Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME XI. — EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1877. — NUMBER 8.

[HUNDR]EDS OF PEOPLE [illegible] congregate at the [NE]W CASH STORE —of— [PRYSE,] BAXTER, JONES & CO., [and bring] with them [AM]PLE TESTIMONY that the [Gr]eat Eldorado —for— [C]HEAP GOODS OF ALL KINDS [has b]een found at last! —where— [B]ETTER BARGAINS! and more of them! [illegible] AND CASH ONLY, [illegible] than at [any other store] in Northern Cambria. —and the— [reason] why this is thus [illegible] the largest stock [illegible] cash and cash only [illegible] no bad debts [illegible] our own blankets [illegible] other goods [illegible] lower figures [illegible] competition! [illegible] New Goods Every Day [illegible] the celebrated [illegible] flannel [illegible] the best prices for [illegible] butter [illegible] roll butter.

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[JOH]NSTOWN SAVINGS BANK! [illegible] Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa. [illegible] SEPT. 12, 1870. DEPOSITS [illegible] not less than One Dollar [illegible] six per cent. Interest is [illegible] in June and December [illegible] James Cooper, David Dibert, [illegible] F. W. Hay, John Lowman, [illegible] McLaughlin, [illegible] Morrell, [illegible] James Morley, Lewis Plitt, [illegible] George T. Swank, [illegible] President. [illegible] Treasurer. [illegible] Solicitor. [12-2,'74.-ly.]

[illegible] A. WESNER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. CARROLLTOWN, Pa. [illegible] by M. J. Buck, M. D., [illegible] Buck's store. Night calls may be made at Mr. Buck's residence. [5-12,'72.]

[illegible] TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN [and] SURGEON, (late of Carrolltown,) [illegible] Ebensburg, Cambria county [illegible] made at the Post-office.

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THE TRUE WIFE.

BY S. W. LOPER.

The times were hard, and honest John was poor,
'Twas all the worthy man could do
To keep the hungry wolf without the door,
And clothe his many children, too.

And though his trust in God was always strong,
His weary heart was sometimes sad;
The path he trod seemed very rough and long,
And few the comforts that he had.

One night he sat in thinking, dreary mood,
After his evening meal was o'er,
While by his side his wife as thoughtful stood,
Watching the care-worn look he wore.

At last said she—true wifely words to hear,
And spoken in her own sweet way,
Striving his all-encumbered soul to cheer,
And all his anxious fears allay—

"We have so many ways for money, John,
And you are earning little, too,
I've been thinking to-day, while you were gone,
Of something more that I might do."

He waited for no more. With look of pride
His arm was quick around her thrown;
Such wife, such love, was worth all else beside,
No greater fortune could be known.

"My darling, noble wife! thy loving heart
Is always full of tender care,
And always striving with thy woman's art
To ease the burdens that we bear.

"God's blessing on thee, wife so good, so true,
Be faithful in thy cheering power,
In all our troubles never shrinking through
The darkest or the saddest hour.

"And with thee and the little ones in health,
I will not sorrow or complain,
For ye are better far than countless wealth,
Or everything that wealth can gain."

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

A STORY OF FEMALE HEROISM.

There died in Detroit recently a woman so little known, even to the people on the block in which she lived, that the crape on the door was the first warning many of them had that she had been ill. It was the widow Hutley, and living in the same cottage, and made a widow at the same time, was Mrs. Eiberts.

As the trial of John D. Lee brought back to public recollection the horrors of pioneer life in the west, the death of Mrs. Hutley may again uncover that page of history on which was written the Indian massacres of frontier settlers in Minnesota. Both widows were victims of that brief and bloody strife which desolated so many cabins on that picket line of civilization. History forgot to record their names and their heroism.

When the frontier troubles began the two widows were wives and mothers, living in log cabins about a mile apart. These two cabins were the only ones for three or four miles either way, and when the conduct of the Indians became so suspicious that prudence counselled removal from the frontier, the Eiberts family left their home and consolidated with the Hutleys for mutual defense. Each family had two children, making eight persons in the cabin. The Indians had thus far molested no one, but they were fierce and surly looking, skulked about as if keeping watch on the settlers, and the pioneers were living in a state of excitement and apprehension. One day, when the women had occupied the same cabin for two weeks, Mr. Hutley started for a settlement seven miles distant to procure provisions, leaving Mr. Eiberts to guard the cabin. All outdoor work had ceased. If the pioneer moved outside of the barricaded cabin his life was carried in his hand, and his eyes were on the alert to detect the presence of the expected foe.

