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### A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor, Making for the fender; Sunlight seems to make it sneeze, Baby "on a tender!"  
 All the spoons upset and gone, Chairs drawn up in file, Harness strings all strung across, Ought to make one smile,  
 Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue (How these charms will dwindle!) For I father think—"don't you?"  
 Baby "is a swindle."  
 Noon! A tangled, silken floss Getting in blue eyes, Apron that will not keep clean, If a baby tries!  
 Underneath the table, Chairs gone mad and blocks and toys, Well as they are able;  
 Baby in a high chair, too, Yelling for his dinner,  
 Spoon in mouth—I think—"don't you?" Baby "is a stunner!"  
 Night! Chairs are all set back again, Blocks and spoons in order;  
 One blue shoe beneath a mat  
 Apron folded on a chair,  
 Plaid dress torn and wrinkled, Two pink feet kicked rather bare,  
 Little fat knees crinkled;  
 In his crib, and conquered, too, By sleep, best evangel;  
 Now, I surely think—"don't you?" Baby "is an angel!"  
 Bertha Sidney Scranton.

### THE TRAPPER'S STORY.

One dark stormy night late in the autumn of '57, two men belonging to a party of adventurers were slowly wending their way through a dense forest in the valley of the Yellow Stone river.

A light snow, the first that had fallen that season, sheeting the ground, these men had started out in pursuit of deer. Being unsuccessful, yet anxious to secure one at least of the bounding herd before returning, they spent nearly the whole day in the chase, and wandered a long distance from the camp of their friends. All their efforts proving fruitless, they at length resolved to return to the camp; but night soon set in, and with the gathering darkness arose a violent snow storm, such as is seldom witnessed except in the Far West, and they were soon forced to admit the terrible truth that they were lost in that immense wilderness. Still they pressed forward amid the storm and gloom till near midnight, entirely ignorant of their course, and half-maddened by the horror of their situation.

Their progress was impeded by the rapidly deepening snow, and their bodies were chilled by the piercing wind which seemed to cut like steel, yet to halt was certain death, and they must struggle onward. Despair was swiftly crushing out the last ray of hope, when lo! a light is seen faintly in the distance. Knowing not whether its glaucous rays enlivened friend or foe, the tired men hastened forward, choosing rather to trust themselves in the hands of an enemy than perish in the wilderness, a prey to wild beasts. Following the direction of the light they were soon led to the cabin of a friendly hunter. Giving a light rap upon the door of the hut, it was quickly opened, and from the blinding storm they were admitted to the rude though comfortable home of the fearless trapper, Jack Granger.

Granger was a powerfully built man, a trifle over six feet in height, and his motions were as agile as those of a panther. His weather bronzed features were frank and manly, though somewhat disfigured by a heavy scar upon the left cheek.

The strangers seated themselves by the blazing fire and their story was soon told. The trapper, ever ready to welcome the stranger to his humble abode, bade them be as comfortable as might be, while his wife, an Indian woman of rare personal beauty, set about preparing them some food. After partaking of a hearty meal of venison, they gathered once more around the glowing fire, and entered freely into conversation with the hunter. The conversation naturally turned upon feats of adventure, and being anxious to learn something of the history of him who gave them shelter from the storm, well knowing that the life of the trapper and hunter in those wild regions could not be devoid of thrilling interest, they eagerly requested him to relate some of his adventures, to which he readily assented.

"If you please," said he, "I will give you a brief outline of my history, together with the circumstances by which I gained this woman here, whom, although the daughter of a savage, I am proud to call wife; also the circumstances by which I received this ugly scar which you have, doubtless, already observed upon my face."

Then, refilling his capacious pipe, he commenced the narrative which I will now endeavor to give in his own words: "I was born in the eastern part of Ohio. My father was by profession a farmer, but being an ardent lover of hunting and wild life he removed, with his wife, into the northern part of the state of Wisconsin, and built a comfortable log cabin on the shore of a beautiful lake, at the head of a small tributary of the Mississippi. I being then a lad of 10 years, was left in charge of an uncle, that I might be sent to school. I remained at school till I was 14; but inheriting all my father's love of wild life, I preferred the forest to the school-room, and my rifle to my book. Therefore I wrote my father, strongly urging him to take me to his western home. The place to which my parents had moved, though one of the most beautiful and romantic by nature, was a perfect wil-

deness, thirty-five miles from the nearest white settlement, and their only neighbors a family of intimate friends, who had moved thither with them and built a hut a short distance from theirs.

