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IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1879. NUMBER 28.

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By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* and *Vend. Ex.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed; there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, AUG. 16th, 1879,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Jennie Clark of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the borough of Gallitzin, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lot of John Howell on the north, Main street on the east, an alley on the south, and lot of Peter Allen on the west, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of ——. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Brocken.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Mellon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of ground situated in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of John Galligan on the north, Peter Gillan on the south, and an alley on the east, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house, now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Patrick Smith.

Also, all the right, title and interest of William Murphy, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of Anthony Wachtel, estate of Wm. Gallagher, and others, containing 48 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn, now in the occupancy of Joseph Kroender. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Elizabeth Albert, for use of Joseph Albert.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Michael Gallagher, of, in and to a piece or parcel of ground situated in Gallitzin borough, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining Railroad street and extending back to Logan's road, adjoining lot of Francis McTague on the east, and lots of Rich'd Denny and Charles Gillan on the west, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Michael McKenna. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Thomas Bradley.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Charles Gillan, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in White township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Dean, Wm. M. Lloyd, and others, containing 112 acres, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log stable, now in the occupancy of Charles W. Rickard. Also, one undivided half of said land, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log stable, now in the occupancy of George Rickard. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Daniel Cunningham, guardian of the minor children of John Dressel.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jane Jones, John Hill, Elizabeth Hill, James A. J. Wright and Daniel Plunket and Rachel Schaffner, heirs at law of John Plunket, deceased, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Chest township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining on the east and on the north, adjoining lot of William Walters, on the west, an alley on the south, and James J. Kaylor on the west, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house, now in the occupancy of Jane Plunket. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of M. E. Dougherty for use of M. E. Dougherty.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Isaac Shoemaker, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Wilmore, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lot of George Wike, on the west, Railroad street on the north, township road on the east, and Pennsylvania railroad on the south, having thereon erected a two story plank house and stable, now in the occupancy of Simon Dimmell. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. L. Dumm.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Simon Lloyd, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Leonard Fensterwald, M. Malley, Hagan, and others, containing 62 acres, more or less, about 28 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two and a half story plank house, log barn, now in the occupancy of Peter Young. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Dinkenspeler.

Also, all the right, title, interest and claim of J. Lloyd, of, in and to all that certain tract of land situated in Adams township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Wilson, Wm. Wilson, Jr., Wm. Lloyd, Ferdinand Gardner, Henry Eley, Martin Wood, and others, and warranted in the same by Harrison Lloyd, containing 81 acres, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn, and allowance, *50 Tract.*—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Ruggles, for use of Wm. Ruggles.

Also, all the right, title and claim of J. Lloyd, of, in and to all that certain tract of land situated in Adams township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Wilson, Jr., Wm. Lloyd, John Eley, William Nichols, and Ferdinand Gardner, containing 50 acres, more or less, warranted in the same by Harrison Lloyd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. G. Schwartz, for use of Wm. Lloyd.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Lloyd, of, in and to all that certain tract of land situated in Adams township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Lloyd, Wm. Wilson, Jr., and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, warranted in the same by Harrison Lloyd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of William Gray, also for use of the Bank of Saint Vincent, Jno. Fye, William Nichols, and Ferdinand Gardner.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Lloyd, of, in and to all that certain tract of land situated in Adams township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Wilson, Jr., Wm. Lloyd, John Eley, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, warranted in the same by Harrison Lloyd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Gallagher, for use of Peter Rasperic.

☞ Sale.—One third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the balance within two thirds before the confirmation of the sale.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Ebensburg, July 11, 1879.

☞ FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable farm, situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., about two miles from Mineral Point, adjoining lands of Michael Fox, Jacob Fox, and others, containing 94 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, and the balance well timbered with Hemlock, White Oak, Yellow Pine and Chestnut timber. The land is in good condition and will be sold cheap. For further information call on the subscriber, or address his agent, P. J. Rodgers, at Ebensburg.

T. O. OSTER.
Hastings, Allegheny Co., Pa.

☞ NOTICE.—The Partnership Association heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the practice of medicine at Ebensburg, under the firm name of "Cambria Medical Association," has been dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st inst. All persons indebted to said association are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said association will present them for settlement.

W. I. CHENEY, Chairman.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1879.—4-4.

Important Announcement!

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GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, - - Philadelphia.