The average woman can sever the ties of friendship, or rise superior to the perils of the hour, to carry her point. Mr. Hutley had not been gone an hour when the children, rendered nervous and irritable by their close confinement, engaged in a quarrel. The eldest child was five; so that no great physical damage could have been inflicted, but the quarrel angered the mothers; harsh words passed and Mrs. Eiberts declared that she would not remain in the Hutley cabin an hour. Her husband was weak-minded enough to share in her feelings, and immediately preparations were made to return and occupy his own cabin. He took the bed on his back, and the oldest child by the hand and started for home, leaving his wife to follow on with his rifle and the other child. Anger brought such a spirit of recklessness that the men no longer feared any danger. Mrs. Eiberts did not immediately follow, having to make up a bundle of little articles, and the husband had about twenty minutes start of her. While both women were heartily ashamed of their silly conduct five minutes after their hot words had been spoken, yet neither would be the first to make conciliatory advances, and Mrs. Hutley stood in her cabin door and saw Mrs. Eiberts and child disappear in the forest.

Just as she lost sight of them she heard the report of rifles and faint yells in the direction of the other cabin, and she instantly divined that the long expected blow had fallen. Forgetting everything but the fact that her neighbors were in peril, she took down the spare rifle which her husband had provided, and which she knew how to use, warned her children not to leave the cabin, and in two or three minutes she was running through the woods after Mrs. Eiberts. It subsequently appeared that Eiberts had just reached his home when he was attacked by a band of at least fifty Indians. The child was shot at the first volley, but the father prolonged his life for a few minutes by dodging from tree to tree. His wife was within eighty rods of him when he was killed. She heard the firing and whooping, and, while prudence warned her to retreat, her love forced her on to join her husband. The Indians had caught sight of her and opened fire when Mrs. Hutley came up.

History will never record a braver deed. Rendered desperate by the almost certain knowledge that her husband and one child had been murdered, Mrs. Eiberts was like a tigress. She had her husband's rifle, and for a time the two lone women held the entire band of savages at bay. Nay, more than that, they killed three of the redskins and wounded two more, as the Indians afterward admitted. When they found that the plan was to surround them they fell back. Between that point and the cabin the child was killed. The women carried the body for a few rods, but the close pursuit obliged them to drop it.

A new horror awaited them as they entered the cabin. The demons had already been there. The oldest child was dead on the floor, its head almost severed from the body, and the youngest had been carried away. Two Indians were still in the house, making preparations to burn it. One made a safe escape, but the other was shot down by Mrs. Eiberts as he cleared the doorstep. There was no time to remember the scalped and mutilated bodies in the forest. The Indians were at the door almost before the dark body at the step had ceased quivering.

It was a stout cabin, having more strength than convenience. Logs and mud were not yet seasoned enough to burn, and the single window was protected by a heavy blind. The red skins knew that there were only two women in the house, and they dashed at it and swarmed around it as wolves would surround a helpless dog.

"Mrs. Hutley was as pale as death and her hand trembled as she loaded the rifle, but her eyes shone like fire and she bit her lips until the blood came. I suppose I was half crazed, for I wanted to open the door and fight the whole band."

Thus says the survivor, whose story of the terrible affair is as clear as the page of a book. The excitement was too great for the women to plan a defense, but both understood that the Indians must be beaten off. There were two loopholes in the door and others in the walls. While the savages were pressing against the door two of them were badly wounded within, and soon thereafter one was killed from a loophole in the wall. Discovering that they had no poor work on hand the Indians drew off and took cover behind logs, stumps and trees, and for an hour they fired at the loopholes, hoping that a chance shot might kill or wound. Their bullets were simply thrown away, and the effort to fire the roof was time spent for nothing.

