Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, $2 per year, in advance

VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1877. NUMBER 22.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

...octave, fine rosewood (not used ...ermonths), only $130; cost $650. ...New Pianos at wholesale. Great ...bargains. Nearly new $20; 2 stops, ...$5 3 stops, $50; 6 stops, $55; 7 stops ...$65; 9 stops, $85; 12 stops, $65 to $75. ...New Organs at wholesale. ...days' test trial. Money refunded ...if not in always if unsatisfactory. Est. ...Agents Wanted. Discounts to Teachers &c. Address DAN'L F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

...work your own town. Terms and $5 out... Ad. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

...Half the best of us are Liable to ob... of the bowels. Don't neglect them. It ...is necessary to outrage the palate with nause... ...in such cases. The most effective laxative is TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, and it is also the most agreeable. ...Its action is soothing, cooling, painless. Sold ...by druggists.

...Wanted to Agents. $10 Outfit Free. ...Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

...to day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit ...and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

The Black Hills.

...Horner, who has spent 12 years in that ...region, gives accounts of Gold and Silver prospects, Stock Growing resources, Climate, Farming, Indians and Settlers' adventures with them, Mining and Wild Western ...Life, Boiling Geysers, noble Scenery, &c. With 27 illustrations. ...Price ONLY 10 CTS. Sold by AGENTS everywhere, or sent post paid for 12 cts. by DONNELLEY, GASSETTE & LOYD, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILL.

CHEW—SMOKE MATCHLESS

TRADE MARK PLUG EACH

FINEST Plug TOBACCO in the World. ASK FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS IN PLUG.

PIONEER TOBACCO CO. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

...unkard. Stop!

...BERS, M. D., (formerly of Boston,) ...offers cure for DRUNKARD AND OPIUM HABIT. ...Can be given without the knowledge of the ...patient in the ...OPIUM HABIT. ...Perfect cure guaranteed in both. Send ...for circular. Advice. Ask druggists for it. Address ...DRS & CO., Birmingham, Conn.

...50 Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., ...post paid. E. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

...$90 per day at home. Samples worth $5 ...free. STINSON & SON, Portland, Me.

Clover Seed HULLERS FOR SALE.

...Circular of our new Double Huller, ...patented 1877. We challenge the world ...to find as clean more seeds, clean it better, ...more simple, durable, and easily ...operated. Larger sizes made. Hagerstown ...Implement Manufacturing Co., Hagerstown, Md. Agents wanted for sale of same.

...50 Cards, with your name, 10c. Business ...Cards, 10c. Name on back of Rare Photos. Sample ...Chromo, Stationary Photos. 3 for 25c.; 1 ...dozen, $1, all paid. A. L. ROAG, Nassau, N.Y.

ILLY MAGUIRES.

...Pinkerton's great book, The Molly Maguires and the Detectives, is now ...ready and subscribers. It is one of the most interesting and absorbing books ever written. ...Originally bound volume, nearly 600 pages, ...full of interesting engravings. Price ...$3 00. Terms liberal and quickest ...to sell. Look to sell over ...other books, circulars and territory address ...at once. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

...WFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

...The undersigned ...have taken possession of the well ...known House in Ebensburg, which he has refurnished in good style, and ...will conduct in strict temperance ...principles. The subscriber earnestly solicits the ...patronage of those who may visit the county seat ...for business or pleasure, all whom he pledges ...himself to entertain in the best possible manner ...and at reasonable price. Excellent accommodations ...will be furnished to summer boarders, ...and the "Crawford" a pleasant and economical ...place in which to spend the heated term.

ISAAC CRAWFORD.

...April 27, 1877.

...E'S MARBLE WORKS

...Franklin Street, Johnstown,

...MENTS HEAD and TOMB-...STONES, COUNTER and CABI-...NET TABLES, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and ...American Marble. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and ...workmanship. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest figures. Try me.

...1853-tf. JOHN PARKE.

...H. T. O'FRIEL.

...KINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

...AN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

...Orders executed promptly and satisfactorily, ...and at the cheapest. (4-12—tf.)

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LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"

...Main and Pittsburgh Sts.,

GREENSBURG, PA.

...Fronts of town. Fronts the south entrance ...to the Court House.

...-tf.] JOHN PORTER, Lessee.