My mother was a woman of slender constitution, and I, being her only child, she was often very lonely when her husband was away on his hunting expeditions, and being in constant fear of the wild beasts and savages that inhabited that region, she earnestly besought my father to take me home, which he consented to do. Thus I commenced a life which has ever been fraught with romance and adventure. Six years passed which afforded me the highest enjoyment.

With this party I roamed over the great territories, capturing the wild horse and buffalo on the plains and hunting the gizzly bear on the mountains. Three years had passed thus, when one fine afternoon I left the party encamped at the foot of the Rocky mountains, and set out alone to hunt a species of deer which abounded in that section in great numbers. I had been out but an hour or so when I descried a small herd quietly grazing on a distant elevation. I immediately set off in that direction, but the distance proved much greater than I expected, and the afternoon was well spent when I reached them. As I neared the herd I crawled cautiously along until I got within easy range, then slipping out a fine buck, I took deliberate aim and fired; but no sooner had I done so than the cliffs reverberated with the unearthly yells of a hundred Redskins, who, concealed beneath a mass of rock, had been a long time watching me, and the moment I discharged my rifle, rushed down upon me like so many devils, and surrounded me in a moment.

To attempt flight was useless; to resist, madness. There was no alternative but surrender. The chief, a gigantic savage, whose plume of eagle's feathers danced high above that of his tallest brave, strode forward and gave me one searching glance with his eagle eye. I instantly recognized him as the wretch I once punished for abusing my mother. He also recognized me at the same moment, and with a yell of triumph he assisted to bind me upon one of their horses, and the party then immediately set out for their village, taking me with them. The slightest hope that my life would be spared was instantly dispelled by the assurance that I was recognized by the chief, for I knew too well that I would receive no mercy from him, and I also knew that being fairly in his power I need expect nothing less than death by the most fearful torture.

On arriving at the Indian village I was taken off the horse, bound hand and foot, and thrust into an unused wigwam, and two of the savages were placed over me as guard. My limbs were bound so tightly that they soon became very painful, therefore sleep was out of the question, and I passed the longest night of my life, constantly haunted by thoughts of the terrible fate which awaited me. About an hour before daybreak the guard, seeing that I made no attempt to escape, carefully examined my bonds, then stretching themselves before the door of the wigwam, so that no one could pass in or out without awakening them, they soon fell asleep.

My limbs were now considerably swollen and benumbed, rendering them less painful, and a kind of drowsiness was gradually stealing over me, when I was suddenly aroused by hearing my name softly whispered close to my ear through a small crevice in the wigwam. In the same breath the voice admonished me to keep perfectly calm lest I awaken the guard. I acquiesced who addressed me, and was asked if I did not remember the little Indian girl whom I once rescued from drowning in Wisconsin.

I answered in the affirmative, and the reply was: "It is she who now speaks to you. Two years ago a large part of our tribe left Wisconsin, and came farther west, where game is more abundant, and this powerful Indian, your bitterest foe, was soon after appointed chief. A council has been held, and you are doomed to die by the hand of the chief ere the setting of another sun. The chief, enraged at being once beaten by you, has determined to engage you again, and for this purpose when the sun is high will furnish you with knife and hatchet, and alone will once more measure strength with you; and so sure is it of victory that he will cross the stream with you where no one may assist him; for he thinks so have a deed will give him a great name among his people."

"But you, too, are a strong man, and remember your life depends upon his defeat; for I will be near with the fleetest horse of the tribe, and if you conquer the chief, you may easily escape. It will soon be light and I must not be seen here. Be hopeful and brave. The gratitude of the Indian girl is as strong as the harness of the chief, and she will befriend the white man to-day though it be at the peril of her life."

She was gone, and I was again left to my reflections. But, oh, how changed were these reflections! How I exulted at the prospect of escape! Had I been in good condition I should have felt much more confident; but I knew that my limbs would be terribly cramped and stiffened after being so long bound. Still there was wonderful joy bound dared hope as much, they might be yet alive.

On arriving at the settlement I found them already there. They had managed to save themselves by flight, and by a long circuitous route through swamp and brush-wood, across plains and over steep and rugged declivities, at last reached the settlement. But the long journey, together with the affliction, sadly impaired the already feeble health of my mother, and my parents soon returned to their former home in Ohio.

Soon after daybreak some food was brought me. At about 10 o'clock I was taken to the river and placed in a canoe, at the farther end of which sat the sullen chief. We crossed the stream without uttering a word. On reaching the opposite shore the savage raised me in his arms as though I were a mere child, and stepping lightly from the canoe, bore me a few steps from the margin of the river and placed me upon the ground.