THE large increase of our business thus far this year makes it necessary to

ENLARGE OUR PREMISES.

We have been cramped and crowded all the season in some of our Departments, and our only alternative is to make some important alterations and additions to give us the needed room.

The only time to do this is during August and September, the dullest periods of the year.

To allow the builders to get on rapidly with the work, some of our goods must be removed or sold. To save expense of removing certain stocks, to prevent loss and depreciation from dust during the alterations, we have concluded to offer many of our goods at or about cost.

The whole of our stock will be found to be marked very, very low.

THE GREAT ALTERATION SALE
COMMENCES IMMEDIATELY.

Our prices are always at the very lowest point, and at this time, when goods are advancing in price, we should not press our stock to sale but to get the goods out of the way of the

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

And Improvements to be made to the Grand Depot.

It is unnecessary to say that the qualities of our goods are the best. We do not mean to lose reputation by selling poor or imperfect goods. The well-known rules of Exchange and Return Money observed by the Grand Depot fully protect our customers, and, besides, in building up this great business, we are very careful to keep good faith with our patrons who are depending on us.

We only add that it will be to the interest of the people in city or country to buy during this

GREAT ALTERATION SALE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, and everything in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear, whether in large or small quantities, promptly forwarded by mail or express, and exactly as ordered; but even then, if not as expected, cheerfully exchanged or the money refunded. Write a postal card, specifying what you desire, and samples, with full instructions for ordering, will be mailed you, postage paid, without any obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory. For immediate attention, address MAIL DEPARTMENT FOR SAMPLES AND SUPPLIES.

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GRAND DEPOT,
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Will see with even but little consideration that the old house of Wanamaker & Brown is in a position to give superior advantages to its patrons. These advantages consist in supplying goods that are

First--Properly Made Up.
Second--Materials Shrunken.
Third--Excellent in Fit.

The cut and finish of our Men's and Boys' Clothing is of a character to outrank the

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We found out long ago by actual experience that garments bought up from the Wholesale Stocks are by no means so reliable as those made up under our own personal supervision. Neither will the cut and general style (after wearing) bear a comparison to our own careful make. By making our own goods the

PRODUCER AND CONSUMER

Are brought in direct contact, and as a consequence the latter reap no small advantage.

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This forms a very considerable portion of our business, and we are satisfied that we can convince any one that we always offer the Handsomest and Best-Finished Goods known to the trade.

LOW PRICES

Do not always mean good value. On this head we shall only say that when Style and Quality are taken into account, we are not, under any circumstances, over undersold, and seldom are the prices to which dealers fall as low as our first and only one fixed price to everybody.

OUR STOCK IS ENORMOUS,

Especially in this goods, suited to the present weather. Inviting a visit and recommendations from our friends.

We Remain, Very Respectfully,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
The Largest Clothing House in America,
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$147.50 A Year.

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Prof. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D., PRINCIPAL.

☞ Fall Term opens August 26. Winter Term opens December 8. Spring Term opens March 25. July 18, 1879—3t.

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☞ Terms per session of 5 months, only $75.00. Music, drawing, painting and the languages form extra charges.

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Loretto, July 18, 1879—9m.*

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Lilly's, March 14, 1879—1y.

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A STRANGE RESCUE.

In the latter part of November, 1876, three miners named McCoy, McCarthy, and McDonald (an odd mixture of Mc's) left the small mining town of White Oakes, in Nevada, and started off on a prospecting tour among the mountains.

It was not the most favorable season of the year, for it was late enough to expect heavy snowfalls; but the miners were somewhat excited over an account brought them by a friendly Indian of silver indications in the mountains. In fact he proved the truth of his representations by showing some of the genuine metal itself. Jim, as the red skin was called, was known to be sober and trustworthy; and, as he offered to guide his friends to the spot, the proposition was gladly accepted.

They started with a single beurro, or donkey, that was loaded down with mining tools, powder and provisions until little more than his long ears were visible. The men were accustomed to walking and they went afoot.

On the third day, when they were close upon their destination, a singular accident befel Jim, their guide. He had raised his rifle to shoot a deer, when just as he pulled the trigger the foot of the Indian slipped, and he rolled down a precipice fully fifty feet high. By the time his friends could reach him he was dead.

This sad occurrence threw a gloom over the miners, and McCoy, with the not unnatural superstition of his people, regarded it as an ill omen and advocated a return.