...M. DICK, ATTORNEY at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. ...Dick's new building, Centre street. All ...kinds of business attended to satisfactorily ...and collections a specialty. [10-11,tf.]

...EL McLAUGHLIN, Attorney-at-Law, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old ...Mansion House, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton ...and Locust streets. Will attend to all business ...entrusted to him with his profession.

...ES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. ...Office and residence in new building on High ...street, one door west of Blair House. ...[1-25-tf.

...A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High ...street, one door east of residence. [1-21,'76—tf.]

...E. LAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register ...and Recorder, in Court House.

...M. READE, Attorney-at-Law. Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, ...two doors from High street. [8-27,'72.]

W.A.S.G.A.C.

BARGAINS! CASH.
BARGAINS! CASH.
BARGAINS! CASH.

A. A. BARKER & SON

Are now offering to the people of northern Cambria a rare opportunity to secure

BARGAINS!

As they are selling their entire stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Queensware,

Shoes for Men, Women and Children,

AT COST FOR CASH!

And many other goods at less than they cost in the city, and will continue to so sell until the entire stock is disposed of.

☞ LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES:

Prints, good fast colors	6 cts.	per yard.
Brown Muslins	from 6 to 9 cts.	per yard.
Alpacas, Cobergs, &c.,	" 20 to 40 cts.	" "
Tickings	" 15 to 20 cts.	" "
Pant Cloths	" 20 to 50 cts.	" "
All-Wool Cassimeres	50 cts.	" "
White Piques, stripe	" 20 to 25 cts.	" "
" lace stripe	20 to 35 cts.	" "

Ladies' and Children's Hose. 5, 8, 10, 15 and 20 cts. per pair.
Ladies' and Children's Gloves, 10 to 15c. per p'r.
Clark's O. N. Thread.....70 cts. per dozen.
Wax Thread, for hand sewing, 30 cts. " "
Shawls.....from $1.75 to $4.00.

☞ Will sell you more pins, needles, hair-pins, shoe-lacers, etc., etc., for 10 cts. than you ever before obtained for the same money. Also, a great variety of other goods at equally LOW PRICES. Go and see them, and learn for yourselves, as you will be sure to learn, that money can be saved by dealing with them.

REMEMBER THAT THEY SELL FOR CASH

And don't forget that they have added to their stock a large assortment of

Superb CLOTHING

For men and boys, which they do not propose to sell at cost, but pledge themselves to dispose of at lower rates than wearing apparel equally perfect in make and fabric can be bought anywhere else in these parts. Call and examine goods and prices, and bear in mind that—

W.A.S.G.A.C.

A. A. BARKER & SON,

[5-18.] EBENSBURG, PA. [3m.]

THIS WAY FOR

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, &c.

IN addition to a full line of Drugs, Medicines, &c., the undersigned keep on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of

Perfumery, Toilet and Washing Soaps,

Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences of all kind, pure Spices, Blank Books, Pocket and Pass Books, Stationery, Writing Fluid, Black and Red Inks, Pens, Pencils and Pen Holders, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, &c., &c., together with a

FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY,

Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the

Very Lowest Prices for Cash.

LEMMON & MURRAY.

Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

The Last Notice.

WE notified all persons interested that we wanted to have our books settled up by the first day of June, but owing to the *hard times and other excuses that people make* have concluded to extend the time one month, and now we give THIS LAST notice to all persons having unsettled accounts with us that our books will be left with an attorney on July 1st, 1877, with instructions to collect all accounts on said books. We mean just what we say, and all to whom these presents come will save costs and trouble by paying attention to this notice, the final one from us. Come and settle your accounts with us instead of a lawyer.

A. A. BARKER & SON,

Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.-3t.

STRAY COW.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, then of Susquehanna township, now of Chest, on or about the 15th of April last, since when she has given birth to a calf, a red cow, three years old, with a white spot on her forehead, two white spots on each of her legs, and her tail cut off. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; failing in which she will be sold as the law directs.

PETER HELFRICH.

Chest Twp., June 8, 1877.-3t.*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of RACHEL KLINE, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary to the estate of Rachel Kline, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.

JOSEPH CRISTE, Executor.

Washington Twp., May 18, 1877.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of MARY E. HARTMAN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Mary E. Hartman, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal form for settlement.

