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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞ To persons residing outside the county we create additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

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 15, 1879. NUMBER 29.

Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

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NEW GOODS!

REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

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Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PAINC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
A Man's Suit for $5.00 that others sell at $8.00.
A Man's Suit for $7.00 that others sell at $10.00.
A Man's Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $12.00.
A Man's Suit for $10.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's Blue Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
A Man's pair of extra good Working Pants for 75c.
A Man's White Vest for 50c.
A Man's pair of Overalls for 20c.
A Man's good Calico Shirt for 40c.
A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR

Young America CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,
ALTOONA, PA.

April 25, 1879.-6m.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE. ALTOONA,

IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument

OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN

THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE

Largest Dealers in the State

OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS.

PIANOS: Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO.
ORGANS: PALACE. STERLING. Mason & Hamlin.

GEO. W. GOOD,
1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

MELLOR & HENRICKS,
79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [3m.]

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. Shaw & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

THE undersigned, Assignee of Matthias Eder, will expose to public sale, at the **Court House in the City of Williamsport, Pa.,** on

SATURDAY, August 30th, 1879,

At 10 O'CLOCK, A. M., the following described real estate, late the property of said assignor, viz: All those certain PIECES OF LAND situate in the Township of Loyalsock, County of Lycoming, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by lands of the heirs of Ambrose Miller, east by lands of heirs of Andrew Hepburn and William Crawmyer, south by lands of Ezra Canfield, and west by lands of the heirs of Lawrence Miller, containing *159 Acres*, more or less, about 100 Acres of which are cleared, with the appurtenances, consisting of a Lime Kiln, one Brick Dwelling House, a large Frame Barn, and other Outbuildings.

ALSO,

All that certain LOT OF GROUND situate in the Fifth Ward of the City of Williamsport, Pa., aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: On the north by West Fourth street, on the east by Centre street, south by an alley, and west by lot of H. H. Cummin, having a front on Fourth street of sixty-seven feet and a depth of one hundred and ninety feet, with the appurtenances, consisting of a Brick Dwelling House, Frame Office, Frame Stable, and other Outbuildings.

ALSO,

All the right, title and interest of the said Matthias Eder, assignor, in a PART OF A TRACT OF UNSEATED LAND situate in Elk township, Tioga county, Pa., surveyed on warrant numbered twenty-six hundred and forty-three (No. 2643), containing, in the whole, *582 Acres*, more or less.

ALSO,

All the right, title and interest of the said Matthias Eder, assignor, being an undivided ONE-HALF interest therein, in the following FOUR TRACTS OF LAND, viz: All that certain tract of Unseated Land situate in the Township of White and Chest, County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, surveyed in the warrantee name of Thos. Sanborn, containing *453 Acres and 136 Perches*. Also, all that certain tract of Unseated Land adjoining the one last described, and situate in the same county, surveyed in the warrantee name of Simon Walker, containing *302 Acres and 5 Perches*. Also, all that certain tract of Unseated Land adjoining the one last described, and situate in the same county, surveyed in the warrantee name of Henry Phillips, containing *230 Acres and 80 Perches*. Also, all that certain tract of Unseated Land adjoining the one last described, and situate in the same county, surveyed in the warrantee name of William Parker, containing *120 Acres and 50 Perches*.

ALSO,

All the right, title and interest of the said Matthias Eder, assignor, being an undivided one-twelfth interest therein, in all those certain FOUR TRACTS OF UNSEATED LAND situate in the Townships of Portage and Sylvania, County of Potter, and State of Pennsylvania, surveyed in warrants numbered four thousand six hundred and twenty, four thousand six hundred and twenty-one, four thousand six hundred and twenty-two, and four thousand six hundred and twenty-three, (Nos. 4620, 4621, 4622 and 4623,) each tract containing *1100 Acres*, more or less; said four tracts being contiguous to each other.

Terms of Sale.—Twenty per centum of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the balance on the first day of October next, when the deeds will be delivered.