McCoy, however, was overruled by the others, who thought it would be throwing away an opportunity which might never present itself again, as other miners would be apt to discover and claim the lead. McCoy called their attention to the alarming appearance of the weather. It had been chilly and raw from the hour they started; the sky was overcast, and there was every promise of a coming snow storm.

But the other two were determined to push ahead, and the objector consented to keep their company. That night they camped at what is known as the Devil's Canon—such sulphurous names being in high favor in the mining countries.

McCarthy insisted that the broken account given by the Indian Jim located the silver lead in a canon, and they concluded that this must be the one. They sat a long time around their camp fire, speculating upon the riches which they expected to find during the next few days, and building air castles with all the enjoyment of a lot of school boys when they attempt to pierce the great future.

At an early hour the miners were astir, and struck into the canon, all looking sharply about them for the expected indication.

"By the horned spoon!" suddenly called out McDonald, "we've certainly struck it!"

The three ran forward to a rocky ledge, where they discovered what all agreed was evidently chloride ore, and they instantly began their preparation for blasting away the ledge, so as to get at the valuable stuff.

It will be borne in mind that this work was being done in the canon, while the rocky walls separated by less than fifty feet and rising perpendicularly to more than four times that height. The rock was dark and igneous, and on the side where the miners were working, a short distance below the supposed silver ledge, the cliff projected outward some distance over the path.

This natural roof offered the most inviting spot for a camp. The miners leaned poles against it, and wattled in with brush and dry grass, thus forming a sort of cabin, which was extremely useful in providing against cold. There was no hesitancy about kindling a fire, since all the Indians they were likely to encounter were of a friendly disposition toward the whites.

The men toiled away all day with moderate success. Silver certainly existed there; but it remained to be seen whether or not it was in paying quantities. They were still quite hopeful, when they ceased their labor and went into camp.

When night closed in, snow was falling, and it looked very much as if it would continue a long time. Wrapping their blankets about them, they turned their feet to the fire and sank to sleep, not one of the three opening his eyes until morning.

They then discovered that the snow lay to a depth of six inches, and it was still coming down. The wind was blowing, and the dry flakes were whirled about in such eddies that the miners could not see a dozen yards from their cabin. The wind moaned through their primitive hut, as if to let them know that winter had come upon them in a night, and it meant to hold its victims fast, now that it had fairly caught them.

McCoy once more urged a retreat, but in the hope that the storm would abate, it was decided to defer their departure for a while. There was danger of becoming lost, when they could not see where they were going, and it looked simply prudent to wait.

However, it proved a great mistake. The snow storm was one of the severest ever known in that section. For six days succeeding there never was a minute of cessation.

Sometimes, of course, the fall was more rapid than at other times; but the flakes were drifting downward all the while, and when the crystal cloud finally exhausted themselves, the snow lay fully eight feet deep in the canon, while mountainous masses curled into all sorts of fantastic shapes, and hung over the cliffs. The sight was sublime, but the fire was needed for cooking, and its warmth was very pleasant.

On the third day, it became apparent that there was no saving the mule, and he was shot, dressed and placed away in the snow against all contingencies.

It's a good deal better to eat mule meat than to starve to death.

With the abatement of the storm the sun came out and shone with great brightness. This started a thaw, which continued a couple of days, though it was not to be expected that it would last until the snow disappeared. It would require weeks of such weather, and that was very improbable at this season of the year, for November had grown into winter.

During all these long, dismal days of the storm, the miners remained within the hut, smoking, sleeping, eating and passing the time as best they could; but with the appearance of the sun they dug their way out, and climbing up the ledge where they had been working, cleared away some of the snow and commenced work again.

They kept up good hearts, for the men were old miners, whose experience was mainly a history of bad luck, and they tried to cheer themselves with the belief that their long expected fortune had come at last.

But such was not the case. There was chloride ore beyond question, but it didn't pan out well.

The three men were pegging away as hard as ever toward the close of the day, when, as the twilight gathered in the canon, a low, rumbling sound caused them to stop and look at each other with blanched faces, wondering what it could mean.

It sounded like the muttering of an earthquake, and the miners would have set it down for that, but for the fact that there was no perceptible tremor in the ground.

The terrible grumble grew louder and louder, until, looking up, they saw an enormous mass of snow sliding down from the cliffs far above their heads.

