McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance,

OLUME XI.

THE SUN -FOR THE-

MIN AGAINST NATIONAL FRAUD. select who was not elected by the peo-size seen inaugurated at Washington as seesses of fraud, we call upon hon-is all parties to rally together in a de-dend persistent effort for the correc-his great wrong and for the punish-the guilty, to be enforced through the

rage upon the right of self-govlean party and its present primarily responsible; but the unily exercising the power of at upon such authority, are s unpuralleled political swin-

iken to forsake the ancient ways can party, and having invited a armer Rebel to occupy one such the honest public sentimeas system of Government goods and canals, hoping thus ion the work begun in g the civil service, they ty of Northern theorists, to the

ded may be overlooked and compley scheme, as rgainst the to commence immediately a merelless and pertinacious, a that from beginning to the mill never be found baggard or holy eruside; and we invite mevery quarter to join in the

friends and readers-a body of and some the same number as Samuel J. Tilden for Presithe past, to content for honorm, resonanty, and justice in may consult our columns piete, and trustworthy ac t events and news from every rid, while from Washington es Gally SUN is 55 cents a month,

lition, eight pages, alone, is KLY SUN, eight pages, is \$1 o

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de FREEMAN

TOF CAUSES for trial at a to Common Pleas to be held at

> Brawley vs. Williams; Lloyd & McReight: Alexander vs. Mercz et, al.: Porter v. Once, Ebensburg, Aug. 6, 1877.

SISTRATOR'S NOTICE of ALOIS MARTZ, dec'd. Martz, of said township, to whom

WM. MARTZ, &dministrator.

J FOR SALE .- The underers at private sale her FARM cleared, partially sensed, and in a trailon. The improvements con-ry Log House, Log Barn, Spring &c. and there is an abundance for on the premises. Will be sold

ELEANOR POWELL.

ELEANOR POWELL.

Ebensturg P. O. WISTRATOR'S NOTICE. of Josen STEPHENS, dec'd. Ministration on the estate of said en granted to the undersigned, re-oria township, to whom all persons i estate are requested to make im-sul, and those having claims or de-MARTIN SANDERS.

Administrator. MANDER TAIT, M. D., PHY-AND SURGEON, St. Augustine, S. Pa. Night calls should be made

[8-17,'77,-14.]

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.

I'm thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones, that man with stalwart arm, Who lives in peace and plenty on a fortyacre farm,

While men are all around us, with hands and hearts a score, Who own two bundred acres and still are wanting more.

He has a pretty little farm, a pretty little house He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a

His children play around the door, their father's life to charm. Looking as neat and comely as the tidy lit-No weeds are in the corn fields, no thisties

in the cats. The horses show their keeping by their fine and glossy coats; The cows within the meadows, resting 'neath the beechen shade. Learn all the gentle manners of the gentle

milking maid. Within the fields-on Saturday-he leaves no eradied grain,

To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain; He keeps the Sabbath holy-his children

learn his ways --And plenty fills his barn and bins after the harvest days. He never has a lawsuit to take him to the

For the yery reason there are no line fences down; The bar-room in the village does not have him for a charm; I can always find my neighbor on his forty-

acre farm. His acres are so very few he plows them very deep : 'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis his own hands that reap; He has a place for everything, and things

are in their place; The sanshine smiles upon his fields, contentment in his face. May we not learn a lesson, wife, from pru-

dent neighbor Jones, And not-for what we haven't got-give up to sighs and moans? The rich ain't always happy, nor free from life's alarms, But blest are those who live content, though

small may be their farms.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

My old friend and schoolmate, Philip Colcord, when he went into the army, left his diary in my possession, at the same time telling me that, if I found anything therein worth using, I might put it in shape and give it to the world. I have just opened said diary, and almost the first thing that attracted my attention was the record from which I make the following