JOHN WHITE,
Assignee of Matthias Eder.

Williamsport, Pa., July 24, 1879.—7-1.-3t.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Alias Levari Facias, Venditioni Exponas* and *Alias Fieri Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the hotel of Conrad Raab, in Johnstown, on *Saturday, August 30, 1879*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

All the right, title and interest of H. D. Woodruff, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Pa., beginning on Stager street, on the corner of Lot No. 14; thence by said street three perches to Lucas alley; thence by said alley to Kingston alley; thence by Kingston alley 8½ perches to lot No. 14; thence by said lot 11 perches to the place of beginning—and known on plan of lots of Johnstown continued as lot number thirteen (13) etc., being the same lot of ground which John S. McCahanan and wife, by deed dated April 4, 1870, and recorded at the Recorder's office for Cambria county in Record Book vol. 23, 281, &c., conveyed to the said H. D. Woodruff, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Johnstown Building and Loan Association.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Jones and Catherine Jones, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Fourth ward of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the east on Adams street, adjoining lot of Johnstown School District on the south, lot of John J. Potts' heirs on the west, and an alley on the north, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and stable, now in the occupancy of John Jones. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John F. Barnes.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Patrick Flinn, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Second ward of Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on ——— street, adjoining lot of Patrick Murray on the east, and an alley on the west, extending back to ——— street or land of Cambria Iron Co., having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Patrick Flinn. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Francis Devlin.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed. JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Orphans' Court and 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 *Monday, September 1st, 1879*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Isaac Lute and William Lute, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Gardner, Adam Lolay, Peter Gaman, and William Gorman, containing 150 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of William Lute. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. T. Parkhouse and Sarah Ann, his wife, in right of said Sarah Ann.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed. JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Fi. Fa.*, 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 *Monday, September 1st, 1879*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Joseph Stonebighter, Jr., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Barr township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of L. Kauffman, M. Keck, Wm. Shank, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log barn, now in the occupancy of Joseph Stonebighter, Jr., and a one story house in the occupancy of Joseph Stonebighter, Sr. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Stonebighter.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed. JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on **Saturday, the 23d day of August, A. D. 1879,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., the interest of A. R. Litzinger, being the undivided two-fifths interest, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: All that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Clearfield township, in said county of Cambria, bounded by lands of Hald Ivory, John Shank, Michael Will, Theodore Storm, Edward Burk, and others, containing 55 *Acres*, more or less, having about 35 Acres cleared. It is situated about one mile from the borough of Chest Springs and has a good Orchard on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond of the purchaser. H. J. HAIRS,

Aug. 1, 1879.-3t. Assignee of A. R. Litzinger.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARGARET ATKINSON, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret Atkinson, late of Loretto borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same should present them duly authenticated for settlement.

FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Executor.

Loretto, July 18, 1879.-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CONRAD WEHN, Sr., deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Geo. Wehn, Sr., late of Jackson township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAS. M. SNYDER,

Ebensburg, July 25, 1879.-6t. Administrator.

STRAY CATTLE.—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, two miles south of Ebensburg, about the first of July, two one-year-old white spotted heifers, and two one-year-old steers, one of the latter being red in color and the other red and white spotted. Any information concerning them sent by letter or otherwise to the subscriber at Ebensburg will be liberally rewarded

Aug. 1, 1879.-3t. ANDREW LINK.

Advertisement of 4 lines inserted 1 week in 350 newspapers for $10. Send 10c. for 100 page pamphlet. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

BY MARY KEELEY BOUTELLE.

Faded and fair, in an old arm chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray:
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh, nor send you away.

