

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, S2 per year, in advance.

DLUME XI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1877.

HERIFF'S SALES. sundry write of Vend. Expon. out of the Court of Common Pleas ed to Public Sale, at the Court nensburg.

saturday, October 6, 1877 glock, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

to wit: to wit: the sight, title and interest of Erwine and to a piece or parcel of land situ-teste township, Cambria county, Pa., ad-teste township, Cambria township, Cam-teste township, Cambria township, Cam-test Erwine Feth, Also, a piece or the itaste in Cambria township, Cam-teste inskel, and John Bodenshatz & account of a size and 97 perches, unity. per interes, and your porches, unim-infor 175 acres and 97 perches, unim-taken in execution and to be sold at F.A. Sheemaker, attorney in fact for

the right, title and interest of Fredwer and Michael C. Snyder, of, in er of parcel of land situate in Barr Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands county, Rehard Olttings, and George in the south. Nathan Bracken on the art Strong on the north, containing more or less, unimproved. Taken in and to be sold at the suit of Joseph

at the right, title and interest of John d, in and to a piece or parcel of land quebaana township. Cambria coun-ing lands of Leonard Farbaugh on a Metomble on the west, and Geo. month and west, containing 67 acres about 28 acres of which are cleared real erected a one and a half-story log harn and blocksmith shop, now after of John C. Williams. Taken in a to be sold at the suit of H. C. Kirk-

the right, title and interest of John in and tota lot of ground situate a borough. Cambria county, Pa., Cambria, Indiana & Huntingdon stending back 200 feet to an alley, lotal Mrs. Smeeder on the west by the Paul McKenna, having there natory L" plank house, weather or less, about one acre cleared, cent hy C. Reich, Paul McKenna pl maning back 57 perches to ald ng thereon crected a plank stable, -ution and to be sold at the suit of

right, title and interest of John frience Rager, of, in and to a piece and stunte in Jackson township alv, Pa., adjoining lands of John min Ben hoof, and others containain Ben boot, and others contain-mere or less, 50 acres of which are a thereon erceted a two-story log larn now in the occupancy of John to, all the right, title and interest and George Rayer, of, in and situate in Jackson township Pa. adjoining lands of John of, and others, contain

Blackberries ! ripe blackberries ! Will you come and see? Over all the woods and lanes

BLACKBERRIES AND KISSES.

They are running free. Blackberries! ripe blackberries! Will you come and eat? Nature bids you to the feast, Spreads the wild, free treat.

Bob White and Bob-a-Linkum, With their ladies fair, Robin Red and Cardinal, Are already there. Jenny Wren and every bird One would wish to see, Famed for beauty, love, or song,

Join the company. Sing and eat, and eat and sing,

While the children shout ; And fond lovers 'mong the vines Wander in and out -Wander slowly, stooping low,

Lest the fruit they miss : Ah ! I wonder which is sweetest. Berries, or a kiss? "Which is sweetest, merry robin?

Tell me which is best. And he warbled, "Blackberries ! Berries for my nest. Which is sweetest, happy lovers, Happy as you sigh ! Langhing low, they answered me, "You had better try."

"Children, who in parple juice Dye your fluger-tips,

Purple are your garments dyed, Purple are your lips. Through the woods and laues and fields

Each a welcome gaest, Cin not answer what I ask ?" "Blackberries are best !"

"Blacyberries, of course, are best; Who would kisses want Said a sturdy, langiding lad, Brown and confident, "Blackberries, of course, are best ; What do you say, Grace? And the little lass replied.

"That's of course, the case !"

But above them sang a bird In a mocking tongne, "Wait a little longer, dears, You are rather young.

Birds who know a thing or two Well may tell you this-Blackberries are very good, But hetter far 's a kiss!"

AN IRISH HEROINE.

age laws of exacting land lords. Being unwilling to endure what he could not ameliorate, he determined to bid farewell ferever to his suffering country, and emigrate to the North American colonies. Disposing of his household effects, he, with his wife and children, embarked for the New World. Jane was just entering in her teens when her father settled down in his new home at Newcastle, in the present State of Delaware. Here they remained for ten years engaged in agricultural pur-suits. He then, with his family, penetrated the wilderness to the central part of the State of New York, and fixed his home in the extreme frontier settlement, within the limits of the present county of Oswego. and about seven miles from the village of Cherry Valley.