ANDREW HAUG, Administrator.

Carroll Twp., May 25, 1877.—6t.

GOOD BEEF!—Having recently purchased several head of fine FAT STEERS, which were brought from the State of Indiana, I am prepared to furnish my customers with the BEST BEEF ever offered for sale in this place. Choice Steak, 15 cents per lb.; Steak and Roast, 12 cts. per lb.

JOSEPH GUTWALD.

Ebensburg, March 30, 1877.-tf.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again,

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

TILDEN AND HENDRICKS.

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION TO THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

The reception given to ex-Governor Hendricks by the Manhattan club in New York last night, says the Lancaster *Intelligencer* of the 13th, was a splendid demonstration, attended by many of the most prominent leaders of the Democracy in the country. The club had issued 750 invitations, but the applications from ticketless politicians of all grades were so numerous, and so well backed by influence of one kind or another, that it is probable more than twice this number enjoyed the hospitalities of the club.

Both Gov. Robinson and Mr. Hendricks were received with applause as they passed through the hall; but it remained for the advent of Mr. Tilden to kindle the enthusiasm of the assembled Democracy. As he mounted the stairs, leaning on the arm of Augustus Schell, there was first a murmur of applause, and then a loud clapping of hands, which continued until long after he had taken his place in the reception room.

Vice President Vanderpoel, of the club, called the guests to order, and his pointed remarks in presenting Mr. Tilden were received with the greatest applause and enthusiasm. Mr. Tilden was greeted with the heartiest enthusiasm. He said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Manhattan Club: I accept youred invitation under the idea that this was to be a merely social meeting, the particular occasion of which was the presence in this city of Mr. Hendricks and of Gov. Robinson and Lieut-Gov. Dorsheimer.

You are aware, I suppose, that one of your guests, Mr. Hendricks, embarks to-morrow on an excursion to foreign lands, for rest and recreation. He will carry with him, I am sure, our best wishes for a prosperous voyage, for a pleasant visit and a safe return, and for the health and happiness of himself and family. [Applause.] I have been availing myself, for similar purposes, of a brief interval, and find myself now, with some reluctance, drawn away from this privacy to attend this occasion. But the occasion itself, and the apparent general expectation, seem to require that I should say a word in respect to public affairs, and especially that I should allude to the transaction which in my judgment is the most portentous event in American history. [A hushed expectancy here restrained the tendency to applause, which was just breaking out when Mr. Tilden proceeded.]

Everybody knows that after the recent election the men who were elected by the people as president and vice president of the United States were "counted out." [Hear, hear! and applause]—and men who were not elected were "counted in" and seated. ["Hear, hear!" "Yes! Yes!" Applause.] I disdain any thought of the personal wrong done to myself in this transaction. ["Hear, hear!" (energetically) "Good Good!" Applause.] Not by any act or word of mine shall this be dwarfed or degraded into a personal grievance, which is in truth the greatest wrong that has stained our national annals. Not one of the four millions and a quarter of American citizens who gave us their votes but experienced a wrong as great and as deep as I. ["More!" Applause.] Not one of the minority who did not give us their votes, but, in the resulting consequences of this act, will share in the mischiefs, if it is not redressed and punished. [Applause.] To every man of the four and a quarter millions who were defrauded of the fruits of their elective franchise it is as great a wrong as it is to me. And no less to every man of the minority will the ultimate consequences extend.

Evils in government grow by success and by impunity. They do not restrain themselves voluntarily. They can never be limited except by external forces.

If the men in possession of the government can, in one instance, maintain themselves in power against an adverse decision at the elections, such an example will be imitated. Temptation exists always. Devices to give the color of law, and false pretences on which to found fraudulent decisions, will not be wanting. The wrong will grow into a practice, if condoned—if once condoned.

In other countries, in the old world, changes in the succession of governments have usually been the result of fraud or force. We felicitated ourselves that here, through the skill and patriotism and philanthropy of our forefathers, we had established a system of peaceful change through the agency of the ballot box. This is the first time in American history that this right of the people has been impaired. It is the first time in American history that anybody has ever pretended that the government of this great country was handed over to any set of men through fraud. [Applause.]

The question now is whether our elective system, in its substance as well as form, is to be maintained.