All day long the siege was maintained, and when darkness fell the women realized that it was to be the longest night of their lives. A child dead in the cabin, another carried away, a husband and two children dead in the woods, and the little clearing was alive with howling devils seeking the blood of the two desperate defenders. Says Mrs. Eiberts:

"My nerves were strung up till I felt every minute as if I must lose my reason, and scream out to relieve the agony of my heart, and Mrs. Hutley was suffering just as badly. At one time she would be walking and sobbing over the poor dead body on the floor, and then again she would stand at one of the loopholes, her face so white that I could see it through the darkness. It was as still as death outside until about ten o'clock. We were not all quiet at all, but were beginning to hope that the savages had left, when we heard them at the roof. At the same moment they plugged up all the loopholes with sticks cut for the purpose. I drove these plugs out with the ax, while Mrs. Hutley watched the roof. She fired as the Indians made an opening, and we heard a scream of pain. There were no further demonstrations until an hour before daylight, though we heard the warriors creeping around the cabin.

"As the night was wearing away they brought up a log and battered in the door. We had been waiting and were ready. As the Indians rushed into the opening we both fired. They came in faster and thicker, but Mrs. Hutley went at them with the ax and I with the knife, and we drove them out. It was all over in a minute. I remember the shouts and yells; they got hold of me; I heard the ax chopping at them and then we were alone again."

At daylight the Indians drew off, warned that aid for the women was at hand. Hutley never reached the settlement for which he started. Weeks afterward his dead body was found in the woods, while his scalp ornamented some woman's dress. The heroines were rendered childless and widowed in one day, for the child carried away has never been heard of, and while one received a stone across the face in the terrible fight within the cabin the other was wounded by a bullet at the same moment.

They came to Detroit years ago to be near friends, but long ago Mrs. Hutley became crazed with grief, and for years Mrs. Eiberts has been a nervous wreck, starting up in alarm at the slightest sound and unable to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time. During the last five years of her life Mrs. Hutley wandered up and down searching for her child and stopping policemen to ask for her husband, and tears came to the eyes of strangers as they saw the poor wreck at the gate and heard her call:

"Come back, Mrs. Eiberts! Come back and I'll ask your forgiveness!"

WONDERS OF THE WATERS.—Among the most wonderful fish to be found in the world is the blind Proteus, which is found only in the subterranean lakes of Krain, in Austria. Six fine specimens of this creature have just been received at the Aquarium in New York, with a consignment of submarine wonders from Europe, and with proper care it is hoped they will live for a considerable time. In color they are a yellowish pink, which, however, once exposed to the light, becomes mottled and subsequently turns to a dark brown. They have long flat heads and four short slender legs, the four feet ending in two nailless toes and the hind feet in three. Strange to say, coming as they do out of utter darkness, the creatures have eyes. They are small, however, and are ordinarily completely hidden beneath the skin. Somewhat similar to these fish is the Mexican Axolotl, another strange creature just received. "Lung Tsang Yee" is the name of a beautifully colored fish, two specimens of which have just been sent from China. These are of a bright golden yellow, tipped on the fins with black, and they have each four large-like tails.

SAGACIOUS.—While we detest rats as a race, it must be admitted that they are very intelligent. They will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of the house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first pushing them up on its hind legs and the second lifting them with its fore legs. They will extract the cotton from a flask of Florence oil, dip in their long tails and repeat the manœuvre until they have consumed every drop. We have found lumps of sugar in deep drawers at a distance of thirty feet from the place where the petty larceny was committed; and a friend saw a rat mount a table on which a drum of figs were placed and straightway tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of expectant brothers sat watching for the windfall.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

A dozen—journalists, hunters, Indian-fighters and miners—sat around a camp-fire on the trail to Deadwood. Soft flakes of snow sailed in eccentric courses through the night air, and finally settled down into the spluttering fire or upon the cold earth.

There were other men on the trail before and behind. Men rush wherever the precious metal is discovered. There were broken wagons, dead horses and human skeletons along every mile of the trail, and fierce-eyed Indians looked out from every ravine and down upon travelers from every hill.

The dozen gathered closer as darkness shut down and the snow flakes came faster, and by and by an old man with grizzly locks and piercing eye said, as if speaking to himself:

"Custer went in to kill. It was an awful thing to do—to rush three hundred men down upon five thousand reds—but he did it, and meant to win. No other man will ever take such chances."

And yet one was near by who meant to take greater chances. So catlike was his step that he had almost entered camp before the sentinels saw him. He was a giant in size, and, as he halted where the light of the fire shone full in his face, three or four men uttered exclamations of surprise and horror. There was blood on the stranger's face—blood on his great, rough hands—blood over his clothing clear down to his boots. It was a terrible sight, and yet, as if something further was needed, the stranger turned his back to the men, and they saw that an attempt had been made to scalp him. "Water—food!" he whispered as he looked from face to face.