Foremost among the settlers in this region was an Irish family named Campbell, and from the same part of Ireland as the Cannons. An intimacy sprang up between the two neighbors, and the result was that Jane Cannon was married to Samuel Campbell, then a young man twenty five years of age, and distinguished for his energy of character and bold spirit of enterprise. The settled down in their new home to enjoy in peace the blessings which were denied them in their own land, and for years prosperity smiled upon their efforts and rewarded their untiring energy and industry. But a dark day was dawning upon that happy settlement, storm clouds were gath-ering over it and casting their illomened shadows between it and the sun ; the sauctity of the hearth was destined to be violated, and the peace which they had so long enjoyed changed into bloody and relentless warfare. The Revolution was about to burst upon them.

It came, but found them prepared .-Captain Matthew Cannon and Samuel Campbell, the father and husband of Jane, were the first to declare for the Colonies. There was scaut love in the hearts of these two Irishmen for the red cross flag of King George. The wrongs inflicted on their na tive land by him and his predecessors were still rankling in their breasts, and with all the ardor and energy of their natures they engaged in the cause of liberty and independence. As soon as the news of the menced to enrol the militia; both were on

the savages as they triumphed in their

work of death, and seeing them pass so

hear that one of them trailed his gun upon

the log that covered her. Colonel Camp-

bell who was in her house, attempted al-

most single handed to oppose the advance

of the enemy, and notwithstanding that

and was unable to learn what became of

Leaving behind them a scene of desola-

valley they caught occasional glimpses of

the ruins of their dwellings as some sudden

gust of wind or falling timber awoke into new life the decaying flame. What were the thoughts of the poor Irish captives

when they awoke next morning to a sense

his wife and children.

scarcely permitted to live under the sav- | tighter to her breast, and whispered a few | had been with a branch of the Mohawk words of hope to her aged mother by her tribe, and had forgotten his mother tongne, side, resigned herself to her fate. But she though he remembered his mother, whom was not destined then to die. The position | in the joy of seeing her he addressed in the which her husband held in the "rebel" ranks, and the eminent services which he had rendered the cause of independence, caused him to be peculiarly obnoxious to the enemy. The Indians well knew that Jane had constantly aided her father and husband in their efforts against the English government, and had been of great service to the friends of liberty in Cherry Valley. Both were marked for vengeance, and hence Jane and her children were considered important captives. While the other women and children were released in a day or two after being ransomed by their friends, no such mercy was extended to the Campbells. The Indians after a long consultation approached Jane, and told her that she and

her children must accompany them to the land of the Senecas. Her mother, the aged and infirm wife of Captain Cannon, felt conscious that she would never be able to perform the journey. Jane endeavored to tranquilize ber mind and sustain her spirit though she herself felt little hope. On the second day of their journey, her mother became fatigued, and while Jane was endeavoring to aid her faltering steps and encouraging her to exert her utmost strength, an Indian approached and strucki her down with his tomahawk. Her murdered parent fell by her side, and the same Indian with his bloody weapon threatened the life of poor Jane if she for one moment stopped or relaxed her speed. Without being allowed to close her dying mother's eyes, or receive her last sigh, she was hurried onward by her savage foes. She carried in her arms an infant eighteen months old, and for the sake of her helpless little ones, dragged on her weary seps in spite of her failing strength until the evening shadows covered

the forest and the savages rested for the night. The journey was a long, arduous, and melancholy one. The captives were taken down the valley of the Susquehanna to its junction with the Tioga, and thence into the western part of New York, to the Indian Castle, the capital of the Seneca nation, near the site of the present town of | the age of eighty-six. His wife lived, in | At last a regular romp ensued, and Jen-Geneva. Here it terminated. "The whole the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted nie's friend locked her guest in her room, region." says the author of The Women of health, to the age of ninety-three, and shouled good-night through the key-hole, battle of Lexington arrived, both com. the American Recolution, "was then an died in 1839-the last survivor of the Re- and ran langhing down the long hall. unbroken wilderness, with here and there volationary women in the region of the Jennie smiled as she listened to the footthe Committee of Safety, and pledged an Indian settlement, and the journey was beadwaters of the Susquehanna.