This is the question of questions. Until it is finally settled there can be no politics founded on inferior questions of administrative policy. It involves the fundamental right of the people. It involves the elective principles. It involves the whole system of popular government.

The people must signally condemn the great wrong which has been done to them. They must strip the example of everything that can attract imitators. They must refuse a prosperous immunity to crime.

This is not all. The people will not be able to trust the authorities or beneficiaries of the wrong to devise remedies. But when those who condemn the wrong shall have the power, they must devise the measure which shall render a repetition of the wrong forever impossible. [Applause.]

If my voice could reach throughout our country and be heard in its remotest hamlet, I would say: "Be of good cheer. The republic will live. The institutions of our fathers are not to expire in shame. The sovereignty of the people shall be rescued from this peril and re-established." [Applause.]

Successful wrong never appears so triumphant as on the very eve of its fall. Seven years ago a corrupt dynasty culminated in its power over the millien of people who live in the city of New York. It had conquered or bribed, or flattered and won almost everybody into acquiescence. It appeared almost invincible. A year or two later its members were in the penitentiaries or in exile. History abounds in similar examples. We must believe in the right and in the future. A great and noble nation will not sever its political from its moral life.

Mr. Tilden's address was eagerly listened to, and at its close was loudly applauded. Then Mr. Hendricks was introduced, and spoke as follows:

GOV. HENDRICKS' SPEECH.

Gentlemen: I thank you for the honor you do me. I appreciate it in part as an expression of personal respect and confidence, but more as a declaration and assurance of your support of the principles and policies of which, in honorable association with your distinguished citizen, I was made a representative in the political contest of last year. I beg to assure you that I appreciate the honor you show me the more highly because of your devotion to the political principles which experience has shown to be essential to the expression of good and pure government and the prosperity of the people. Very earnestly the Democrats of this great city and State, as also of Indiana and the other States, contended for and demanded a restoration of local self government in all the States where it had been denied. They insisted upon a reduction throughout the entire public service and expenditures, not by hundreds, nor yet by thousands, but by many millions annually. Therein was involved also a great reduction of the vast army of office-holders, and the substitution of honest for dishonest administration. Contending for results so notably right and honorable, their cause was grand and their victory glorious. I will not disturb the pleasure of this occasion by undertaking to recount the means whereby the will and judgment of the people were defeated. The result, as declared in Louisiana, and in Florida, and at Washington, is not and cannot be made satisfactory to the country, for the obvious reason that it was not true. A great and sincere people will rest their final judgment only upon truth, and never upon fraud successful through technicality. Even should the President and his cabinet adopt a part or the whole of the policies and purposes for which the Democratic party has been contending for many years, and which became so distinctly defined last year—even that cannot remove or quiet the public discontent. The Democrats will make no factious opposition, nor will they seek to embarrass the *de facto* administration, but will sustain it in what is right, because it is right and for the welfare of the country, and not at all because of any fealty to the party that stands defeated and condemned by the people. The people cannot allow the selection of their chief magistrate to become a thing of chance or of sharp practice. The "fraud first triumphant in American history" must be assigned to its proper place among the crimes against popular government, and made so odious that no party will dare to attempt its repetition. He who is elected President must be inaugurated. Until that is settled and made sure no Democrat can be seduced from his devotion and allegiance in any way, not by the allurements of office, nor even by the strong appeal in the abandonment by the administration of vicious principles and dangerous policies, and the adoption of better doctrines and just measures. Democrats will not intrust their most cherished principles to the keeping of power which is attained by vicious and corrupt means. They will the rather continue their faith in the right of the majority to rule in accordance with constitutional provisions. All Democrats rejoice with unbounded joy that free republican governments are once more allowed to the states of South Carolina and Louisiana. They rejoice in the good fruits that must follow. They know that peace and good order will prevail; that capital will be made secure, and labor safe, contented and happy; that enterprise will revive, and the cruel burdens of the government and public corruption will be lifted from the shoulders of labor; and that production will increase and lands advance in price. But they know that, in the language of Gov. Morton, it had become "inevitable." Good government in the state was not a free-will offering upon the altars of the country. For years the Democrats had contended in Congress and before the people for free republican states throughout the South, and finally it became "inevitable," because the right and truth were too strong to be longer suppressed. In this Democrats find a reason to stand more firmly with their party. Out of power, with no patronage to dispense and money to distribute, but animated by the spirit of our institutions, and inspired by the sentiment of the right of self-government as inherent in the people, the Democratic party during the past ten years has restored one state after anoter, until now the tread of the soldier is heard in no legislative hall, but in every state the people are governed by laws of their own enacting and by officers of their own choosing.