Both were given him, and after drinking a full quart of water he grasped a loaf of bread and a hunk of meat, and tore them with his teeth as a wolf would have done. By and by, when his hunger had been somewhat appeased, he said:

"It happened all this way, nigh to twenty miles. I lost the trail somehow, and the Injuns swooped down on me at noon to-day. The old woman and five children were in the wagon. There were forty or fifty reds, and it wasn't three minutes before the hull family was dead—all but me!"

His eyes blazed with fury; he seemed to grow in height, and, casting the remnants of the food into the fire, he fiercely shouted:

"Think of the old woman having her brains beaten out by the fiends! Think of the children being hauled out'n a wagon and scalped and stabbed and their throats cut from ear to ear! Come on—come with me!"

He leaped over the fire and bounded away into the darkness, but presently returned and said in a calmer voice:

"It is, of course. It was which for who, but they were fifty to one. I drove 'em from the corners. I clubbed 'em off with my rifle, but they were too many. They shot and stabbed me; they ran me to the hills; they have hunted me all the afternoon."

The giant trembled like a leaf, and the fresh blood ran from his wounds and trickled down in red paths over his neck and cheeks and clothing. The leader of the party tried to soothe him, promising aid as soon as daylight came, but the stranger waved his arms and cried out:

"What can you do? The wolves are feeding on my wife and children to-night, their scalps are back in the hills with the Indians. Can you bring life back to them? Give me a gun and an ax!"

No one moved for two or three seconds, being spell-bound by his wild look and words, and the stranger picked up a cavalry carbine and its box of cartridges, seized the light ax used about the camp-fire, and in another minute was lost sight of in the darkness, calling back, as his step was lost to hearing: "It is which for who!"

Next day, about mid afternoon, the party came upon two dead Indian ponies, lying between the trail and the foot-hills to the right. A few rods further on was a great stain of blood on the two inches of snow covering the grass. A warrior had fallen here and been carried off by his comrades. There was the trail of a white man on foot, heading for the foot-hills, but moving slowly, and there were plain traces that the man had halted every few rods to use his weapons. All along the trail were the hoof tracks of ponies and an old hunter shook his head and said:

"It is the man who left our camp last night. Back thar is whar the reds first sighted him, and he stood in his tracks and killed two ponies and one Injun. There was a gang of forty or fifty reds, and the white man moved to git among the hills and have fair play. Just look thar!"

Fifteen or twenty rods ahead were three dead ponies, lying close together. The band of redskins had made a charge upon the lone man at this point, and he had met them bravely. The snow told everything. Standing in his tracks, and not lifting a foot, except to wheel around, he had whipped the whole gang! There were three dead ponies within a hundred feet of the white man's position, and again the snow was crimsoned with two great patches of blood where the warriors had fallen.

"Great soul! but how he fit!" whispered the old hunter, as he saw how the snow had been trampled down; "but they wounded him here."

So they had. He had retreated slowly, seeming to have no fear, and along his trail was a track of blood. The first hills were a mile away, and straight for the hills ran the blood path through the snow. There was no sound of conflict—no red demons in sight. "Which for who" had met them early in the morning, and the tragedy had been played before the sun was two hours old. Again, between the three dead ponies and the first hill the white man had been charged by the full band. They had circled around him and then charged at a common center. One lone man, armed with a carbine and an ax, was that center. Thirty, forty, perhaps fifty to one and yet he had not weakened in the least. On the right was a dead pony, on the left two crimson spots in the snow. Ahead toward the hill a horse had fallen and struggled up, and half a dozen trails of blood could be counted. The Indians had given away, and at a slow pace the white man had resumed his journey.

"You will see a sight to make your flesh crawl, over in the hills," whispered the hunter, and the party slowly advanced.

The lone man had not hurried his pace. The yelling, howling, whooping redskins galloping around him, firing upon him and sure of his scalp, had not shaken his nerve. Over the hill, across a little valley, up a ravine, and there was the end. The white man could go no further, and there he stood at bay.

"May the Lord have mercy on him!" gasped a miner, as the little band looked over the field of battle. There were dead and wounded ponies; there were blood patches on the snow and four Indians, stark and stiff, were lying at one side, the survivors not having horses enough to carry off all their dead.