Indian language. In the fall she and her children reached Albany, escorted into that city by a detachment of troops under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen. Here Colonel Campbell awaited their arrival, aud the trials of a two years' captivity were almost forgotten in the joy of restoration. They remained there until peace was proclaimed, and the British driven out of the country, twhen they returned to Cherry Valley, and literally began the world anew. Their land had gone to waste, and was covered with underbrush ; all beside was traordidary degree-a lady with her daughdestroyed, and with no shelter save a small | ter a maid. log-cabin, hastily put up, they felt for a time that their lot had been a hard one. But the consciousness of having performed the duty of patriots sustained them under misfortune. By the close of the following summer, a more comfortable loghouse was erected on the ruins of their former resi- thought her face sad before I knew her, dence, and the farm began to assume the but afterward, in the pauses of conversaaspect of cultivation. It was in this house that General Washington was received and or strengthen rather, into one of perfect entertained on his visit to Cherry Valley, accompanied by General George Cliuton and other distinguished officers. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Campbeli presented her sons to Washington, and told him she strong and yet were so delicately shaped. would train them up to the service of their country, should that country ever need have been in this simple remark to distress their service.

end, and she was eminently blessed in all things temporal, being permitted in old

age to see around her a large and prosperwilliam Campbell, Surveyor-General of It was a large, rambling, country the State of New York. Her second son with an unusual number of sleeping rooms, James S. Campbell, was for many years a and Jennie, on her arrival, was the only magistrate, and one of the judges of the guest, so that on each side of her the rooms Court of Common Pleas, in Otsego, while were unoccupied. the youngest son Robert Campbell, of The evening she arrived her friend in-Cooperstown, an able and eminent lawyer, enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of that she must be very weary ; but Jennie the people of that county. Colonel Camp-bell, after an active life, died in 1824, at lately refused to go to bed. NUMBER 35.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

It is a horrible story that I am about to parrate-so horrible that it has haunted me ever since I heard it.

Constantly at night, before I fail asleep, I imagine each line in that guastly facebut this won't do. If I must tell the story I had best commence at the beginning.

I spent last summer at the seaside-it was not in the least a fashionable wateringplace, but so quiet that the things that would have been of little or no interest clscwhere, there became wildly exciting.

Among the new arrivals, one day, there came a party that interested me to an ex-

The daughter, Miss Linsee. Jennie Linsee was one of those persons whom you feel sure has a history. Tall, fair hair, with dark eyes and a sensitive mouth. She was extremely handsome ; but her face was oue of the saddest I ever saw in my life. I tion. I have seen that expression deepen, misery.

Once in particular I remember noticing this; we were speaking of hands, and I admired hers, saying that they looked so

I wondered at the time what there could and annoy her. But since I've heard her Once settled on the old homestead, Mrs. story, I understood not only this, but many Campbell's trials and sufferings were at an other things that seemed very strange to

> Three years ago Miss Linsee was visiting a friend-a young girl of about her own

It was a large, rambling, country, house,

sisted on her going to bed early, saying

steps growing fainter and yet fainter, and

still holding in her strong white hands the ends of the scarlet rope. On the floor, half under the bed, lay the dead body of a man. He must have had a murderer's face living ; but, dead, who can describe it? The eyes were starting from the head, and

seemed to wa ch one's every movement. I can not describe the scene as it was described to me, nor would 1 if I could. When they pitied Jennie she burst into tears, and this alone, the doctor said, saved her reason and her life.

I have often read of hair turning white in a single uight from terror. I wouder if this be so. I think not ; for if it were Jennie Linsee's fair bair would to-day be as white as newly, fallen snow.

.... Oldest Man in the World.