My fellow citizens, my home is in the West, and my associations have been with the people of that section. Among you I am, personally, almost a stranger, yet I am received by you with open arms and cordial greetings. Need I say that I am gratified because of this fact? It has more than a personal significance. Does it not proclaim that we entertain no sectional policies? Some may think we should have an Eastern policy, and others that it should be Western; but it seems to me that a New Yorker and an Indianian should understand it better than that, and that or legislative and administrative policy should be as broad and comprehensive as the industries and trade and commerce which it may affect. Does the trade of the great cities of the Atlantic stop with the mountains? Does it not reach beyond the Mississippi and across the Missouri? Every new home that is built upon that receding border; every new farm that is made far out even within the shadow of the Rocky mountains; and every additional bale of cotton that is produced in Louisiana and Texas add something to the greatness and wealth of New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore. Is there a New Yorker who, as he walks up and down this great Broadway, hears and feels only the throbbing of a local commerce? Let such a man break over the narrow bounds and habits of his life, and visit the great cotton and grain-growing regions, nor let him stop until he hears the waves of the Pacific dashing against the golden shores ot California, and he will be able better to understand and appreciate the magnitude and complicated relations of the interests which are affected by the financial and commercial policy of the country. Successful enterprise and development in remote parts of the country are as certainly and almost as directly connected with the prosperity of this city as are permanent and valuable improvements upon your more distant streets. I have said this under the influence of the sentiment that, in respect to production and trade, the East and the West and the South are one; and that a wise and just policy will alike, and almost equally, promote the prosperity of each, if your judgment should be as comprehensive as the influence of your commerce, and as far-reaching as the distant lines of your trade.

I have but one word more to say. The outrage that has been perpetrated is an outrage upon the rights of the people, not upon me, not upon Gov. Tilden, except as we are citizens of the country. The people have been outraged by the denial to them of the right to select their own public officers according to the laws and the constitution. That act will work out, as has been suggested, its own redress. I have no fear of the future. Even if the administration shall adopt Democratic principles, and follow a policy based upon those principles, it can never gain the confidence and heart of the American people. [Applause.] It will never do, when a man has taken land which belongs to another man by a title not good, and holds it—it will never do to say that the man who holds the land wrongfully should have it, because he would cultivate it better than the true owner would have done. Before we reach that question, we will decide who owns the land.

I say this, not because Gov. Tilden has been wronged, but because the voice of the American people has been denied, when that voice was spoken according to the constitution of the United States. But I fear not the result. As I have already said, a great and sincere people will pass their final verdict upon the outrageous act. Democratic principles will be carried out by Democrats, and by such fair minded Republicans as will not make themselves a party to the wrong done last winter. This will be accomplished in 1880 by the majority of voters in the several states, and I venture to say that that majority will be surprising to all parties. I think I may say of 1880, as I said in 1876, that Indiana will again do her duty. [Loud applause.]

Speeches were also made by Governor Robinson, Lieut. Gov. Dorsheimer, and David Dudley Field.

At the conclusion of the speeches the members and guests of the club scattered about in small groups and engaged in social intercourse. Mr. Tilden and ex-Gov. Hendricks held an informal levee, and such persons as had never enjoyed the privilege before were permitted to shake the hands of "our president and vice-president-elect," as they were invariably introduced. After the collation, which was partaken of without speech making, the Young Men's Democratic club, accompanied by Grafulla's band, reached the club-house and serenaded the distinguished guests. Both Mr. Tilden and Hendricks responded with brief addresses.

At the conclusion of Governor Hendricks remarks, three cheers and a tiger were given for "the president and vice-president-elect." Gov. Robinson, Lieut. Gov. Dorsheimer, E. C. Cleveland, of Connecticut, R. T. Merrick, of Washington, and others made brief speeches, and it was after midnight before the band reached the Fifth avenue hotel, where a serenade to Mrs. Hendricks closed the night's festivities.