I see as I look from the window seat,
A house over yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof and a frescoed hall:
The deep bay windows are full of flowers:
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun I would be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port and across the sea;
Oh, to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall, some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when you are old, like me," says she,
"And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then do you think the one thing will be
You will wish and need to content you here?"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, Will content me!" I say.
"That money won't buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And, sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,—
Treasure that nothing can take away.—
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

BORDER ROMANCE.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN OLD FRONTIERSMAN—A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A HERO.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes as follows from Denver, Col.: "I read in the Denver *Tribune*, the other morning, the announcement of the killing of Yardmaster Jack Finehart, of the Denver and Rio Grand railroad. Finehart had held his appointment only three days, having received it from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, on the occasion of the transfer of the Denver and Rio Grande, in accordance with the order of the federal court. The paragraph startled me exceedingly. Jack Finehart's was a figure familiar in certain circles of society all over this Western country. In most of the States and territories his deeds have made him almost an outlaw. Jim Currie, who shot Porter, the actor, in Texas, drew his first pistol under the tutorship of Finehart. Jack Finehart has left a trail easy to follow him by wherever he has been. He was no vulgar ruffian. He was as nearly the ideal of a frontier 'character' as I have ever heard of one man's becoming. Imagine a man six feet tall or over, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, possessed of a handsome, determined face, stern as the countenance of justice; a man whose immense strength is hidden in the finish of his proportions. He walked with graceful military erectness and saluted his acquaintances with great courtesy. His large moustache and broad white hat set him off to peculiar advantage. As any one who might have seen Buffalo Bill in his wild days would have set him down as an uncommon man, so any one meeting Jack Finehart would have wondered what sort of a record the man had. Jack is a Texan by birth and bringing up; a Texan in his instincts; a typical Texan in his manners; a Texan in his doings; a Texan in his method of carrying his revolver (fully cocked and hanging from a belt behind); a Texan in his record; a thorough Texan 'son-of-a-gun.' The earliest days of the man's life were probably the most exciting. Blood was spilled as freely as water twenty years ago all over the West. Deeds that history shudders to relate were on the town annals of every hamlet. The frightful moral abandon of border life in Texas now is scarcely worthy of notice in comparison with the life of a score of years ago, when Jack Finehart was a lad. He had a fine field to study in, and he was well bred. A man started his cemetery before crossing the threshold of manhood, and before the down had left his cheek murder was no novelty to him. Finehart was often a leader of desperate people, and death came to him a hundred times; hovered about him; flirted with him; all but took him, and then departed. I am telling the story of this man's life to show you an inside picture of a border man, a little redeemed from the desperado, in all his moods. He did not rob railroad trains, coaches, horsemen, foot travelers, nor anybody else, with his bands, but he quarreled, and drank, and killed, and lived along the frontier towns. Finally the war broke out. He had by this time acquired that perfect fearlessness and indifference to death that in some men accustomed to facing it becomes an absolute passion, urging them madly on to wherever a prospect of death exists. Finehart selected for his posts in the war the most foolhardy, dangerous and death-tempting there were to be had. He ran powder trains, made journeys of exploration to see if the railroads had been torn up, at the rate of 70 miles an hour; he entered the Union camps at all points, led forlorn hopes, was always in front in a skirmish, scouted and spied until the business pulled on him, and he mixed himself up in railroad affairs until no undertaking was too hazardous. Once he started to cross a river over which the bridge tottered and appeared about to fall, having been burned by the Union troops. Everybody left the engine, and Jack plunged over the bridge alone. The bridge went down, but Finehart jumped and swam ashore. They were escaping from a Union neighborhood, and were under pursuit. Finehart's companions were captured. On one occasion there was a great bully in the army, and his prowess was not limited in any direction. He had frequently killed his man; in fact he enjoyed killing his man; it was a very appetizing thing to do. In those days in Texas (he was a Texan) you could serve your time at this trade without any annoyance from the justice of the peace. Yes, he had a beautiful cemetery in Texas, and was going back presently to continue the work of populating it. One day Jack Finehart, who watched his colleague in the graveyard business a good deal, happened to be in a saloon with him. The stranger had hardly ceased relating some wonderful adventures, when Jack drew an enormous revolver, cocked it, and laid it on the bar beside the man. The latter stared at the pistol and then at Jack. Finehart filled a glass with whisky, and, retiring a few steps, tasted it. Then he said, facing the stranger:

"They call this good whisky. Smell of it, and give me your opinion." And he dashed the tumblerful into the stranger's face.