Some years ago my physician told me I must leave the counting house and travel a detective, and I told him what I had for my health. Let it not be thought from this that I was a weak, puny man. Far stopped. He was deeply interested—very from it. In fact, I was too stout and strong | deeply interested; and I ventured to sug for so much confinement, the result of which was a morbid state of the liver, and a weakening of the digestive organs, with accompanying dyspepsia and constipa ion. I knew the physician was right, and I at once planned a voyage to Europe; but my parents were auxious to know if a horseback ride through the Southern States would not be full as good for me. The doctor said it would be better. "Then," eried old Lattitat, the head of our firm, "you will kill two birds with one stone." The meaning of which was that I could visit a thousand and one correspondents in the Cotton States, and square up a thousand and one accounts while looking after my lost health. I had no objections to this. I steamed it by rail is far as Cincinnati; thence by water to New Orlegus. Then I took the river back to Vicksburg, where I bought a borse, and started across the close by the edge of the brake, and then country to the eastward, intending to strike

the Atlantic coast at Savannah. Late one evening I arrived at a small setlement near the Tombigbee, in Alabama, where I found quite a comfortable inn. After supper I sat down in the bar-room, present were the Sheriff of the district and two of his deputies; and by listening to the conversation I learned that they were out on important business. Later, when alone with the landlord, I was informed of the both travelers and citizens, and who had expert detec ives had been upon the track | brake. of the maranders many times, and yet not even a clue had been gained to their hiding- | at me. place. That they had a hiding-place was very evident; and, further, it was a place where both men and horses could be effectually concealed. The host declared that it was very mysterious; it was past his comprehension. For more than a year plantations have been robbed; travellers have been robbed; boats upon the river have been robbed, and even large settlements have been invaded, by these bold ground; for if their rendezvous had been above ground the officers would have found

On the following morning we ate breakfast at ap early hour, and shortly after-wards the Sheriff and his deputies started off to the southward, towards a bend in the river, where the crew of a flatboat had been robbed only a few days before. My course lay to the eastward, as I had business at

Cahawba. "You'd 'a made it better," said my host, "if you'd crossed the river at Bluff-post. In that case you'd 'a had a direct road to Cahawba; but now you've got to take near- the timber. Dear reader, did you ever,

ward. I had plenty of time, and I liked to see these out-of-the-way plantations, and as for hospitality, it was all alike. I was at stant I should have been a dead man! The home anywhere. With one or two excep-tions it seemed to be the chief aim of the All SECHLER, Attorney at planters to make my stay with them as acreeable as possible; and I found more difficulty in getting away from their doors than I did in gaining entrance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1877.

traveled; but I minded not that so long as the first shot had been sufficient. there was a plain path; so I jogged along upon this new way, which I found to be dreary and lonesome enough. I had no fear of robbers, but still the character of tion, and I instinctively drew out my revolver and examined the charges, and the caps; and when I had done this I slipped | having spoken a word. it into the side-pocket of my sack, where I could reach it most handily. After this I whistled, and then I sang a few verses of an old song, for the purpose, I suppose, of convincing the birds that I was very cheerful and easy.

By and by I reached a point where the him muji I was close upon him. He was a middled aged man; of medium size, dressed in a common hunting garb, and carrying a rifle before him upon his saddlethought he was entirely different from other hunters ! had met in that country. His clothes were vas ly better; and he lacked the free and easy off-hand way of your genuine forester. He hailed me as though he was surprised to see me there, and I looked at me sharply, and as he drew up near my side he asked :

"Do you belong in these parts?" It struck me then that he might be an officer looking after the river pirates. I told him that I was a stranger in that section, traveling partly for my health, and partly on business; and I furthermore told

bim that I was on my way to Cahawba. He looked at me again, taking a careful survey of my whole figure, and then remarked, as we started away from the

"I s'pose the creek is full?"

) es, said 1. "And so you have to come this way ?" I said "yes," again.

'That's partly the case with me," he said, "though I aint going exactly your way for any great distance. Rather a nesone road, isn't it?" "It is, certainly,"

"Not a very pleasant place to meet robbers," he suggested,

I admitted that he was correct. "Have you heard anything about those

"You mean the robbers?" "Yes."

I now felt sure that my companion was seen and heard at the inn where I had last gest that he might be searching after those very villians. "Do you really think so?" he asked.