KINKS OF THE LAW.—I find in my budget of scraps an extract from a speech delivered, some twenty years ago, in the Wisconsin Legislature, by Hon. Mr. Elmore. One of my office boys, who had been engaged as a legislative reporter at the time, gave it to me, and assured me it was correct. The subject under discussion was a bill on the abolition of certain laws for the collection of debts.

Mr. Elmore said he had had a little experience in the law, some of which had been decidedly rich. He would give one instance. About fifteen years before, he had purchased a yoke of oxen, and paid fifty dollars for them. A few days thereafter a son of the man of whom he had purchased came to him and claimed that the oxen were his, and insisted on having pay over again, which being refused, he brought suit in court. The jury didn't agree; but at length, through blunders of the Brushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him.

"I appealed to the circuit court of Milwaukee," said he, "and there I lost again. Said I to my lawyer: 'I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, making him think it's Wisconsin law, and have a new trial ordered.' He took the fee, and performed the duty. A new trial was granted, and *venue* changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was on the bench. Any man who would gain a cause in his court must either go hunting with him, and let him claim all the game shot, or pet his dog. Well, I petted the dog. I fed him with crackers. The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I concluded that dog had hung around me about long enough, and as he happened at the moment to be sniffing at my pockets, I gave him a kick. The dog yelped lustily, and when his yelping had subsided I heard the judge say:

"'Mr. Clark, this judgment is set aside, and a new trial *granted*.'

"Mr. Speaker, and fellow sufferers in the kinks of the law, that kick cost me two hundred dollars!"

CHEAP GIRLS.—A girl who makes herself too cheap is one to be avoided. No young man, not even the worst, excepting for a base purpose, wants anything to do with a cheap young lady. For a wife none but a fool or rascal will approach such a woman. Cheap jewelry nobody will touch if he can get any better. Cheap girls are nothing but the refuse; and the young men know it, and they will look in every other direction for a life long friend and companion before they will give a glance at the pinchbeck stuff that tinkles at every turn for fascinating the eye of any that will look. You think it quite the "correct thing" to talk loudly and coarsely, be boisterous and and hoydenish in all public places; to make yourself so bold and forward and commonplace, everywhere, that people wonder if you ever had a mother or home, or anything to do. So be it. You will probably be taken for what you are worth, and one of these years, if you do not make worse than a shipwreck of yourself, you will begin to wonder where the charms are that once you thought yourself possessed of, and what evil spirit could have so befooled you. Go on, but remember, cheap girls attract nobody but fools and rascals.

THE editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* gravely rose to remark the other day about hash: "There is nothing better than this much abused dish, when properly prepared." Postal cards of thanks from landladies all over the country are now coming in at the rate of a thousand or two per day.

The Shadow in the Valley.

A STRANGE MYSTERY OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE—IS IT A SPECTRE OR A CRAZY SOLDIER?—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INDIANS.

Up and down that valley through which Custer made his last charge—along that creek where so many of Reno's men fell dead from their frantic and struggling horses—in the thickets and along the ravines, a shadow lurks day and night. The last scalp had hardly been torn from the head of the cavalrymen who had crept into the tall grass to die, when this shadow skulked into that valley of death and began dealing out retribution.

The chief, Dull Knife, had much to say about it the other week, when he surrendered. He spoke in whispers when he referred to it suddenly, and he looked around, as if fearful that it was softly stealing upon him to stab him in the back.

Crazy Horse's men had something to say about it when they surrendered, and when white men asked them who or what they thought the shadow was, they shook their heads and whispered:

"We killed 'em all, but there is one left! It is a white man. There is blood on his face and clothing. He carries a saber and two revolvers, and the night wind blows his long, yellow curls over his shoulders. It is a spirit sent by the great Manitou to watch over the graves of the white soldiers!"

White men have seen the shadow. Hunters, trappers and scouts, who have built their camp fires near that valley, through which the big mountain wolf skulks and prowls all night long, have felt the presence of the mysterious shadow or have seen it. They have fled from their blankets at its soft step, and they have fired at it when only ten feet away, and yet seen it glide off unharmed.