There lay the revolver at the man's elbow; there stood Finehart, waiting to be shot dead.

The stranger did not move, but in astonished silence wiped the whisky from his face. Then Jack stepped up, took the pistol, and pointing it between his eyes, said:

"Now, damn you, apologize for your lies and slope."

The man did this all very abjectly.

Jack and a friend were sleeping in a log cabin on the prairies in Texas, keeping dark for some very good reason. They suddenly, in the middle of the night, heard voices outside. Says Jack, with his habitual drawl:

"Let's see who they are."

His friend was already looking out.

"Jack," he remarked, "they've got a rope."

Jack paused, thoughtfully felt of his neck, and drawled, "Don't be scared; it's me."

He knocked out the cartridges of both his revolvers, and replaced them with others. He then felt of his bowie knife, and made a number of rapid and exhausting movements to ascertain if he was stiff or not in condition. Meanwhile he could hear voices in different keys crying. "Jack!" "Jack Finehart!" "Come out, you damned Texan."

"Come in, boys," he drawled, getting his tools ready. Just as he stepped out, a cocked revolver in each hand, and a bowie knife across his mouth, there was a roar of laughter from the crowd.

It was moonlight, and Jack was arrested in the act of opening fire.

The leader then assured him that they simply wanted his assistance to run Stub Hawkins, a noted horsethief, off to cottonwood.

Jack put up his pistols in great dudgeon and disappointment.

On another occasion Jack was in a New Mexico barroom. A young New Yorker was talking a great deal, and Jack, in his drawling Texan humor or indifference (the quality resembles either), offended and insulted him without intent. Finally the New Yorker drew a seven-chambered pea-shooter and discharged every barrel at Jack Finehart. The desperado received the shots without moving a muscle until exhausted. Then, drawing quickly a pistol a foot long, he shivered the pea-shooter out of the youngster's hand, and said:

"Stranger, buy a gun that won't disgrace this country."

He deliberately put his "gun" back and did not even look to see where the New Yorker's shots struck.

A young gentleman befriended Jack and won his everlasting devotion. Finehart was one of the most delicately organized men I ever met. He was like a woman; only less ashamed of natural emotion. Jack heard of some danger impending over his friend. For three months he dogged him day and night, ever hovering around him, with two revolvers buckled about him. At last the night of the consummation of the scheme of revenge was at hand. Two men sprang upon the young man with the intention of letting out his life blood with knives.

"Save me," he contrived to scream.

"That's what Jack Finehart has been waiting two months to do," cried the owner of the name, as soon as the smoke from his shots had cleared off.

Drawing and firing both revolvers at once, he had pinked both the assassins.