A merchant of this city who recently returned from a tour of South America, has given a reporter of the Globe Democrat an account of a remarkable old man he saw in the City of Tulca, Chill, whose name is Felix Rojas, and who has undonbtedly reached the age of 106 years. Rojas was born in 1740, and at an early age cutered the army, holding the position of Serge int-Major in a Spanish line regiment. When Carlos the Third issued the historic mandate expelling the Jesuits, Rojas took in charge two members of the Order and carried them from Linares to Santiago. He served forty-eight years in the Chilian armies, and is thoroughly conversant with the minutest details of Chilian history for the last century and a half. Up to one year ago Rojas was remarkably vigorous for one of his venerable age, though for ten years he has been carried about in a portable chair, in charge of two servan s. a year he has been failing tapidly, and now seldom leaves his house, his physicians prescribing almost absolute quict as the mly means of prolonging life. Occasionally he may be seen in his chair in front of his residence, and passers-by pay him the greatest respect. He smokes a pipe, and has used tobacco steadily for 120 years --His eyes are quite weak now, but he has never used spectacles, and is generally able to read large print. He is not a large man being scarcely five feet in height, and peyer weighed over 150. He is remarkably well proportioned, his head being unusually large and finely shaped. Singular to whate. Rojas has lived to this vin in defiance of many vicissitudes and habits that are universally believed to abbreviate a man's term of life. From the age of twenty till he was seventy he was an habitual drinker, and for a long part of that time such a confirmed tippler that his heal h was seriously affected, and it was believed that he could not survive long. For fortysix years he has not tasted intoxicating drinks, except as a medicine. In 1850 he fought a bloodless duel with a brother soldier, and ten years later, in a similar encounter with another antagonist, he was so desperately wounded that it was two years before he fully recovered. A one time he suffered a double fracture of his right is g by a caisson wagon running over it. He was also wounded twice while fighting in battle. He has had the yellow fever, and has been repeatedly prostra ed by the other malarial fevers that prevail in all parts of South America. It seems so remarkable that one should be preserved to such an extraordinary age after passing through so many adventures and accidents by field and flood. Rojas is the son of a Spanish nobleman who fled his country for a political offense, and settled in Chili under an assumed name. The sou living almost a half a century before he found ont the true history of his father, and upon the discovery he made a trip to Spain, and succeeded in obtaining from the Government the title and possession of valuable property which had been confiscated. This is the only voyage Rojas has ever made away from his native country. The venerable old man has ample means and is surrounded by a numerous line of dependants, consisting of children grandchildren great-grand children ; great-great and great great-great grand-children. -- 8% Louis Globe Democrat. ----A WONDERFUL PRENOMENON. - A man who saw the partial destruction of the Omaha bridge by a cyclone describes it as a dense black cloud coming down stream, carrying forward a water column standing on the river with its head in the clouds, In front the air is filled with bail, streams of fire run along the iron bars and columns of the bridge ; but the moment the whirling water column strikes it the whole is lit up by a blinding electric glare, the bridge vanishes, shoots up to a great height above the piers, and then is dashed with inconceivable velocity back into the river. Large stones are torn out of the rip-rapping, and shoot up perpendicularly sixty feet to the top of the railroad grade. This description is regarded by many as fanciful; but Prof. Tice of St. Louis says it is not, and adds : "I was charged with laboring under an illusion when, in the summer of 1853, I asserted that the steeple of the Baptist Church first shot up into the cloud. Net until the architect declared that it must have been so, and could not have been otherwise, was the correctness of my statement admitted. The architect's opinion was based upon the fact that the steeple, when constructed, was let down by braces. twelve feet long into the tower, and this braced frame was pulled up and out without disturbing a stone in the tower. The large stone cross in the Calvary Cemetery, weighing several tons, that went down in the North St. Louis togando lass year, went up first, for there was the upright iron dowell that had been in the socket of the shaft. Houses always go down when caught in the vortex of a tornado, but those caught in the centre invariably first go up. When, in the East St. Louis tornado, the cloud snatched up a locomotive, carried it over a pond, and dropped it down, right side up, the wise by tradition preds-product at the assert on that it was carried, and declared that it was blown into the pond, notwithstanding not a trace of such action could be seen in the smooth and level sand over which it must have rolled if such had been the fact. How did it happen, then, that the tiny electric cloud that was attested over Langley

less, having thereon erected Taken into execution and to or use of Catherine Constable and , new for use of John Thomas right title and interest of A. C. im Johnston, trading as Finney in and to the following described

or parcel of land 8 tuate in Chest a county Pa., adjoining latels of Francis Swan on the north, on scomell tract on the south by a folgaton and on the west hi ain hig 400 acres, more or less

to or parcel of land situate in Cambria county, Pa., adjoining y & Johnston Glenconnell tract, or imacres primproved. e or parcel of land situate in t hest ounty Pa. adjoining lands tr. Jacob Thomas, and others, rev. more or less animproved, Combria county, Pa., adjoining lands Baker Michael Kibbler, Adam Leiden, utining 300 acres, more or less, un