At the head of the ravine the snow had scarcely a color except red. The redskins had charged in a body, and, dropping his carbine when the last cartridge was gone, the lone man had used his ax with awful effect. They had shot him and struck him with their tomahawks, and when life went out he had more wounds than could be counted. There he lay, the ax still clutched with giant's grip, his eyes wide open, his body covered with wounds, and before him was a record to prove a more terrible fight than Custer's. He had fought fifty men single-handed. He had driven them back again and again, and a dozen lives had been taken for his one. "Which for who," he had said, and "who" had won, but it was not a victory for the red men to boast over. When they rode out of the valley every horse had a double burden of living and dead, and yet some had to be left behind.

The party could not dig up the frozen ground to give the brave man burial.—Fifty miles away the gaunt wolves were tearing at the bodies of wife and children. As the party turned away from the horrible sight, gaunt wolves crept down to strip these bones also. They rushed from corpse to corpse, gnashing their yellow fangs, and before the sun went down another record of the plains and hills was hidden from the sight of the traveler.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

MORE DOG STORIES.—The Brunswick (Me.) *Telegraph* of recent date contains the following:

Some time in October, while one of Mr. James Andrews' little boys was playing near the mill stream, in North Paris, he lost his footing and fell into the water beyond his depth, and the strong current was carrying him rapidly down the stream, when Mr. Andrews' large Newfoundland dog, observing the situation, plunged into the water, swam out into the stream, and caught the little boy and brought him ashore.

In a town in New Hampshire, a dog for years accompanied the children of the family to school, and he kept up his attendance long after the children had outgrown school-going. The dog was perfectly quiet, giving neither teacher nor children trouble. The terms of school averaged about ten weeks. Last year the term was prolonged two weeks. The dog left at the end of ten weeks and though frequently passing the school house, he never entered the room after he left; but he always had a puzzled expression on his face as he looked at the children coming out.

A dog in this village seeing his master's horse and wagon come home with no one in charge, put out at a tremendous gait until he found his master. When discovered by passers-by, the dog was doing his best in the way of punching and pulling at his master's coat collar to induce him to sit erect on the ground—a work of some difficulty at the moment—a fact which the dog appeared to realize as well as the passers-by.

"Floss," when told to jump into the buggy or sleigh, looks to see if the way is clear; if the robe hangs over the side or any other incumbrance appears, he turns to his master, and makes no jump until everything is clear for him. But, stranger still, if the whip is taken from the socket, with indications that a sharp blow is to be given, he seizes the stock in his mouth and holds on, and this he has done repeatedly, growling or barking at times. That's instinct, is it?

The Troy *Times* relates the following as having occurred at Glen's Falls: "A lamp exploded on South street a few nights since, and at the cry of fire the trained dog of the Cunningham hose company seized the bell rope of the engine house and rang an alarm, which reached the police. The fire was extinguished with small damage."

ROBBERY AND RESTITUTION.—The still, small voice of conscience sometimes proves more potent in revealing crime than the most shrewd and expert detectives. Such at least was the case in a recent revelation, which, for the many romantic incidents abounding in it, has seldom been equaled. About ten years ago a young man named C. C. Martin was employed by W. & J. Harper & Co., of Philadelphia to negotiate for the purchase of some land near Pithole City. He was entrusted with $20,000 to buy the land with, and he went to that city and put up at the principal hotel. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. Estelle Warren, the wife of the bartender, and shortly afterwards eloped with her, taking with him the money. Every effort to find the unfaithful wife and the shrewd schemer was without success. Time wore on, and two members of the firm died, leaving William Harper the only surviving partner. The great panic of 1873 swept the fortune of the latter away, leaving him a bankrupt. He gradually drifted to Forest county, where he made his permanent residence. In the early part of last month Mr. Harper received a letter from the long-missing agent, dated San Francisco. Martin promised to refund the $20,000, with interest, with the proviso that he should be given immunity from arrest. In consequence of this letter Mr. Harper went to the Golden City, and following out the directions given in the letter he found Martin and Mrs. Warren luxuriously quartered in an aristocratic part of the city. Martin's propositions were accepted by Mr. Harper, and he received $36,000 and expenses. Mr. Harper inquired of Martin where he had gone when he left Pithole. He said that he went to Peru, where he invested a portion of his ill-gotten gains in the mining business. By saving this money he accumulated a fortune of over $2,000,000, and finally took up his residence in San Francisco. Mrs. Warren has borne Martin one child, who is blind and ten years of age. When he absconded with the woman he left a wife and several children in Maryland, but he has since provided for them.