It is not a shadow of sentiment, but a being which demands vengeance for the awful butchery of the little band of heroes—for the brave brothers who grouped themselves around the noble Custer and fought to the death, each one lying within arm's length of him who fought fiercest and longest. When the soldiers moved out of the valley, leaving nearly three hundred graves behind them, the wolves rushed out from canon and ravine and den to dig up the fresh earth and feast on the brave dead. The shadow was there before them—a solitary and vigilant sentinel—to guard those sacred mounds. It screamed and gestured at the fierce beasts—it fired upon them with rifle and revolver, and struck at them with a bright, keen saber. The wolves ran here and there, from grave to grave, gnashing their teeth in anger, but the shadow closely pursued. They formed in groups in the midnight darkness, and waited for the shadow to tire out, but it paced up and down over the graves, vigilant and unwearied, and daylight came to hurry the wild beasts to their lairs till another night. Hunters and scouts have been there and seen the sentinel beat over the graves—seen it in the light of noonday, when men could not be mistaken. It is a well beaten path, which runs from grave to grave, curving and winding to take in every one, and now and then it comes close to the creek for the strange sentinel to hear the babble of the waters. Scouts say it is a path beaten by human feet. The red chiefs say that a shadow or spirit could alone remain there in that lonely spot, having only the company of wild beasts and the graves of butchered men.

Once, when Dull Knife and a trusty few were scouting to learn the whereabouts of their white foes, they encamped in the valley for the night. The shadow stole among them as they slept, and when a fierce scream aroused the band from slumber five of the red men had been murdered—each bronze throat slashed across with a keen knife. The shadow stood a little ways off and jeered and mocked the living, who huddled together like frightened children. When they fled for their lives it pursued them with drawn saber, and the chief has a scar on his shoulder to prove that he was struck by the blade. Next day when a full band of Indians marched into the valley to solve the mystery and secure revenge they saw no living thing. The bodies of the warriors were cut and hacked and gashed. Five of the poor cavalrymen whose brains had been beaten out and limbs dismembered had been avenged.

Before the crown of a single grave had sunk down Crazy Horse started to cross the valley at midnight with his lodges. The shadow confronted his band and mocked them, and as the red men hurried along in the darkness, vividly recalling the mad charge of the cavalry and the fierce desperation of the surprised villagers, the strange shadow skulked along with the column and fired shot after shot into the band. They fired at it, and pushed out to capture it, but the shadow disappeared as shadows do. Two squaws, a child or two, an old man, and two warriors fell by the bullets the shadow fired. From that time the red men avoided the valley as white men avoid pest houses. They would not cross it or skirt it, even at high noon, when the sunshine beat down upon the graves and on the waters of the historic creek.

If the shadow was a shadow—a mist, a nothing—it could not beat paths, nor laugh and jeer, nor cut throats and fire rifles; and yet, if it was not a shadow, how does it live? Is it some crazy hunter, whose befogged mind darkened in the story of the awful massacre and conceived this wild plan of vengeance? Perhaps one of that little band of cavalrymen escaped death in some strange way and recovered his strength as he wandered about among the rocks and valleys and hills—recovered strength of limb and not of reason. Believing himself called upon to avenge his comrades, he lurks in the valley, living like the wild beasts around him, and missing no chance to strike a blow.

It is not a month since two army scouts crossed the lonely haunt, and halted long enough to see that the graves had not been disturbed. They saw the path of the sentinal leading from grave to grave. They saw the skeletons of the red men slain by the shadow. They were leaving the valley when their ears were greeted by a mocking laugh, and from a bed of rank grass and dry weeds a quarter of a mile away they saw the shadow beckoning them to come forward. The shadow seemed to be a man—a gaunt, long-haired human being, dressed in rags, which had once been an army uniform. It held up in the air and shook at them a carbine and a saber, and when they galloped away it sent a leaden ball whistling past their heads.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A THRILLING STORY OF A CONFEDERATE LIEUTENANT'S ADVENTURE.

[The Frank Stringfellow whose adventure is described in this extract has, since the war, entered the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was Gen. Jeb Stuart's favorite servant.—ED.]