plote or part el of land s funte in Chest andria county, Pa . adjoining lands strates more or less, unimprove t. r jarcel of land situate in (hest county, Pa., adjoining lands v. Adam Leiden, and others, con es, more or less unimproved. For parcel of land situate in Ohe anthony Gill, Isnae Gates, and siting 291 acres, more or less units

area or parcel of land situate in Chest the county Pa, adjoining lands

"es, unimproved, (a) parcel of land situate in Chest the county, Pa., adjoin ng lands Innda Comparison of less an improved, A part of particle of land situate in static static county, Pa., solo ning the killowick tract. Finney & Johnston S, ontaining 200 acres, more or less un-

prese or passed of Ian I situate in P. Cambria county, Pa., adjoining int Loos Stoltz, and others, con tes more or less unimproved, poses or parcel of land situate in

bria county, Pa., adjoining el, Bennett Sawyer, and others more or less, unimproved ce or parcel of land situate in Earbris county, Pa., adjoining theres, more or less, unimprove bet and Carroll townships. martis Pa, known as the large bend tract & H. Meilon, William P. McKenzie, untaining 400 seres unimproved or parcel of land situate omp. Cambria county, Par, adjoining estaining 100 acres, more or less, unim-

a strention and to be sold at the suit of

" of SALE -One-third of the purchase had when the property is knocked the remaining two-thirds upon con JOHN RYAN, Sheriff *OBec, Ebensburg, Sept. 17, 1877.-21 3t

MINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of MARY PHALES, dec'd. Administration on the estate, of said te of Carroll township, Cambria counbeen granted to the undersigned by refauld county, all persons indebted and those having claims against the present them properly authen.fcated

BRARET PHALEN, Administratrix. *h. Auz. 31, 1477.-6t.

MINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. te of JOHN STEPHENS, dec'd.

ministration on the estate of said f Carroli township, Cambria counon granted to the undersigned, reunbria township, to whom all persons said estate are requested to make im-ment, and those having claims or de MARTIN SANDERS. Administrator.

LECUTOR'S NOTICE.

of Jons E. Roberts, dec'd. nentary upon the estate of John sburg borough, Cambrid d, having been granted to the un ce is hereby given to those indeb to make immediate payment, and [erly authenticated for settlement. W.M. M. JONES, Executor. arg. Aug. 24, 18,7. - 31-6t.

ant's Causeway, in the northern part of the island, and there is not, we well begrand as d majestic, or more sublime and varied scenery than is to be met with in the County Antrim. Defying the ravages of time, and the incessant warfare of wind and wave, solid and enduring as the moun tains that cast their shadows upon it, the Causeway stands, grand in its colossal dimensions, and sublime in its magnificence -a wonder and a mystery to the world. The seaguli frets its wing agains its basaltic towers, the eagle screams in un-

trangelled freedom over its thousand pil lars, and the waves, when lashed into foam and fury, beat upon it, striking the behold. er with awe, and awakening within the soul an intense and abiding feeling of the might and majesty of the Creator. Nor is

ar is ic, whichever it may be, that fascinates the eye of the traveller and kindles his heart with glowing aspirations and pleasurable emotions. Around on every side, save where the ocean rolls, the mountains soar in grandeur and pride, and

"Alps upon Alps arise" to sentinel the coast. The bold heandlands and promon tories that loom far above the sea, the hills,

clothed from base to summit in a man le of heath, the witching loveliness of the peace ful lakes, fringed with a flowery carpet of beauty, and sparkling like gems on the bosom of the valleys, stand unrivallad by any for grandeur and beauty, save only by the Lakes of Killaruey. The boasted Campagna, the Lake of Como, the Alpine Hills, and the castellated Rhine have been famed in song and story, and poets and travellers have vied with each other in rendering

scenes in Ulster which can compare with any of them, and if these make the heart swell with pride, the sons of the North need not blash for their country. "There lake and plain smile fair and free

Mid rocks, their guardian chivairy;

Sing oh! let man learn liberty From crashing wind and lashing sea." But it is not of the "men of the North" that we intend to write. Their praise has been hymned by a thousand tongues, and their deeds extolled to the uttermost ends of the earth. In the old lands the names of O'Neill and O'Donnell are household words round every patriotic Irish hearth, and in the new, the name of Montgomery is only eclipsed by that of Washington himself. Ours is an hamble task, and treats

life; but, were justice done, her memory would shine as bright and glorious on the historic page as the immortal Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Saragossa, for the patriotthis brief sketch.

