two balls had passed through the body, and in the breast were several gaping wounds that had evidently been inflicted with a large hunting knife.

One of the hands of the deceased was terribly disfigured, as he had evidently grasped the blade of the knife, which, being drawn through his fingers, nearly cut them in twain. His clothing was badly torn, while his countenance indicated the intense agony of his dying moments.

It appeared from the foot tracks in the snow leading to the west that the murderers had set their horses free or been compelled to part with them, and this seemed a wise precaution on their part as the mountainous condition of the country ahead of them rendered travel by foot, to those accustomed to such exertion, far more expeditious than by horseback. Lambert and his companions, knowing this to be the case, determined to follow their prey on foot also. Accordingly the major part of the party at once continued on the trail, while three or four of the men removed the body and horses to Stottlers' inn. Shortly after night had fallen, Lambert's associates became dissatisfied with their errand, and in a body returned to the inn.

The intrepid blacksmith, notwithstanding the demoralizing defection, continued the pursuit alone. After traveling in a northwestern direction, for twelve or fourteen miles he came to an old and disused road, running nearly parallel with the one he had left. This was called the "Old Pennsylvania Trace," between Philadelphia and Red Stone Old Fort, situated on the waters of the Monongahela river. It was the first road ever opened between eastern Pennsylvania and the head waters of the Ohio river, and the ancient landmark, "three chops and a blaze," were still visible by daylight on the trees.

This ancient road and landmark were adopted by the old surveyors and openers of roads to the West to propitiate Heaven in favor of the first settlers of the great Western wilderness, and hence the first chop was for the Father, the second for the Son and the third for the Holy Ghost; and the blaze was merely designated to attract the eye of the observes.

When Lambert struck the old road he discovered on the north side of it a dilapidated log cabin. Approaching the cabin he noticed a light within, and, feeling satisfied that the murderers were close at hand, he gave a loud cough. This brought to the rear of the house the old woman who occupied it, and who obtained a living by selling cakes and beer to passing wayfarers. Lambert, in a feigned voice, asked to spend the night within, and was at once admitted. He had but crossed the threshold when the report of a musket was heard in the next room, and the ball splintered the woodwork of the door above his head.

Without a moment's hesitation Lambert, with nothing but his tomahawk in hand, sprang into the next room and struck down the man in whose hand was the still smoking musket. The villain's companion, the smaller man of the two, at once fled the house; but before he passed beyond the light of the fire within, the avenger, with the wretch's own rifle, brought him to the earth in a struggle with death that lasted but a second. As soon as he had fired the shot Lambert turned upon the prostrate murderer, who was about to rise, and struck him a second time, felling him to the floor again. He then with a rope furnished him by the old women, bound the villain's hands and legs securely. In the morning the avenger borrowed a horse from the woman, strapped upon its back the living and dead murderers, and before nightfall arrived at Stottlers' inn. On the following day the living man was lynched in front of the inn, and the two bodies were then consigned to an unhonored grave. Lambert's companions, craven hearted as they had proven themselves, were loud in praise of their daring leader, who, until the day of his death was a hero in the humble circle of life in which he was placed.

CHANGED HIS MIND.—A young man whom I know, says a correspondent of a New York paper, crossed the Chelsea ferry to Boston one morning, and turned into Commercial street for his usual glass. As he poured out the poison, the landlord's wife came in and confidentially asked for five hundred dollars to purchase an elegant shawl she had seen. He drew from his breast pocket a well-filled pocket book and counted her out the money. The man pushed aside the glass untouched, and laying down ten cents, departed in silence. That very morning his devoted Christian wife asked him for ten dollars to purchase a cheap cloak, that she might attend church. He crossly told her he hadn't the money. As he left the saloon he reflected; "Here I am helping to pay for a five hundred dollar Cashmere shawl for that man's wife, but my wife asks in vain for a ten dollar cloak. I can't stand this. I have spent my last dime in drink." When the next pay day came that meek, loving wife was surprised with a beautiful new cloak from her reformed husband. She could hardly believe her own eyes and ears as he laid it out on the table, saying: "There, Emma, is a present for you! I have been a fool long enough. Forgive me for the past, and I will not touch liquor again." She threw her arms about his neck, and her hot tears told her heartfelt joy, as she sobbed: "Charlie, I thank you a thousand times! I never expected so nice a cloak. You couldn't have selected a prettier one. This seems like other days. Come, now, I have supper all ready. You are so good, and I am so happy." The great, strong, noble fellow couldn't hide his tears as he related the facts to me. He said it was the happiest hour in ten years of married life.

CONCERNING the word "Salt River," as politically applied, we clip the following from an exchange:

Davy Crockett, the famous Kentucky Congressman, while a Whig candidate, was challenged by his Democratic opponent to meet him on the stump in joint discussion. Crockett accepted and the day and place were fixed, but Crockett did not appear, and the people, thinking him afraid to do so, rallied for his opponent and elected him. It afterwards turned out that Crockett, who had started for the place in a canoe propelled by a negro, had been landed in the forest at the head waters of Salt River, by his treacherous guide, who then swiftly paddled off down the stream. Crockett was too good a hunter to starve in the wilderness, but he was totally unable to reach the appointed place in time, and gave it up and with it his chance of election. Hence the phrase "Up Salt River," meaning that a party is hopelessly defeated.