With two quick strokes of his knife he severed my bonds, and motioned me to rise. As I did so, he handed me a knife and hatchet, brought for the purpose, and simply said: "Here is a chance for life. Improve it." Then, fixing his flashing eyes upon me, he moved backward about three paces and, with a fiendish yell, sprang upon me with uplifted hatchet. But I was on the alert, and darting quickly aside, he missed his mark and came near plunging headlong to the ground. At the same time I dealt him a fearful blow upon the shoulder; but my hatchet struck partially flatwise so that it cut but little. He instantly righted himself, and stung to madness by the blow, caught my weapon with both hands as it was descending the second time, and furiously strove to wrench it from me. In the struggle we both let go the hatchet and grappled with each other. I soon found him much more than a match for me in strength, but I was the more agile.

In the contest we both came to the ground. By this time the strife had become terrible, each fighting for life, with all the fury of desperation. As we lay struggling upon the ground, each striving frantically to become uppermost, he managed to draw his knife, and gave me a horrid gash across the cheek, the scar of which I shall carry to my grave. At this moment my eye fell on one of the fallen tomahawks lying within reach, and clutching his wrist with one hand, by a violent effort I prevented a second stroke of the knife, while with the other I grasped the hatchet, and smearing with the wound which for the moment fairly frenzied me, with a cry of mingled rage and triumph I dove it through his brain, killing him instantly. Springing to my feet, I beheld, compliant with her promise, the Indian maiden sitting upon her horse just within the edge of the forest, but a few rods distant.

I was quietly at her side. Leaping to the ground, she motioned me to mount the tomahawk, which I did, telling her at the same time that as the preserver of my life, I should refuse to go without her. The Indians, who had been watching the contest from the opposite bank, were now yelling like mad, and hastily preparing to cross the stream. Knowing that her life would be in danger with the tribe, the Indian girl consented to go with me, and together we reached Fort Laramie, fifty miles distant, a little after sunset. Six weeks from that time we were married, which I have never yet had reason to regret.

I need only add that the strangers found their way back in safety to the camp of their friends, truly grateful for the kindness and hospitality of Jack Granger. CLEAR THE TRACK.—The recent heavy fall of snow in this region, which has made the roads in some parts of the county almost impassable, brings to mind an incident that occurred in the Court of this district during the administration of Judge Burnside. One winter the fall of snow was very heavy and the travel on many of the township roads was entirely obstructed by reason of the drifting of the "beautiful snow." Some of the citizens of one of our up-river townships considered it to be the duty of Supervisors to clear the roads and put them in order for teams and pedestrians. But as this was not done, suits were brought against the Supervisors for neglect of duty, and at the January term of Court they were ushered into the presence of His Honor, the Judge. A number of witnesses were called on both sides of the case, and, after the final summing up by the attorneys, Judge Burnside addressed the Supervisors in the following language:

"Gentlemen! It is your duty, under the law, to clear roads in your township of all impediments and obstructions and keep them in good order for the accommodation of teams and pedestrians, but the business of the neighborhood may not be made to suffer from your neglect. Persons who seek office and bind themselves to do certain things are liable for any damage that may be occasioned by their neglect; and when such persons are brought before Court, and the charge of wilful neglect is sustained, they must be punished accordingly. If these snow drifts are not removed before the May term of Court, I will send every mother's son of you to the penitentiary."

During the delivery of the first part of the Judge's speech the countenances of the Supervisors were wofully elongated; but a sudden light broke over them as the Judge concluded, and they went home, resolved to have the snow all cleared away before the time indicated by the Judge. It is needless to add that it was done; but whether by the labors of the township officers or the rays of the sun, we did not learn. Nevertheless, the snow drifts disappeared.—Clearfield Republican.

At a station on the New Haven road the other day a man and woman came into the car. Every seat had one or two occupants. He put her into one seat which was partly occupied, and he took another just opposite. The party whom he sat with suddenly lighted a cigar, and as he and his lady might have their seat together, "Oh, it does not matter," he replied, "we are married." This explanation was considered satisfactory.—Danbury News.

A STORY ABOUT THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The terrible wars of La Vendee, which were carried on with so much pertinacity by the inhabitants of the west of France against the National Convention which had beheaded Louis XVI and abolished the Catholic religion, gave occasion to frequent acts of cruelty, but were often marked by many acts of heroic virtue. Amongst these last we may place the following: Pierre Bigoin, a farmer of the village of St. Remy, in the department of Maine-et-Loire, which was in revolt against the Convention, had three sons. Two of these were killed in the ranks of the royalist army, and at the beginning of the year 1793 the youngest only surviving. He was about fifteen years old, and on him his father had concentrated all his affection. He hardly suffered him out of his sight. If the child remained long absent, the poor father became uneasy, and went out in search of him, and when he had found he brought him back to the house, half reproaching and half entreating him; threatening, while he embraced him, that he would never suffer him to leave the home again.