"Go for camp, boys!" yelled M'Donald, leaping from the ledge and scrambling desperately through the snow, his companions but a few seconds behind him.

They were only a rod or two from shelter, but the snow was upon them before they reached it. But the avalanche, as it may be called, did not fall at once; it began like a torrent rushing through a bank, growing more massive, alarming and stupendous each second.

Thus it was the miners succeeded in plunging into the cabin, head first, just in time.

The frightened men had barely opportunity to crawl into their prison, when down came the main body of the avalanche, composed of snow, ice, trees and boulders, burying the party to a depth of forty feet.

The projecting rock and the strong poles saved them from being crushed to death. Some of the supports gave way under the enormous pressure, but a considerable space was left in which the poor fellows could move about.

It was as dark as midnight, and as soon as the miners found they were all there unharmed, they concluded they would be smothered to death, for it seemed that it would take but a brief time to use up all the air at their command.

But this fear fortunately was unfounded. There were crevices along the sides which admitted all the atmosphere they needed; and, encouraged by the certainty that imminent death was not impending, they began to dig out their provisions. The regular supply was about exhausted, and they were immensely relieved when they brought out the carcass of the mule.

The broken poles and supports furnished all the fuel they needed for cooking, which was the only necessity for fire. There is warmth in snow, and it is well known that animals have lived for weeks securely protected from the wintry blasts sweeping over the wastes above. Whatever the imprisoned miners might suffer from it was sure not to be cold.

The next natural proceeding was to attempt to dig their way out. With the long poles at their command they delved in different directions, but it was impossible to make any satisfactory progress.

They dreaded, in case they worked any distance from the shelter of the rock, the disturbance thus created would bring down the thousands of tons above their head, and destroy them instantly and utterly as the Alpine avalanche overwhelms the traveler.

They could barely distinguish the fading out of the faint light at the crevices by which they knew when night had come.

They toiled cautiously, and once, when McCoy had ventured a little too far, a second edition of the fearful rumbling sound warned them of what was coming, and his companions, catching his feet, were barely able to draw him back in time to save his life.

That ended all effort to dig themselves out, and they came to the conclusion that nothing was left but to wait for death to release them from their snowy prison.

They had food at their service, and the snow furnished all the water needed; so that the prospect was of a confinement of weeks before the final scene.

Nearly three days passed, when McCarty suddenly started up and exclaimed:

"Sh! don't you hear it?"

His companions listened, but detected nothing.

"Some one is digging down to us."

All listened intently, for at such a time the slightest noise is of the greatest importance, meaning most probably life or death to all concerned. In a few minutes they caught a peculiar sound, which they knew was made by delving in the snow.

"They must be Indians," was the exclamation of McCoy.

"Most likely; but how would they know we are here?"

A very appropriate question, indeed—for the descent of the avalanche had obliterated most effectually every trace of the miners from the world outside.

The general belief was that the parties approaching must be savages, and the whites shouted with might and main.

Instantly the digging ceased, but there was no response, and, in a brief time, the noise showed that the delving was resumed.

For a full hour this continued, and then a dim, increasing light indicated the point where the strangers were laboring through the vast mass of snow.

The miners called out again, but still there was no reply.

"That proves one thing," said McCarty, in a scared voice.

"What's that?"

"They are not men but wild animals."

"What of it?"

"Most probably they are wolves, whose hunger will make them as brave as tigers. Have your guns ready, for it will be an ugly fight."

The miner was correct in his theory, for they were wolves that were clawing their way through the snow, eager to get at the dainty meal awaiting them, and whose location they must have learned from the odor of the cooking meat borne to them through the frosty air.

McDonald ran to where the fire was smouldering, and caught up a brand, which he circled rapidly around his head until it was fanned into a blaze.

Just then a flood of light broke into the cavern, and the snout of a gigantic wolf was thrust through the opening.

Before the brute could take in the whole scene, the torch was jammed into his eyes, and, with a yelping snarl, he leaped back among his companions.

Still holding the fire before him, the miner crawled through the tunnel, closely followed by his friends, with their guns ready for immediate use.

Arriving upon the outside, they were gratified to find that the wolves only numbered half a dozen, two of which were instantly shot dead, and a third wounded.

The rifles were loaded without delay, but the brutes, thoroughly frightened, slunk off, and, when the miners had toiled some distance, they looked back and saw the survivors feasting upon the two that had been killed.