ing man, and held command of a merchant vessel plying between Belfast and Philadelphia. Having won a competence, he quitted the sea and settled down on a small farm in his native county, Antrim, deter-mixed to spend the remainder of his days among the scenes familiar to his youth. His cottage stood within hearing of the roar of the ocean as it beat around the Giant's Causeway ; aud here, on the first day of January, 1743, his daughter Jane was born. Here her early years were spent,

this romantic region that nourished the spirit of independence, and the strength of character so strikingly disylayed by her in after life amid far-distant sceues. The childhood is shown by her frequent recur-childhood is shown by her frequent recur-childhood is shown by her frequent recur-

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

There is not, perhaps, in all Ireland, a wilder or more romantic spot than the Gi | converted his own house into a garrison, heve, in that fair and lovely land more of that exposed frontier were gathered for cause, as well as to urge forward those who had risen against the oppressor.*

In the month of August, 1777, Colonel Campbell, with his regiment, were engaged in the disastrous battle of Oriskany, the bloodiest, in proportion to the number engaged, of any of the battles of the Revolution. His brother was killed by his side, and be himself narrowly escaped. In the July following occurred the massacre of Wyoming, and in November, 1778, a part of the same force, composed principally of is alone this singular structure, natural or Ind ans and Tories, invaded and utterly

destroyed the settlement at Cherry Valley. The creadful tragedy here enacted says Daulap "next to the destruction of Wyoming, stands out in history conspicuous for attocity." The horrors of the massacre, and the flight, indeed likened the scene to

that Waose haptism was the weight of blood that From kindred hearts."

Some extraordinary instances of individnal suffering are recorded. One young girl, Jane Wells, was barbarously murder ed by an Indian Lear a pile of wood, behind which she had endeavored to screen herself. The wife of Colonel Clyde fled with her children into the woods, where she lay concealed under a large log during a cold rainy day and night, hearing the yells of

homage to their beauty; but there are

resistance was madness, the brave old Irishman refused to yield till be was wounded and overpowered. Imagination the mother trembling for her children in the midst of this scene of strife and carnage, the shricks of slaughtered victims, and the yells of their savage foes. They were dragged away as prisoners by the triumph-

ant Indians, and the house was soon in flames. The husband and father-who of one who moved in an humble sphere of

ism and fortitude of both were blended in the heart of Jane Campbell, the subject of

thirty and forty. That night of wretched-ness was passed in a valley a few miles Captain Matthew Cannon was a seafar-

from the fort. A large fire was kindled, wround which they were collected, with no shelter, not even, in most cases, an outer garment t protect them from the storm. There might be seen the old and infirm, and the middle aged of both sexes, and

"shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couches but for a mother's breast." Around shem on every side gleamed the watch fires of the savages, who were engaged in examining and distributing their plunder. Along up the

and it was, perhaps, her familiarity with nature in the wild and sublime scenery of

performed by Mrs. Campbell on foot, with themselves to the achievement of National her babe in her arms. Her other children Independence. Samuel Campbell was earwere separated from her ou the way, being ly chosen to the command of the militia in given to indians of different tribes, and on that region ; and at the general request, her arrival at the village her infant also the last link that visibly bound her to home where for two years, and until a fort was and family and civilization-was taken from erected in the settlement, the inhabitants her. This, to the mother's heart, was the severest trial, and she often spoke of it in protection. In all his patriotic efforts, he after years as the mostecruel of all suffernot only had the sympathy of his wife, but The helpless babe clung to her when ings. found her a zealous and efficient co operator. Her feelings were ardently enlisted in torn away by savage hands, and she could hear its piercing cries till they were lost in behalf of her adopted country, and she was the distance." ready to give her own exertions to the

A fierce and dreary winter followed, and in the long gloomy nights when sleep , brooded over the children of the forest, and the chilly blast of the North swept, some advantages in living in a city. Now through the leafless trees, the lonely captive sat in her wigwam communing with her own thoughts, thinking of her lost husband and children, of her father and her friends, knowing not whethar they were dead or alive, yet always trusting in the mercies of Ler Saviour, and hoping for the best. At times, as she afterwards observed when restored to home and family, her mind reverted back to the days and scenes of her childhood, and she in fancy would conjure up before her the green fields and meadows where in infancy she played, the thatched schoolhouse which she at ended, and the brown mountains which bounded the Irish home. The Gi ant's Causeway, with all its weird and mys crious pillars, was present in her im-agination, and she could fancy the break ing of the angry surf against its rocky sides. Thus dreaming of home and friends the tedious winter passed away.