Benjamin, though tall enough for his age, and having the appearance of robust health, was, in reality, but a delicate lad. He had never entirely recovered from a fever which he had had some years before. On this account his father took especial care of him; he forbade him any fatiguing employment, and the only duty which he was charged with was to lead the flocks into the field, and to take care of them.

One day, when he was carelessly leaning against a willow tree, pursuing his peaceful occupation, he saw a Republican soldier, with his knapsack in his arms, who was hastening along the public road to deliver a dispatch by order of the chief. The sight of a "blue," an object of alarm in young Benjamin, caused no feeling of fear in young Benjamin; on the contrary, with childish playfulness he pointed the great staff which he used in crossing ditches, and passing through hedges, in the direction of the soldier, as if it had been a musket. The soldier who was looking cautiously about him, seeing the lad, and believing his life to be in danger, presented his piece, and pulled the trigger; the fire flashed, there was a loud cry, and Benjamin, struck in the chest, fell bleeding to the ground.

At the noise of the report and the cry of the lad, some laborers, at work in a neighboring field, ran at full speed to the spot; they seized the soldier, took from him his cap and after imprisoning him, took him to St. Remy, where, for want of a prison, he was confined in a cellar from which it was impossible to escape, and which, for still greater precaution, was carefully guarded without.

We cannot attempt to describe the fearful surprise and sorrow of Pierre Bigoin when the body of his last son was brought to him on a litter. At first he could not believe his misfortune. So good and gentle a creature—youthful, too! from his very birth had been the favorite of his father, who had the earnestly to take his life? But when he saw that horrible wound, extending from front to back, he broke into sobs and heart-rending cries, mixed sometimes with imprecations against the cruel and vindictive murderer of his most favorite child. The soldier appeared before the council of the parish on the following day. This was the only civil and criminal authority which existed in a village which recognized neither the government of the Convention, its laws nor its magistrates, and where the royal power had no representatives. Questioned about the murder of this young shepherd, he frankly owned himself guilty, and said, in his justification, that, traveling alone, through an insurgent country, where he was exposed to danger on every side, and seeing a man leaning against a tree with something pointed towards him which he had not time to discover was not a musket, the instinct of self-preservation made him seize his gun and anticipate the intention of the person he believed was about to take his life. He added that unfortunately he had been too successful, and was full of bitter regret, but that he had only intended to prevent a danger which anyone else in his place would have believed to be a real one.

This mode of defence, the truth of which was confirmed by several witnesses, threw the honest and simple men who had constituted themselves judges of the murderer into the greatest perplexity. Their conscience told them they could not condemn a solitary traveler who, believing in good faith that he was in danger of death, had sought to save himself by shooting the man he intended to murder. On the other side the blood of the inoffensive and excellent young man had been shed, the father of the victim cried loudly for vengeance, and not one of them could decide to pronounce the man guiltless who had deprived him of his son. In their difficulty they came to a determination which shows the extreme simplicity and ignorance of those who made it. They decided that the fate of the murderer should be left in the hands of Pierre Bigoin. When the decision was made known to the unhappy father he thought they were mocking him, so extraordinary did it appear; but when he had been made to comprehend the truth, he asked for a gun and ordered a grave to be dug. Then the republican soldier being brought before him, with his hands tied behind his back, he had to submit to a fresh interrogation. "Unhappy man! why did you kill my son?" "I have told the council that I thought he was going to kill me." "But he had no arms but a staff." "I did not know that." "At a hundred paces distant I took the staff for a firearm." "Have you any brothers or sisters?" "I am an only son." "Is your father still living?" "Yes, but he is very old." "Is he older than I am?" "I should judge about the same age." "Are you his only child?" "Yes, his only child." "And in losing you he loses his only earthly support?" "Exactly."

At this reply Pierre Bigoin looked down dejectedly, and said in a low voice, "Alas! just like me." But all at once the remembrance of his son returned; he raised himself up, and, in a voice of thunder, he cried: "Assuredly, prepare to die!" "When you please."

pl which was to be his sepulchre, and then changed his gun, which was presented to him, with powder and two balls. The soldier interrupted him.

"Ask a favor," he said. "What is it?" "It is that I may be unbound, and die as on the battle-field." "That you will escape?" "I will not draw back a step; I swear it."