I told him I thought so from the first. Zounds!" he mut e ed, with a smile, "I must be more careful, or I shall expose myself too much."

Then be acknowledged that be was an officer, and as we rode on I told him all I had heard concerning the outlaws.

In the course of haif an hour we left the imber, and soon afterward we came in sight of the cane brake. It was a curious sight, that maze of cane stretching away almost as far as the eye could reach; and as I came nearer I wondered not that even experienced hunters sometimes lost their way and starged to death in the trackless. depths of such a labyrinth. For the distance of some two miles we rode along we were forced to bear to the night on account of the softness of the soil, and pre ty soon we exme to where a body of water lay sound of horses' feet behind me, and upon turning I beheld four horsemen just emergparticulars. That section of the country ing from the wood. My companion cerbao for a long time been infested by a gang tamly endeavored to make some sign to went into the water as though it were a of the officers sent after them. There was ing with perfect assurance, and finally something wonderful in this, for the most | disappeared within the depths of the cane

I looked at my companion, and be looked "That's rather curious, isn't it?" he said And he looked into my face very sharply. "Carious enough," & replied.

"What d'ye s'pose it means?" he que-It had naturally occurred to me that within the cane brake might be the hidden retreat of the robbers, and that the place

the rascals we've been speaking of have a hannt in there somewhere." I sold him I thought it quite likely.

We rude on a short distance further, and close by a spur of the timber he told me that he must leave me. "I should like to keep on with you," he

said, "but I must take the rest of my way

alone. Here is my path." He bade me good-bye; hoped we should

At length the feeling became oppressive seeming hunter had dismounted, and his keen black eye was glancing along over the hight and saw a ghost in his room. Seizbarrel of his rifle directly at my heart. —

Quick as thought I slipped from my sad-

I set out from the settlement at eight o'- I think the tenth part of a second lost to clock, and at the distance of some five or me at that time would have been fatal .six miles I met a man who informed me that the water was too high for a comfort had shot me, and leaving his borse behind able fording of Linden Creek, and that I | he hurried toward me. Under such cirwould find it pleasant to turn to the south-ward, and go below the Big Brake; refer | waited until he had arrived within a few ring to a cane brake not far distant which paces, and then I leveled my pistol and covered several hundred acres of the rich shot him through the heart. Ee kept on bottom land. This was a route but little toward me, and I fired a second time; but

"Yon're a fine traveling companion, aren't ye!" said I, as I bent over him. He started to his knees, and raised his hand toward the cane-brake, and, tried to the road was calculated to excite one's cau- ery out, either for help, or else to warn his companions there hidden, but his voice had failed him, and he sank back dead without

With as little delay as possible I dragged the body up into the timber, and having remounted my own horse and taken the rein of the dead man's horse over my arm, I started back. I did not follow the road over which I had come, but kept to the southward, toward Brickett's Ford, where path crossed a little stream, and here I was the sheriff had talked of going. By the sixed by a horseman who had come out middle of the afternoon I was on the track from the timber to the eastward. As his of the officers, though I did not find them beast had been drinking, I did not notice until evening. I told them what I had discovered, and early on the following moruing, with fifty or sixty well armed citizens, we set off toward the Big Brake. I remembered the place where the horsemen bow. If this man was really a hunter, I had taken to the water, and upon entering here, and following carefully along, we found a hard road, where some peculiar movement of the flood had thrown up a ridge of gravel. Having gained the canebreak our way was clear enough, for we found an open path, cut through the canes, could not divest myself of the impression and at the distance of a quarter of a mile, that he regarded me as an interioner. He where the ground was high and dry, we came upon the robbers' camp. Twelve of the desperadoes were there, and were easily captured; and the amount of property which fell into the hands of the officers was large. Some of the villains were away and probably made good their escape. The chief of the gang, a Tegan ranger, of the name of Bastrop, was the individual who reckon," he says in relating the circumhad overtaken me on the road, and whom I had shot. Had he been content to let me depart in peace f doubt if I should have been the cause of trouble to him. As I o' old Black Kittle's gang o' red devils fur that the haunt of the robbers was in the somewhere in the Big Horn Valley. Early ane-brake; but as I had no particular dehave kept on my way allowing the proper officers to attend to the finding of the outlaws. The cowardly attempt upon my life, however, determined me otherwise; and the last act of John Bastrop's career, in stead of saving his gang from arrest, as he