Jane was placed in an Indian family, composed of females with the exception of one aged man. With the tact which always distinguished her, she made herself useful and agreeable to the Indian maidens and soon secured their confidence. One day an Indian visited her, and observing the cap she wore, said he had one like it and would give it to her. He invited her to his cabin, and pulled from behind a beam a cap of a smoky color and handed it to her, saying that he had taken it from a women in Cherry Valley. It had a cut in the crown made by a tomahawk, and was spotted with blood. She recognized it as having belonged to the unfortunate alone can depict the terror and anguish of Jane Wells. She shrank with horror from the murderer of her friend.

In the meantime Colonel Campbell was making every exertion in his power to recover his wife and children from the Sen ecas. He sent messengers to all the tribes to ascertain their fate, and negotiate measuses for the release of those who might had has ened homeward on the alarm of a still be alive. He proposed an exchange cannon fired at the fort, arrived only to of Mrs. Campbell and her children for the witness the destruction of his property, wife and sons of Colonel John Butler, the noted partisan leader, which was agreed upon by Governor Clinton and General Schuyler. Early in the spring Colonel tion, the enemy departed that night with Campbell dispatched an Indian messenger their prisoners, of whom there were between to Colonel Butler at Niagara. With some difficulty, the exchange was agreed upon, for Mrs. Campbell had so endeared herself to the savages that they were loath to part with her. At length, in June, 1779, an Indian came to her cabin, and told her that she was free. She was sent to Fort Niagara, where many persons took refuge, preparations being made for an expected attack by Generel Sullivan. Among them came Katrine Montour, or Queen Hes er. as she was called by the savages, a fury who had figured in the horrors of Wyoming. This bloodthirsty female had murdered with her own hand more than a dozen patriot prisoners, captured in the battie. One of her sous having taken prisoner Captain Cannon in the fight of Cherry Valley, and brought him to the Indian country, it may be conceived what were the feelings of his daughter Jane, ou hear-

For one year Mrs. Campbell remained at

Reader, this is but a brief episode in the then turning to the long oval aistory of an Irish heroine, one of the ceeded to take down her hair. This mirror pioneer mothers of the West. It is culled leached from the floor to the ceiling, and from American' history, and is true in hung directly opposite the bed, and was every particular. There are many such. partially draped with muslin. In the local histories of the thirteen States scores of Irish names appear previous to the war of Independence; names which, saw a movement amid the shadows about in after days, shed honor upon two lands. the bed. She looked again; the bedstead the land of their birth and the land of their was low and broad, the shadows deep adoption-Ireland and America - William but Jeunie felt sure that she was not mis Cullins, in the Phila. Catholic Record for November.

A MELON-CHOLY STRUGGLE .- In New

York, the fruiterers have light handles by which watermelons are carried. There are here in Danbury a watermelon handle is adventure. unknown, and the customer is obliged to exercise all his wits in escorting the delicious fruit bome. The dealer puts a sheet of paper about it, and passes it to the buyer, who puts it under his arm and starts. It is a nice place, under the arm, for a melon, and the owner is inclined to wonder

why such fuss is made in carrying it. There are two peculiarities about a melon -one is its tendency to swell, and the other length of a square it succeeds in straining the bed? every cord in the arm to a painful tension. breast, very much as if it was a struggling

baby. This is done to rest his arm, and the melou being hugged tightly to the lying in the bed she could see in it the rechin, the purpose would undoubtedly be accompanied, were it not for that other tendency-slipping. The melon shows an inclination to slip from his arm and to slip out of the paper. The farther he proceeds, the more uneasy it becomes. It turus over. It slips under his arm and threatens to slide down his back to the pavement. It pokes him in the chin, and punches him in the stomach. Not a single moment does it remain in position. It calls into active service every muscle in his anatomy. It brings the perspiration out on face and body. It fills his breast with bitter thoughts. The whole way is a battle. Every inch of the distance is a hard, discouraging fight. He reaches home aching in every limb, and with a sick feeling in his heart that even the happy, expectant looks of the family cannot wholly remove. Then the wife cuts open the melon and murmurs :

'Just as I expected, green as a cucumber." We talk about the last feather on the cam i's back. We ought to be ashamed of her; now it flashed in the blue light, as the ourselves. - Danbury News.