Such a meal was doubtless all they wished, for awhile at least, and they showed no disposition to trouble the men, who, finding themselves so singularly and happily released from their prison, bent all their energies toward reaching their homes.

A long distance remained to be traversed, and they had a most laborious task before them, but they pressed forward and finally arrived at White Oaks, and concluded to adjourn all further prospecting in the mountains until the coming of more favorable weather.

A BABY'S ADVENTURE.

In the year 1849 there died in the town of Greene, Me., an old man named Thomas, who had a thrilling wolf story of his own to tell, though the experience was too early for his memory, he being at the time a baby in arms. Mr. George J. Varney relates the adventure in the Lewiston *Journal*. Mrs. Thomas was a fisherman's wife who lived in the town of Brunswick, Me., where Bowdoin College now stands. At one time when her husband was in port, but could not come home, she started on foot for Harpswell, a distance of ten miles, to see him, carrying her youngest child in her arms. Returning, with a load of fish on her back as well as the burden of her babe, she heard a wolf howl in the forest, and terror quickened her pace, though she was already faint to sink with fatigue.

She was midway of the five miles of unbroken woods when the howl of the wolf again smote her ear, and this time other voices, one after another, joined in. The pack had gathered on her trail!

She must climb a tree, one would say, but she did not. She did not even throw away her fish.

The wolves gained upon her moment by moment, the great gray wolves of the North, that stand as high as a man when they rear. It was a mile and a half to the nearest house when she first caught a glimpse of the approaching demons.

She had for the last two miles walked at her utmost speed, it was now time to run. Yet she still held firmly her babe and her fish.

A quarter of a mile more, and swiftly as she had passed it, the wolves were within a few yards. She could see their white teeth and hear their laboring breath above her own. She loosened and threw down a single fish, and ran on. The pack soon discovered rare game, and fought together for its possession.

By the time it was eaten the courageous woman had got a quarter of a mile in advance; but the pack was soon at her heels again. Another fish checked them, and their snarls and yells as they again fought each other for a bite of the savory fresh codfish hurried the laborious flight of the weary woman.

Her babe, annoyed at the shaking it received from the rapid pace, at length cried lustily; calling the wolves to renewed pursuit. In vain the poor mother tried to soothe her infant, but another fish thrown was followed by a fresh fight and precious delay of the pack.

Again and again this action was repeated, until at length the barking of two dogs alarmed the wolves, while the almost exhausted mother ran past the friendly brutes to the door of the farmhouse, thrown open to receive her.

The great dogs were trained to their duty, and no sooner was the fugitive in the house than they also retired in good order to the same safe stronghold, leaving the foiled wolves to rage outside, and to fall before the guns that were speedily brought to bear upon them.

The weary mother found safety and rest, but whether she saved any of her fish tradition does not relate.

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.—Some curious instances of retribution have occurred from time to time. In May, 1762, a weaver of Nottingham brought home a join of veal and told his wife to cook it for dinner. As he did not return to that meal, she put the veal aside, untouched. In the evening he came back and gave her a steak to prepare for him, saying that he did not care for the veal then. After eating the steak he complained of horrible pains, and finally died of convulsions. The meat he had brought in the morning he had rubbed with poison, hoping that his wife would eat it, and she had fried the steak in the drippings of the dish intended for her destruction. In England, while two divers were employed in removing the remnants of a shipwreck, they found a tin case full of sovereigns. Both seized it and struggled for its possession, until one contrived to smash the window in the other's helmet. The unfortunate man was drowned, and, in hauling his body to the surface, it became entangled with the air-tube of the other and broke it. The murderer was found dead beside the treasure he had wrested from his victim, whose fate he shared.

SETH GREEN, the fisherman, is breeding a few mosquitoes for his own use. He says they are not such bad pests as most people think. "Their singing," he says, "is like opera music, only a little more so; for when you clap at the singing of mosquitoes you have something to clap for; but when you see old fogies clap after hearing a piece of opera music that has no more tune in it than a cow bell, I think it is a bad example to the rising generation. I will tell you how you can raise your own mosquitoes and not be dependent on your neighbors. Fill any kind of a vessel with rain water and place it in the sun, and you will have plenty in a short time. But if you do not wish the neighbors to get the benefit of your labor, you should keep them confined by tying a piece of cloth carefully over the top. All wrigglers that you see in the rain water are young mosquitoes."