Finehart had a powerful name in Texas, in Arizona, in Kansas, in New Mexico; not a gambler from Texas to the Black Hills but respected the name. An expert gambler, an unerring shot, unequaled as a companion on a spree, he was, nevertheless, scrupulously honest, tender-hearted, sensitive and easily provoked to tears. He had a way of subduing a pack of scoundrels by walking into their midst unarmed and uttering his wish. He brought eight men one cold night, while he was on a spree, out of a house of prostitution, and arranged them, without any clothing, all in a row along the sidewalk, ..here he delivered a lecture to the chattering wretches on the "Evils of Immorality." He had one love affair, and it was the romance in his life. I don't know the romance of it. Nobody does but Jack, and he was not communicative about it. It seems that his brother was equally involved about the girl, and after much bitter feeling and exchanges had been indulged in between them respecting the lady, they came to an understanding thoroughly typical of the hard, uncompromising nature of Western quarrels. The understanding was to the effect that the men pledged themselves never again to speak to the girl, the penalty for an infraction of this rule being that one brother should kill the other. This was the compact. To any one familiar with the history of the West there is nothing strange, unnatural or startling about it. The brothers separated, and each went his way. This was some years ago. This summer Jack sought out his brother, and found him in Denver. He told him briefly that he had broken his oath, and wanted the compact kept. There was nothing about Jack's demeanor that indicated fear. He was melancholy and quiet. This was indeed his habitual manner. He was firm in his determination to die by his brother's hand. The witness to the compact was in Denver. He was found by Jack, and the fact was narrated to him. He offered remonstrance, of course; Jack was as firm as iron. His influence over the witness, and the desire of the latter to see it out and put in as many obstacles as possible, induced him to accompany his friend. The brother was waiting, and they walked out on the Platte river bank. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was making countless beautiful shapes and colors over the mountains. The air was cool and dry, and the earth looked very fresh and green. It was a singularly inviting aspect, and the world never appeared more tempting as a place of residence. The men spoke not a word, but strode steadily along, Jack in front. The witness was alarmed and horrified. He knew not what to do. It was impossible to influence these men; but he could not now back out. They at last reached a quiet spot in a shady valley. The Platte ran beside them, and would carry the body of Jack Finehart with it in a few moments. They paused. Jack drew a Derringer and examined it carefully. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he cocked it and handed it to his brother. Then walking a few yards he turned a two-thirds profile toward him, presenting his heart as a mark to shoot at. There the Texan stood, with his arms folded and an expression of quiet melancholy on his face.

"I am ready," he said, casting a single glance at his brother, with whom he had previously shaken hands, and then turning his gaze toward the river. The brother leveled the pistol, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack flung a quick look at it, and, seeing his brother about to try again, once more gazed at the river. After another long aim, the brother suddenly threw the pistol into the river and wheeled about. Jack advanced in anger.

"You're a perjurer," he said. "I would have killed you."

The brother did not reply, but turned and walked toward home.

Jack followed with the greatly relieved witness. He did not utter a word until they parted at Denver. He made repeated efforts to induce his brother to carry out the contract, and seemed more anxious to die the more he reflected upon his escape. He appeared to court death with moody anxiety, and long after this affair had ceased to torment him, this strange, restless desire to meet death by violence haunted him. At 3 o'clock on the morning of his death (he remained up because he was filled with a suffocating sense that death was coming) he walked down Sixteenth street with a friend, and said:

"It's coming, coming, I feel it in the air; but I don't know how, and I'd like to know. I've got the 'sand' to die game, and I'll die in my boots, but I'd like to know how it's coming."

"You ought to go somewhere, Jack," said his friend.

"There isn't a spot in this Western country where Jack Finehart is not in danger," he replied.

At 10 o'clock he was attending to his duties as yardmaster. A switch-engine was going down the yard behind a passenger train, and Jack, knowing the engineer to be a Denver & Rio Grande man, and being distrustful of him, jumped on the step and rode along with him. The rickety engine was going very fast. It went off the rails and fell over, and Yardmaster Finehart was crushed to death and badly mutilated. The engineer was also killed.

To think that a man who was covered from head to foot with knife and pistol scars; a man whose death was many times due, perhaps, from the hands of other men, should meet it at last by a railroad accident! His funeral was attended by great numbers, and, as he lies in the cemetery, one sees over his grave only the simple inscription, "Jack Finehart."

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

The editor of a New York State journal, on retiring from the profession not long since, embraced the occasion to give utterance to some sentiments which are applicable the world over among newspaper readers. Hear him:

Having for nearly seven years been a weekly visitor at your homes, kindly sharing the hospitality, and, we hope, contributing somewhat to the comfort of the same, it only remains to shake hands all around, take an affectionate and heart-breaking farewell, and come no more, probably, forever.

Good-bye. It has been spoken over the dead lying in their coffins. It has been spoken when an ocean was to roll in between parting hearts, but it never is spoken with such pathos and unction as when a country editor, with the memory of his hard grubbings and his scant comforts pressing upon him, hands his valedictory over to the compositor, puts the stub end of his worn out pencil into his breeches pocket, and shuffles his rheumatic legs down stairs, to go no more back forever.