A TEMPERANCE PUZZLE.—The Jefferson County *Journal* furnishes the following ingenious puzzle:

R
RER
REDER
REDRDER
REDRURDER
REDRUMURDER
REDRUM&MURDER
REDRUMURDER
REDRURDER
REDRDER
REDER
RER
R

The secret is to discover how many different ways you can read the warning words—Red Rum and Murder. After you think you have the solution correctly, look it over again carefully and see if you are not at least a thousand out of the way.

THE champion scholar has turned up. Being asked to sign his initials to a document, he wanted to know "what nickels were." Why, your name being Geo. Gould, you want two Gs." Oh, I see," he said, and wrote "2 Geeze."

A Thrilling Accident.

A special dispatch from Scranton to the New York *Herald* says: The wildest and most improbable of Jules Verne's "Scientific Romances" contains nothing more thrilling than an accident that has just occurred at Dunmore, one of the suburbs of this city, and the great shipping center of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. The coal trains are hoisted up a series of steep plains over the undulating mountains that intervene between Scranton and Hawley, by a finely regulated and admirably equipped system of machinery, and where gentle slopes and long "levels" occur are sped onward by gravitation, under control of an experienced corps of brakemen. A runaway train down one of those sharply sloping places is a rare occurrence, every precaution possible being taken to avert such an accident. Yet, occasionally, there is a runaway, and its headlong flight is something terrific. The train of which I speak consisted of four cars laden with coal. They were drawn up the plane by a stout wire rope, and were preceded by a small truck known as the "balance car." Just they had reached within a few feet of the head house the fastening gave way, a moment's pause and then the coal train commenced its wild career down the mountain side, striking terror into the hearts of the workmen at the engine house as they saw it speed away. Down, down it dashed with a rush like a whirl-wind, gaining in momentum as it went until it neared the front of the plane. A workman named Durkin, who was engaged pushing a car along a branch track at the foot, immediately in the way of the runaway, saw it approach him and was paralyzed with awe. It was several yards distant, and he made a desperate effort to escape. But with a velocity almost as great as that of a cannon ball it struck him and the car by which he was standing, sweeping both a distance of 200 yards, until Durkin and the car collided with a large coal train lying on the level. The scene that ensued baffles description. The crash was followed by a thick cloud of coal, pieces of wood and iron and in the midst of the destructive tumult poor Durkin was torn to pieces. The men who saw him when he was struck looked for him after the force of the shock had been spent and were horrified to find him cut up into fragments, the largest of which weighed not more than a pound. The strength of the shock may be imagined when I state that heavy car wheels were flung as high as the car shops, fully a height of twenty feet in the air. The accident, which is the first fatal mishap that has ever occurred on No. 6 plane, is described by those who witnessed it as being wildly grand when the rushing train descended, like a thunderbolt, down the steep track. The plane is constructed on a grade of one to every three feet. Durkin was over sixty years of age and had been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Coal Company for twenty years.

WITHDRAWING LEISURELY.—The Elko (Nev.) *Independent* tells the following:—While traveling through Arizona in 1849 with an exploring party, we made our camp one evening near a canyon, the bottom of which was covered with fine sands that had drifted from the neighboring plains.—While employed in arranging our camp, the botanist of the expedition, Dr. B., wandered off a short distance in pursuit of plants. He returned shortly and reported that there were Indians near at hand. He was as cool as a cucumber, and didn't show a sign of anxiety or alarm. In answer to our hasty inquiries he replied that while he was engaged in examining a fossil specimen he heard a grunt behind him, and on looking around discovered an Indian who had seized his gun, which had been placed against a rock. The Indian drew a bead on him, and in retaliation he drew his revolver and sighted the Indian, retreating at the same time toward the canyon, which was close at hand. Neither fired. On reaching the canyon he walked leisurely into camp. A party immediately set out to determine the possibility of danger, and discovered two Indians and a squaw. After capturing them they examined the vicinity in which the doctor had met with his remarkable adventure. They found his footprints, which signified a cautious retreat to the canyon. But alas! for the frailty of human nature; his footprints in the canyon were eight feet apart by measurement, and not exactly indicative of the leisurely manner in which he had approached the camp. The doctor acknowledged the corn, and remarked that that was about as leisurely as he ever wished to walk under similar circumstances."

A REMARKABLE incident occurred at Brown & Hall's saw mill, in Acton, while a pine log was being sawed into lumber. The outside slab and one board had been cut off, and while the workmen were turning over the log they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut with the saw.—How the stranger got there was a mystery, as he was completely incased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and he had no doubt grown up with it from infancy, being probably hundreds of years old. The animal was quite flat, and nearly as large as a man's hand. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded. How did he get there, and what did he live on?—*Toronto Globe.*

NEWSPAPERS.—An exchange sagely remarks: "We observe that the greediest man after a newspaper is the one who is too mean to subscribe. He is always in waiting for the latest paper, and it is not two minutes on the owner's premises till the non-subscriber pounces upon it and never lets go till the last line is read, and then perhaps casts it aside with the remark that he could make a better paper himself." He can be called the 'newspaper fiend,' and there are others like unto him. One of these is the chap who steals newspapers from door steps, front yards and other eligible locations, and yet another is the fellow who subscribes for a paper and refuses to pay for it. All such will surely reap their reward—and it won't be a nice one."