The second adventure which I have promised to relate occurred when the Federal army occupied Culpepper Court House, and the Confederate army lay in Orange county, Virginia. General Lee desired certain information which it seemed could best be obtained by an individual scout, and Stringfellow was selected for the service. It was necessary he should penetrate the enemy's camps, remain concealed as long as possible, and return when he had collected the desired information. His operations were to be conducted mostly at night. He wished to be accompanied by two men, one of whom, Farrish by name, had his home in the immediate vicinity of the enemy's camps, and being intimately acquainted with all the country, could accurately guide him from place to place in the night as by daylight. The expedition was undertaken on foot, as the distance was not great, and concealment was of prime importance. The men were clad in their own uniform as scouts, not spies. The country was a difficult one for the operations of a scout. From the long and frequent occupation by both the contending armies the land had been almost entirely denuded of its timber, and only here and there a few thin clusters of trees remained standing. One day had passed since they had entered the enemy's lines, and with nightfall they commenced their wanderings among the hostile camps, mainly with the purpose of locating the different corps, and of ascertaining whether any troops had been detached from the Army of the Potomac. The night had been nearly consumed in this way, when reaching one of the clusters of trees, of which I have spoken, they laid themselves down to catch a few moments' rest. A single blanket covered the three men. Treacherous, fatal sleep! Their fatigue was greater and the night was further spent than they had supposed, and the sun was shining bright in their eyes, when a party of six Federal soldiers, with their muskets in their hands, pulled away the blanket which covered them, and saluted them with a humorous "Good morning, Johnny Reb! Wake up!" Stringfellow, lying upon his back, was the first to arouse and to comprehend the situation. Knowing that an open attempt to seize his arms would draw upon himself instant death, he feigned to be only half awakened, and much to the amusement of his tormentors, turned upon his side, muttered and grumbled at being awakened, telling them to go away and let him alone. But by turning upon his side he gave to himself the opportunity of placing his hand, unobserved, upon the handle of his pistol, and in another second he sprang upon his feet and opened fire. His companions joined in the attack, and for a few moments the firing was rapid and fatal. The Federal soldiers stood their ground, but at such close quarters the musket was no match for the revolver. There was no time to reload under the quick eye of Stringfellow, and once discharged the muskets were useless. A few seconds terminated the encounter, in which Stringfellow found himself the sole survivor of his party. Farrish was killed; his other comrade had disappeared, he knew not how; four of the Federal soldiers lay dead at his feet; and the two others, having thrown down their empty guns, were running for their lives.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

But though victor in this fight, perils multiplied themselves around him. The trees among which he stood were surrounded on every side by open fields dotted quite thick with the enemy's tents, some close at hand. Concealment was quite impossible, and he must run for his life; but run in what direction he might, enemies would be sure to intercept his course, for the adjacent camps had been aroused by the firing, and the soldiers who had escaped would be sure to return with others to avenge the death of their comrades. At a distance of a few hundred yards, a little branch made its way through the open fields toward the river. Its banks were fringed with bushes, and while it offered only an utterly forlorn hope, Stringfellow turned toward it and ran. He was seen by those who had already started for his capture; seen to cross the open field; seen to enter the bush on the bank of the stream. And now vindictive shouts announced that the enemy felt secure of their prey. But not so! Entering the bed of the stream, a kind Providence guided him to a spot where the waters had hollowed out for him a hiding place, behind the roots of an old stump. Underneath the bank and behind those roots he forced his body, having hastily collected what driftwood was within reach still further to conceal his person; and there he lay, half covered with the water and mud, and awaited the result.

From every direction men were hurrying to the spot with the perfect assurance that the daring enemy would soon be within their power. For long, long hours did scores of searchers continue to examine every foot of the brush that lined the stream. Many times did hostile feet pass directly over Stringfellow's body, and once a man, more inquisitive than the others, stopped, while walking in the bed of the stream, to examine the very spot where he lay. But the driftwood which he had skillfully arranged for his concealment deceived the man, and he passed on without making the discovery. Toward afternoon the search slackened, and by nightfall it was abandoned. But not until the noise of the camps was hushed in slumber did Stringfellow dare to leave his retreat. Then following for some time the course of the stream, he passed in safety out of the enemy's line, swam the Rapidan between the pickets, and, thankful to God for his deliverance, found himself once more among his friends.—*Major McClellan, Confederate, in Phila. Weekly Times.*

A DANBURY couple have a nice little girl of some five summers. A lady visitor lately observed to the mother, "What a pretty child you have! She must be a great comfort to you." "She is indeed," said the fond mother. "When I am mad at John, I don't have to speak to him. She calls him to his meals, and tells him to get up the coal and other things that I want. She is real handy."