"We part upon the square." We proclaim general amnesty all round. We expire forgiving our enemies, and shall haunt those who obstinately refuse to forgive us. We are bound to be forgiven.

Farmers, good-bye. You are the dorsal column of the country editor's subscription list. It could not stand erect without your help. May the time soon come when no mortgage, like a great morass in the centre of a pleasant meadow, shall obstruct your prosperity.—Have you ever given us wood of scrimp pattern and highly perforated cordage? The act is forgiven. Have you ever given us butter of most unhallowed flavor? We hope after a little, to forgive even this.

There is a particular class of patrons whom every departing country editor remembers with special gratitude. It is the substantial, thoroughly steadfast, patrons—the men who are never blown out of favor with him by the light gusts of ill wind. They are the men who cash their bills with thoroughly professional honor and promptness. We remember all such men in Groton with downright and uncompromising gratitude. We count their names with thankfulness. They are like the brick walls which hold this office above the street below.

Support the new management. A country newspaper needs friends, and cannot afford to have enemies. Don't get mad if something fails to suit, and stop your patronage. Don't prattle all over the village about the shortcomings of the editor—co-operate with and encourage him. Help him to get news, and see that he has his share of your money to do business with. Don't loaf around his office and steal his time. Don't give him too much good advice. He knows more about his business, probably, than you do. Help, but don't hinder. Again, good-bye.

HAWKEYE REFLECTIONS.—Don't judge a man by his clothes. Can you tell what a circus is going to be like by looking at the Italian sunset on the fence? Do you value a turkey for its plumage? And isn't the skin of a mink the most, and indeed, the only valuable part of him? There are men fair to look upon, who wander up and down this country, and sit in the coolest places on the hotel piazzas, who are arrayed in fine linens and cardinal socks, and who have to hold their hand over their scarf pin when they want to see the moonlight, who unassisted and unprompted, do not possess the discretion to come in when it rains, and don't know enough to punch a hole in the snow with an umbrella. And soft snow at that, without any crust on it. Now and then, son, before you are as old as Methusaleh, you will see a hat that is worth twice as much as the head it covers. On the other hand, don't fall into the error of believing that all the goodness, and intelligence in the world goes about in shreds and patches. We have seen a tramp dressed in more rags than you could rake out of the family rag-bag and with more dirt and hair on him than would suffice to protect a horse, who would step up to the front door and demand three kinds of cake, half a pie, some black coffee and vanilla ice cream, and then steal every moveable thing in the yard, kill the dog, choke up the pump with sand, tramp on the pansy bed and girdle the cherry trees because he couldn't carry them away. Good clothes or bad, son, they are never an infallible index to the man that is in them.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man
Starts off with hurried tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods, and turns to go,
That careless married man,
When loud the servant calls him, "Oh!
You haven't got the can!"

He nods again, in fretful style,
But pelleth down his hat;
And lo, his sister, with a smile,
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" he shouts, and, truth to tell,
He need not shout so loud;
But shrill his son, with stunning yell,
"Theatre tickets for the crowd."

His daughter, from the window high,
Estope him with her call,
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
And a new pink parasol.

He hears no more, far down the street,
His echoing footsteps fly;
And all day long in measure fleet,
He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And his day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
He hasn't got a one.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

YARNS BY A TRAIN'S CREW.

A newspaper correspondent dishes up the following queer stories told not long since in a flying baggage car between Philadelphia and New York:

THE TRACKMEN.

I occupied the top of a trunk in a baggage car at the rear of a way train from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the other night, and every one of the train hands spun a yarn before we reached Jersey City. The general conversation was started by my asking the occupation of a man I saw on the track, carrying a bag and a white light, and walking along with his eyes on the ground. He looked like a geologist examining the soil. I was told that he was a "track walker," and that the railroad employs many men—one to every three miles—to patrol the track night and day, after the English plan. These track walkers carry a wrench, hammer, spikes, switch key, and what not.—They examine every inch of the rails, particularly the joints, repair whatever gets out of order, and undo any obstructions that may have been erected with mischievous intent.