HE WAS NOT DRUNK.

struction of both him and them,

A few days since a man, dressed in good clothes, an eye glass and a gold mounted cane, and possessing altogether a rather clerical appearance, bailed a passing street car. There was poshing unusual or particularly notiseable in this except the air of lofty dignity with which he commanded a halt, and the desperate exort which he had made to maistain his center of gravity as he passed to the car, and to conceal the fact that he was slightly incbriated. At-riving at the door, he solemnly caised his right foot to enter, but not raising it quite high enough, he fell headlong on the floor of the car. Raising himself up with difficulty, ke cast a severely reproving look at the old gentleman who sat near the door and said :

"Sir, what d'ye lift up this car for just as I was going to get in?" "My dear sir, I didn't lift the car." plied the old gentleman, meekly. Casting as steady a gaze upon the old gentleman as he could, under the circum-

stances, he rendied : "Well, perhaps you didn't. I won't 'tempt to argue with a man in your condition. My amiable friend it's my calm and deliberate 'pinion, that you have been looking upon the wine when it is red. Very sorry to see it it, a man of your age, between us and the canes. This water What d'you s'pose your mother would say seemed to be a sort of bayou, fed by some if she should see you intossicated? My stream beyond my sight, and it certainly friend. I've wept many titter tears over and soon discovered that among the guests had a awampy, dismal look, suggestive of such cases as yours. Yes," continued be, snakes and alligators. We had passed a in a faltering voice, and pulling out his point of wood that made close down to the handkersbief, "and I'm d--d if I ain't water, when I fancied that I heard the | weeping now; this you'll readily observe.

Whereupon he wiped his eggs with a grand flourish, blew his nose, and navigated to the other end of the car. When be reached his destination be pull-

of desperate villains -river-pirates and horse them, but they did not see him. They had robbed and murdered kept straight on to the edge of the bayon; When he got about haif way, and just as ed the bell strap and started for the door, he got in front of a lady, he tripped and thus far succeeded in cluding the vigilance | continuation of the road, the horses mov | fell full length upon the floor. Raising bimself perpendicular, be turned to the lady, and, in a tone of mingled severity and, whiskey said :

"Madam you've certainly got the biggest feet I ever saw in my life.

"Oh, don't 'pologize, madame, I beg you don't pologize. You're not to blame for it. But if you could just pare 'em down a little, 'twould be a great accommunation to

the traveling public." The lady was speechless with indigna retreat of the robbers, and that the place tion, the passengers were convulsed, and of passage across the bayon was known only the gentleman stalked majestically to the to themselves; but I did not speak my door, stepped to the ground, and immediontlaws. The publican's idea was, that mind to my companion. I intimated to ately sat down. As the car moved away, they had a big cave somewhere under bim that I had no idea of its meaning. "It isn't impossible," he pursued, with and down the street, waves his hand in an his eyes still fixed sharply upon me, "that | uncertain manner, and walked away.

AN EDITOR'S APPEAL -As the report that we are very wealthy has gone abroad among our subscribers, and has made them awful slow about paying up, thinking, doubtless, we don't want the money, we hasten to say the report of our wealth is meet again; gave me some directions touching my route; and then turned toward The lightning of poverty has struck us square, and had it not been for an agaiful of hay our devil managed to steal from a mule path. Howsumever, if you've got a some crowded assembly, grow nervous and blind mule, our large and interesting family road that lay before me, and had rather preferred it to the better rout to the north-Democrat.

dle, and on the same second a bullet came on the floor. He calls it a case of collar in phantom.

DIFFIEENCE.