A SUNDAY school teacher has a boy in her class who has not failed in his penny contribution for more than a year, and when he was found empty handed last Sabbath the teacher observed:

"Why, Johnny, did you forget your penny to-day?"

"No, ma'am," he humbly replied, "but father says the Wabash Road will do this town more good than any fourteen Sunday schools, and I'm going to chuck my coppers into that enterprise for the next few weeks."

"Won't the heathen miss your pennies?" she asked.

"I 'spose they will, but we've all got to come right down or this town is busted."

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Flight from a British Penal Colony—The True Story of the Adventures of John Boyle O'Reilly.

In the Boston *Pilot* of July 26th, John Boyle O'Reilly, its editor, gives the first correct story of his escape from the penal colony of West Australia, to which he was consigned as a Fenian some ten years ago. The story is as follows:

At last, after more than ten years of waiting, I am relieved from a promise not to state the full particulars of my escape from the penal colony of West Australia in 1869. The account I have heretofore, given publicly or privately, has been true in detail, but it has not been the whole truth, nor have the events been placed in the actual order of their occurrence. The suppression and alteration were made for the sake of those who ran great risk in helping a prisoner to escape. On my arrival in the United States in November, 1869, I was beset on all sides for the story of my escape. To meet this, and the better to protect the liberty and lives of the brave friends who helped me to leave the penal colony, I related as many incidents of my escape as could be described without introducing their names or assistance. It has always pained me to keep back so much that should be told, thereby making it appear that I myself had done everything without assistance. The only "account" I have hitherto written was a wholly fictitious one, which I had to send to Australia to the man who was the manager of the actual escape. In case of his arrest, or of his being suspected of helping me to "abscond," he would produce this extraordinary document and confound all the evidence that could be collected by the penal police. Fortunately, all but one of those who helped me to leave the colony are living, to receive my public acknowledgment and gratitude. Capt. David R. Gifford, on whose ship I was received and well treated for several months, is dead. The penitentiary has ceased to be a living hell in Western Australia. In the following account, therefore, I need only suppress the names of those who are still connected with the government of the colony. For several months previous to the date of my escape I had been resolved on and in preparation for an attempt. No one knew my mind. I had before seen so many fail that I concluded it was best to make the effort alone. Fortunately I was dissuaded from this purpose. One day I was visited at the camp at the convict road party named above by the Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of bush, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. One day he rode to my hut, and we walked together in the bush. I had then laid all my plans for escape, and I freely told him my intention. "It is an excellent way to commit suicide," he said, and he would not speak of it any more. As he was leaving me, however, he leant from the saddle and said: "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long."

PLANNING THE ESCAPE.

I was not compelled to work with the criminal gang on the road, but had charge of their stores, and carried the warder's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. On my way with this report one day, I came to a place known as the "Race Course." As I approached it I heard "coo-ee," or bush cry, and saw a man coming toward me. He was a big, handsome fellow, with an axe on his shoulder. He came to me with a friendly smile. "My name is Maguire," he said; "I am a friend of Father Mac's, and we have been speaking about you." I said as little as possible, not knowing the man. Seeing my hesitation, he drew out a card from his wallet, on which Father McCabe had written a few words to me. Then I trusted him. He told me he was clearing the race course, and he would be at work there for six weeks. "I know every whalers, he said, would touch at Bunbury for water in February (it was then December), and he was going to make all arrangements with one of the captains for my escape. Early in February, on my return from the weekly trip with the report, I found Maguire at the race course waiting for me. "Are you ready?" he said. One of the whalers, the bark Vigilant, of New Bedford, Mass., was to sail in four days, and Captain Baker had agreed to take me on board, if he saw me at sea outside Australian waters; and he had even promised to cruise two or three days and watch for my coming out. Maguire had everything arranged. On the night of the 18th I was to get out of my hut at 8 o'clock and strike into the bush on a line of his selection, where the native trackers would be at fault. I had previously secured a pair of freeman's shoes, as the trackers could easily discover the marks of a convict's boot. Having left the camp I was to hold a straight course through the bush till I came to an old convict station, on the Vasse road, where I was to lie till I heard some one on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." This was repeated again and again till we were sure we had had every man in the place, and we separated. At 7 o'clock that evening the warder of the convict party visited the criminals' hut and found that all were present. He saw me sitting in my hut as he passed on his return. One of the convicts soon after came to my hut to borrow tobacco, and stayed a long time, making me very nervous. He went away before 8, however, and, as soon as he was gone, I changed my boots, put out the light and struck into the bush.