"A signal from Pierre the hands of the young soldier were unbound; he raised his face pale and calm, and awaited death. "Are you ready?" cried the old man, raising his piece. "A moment," said the soldier, and he made the sign of the Cross. "At this act of religion a shudder passed through the old man, such as might be caused by a flash of lightning or a peal of thunder. The weapon fell from his hands. "No," he said to himself, "I cannot destroy one of God's creatures who has just turned on himself the sign of our Redemption."

And he discharged his weapon to the air. The soldier, who expected his death, fell as if he had been wounded, a surgeon, who was present, opened a vein, and he was quite himself. Pierre Bigoin approached. "Return thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ," he said, "who died upon the Cross; for it was he who saved your life! The sign you made just now reminded me that I am a Christian like yourself, and that I ought to pardon as He does. The evil spirit alone could inspire me for a moment with the idea of depriving an old man of his only son, and rendering him as miserable as I shall henceforth be. Give up, if you can, your profession, return to your father, honor his gray hairs, and let his happiness and glory till the day when he shall be taken from you. Remember another old man, and sometimes pray for him."

The young soldier departed the next day, and Pierre Bigoin died of grief six months later.

### Terrific Balloon Adventure.

"You are about to witness Professor W. W. Wescott," said a gentleman to me, as I entered the enclosure devoted to the aeronautic display. "He was an entire stranger to me; but not at all being superstitious in matters of etiquette, I did not object to this strange mode of introduction, and so civilly answered, 'Yes.' "Dn I shall go farther to see it than you will," continued the gentleman. "I intend to ascend with professor W."

"You may go farther and fare worse," said I. "You are pleased to be witty," said he; "but I intend to make some examination of those upper regions for myself, to ascertain whether the stars celestial are on duty during the day, or whether Venus is as much a sinner as the office of our 'stars' terrestrial. Would you like to ascend with us?"

"No, thank you kindly," said I; "I'm getting into the clouds one might lose oneself—the way is likely to be mist? Every one to his taste; the earth has such charms for me that I would not change a speck of it for cubic miles of the blue empyrean. I'm no poet."

"Vain declaration! 'Tis little did I imagine the horrors that awaited me! How little did I foresee my dreadful fate in hanging between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle to laughing men, galling women, and inanimate-looking boys. We entered the enclosure. There was the vast silken bubble, puffing out its hollow cheeks just like the face of a fat clown when laughing, and rising and toppling away at the ropes, as if impatient to leave our society. "You will not accompany me?" said my friend, to whom I replied in the negative. "Perhaps the gentleman would assist in cutting the ropes," said the aeronaut. "Certainly," said I, "with pleasure."

"Thank you," said the aeronaut; "please take your station." He and my friend entered the car. I gazed upon one of the ropes and awaited the order. In a moment more it came, and "Cut!" said one voice—"No, hold on," said another. I was bewildered, and did not know. When the others cut, I did the same, and with the direction to hold on, I grasped the end of the rope still not clinging a speck of it. In a moment more I was fifty feet from the ground.

"Imagine my surprise! There was I, like a freshly caught fish, dangling at the end of a line, with the balloon representing the tail, I cried out to my friend and the aeronaut, but in vain. The sport was begun, thinking I was some aerial acrobat, who was about to turn fifty double somersaults and then, alighting on his feet before me, elected sufficiently to draw my voice.

"The parties in the car could not see me, but, by the hat swung occasionally over the side, I knew they were bowing to the crowd below. Means here I was swinging like a pendulum below them, with only ten fingers to sustain the weight, and two hundred and eighty pounds (I'm rather stout) and preserve me from being tilted up and down the ground beneath and "loading the lean earth" with my human form divine. What an age of terror!"

In the meantime my fingers stiffened, and I clutched the rope with the energy of despair. I had long since ceased calling; I had exhausted myself. Suddenly a cold perspiration broke out upon me; I knew my hour had come. My fingers were slipping down the rope. Oh! those agonizing moments! Such by inch I approached my doom. First the left hand lost its hold, and then, as I felt the end slipping my brief prayer and fell—OUT—9000 feet!

Being, as I before observed, a corpulent man, my fall had shaken the whole crowd, and the alarmed inmates, aroused from "sweet slumbers," were knocking violently at the door, which had the effect of restoring me to consciousness, when I discovered that my "terrible balloon ascent" was nothing more than a nightmare, superinduced upon me last night by the festivities usual on Thanksgiving Day, in which I may say I indulged somewhat. No, I will not betray my friends; but allow me to tell you, dear reader, that such a Thanksgiving dinner as they gave is not to be sneezed at.

"Dip of head drink" was the verdict of an intelligent jury upon the body of a man killed by a falling icicle.