"I'm afther axin', Biddy dear-" And here he paused awhile To fringe his words the merest mite

With something of a smile-A smile that found its image In a face of beauteous mould. Whose liquid eyes were peeping From a broidery of gold,

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy dear, If-" then he stopped again, As if his heart had bubbled o'er And overflowed his brain; His lips were twitching nervously O'er what he had to tell And timed their quavers with the eyes

That gently rose and fell.

"I've come-" and then he took her hands And held them in his own,
"To ax—" and then he watched the buds That on her cheek had blown; "Me purty dear-" and then he heard

The throbbing of her heart, That told how love had entered in And claimed its every part, "Och! don't be tazin' me," she said, With just the faintest sigh,

"I've sinse enough to see you've come But what's the reason why?" "To ax-" and once again the tongue Forbore its sweets to tell, "To ax-if Mrs. Mulligan Has any pigs to seli.

How Delos Lost His Scalp.

AN OLD INDIAN FIGHTER'S DESCRIPTION OF & BATTLE.

Delos G. Sanbertson, who lives in Monroe county, New York, is an old Indian fighter, and one of few persons who have been scriped, and live to tell how it felt. On the top of his head is a fiat, red, bare spot, the size of a man's hand, showing where his scalp was cut and torn off. Although several years have passed, the spot

is still tender and looks raw. "That bald spot 'll never let me forget the last battle I was in with the Indians, I stances connected with his scalping. "I was with Custer in '69, in the Infantry. We'd been expectin' to come on to some have already said, it had occurred to me some days. We knowed they was camped one morning_it was size to be mixed up in such a mess, I might we got sight of 'em in the valley, from quite a high pitch o' ground. The cav'hy we had with us was more'n a mile in the rear. Some of our troops was sent 'round to come down and attack the Injins from t'other side. We wa'nt more'n eighty rods from the cussed snakes, and by full dayhad intended, proved the signal of the delight was ready to pitch into 'em.

"The firin' commenced on both sides of 'em, and, comin' from both ways, it kind o' mixed 'em up for a minit or two. But when old Black Kittle came tearin' down the front from some place in the rock, a yellin' and givin' orders, they soon rallied and commenced gitting in their favorite positions. Damn that old devil! I kin see im now, his face painted with red and yeller streaks, lengthways and crossways, a long string o' feathers hanging down his greasy bare back, and him a tearin' up and down on his Injin pony, whoopin' and yeilin' and givin' his orders.

"I don't think them cusses was a bit more'n two minits a huntin' places behind rocks an' trees to fire from, and then you couldn't see more'n three inches of an injin anywhere. They was camped in the spot with their women and papooses. We put a ball wherever we could see a head or any piece of an login. There was plenty o squaws and young devils, and we didn't make any choice 'twixt them and the men. We shot a squaw or a papoose jest as soon as we would any other red thief. Damn em, if they wasn't any squaws they wouldn't be any papooses, and the papoo ses make doss thieves and scalpers in the gourse of time. So a good Injin fighter 'll always go in for cleanin' out the whole gang, an' don't know age nor sex. You'd kill a she rattlesnake an' a young rattlesnake as quick as you would an old he fellow with twelve rattles, wouldn't you? Well rattlesnake is angels 'long side o' In-

"After firin' this way for a spell, we got rders to charge down the hill right into the Injin camp. We tore down, every one of us a yellin' as bad as any o' the devile we was fightin'. Their ten's was all a standin', an, there was plenty o' Injins round 'em an' in 'em. We scooted along the alleys on the double-quick, peggin' away an' usin' the bay'met. Pooty soon it got to be a general free fight. Ole Black Kittle held his red thieves right to the spot' an' our charge on 'em only brought as right 'mong 'em. Soldiers, Injus, squaws, and papooses all was mixed up in the light, an' the yelin' was heard for two miles by the cav'lry that was comin' on behind us. It was in the winter, you know, an' the snow was 'bout two foot deep. It wa'nt long 'fore they was a good many dead soldiers and dead women and dead young ones from a year old up, layin' about in that snow, promiseus like, andmebby you've heerd o' red snow. Well, this snow is red, but not the kind o' red that you've heerd of. "Well, me an' another soldier named Wagner was fightin' in one edge o' the