AN ECCENTRIC FIG TREE .- A corres pondent of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press says : "Much has been written about the ber? curious freaks of nature this season in Southern California, particularly with fruit trees, but I think a fig tree in my garden caps the climax for eccentricity. This tree is one of the white Smyrna variety. The first crop ripened in June. The fruit was a picture hanging on the wall by a stout white-skinned and very large and most ex- red cord. Quick as thought the picture cellent, a specimen of which I sent you.

Now comes the funny part of the story. This same tree puts forth a very full second crop, and the figs are ripe now, and have been for two weeks past, and are ripening every day, but the fruit is blue. Who can account for this caper? There are two

second crop are all blue."

A COSTLY ROBE. - When Dionysius captured Croton, the largest city of Greece. C. 387, he plundered the temple of Juno of its splendid treasures, among which was a robe, skillfally wrought and sumptiously decorated, the votive offering of a rich man named Aikimenes. Dionysius sold this robe to the Cartinaginians for the prodigious

As Jennie brushed her hair and indiffer-

ently looked at herself, she fancied that she taken, but that a man lay extended at full length on the floor.

For a moment she was breathless with terror; her first impulse then, womanlike, was to scream ; but Jennie Liusee was no coward, and after a minute or so of strong self-control, was rather amused at such an "I will leave the room," she said to her-

self, as if she had forgotten something, "and I will turn the key on the outsidegood heavens !" and she stood appalled at the thought. The door was already locked ! What should she do? She dared not call for help. A thought struck her. "Alice !" she cried, "come back a mo-

ment. I forgot to tell you something. Her voice trembled. Again and again its tendency to slip. A watermelon which can easily be held under the arm at the for an answer. Was it imagination, or did she called. All was silent. She lis ened start, so increases in dimensions that in the she hear a faint muttered oath from under

At last she decided to go to her bed quietly, leaving her watch, portmonnaie The party carrying it has, of course, the quietly, leaving her watch, portmonnaic other hand full of parcels. He now brings and jewelry where the man could easily the melon to the front, and hugs it to his get them, and she would pretend to fall asleep. First, she inclined the mirror, so that

flection of everything that went over the room. Then going to the fire-place she calmly lighted each candle in the branches, saying aloud, with a laugh :

"I hope I shall not set the house on fire. but I never could resist caudles, and I mean

to have an illumination for once." Then, with an ill concealed shudder, and slowly, as if going to her own execution,

Jennie went to bed. For hours it seemed to her, but we can not tell how long it was, Jennie lay, trying to breathe safely, yet regularly, straining her ears to eatch the faintest sound, her eves to see the slightest movement under

the bed. At last, in the mirror, she saw the dark body move. She could distinguish a hand with--. Stay? Was that gleam a kuife? "I am to be murdered, then," she thought, and with the calmness of despain

she watched. The knile had a terribie fascination for man slowly emerged from the bed, crawl ing flat on his face.

Was there nothing she could do ? Must she simply wait until the man rose to kill

"If I only had a rope," she thought, "I could make a slip-noose and throw it over his head "

So thinking, she mechanically glanced about the room. Her eyes caught sight of a picture hanging on the wall by a stout was unhung, the cord in her trembling hands. She could her the slow, cautious movements. Should she be too late? At last the noose was made. No need now to watch the mircor.

The man's head and shoulders were all out from under the bed. At that moment different and distinct varieties of fruit on he raised himself and glanced in the mirror the same tree in successive crops the same and saw Jonnie sitting up. He saw her season. The first crop were all white ; the but one moment. He half-turned, with his legs and part of his body still under the low bed. But in that moment the moose fell over him, and Jennie was pulling at the scarlet rope with all her strength.

The text morning, when the servan went to call Miss Linsee, she knocked again and again. Obtaining no reply, the woman went to her young mistress, telling her that her guest must be ill. Alice was no in the leas: disturbed, but with a light song in her hps danced down the courid