It costs less than a cent a day to take a weekly paper; less than a diligent hen would earn in a month at the market price of eggs; less than one cigar a week, and a very cheap one at that; less than the barber would charge by the year to keep one's hair trimmed; less than a good sized Christmas turkey. A penny a day can be saved in many a better way than to stop your paper.

Dead Eyes that Bear Witness.

There is a well worn story of the conviction of a murderer having been attained by the circumstance that a recognizable image or likeness was found impressed upon the victim's eye, after death. The story has been variously told. One version places the occurrence in Lyons, France; another, in England. It was probably invented about the time that daguerreotypes came into use; and was perhaps suggested by the fact that a small picture of whatever the eye is looking at is formed in the centre of the eye and is plainly visible to other eyes. As the story is told in one way, a daguerreotype was taken of the victim, and the image of the murderer was found in the eye by a painter who was making a picture of the murdered man and had occasion to study the daguerreotype under high magnifying power. Another version makes the image found that of a friend who bent over the victim when expiring; the friend is of course arrested as the murderer, and then the plot gains variety. The notion that such an image in the eye could remain fixed after death must certainly have seemed plausible to romancers, or they would not have rung so many changes upon it. Perhaps, however, most readers dismissed it long since as absurd.

But the conceptions of fancy in one age often become the facts of discovery in another. Within a few weeks a patient German has announced and exhibited some startling experiments that bring the eye-picture story fully within the limits of possibility. Dr. W. Kuhne, professor of physiology in the university of Heidelberg, has been carefully reviewing and extending a discovery of Dr. Boll, now of Rome. Dr. Boll had found that the external layer of the retina of the eye possesses in life a beautiful purple color. This color is perpetually destroyed and renewed while the eye is doing work. Dr. Kuhne found that light was the agent by which the purple is destroyed; while the animal is alive the color is quickly restored by the secretive action of the neighboring tissues. The next discovery was that only certain kinds of light have the power of discharging the color. In kept another kinds of light, such for instance as is obtained by burning a mixture of salt and alcohol, the purple color remains unaltered, even after death. Finally, Dr. Kuhne found chemical reagents that would fix the color. Now came the crowning experiment. He fastened a rabbit so that one of its eyes was for three minutes exposed to the light from an open window-shutter. Then he instantly decapitated the rabbit and put the eye in suitable pickle. Two minutes after the decapitation, the other eye was similarly exposed to light, and it too was afterward pickled. The next morning both eyes showed a sharply defined image of the square of light, surrounded by a deep purple. The image in the second eye was somewhat less sharp and the whiter of the two. Prof. Bunsen was present and witnessed this marvelous experiment.

HOW BROWN MANAGED IT.—"Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is the principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a tight rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they had better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first rate. The young folks begin to pine for each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage."

THE CARDIFF GIANT OUTDONE.—The Troy *Whig* comes to the front with the following weighty story: A legal gentleman of Troy furnishes an account from a Michigan friend of the discovery of the skeleton of an animal in Eaton county, Mich., of such immense proportions that the Cardiff giant of Onondaga county, in our own State, sinks into the merest pigmy in comparison. We append the description of the monster: The thigh bones weigh 38 pounds each, are 2 feet 8 inches long and 2 feet 10 inches around at one end and 2 feet around at the other end. The fore leg bone, from the knee to foot, weighs 22 pounds. The first section of the neck bone, back of skull, weighs 14 pounds; the largest tooth weighs 8 pounds, the ribs are 4 feet and 7 inches long, the shoulder blade is 2 feet and 10 inches long and all the others in proportion. There are 80 pieces of back bone. Taken together it is the most complete skeleton of the kind in the known world. It is estimated that the animal when alive was no less than from 17 to 20 times as large as an ox weighing 1,200 pounds, making the weight of the animal over 15 tons.

It has often been said that the establishment of hospitals was the peculiar work of the Christian Church, and that no heathen nation has ever made such provision. When China was opened to the world, about thirty years ago, the first European visitors speak of finding native hospitals there, inferring that the Christian Church had been mistaken. But it now appears that venerable as these institutions are, they are really of Christian origin, having been founded by the early Roman Catholic missions in the land.