thickest part of the village, in a narrow alley. All of a suddin whang! went a gun from behind a tent, an' Wagner had killed his last injin. The red devil who fired the shot sprang right out in front o' me with his tomahawk raised. I'd a sent my bay'net clean through his greasy carcass in an other second, but an infernal squaw ketched me round the neck, and flopped me as quick as lightnin' on my back in the snow! My gun fell out o' my hands, an' there were more'n twenty squaws and papooses jumpin' and yellin' around me in less'n no time false in every particular. If ocean steam- I made a spring to get up, but a she devil ers were selling at a cent a dozen we grabbed me in the hair and yanked me back quicker. The Injun that had shot Wagner, who jaid dead not more'n a foo from me, ketched up my gun, and clubbin' it, whacked me over the head. If he hadn't ly half the distance in wildcat road and mule pair. However, if you've got a mule pair. However, if you've got a good hoss, you'll make out, I reckon—that is, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss, if you don't get picked up by the piss gazing apon you?—and have you not under such the house agree who are the courage to cut the most agree and can you delinquent subscribers look and can you delinquent subscribers look in a big a gree by the courage to cut the most agree and can you delinquent subscribers look in the bays habits of industry and upon it without feeling the greenbacks rustile and found a pair of bright electric eyes so that he zouldn't like any better fun that the la-ks principle. A friend should be with the buy think a principle with the bayout through me. If you think a clip over the bead with the buy the piss and can you delinquent subscribers look in the streets at might. been a damn fool he gud just as well stuck chawin' your heart out-I say, if you think it won't make you feel sick, mebbe you better kase it tried on you once. It didn't if the damn squaw hadn't me down by the no more 'a got up than I could a slep' with sive.

on Injin! An' you kin shoot me if I wouldn't cut my ears off ap' eat 'em raw rather'n do that!

"I know'd just as well as I knowed any thing that my hair were goin' to be raised in less'n two seconds unless some o' the boys seen my fix and made the devil a present o' that Injin. I heard some o' the boys give a shout, an' knew by the scatterin' 'among the squaws and young ones that some o' 'em were a comin.' I heard a

shot and a yell, an' the squaw that had yanked me down fell and with half her body on me. The big Injin was game, anyhow. He kicked the dead squaw off o' me, and then set one o' his feet on my chest. The numb feelin' had almost left me, and I could see the fringe on the leggins of the Injin. I knowed what he were after, an' if ever a man cussed and swore to hisself. that man was me, because none o' the boys seemed to get there, nor to shoot. Two o' the seldiers war a comin' for me all the time, but the business was done so quick that they didn't have time to shoot again' after killin' the squaw, 'till the thing were

over; but it seemed more'n a week to me. "The Injin bent down quick and grabbed me in the scalplock. Lord! how he jerked. I shut my eyes. Then it felt as if some one had ripped a gash with a dull pair o' scissors all 'round the top o' my head, an' then poured a ladle full o' hot lead in it. A flash o' the awfullest, sharp es: pain that kin be imagined ran all through me, clean to the end o' my toes. Then it seemed as if a horse was hitched to my hair gn' he was struck with a whip, give a sud den spring, an' tore the top o' my head off from side to side. I cud feel my knees draw up, and my hands go shut and grab in the snow, and I set my nails clean into the flesh. The sensation was jest as if from the top o' my head there had run cords down through my body, which were fastened in my flesh all along, and that these had all tore loose from my toes up. and followed the top o' my head when it was jerked off. I knowed I were scalped, and that were all I knowed for three days.