"And are obstructions sometimes found by them?" the conductor was asked.—"More frequently than you'd think," was the official's reply. "That very man you asked about found a rail tied across the track twice in twenty-four hours, just above Bristol station. He found ties piled up more than once near a curve, and as for loose rails—they are found every night. Generally, loose rails are in the natural order of events."

"What does he do at night when he comes across an obstruction?" was the next question.

"He signals the endangered train," was the rep y.

"Yes; but his light is a white one."

"Well, he carries a red glass cover to put over the white shade," the conductor made reply.

"And if he attacks or is attacked——"

"He is armed," the conductor interrupted.

Stories of fights in which railroad men took part, were suggested and narrated.

WINDOW BREAKERS.

One was about a conductor of the New Jersey Southern in Jim Fisk's time when the biggest train loads ever seen in New Jersey were carried down to Monmouth Park. Roughs were not uncommon, and a custom roughs had was that of breaking car door panes. These lights cost about a dollar and a half, but the companies charged three dollars for them as a protective measure. The conductor referred to reported a number of broken door panes, and told Superintendent Kimball he could neither get the money nor arrest the roughs. "Then lick the ———," Mr. Kimball replied.—"Do you order me to lick any man I catch breaking a glass?" asked the conductor, a frail fellow of consumptive tendency. "I do," replied the Superintendent. "Well, that's all I want to know," said the conductor. That night the plucky train handler was brought into the general office at Long Branch a mass of cuts and bumps, and black and blue all over. He was unable to walk. "I saw a man break a glass and I hit him a clip in the nose," said the conductor. "That is all, except that he was a 200-pound Fourth ward bruiser, with hands like triphammers, and he wiped the floor with me, pounded my head on the seat irons, and jumped on my stomach for 15 minutes."

TRAMPS.

Tramps were considered in a story told by the news agent. He said that at a station on the Pennsylvania division a horde of tramps captured and filled the depot, and threatened to kill those who offered to dislodge them. They lounged on the benches, smoked, swore and fought. A bright idea siezed the station agent. It was winter time. He went into the tramp-invaded sitting-room and pretended to poke the fire. The poker was a three-quarter inch bar, five feet long. While he fuddled with the damper he left the poker buried in the hot coals. The tramps applauded his hospitality. He whistled cheerfully and rattled the damper. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, drew out the poker, three feet of which was at white heat, and swinging it right and left he yelled at the panic-stricken tramps. A few of them went out by the door, but the majority plunged through the windows. In less than 60 seconds the station agent was monarch of all he surveyed.

THE IOWA FARMER.

A brakeman told a queer yarn about a wealthy old miser out in Iowa, a farmer, who did not fence his land properly, yet grumbled when his cattle were killed. The railroad beat him in the courts, and he treasured up the hardest feelings against the company. One day a rail was tied across the track near the old farmer's land, and the first passenger train that came along was wrecked. It was believed at the time that the farmer had tied the rail to the track. Many persons were killed, and all the bodies but that of an aged woman were identified. The first day after the accident the old farmer did not go to the town where in this body awaited burial, but on the following morning he visited the postoffice and received word that his sister was coming on from the East to visit him. He rushed to the morgue and identified the body of the unknown lady as that of his sister. In less than a year he became a raving maniac, and in his ravings admitted that he had wrecked the train.

Another story was told of a stupid lamb that was seen to run between the wheels of a rapidly moving locomotive near Sunbury. The engineer suffered a pang of regret, for he was tender-hearted and wouldn't run over a snake if he could help it. He looked back over the road for the corpse of the unfortunate lamb. To his astonishment he saw the lamb leap from the track behind the last car and run off wagging its tail. It had passed under all the cars and was uninjured.

THE MURDEROUS ENGINE.

Many persons are killed on double-track roads by stepping from one track to the other, avoiding a