A START FOR LIBERTY.

The forest was dark, but the stars were clear. I had not gone 200 yards when I saw a man close to me evidently following me. I waited till he came up. It was a mahogany sawyer, named Kelly, whose pit was close to my hut. He was a good fellow—though he had been transported for life. "Are you off?" he said in a whisper. "I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago, and I knew it all." I was dumb with astonishment and alarm. If this man had wished he could have put the police on the alert, or he could do it next day. He held out his hand, and there was a quiver in his voice. "God speed you," he said, giving me a grip like a vise; "I'll put them on the wrong scent to-morrow, if I can." I shook the manly hand in silence, and kept on my way. About 11 o'clock I came up to the old convict station, and laid down behind a great gum tree at the roadside. In half an hour or so two men rode up, but they passed on. They were farmers, probably, or may be a patrol of mounted police. Shortly after I heard horses coming at a sharp trot. They halted near me, and I heard "Patrick's Day" whistled clear and low. In an instant I was with them—Maguire and another friend, M——. They led a spare horse. I mounted at once, and, without a word, we struck into the bush at a gallop. For hours we rode on in silence. At last Maguire, who led, pulled up, dismounted, and whistled. Another whistle was heard, and in a few minutes we were joined by three men, two of them cousins of Maguire. The third took the horses, and went off after shaking hands with me. We then formed in Indian file to prevent the discovery of the number, each one covering the other's tracks, and walked on for about another hour, till we came to a dry swamp near the sea. Here M—— remained with me while the others went forward. M—— told me that we were close to Bunbury, and that the others were gone for the boat. After half an hour's anxious waiting we saw a light as if a match were struck at half a mile distant. This was repeated three times and we then went forward. We found Maguire waiting for us on a little bridge across the road. They had the boat ready, and he led the way. We had to walk through mud up to the knees to reach the water. In half a minute Maguire and I were in the boat. M—— remained on shore. "Come on," whispered Maguire. "No," answered poor M——, with a trembling voice; "I promised my wife not to go in the boat." "All right," sneered one of the Maguires; "go home to your wife." As we pulled silently out to sea, we could discern M—— standing on the beach.

IT WAS NOT COWARDICE.

He was a brave man, as he proved afterward, and I hope the time may come when I shall be free to mention his name. We were four men in the boat, and we pulled cautiously till we had got out of hearing. Then we bent to the oars with full strength. There were few words said. When the sun rose we were well out, and could just see the tops of the sand hills. We were crossing Geographe bay on a straight line of about forty miles in length. We were to lie in wait for the Vigilant, on the farther shore and cut her off as she passed the northern head of the bay. We pulled strongly till the forenoon was closing. We had neither water nor food; I don't know whether the arrangement for a supply failed, or had been wholly forgotten. But I had eaten nothing from noon of the previous day, and I began to suffer much from thirst. It was almost noon when we ran the boat through the surf and beached her. In doing so our clothes were drenched with sea-water and I felt instant relief from thirst. I tried this afterward with good effect, except that it made the skin sore. We got to the beach at about 9 o'clock, and one of the men with a strong glass, which Maguire had brought, was sent to a high hill to look out for the sailing of the Vigilant. At about 1 o'clock he came down at a run, and reported the vessel under full sail, steering north. We ran the boat through the surf and pulled out with light hearts. All efforts to attract the attention of the Vigilant failed, and at last the party put back to land, where O'Reilly passed the night in constant anxiety.

ANOTHER EFFORT TO REACH THE VIGILANT.

Next morning, continues the narrator, having made the boat water-tight with paper bark, I went to sea in this craft, towing over the stern sufficient food to last me for several days. She was light and easily pulled. Before night I had passed the headland and was in the Indian Ocean. I knew there was a current going northward. Next morning I gave up pulling and sat down to watch and wait. It was very hot; the sun flamed above and the reflection from the water was scorching. The meat towing in the sea was becoming putrid, and, during the night, some of the 'possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks. That day, toward noon, I saw a sail—it was the Vigilant. There was no other vessel there. She drew near to me—so near that I heard voices on deck. I saw the man aloft on the lookout. But they did not see me—or, at most, Captain Baker says so, she sailed away again, and was out of sight before night.