"About the time I lost my bair the cavalry come up, and the Injins was licked, and they wa'nt many of 'em got away.-The boys who seen the Injin scalp me said they killed him; but if they did, they didn't git my scalp back. It mought a got lost in the snow, though. They sent me to Laramie, and four or five weeks I had a lactle the softest head that ever set on any man's shoulders. They let me come East to get sound, and I've sence been bon'ably discharged, the Gov'ment savin' that a man that had been scalped once by the Injins had done all that end nat'rally ke expected of him from his country. I'm a itchin', though, to git out 'mong them dirty Nees Purses, and if the boys had anybody else a handlin' of 'em but that Gen. Howard, who don't know no more 'bout fightin' Iujius than the Prince of Wales, I'd be out there too, as quick as I could get there. They's one thing certain, the devils can't git any more scalp out o' me if they ever have a

REMARKABLE CANINE INTELLIGENCE. -Among the passengers lost on the steamer St. Clair, on Lake Superior, was a man named Stewart, of Duluth, He had a small English spaniel, which swam ashore. The dog was well known at Duluth and along the northern Pacific railroad, and was remarkable for his intelligence and sagacity. His owner was employed by the Northern Pacific road to measure timber delivered by contrac os The dog would take the end of the tape-line and go to the end of the log, sixty or seventy feet long and hold it at the end until his master would hold it at the other, and do this ill day long un il the timber was measured. liis master would send to the postoffice, simply saying to him "go up—get letters;" hed amounts to special heirs, and then retired dog would go to the postoffice and go around to one of the clerks, look at him, wag his tail, and was so well known the Georgia and South Carolina through the clerk would give him letters, which he would carry back to his master, and in the same way would carry letters which his master bad written to the office to be mailed. His scent was very acute.

Coming home from the woods one day, Stewart was met on the road by a company of young people, who had been at a picnic, about a half mile away. One of the young ladies had left ber parasol on the ground. Stewart called his dog, and poin ed to the path said, "go find and bring here." The dog was gone about 15 or 20 minutes, and returned with the parasol. A pile of lumber, put in Stewart's charge, was being stolen. Stewart called his dog, took him to the pile and said, "watch it and see who takes it." Two or three days afterward the dog came to him in the morning, and by signs familiar to his master, told him to follow him, Stewart took a policeman with him, and told the dog to go on, and he led them about a quarter of a mile to a shan y, occupied by a Swede on the bank of a lake. They looked under the shants and saw a large pile of boards. The Swede was arres ed, taken before the justice, and Stew ri told the justice what the dog had done. The justice at ones con-

A great many other doings of the doe are known to the people of Duloth and it will not lend him your money. is to be hoped that he will fall into good hands.

WEITTLING SCHOOL.-Boston has a whit ling school in which boys from twelve to sixteen years of age are admitted and instructed in the practical features of the wond carver's trade, from 7 to 9 o'clock on Tuesday and Friday evening of each week. Each boy is provided with a 4 feet length at a bench 2) feet wide, with vice, tools and gas light. The tui ion is free and there are more applicants than can be accommodated. The place of any boy who is absent for two successive evenings is filled by another. A record of a boy's progress is kept and pas'ed upon the wall before him, so that he always knows what progress he is making in the estimation of his instructors, who are skilled mechanics employed for the purpose. The object of the school is to take advantage of the nat- honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and

THE telephone may be well enough as a musical disseminator, but what the country make me senseless, but I felt all over like needs is the invention of some sort of must-

Col. R. A. Alston's Fortune.

NUMBER 32

AN AGREEABLE STORY OF A PROPHECY BY A CANARY, AND ITS FULFILMENT.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution tells the following interesting story, showing how Col. R. A. Alston, a former journalist of that city, was made happy through the prophecy of a cauary and a news paragraph in the Baltimore Sun which was brought to bis attention:

Several months ago Gen. Gordon and Col. R. A. Alston were walking down Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington City. They noticed a crowd standing on the sidewalk, and upon investigation discovered a portable stand upon which a grave and speculative group of canary birds were engaged in telling the fortunes of the bystanders. The modus operandi was simple. A stranger would give one of the birds a nickle. The bird would then hop off to a basket near by and pick up a little envelope in his bill and carry it to the expectant customer. In this envelope he would find a small piece of pa-per, on which was printed the history of his future life-at least a canary bird's-eye view

Moved by one of those unaccountable impulses that operate with the great as well as the lowly, Gen. Gordon announced his pur-pose of trying his luck with the birds. He handed the wisest tooking causry he could see a carefully-selected micket and awaited the result. The bird returned with an envelope, which the Senator opened. It announced that the Senator "talked too much, had five children, and would live to be 86 years of age," The Senator remarked that the first part of the fortune was not true, that the second was, and he hoped the third would be. Upon this encouraging resume Col. Alston determined to have his fortune tried; so be chased a nickel into the corner of his breeches-pocket, and, capturing one, handed it to a likely looking bird, and re quested him to move ahead with the panorama. The bird tooked at the Colonel carefully, as if he felt that the case in hand required his very finest judgment, and then moved off in a profoundly contemplative and reflective mood. He soon returned with an envelope, which he delivered to the Colonel. The first clause of the fortune was this: You invite too many people to your house; many of those you invite are not your friends." That goth was true, The hospitality of Col. Alston is as wide and spon-taneous as that of the biblical gentieman who, when he had a wedding in his house, feit so good about it that he sent out the police to beat up his guests from the bushes

and thickets. But the above was a small part of the proplacey. The printed slip went on to resite that the Colonel would in a short time receive a large sum of money. He thought at first that this was tidings-dire but grateful -about his big fee which was then in the prospective. But the paper went on to say that he would receive this fortune as an in-heritance, and that it would be the basis on which he would build a definite prosperity. He folded the scrap of paper, put it in his pocket, and went to Williard's, where he met Judge Lochrane. He was showing the paper to this genial gentleman, with the big Irish heart, when he was interrupted by the exclamation: "Why, my near sir, your fortune is already left you. I saw this very day in the Baltimore Sun that John E. Alsten, of Brackiva, had died, leaving a fortune of about \$600,000 to be divided among his heirs and relatives in the South." Colonel Alston then hurried out to find the Baltimore Sun. He failed, however, and the matter dropped out of his mind. A day or two afterward Attorney General Devens asked him if he was any kin to J. E. Atston, of Brooklyn, remarking that that gentleman had left a fortune to be divided among his relatives. Colonel Alston replied carelessly. and coming to Georgie soon after, forgot all

about the clear-eyed canaries and their proprinted copy of the will of John E. Alston, addressed to him as one of the herrs of the yesterday received a letter, which we examined, from Mr. Glover, amounting that he would be it Georgia before long to have a personal interview with Col. Alston concerning the distribution, and also announcing that he was bringing the matter to a close as rapidly as possible. Mr. Ker Boyce, of Angusta, has the eard upon which the fortune was printed, but Colonel Alston has written to him for it, that is may be ready to meet the tide of inquiry that this article will turn

loose upon him.

The above story is true in every particular. It is a remarkable story in itself, but when taken in connection with the numerous miracles of luck that have been worked in behalf of Colonel Alsten, becomes much more remarkable. We predict that he will clear \$50,000 by the little inheritance.

FOURTEEN MAXING FOR DAILY LIFE -"Moral Corrage" was printed in large letand placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference, and furnished by him for publication;

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to pall a man why you fase to credic him, Have the courage to tell a man why you

Have the courage to pucter comfort and propriety to fushion in all things.
Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.
Have the courage to own that you are poor and thus disarm poverty of its stings.
Have the courage to do y identified which you do not need, however much your eyes may cover it.

may covet it. Have the courage to insure the property your possession, and thereby pay your Have the courage in preparing an enter-

tainment for your friends not to exceed your Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy cost, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richle attired. Have the caurage to speak your mind

when it is necessary to do so, and to hold your tongue when it is predent you should Have the courage to show your respect for

not with his vices.

THEY had a deaf mute's pienic up at A young mas in town woke up the other a man's foot does when it's asleep. Even cal conductors which may be applied to Marbichead last week. Those who don't behand organs and tin-pan-planes in such a lieve there is such a thing as any soken probair, while a lot of greasy papooses was a manner as to conduct the "music" roise-faulty should have seen the expression of poundin' an kicken' me in the face, all of lessly off, and due p it in some out of the voiceless young man of the party 'em yellin' like a crazy asylum, I couldu't way place, where it will no secome offen just after he had sat down on a good healthy bumble bes.

Mental or Box, Homan Cement, Read the advice. DVERTISE