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?

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stopping 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.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

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.

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. [6m.]

THE LATEST NEWS AND BEST!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of what the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Men will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of additional warerooms, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and customers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stale for the free use of all who may wish to put up horses. Thankful for past favors and hopefo pony futur ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, Oct 3, 1879.

ROCHESTER CLOTHING.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING

are displayed in Altoona is now ready for inspection in unsurpassable elegance and unequalled variety at

GODFREY WOLF'S

POPULAR PIONEER

FASHION EMPORIUM!

AS TO QUALITY, NEATNESS, DURABILITY AND FIT, THE

ROCHESTER MAKE OF CLOTHING

is really the best in the market, while in stock and prices we defy competition.

NO HOUSE IN BLAIR COUNTY CAN COMPARE WITH OUR'S,

So don't fail before investing in a new suit to call and inspect the goods at

GODFREY WOLF'S UNRIVALLED CLOTHING BAZAAR,

Twelfth Street, Next Door to the Postoffice, Altoona, Pa.

October 3, 1879.—tf. G. WOLF, Proprietor.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—1f.]

$5 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.
Young Men and Ladies to learn Telegraphy. Good situations guaranteed. Address with stamp, OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, Ohio.

WE ARE STILL ON DECK!

AND PROPOSE TO REMAIN THERE!

A Perfect Tornado in Low Prices.

To the numerous readers of the Freeman

V. S. BARKER & BROTHER

Send greeting, and as a matter of interest to all buyers invite attention to the special inducements below:

Men's Department.

We have the largest and most complete assortment of **BOOTS** ever seen in this or any other country town, comprising all qualities from the coarsest to the finest, and at prices which defy competition. We have not sufficient time or space to give a full price list, but append an example or two of our low prices in this department: For $2.50 we sell a man's boot, made from whole stock, with SADDLE SEAM, and fully warranted, which is 60 cents cheaper than a boot of the same quality can be bought from any other dealer in town. Also, a man's calf boot (warranted), with tap sole, either sewed or pegged, for $3.50. Our entire line will be sold at the same low rates, and if customers fail to find our prices far below those of other dealers they will not be asked to buy. A complete stock of boys' and youths' boots at prices equally cheap, besides gum boots at prices a little cheaper than other dealers demand.

In **CLOTHING** we have special bargains to offer, as we keep a full stock of medium priced garments, as well as samples of finer goods, and will take your order for any kind of a fine suit, which we guarantee to furnish for less money than you can buy the same kind of goods in Altoona or Johnstown. Our **$10 Suits** are stunning bargains. In OVERCOATS we carry the only complete stock in town, and defy any one to compete with our prices, while in CASSIMERES and CLOTHS we have the most extensive and varied assortment ever exhibited in Ebensburg, and can have suits made to order on short notice. Don't fail to see our pants' goods before buying.

We keep at all times a full line of UNDERWEAR, from the cheapest to the best, and as an example of our low prices on these goods, and the only one we have room for, we quote good, heavy undershirts at 25 cents each, and full suits at 50 cents. Who can beat these figures?

Ladies' Department.

WE WISH TO CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR

SUPERB STOCK of LADIES' COATS,

Which we have in great variety and at all prices from $2.50 up to the highest. We certainly have wonderful bargains in this line, and to those ladies who need coats for the coming winter, but do not wish to buy just yet awhile, we would say, come and examine our stock now and select what you want and have it laid away, which will be done with pleasure, as by so doing you will have a large assortment to select from, which may not be the case long, as we expect to reduce the stock very much before the 25th of this month. Anyhow when you visit our store don't forget to look at the coats, which we will be pleased to show you whether you wish to buy or not.

In **BLACK CASHMERES** we have a nice line, and are giving great bargains in them as well as other DRESS GOODS of various qualities and styles. In SHAWLS we shall keep a full assortment, double and single, and of all styles and prices. We also have a neat and complete stock of Ladies' KNIT JACKETS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, &c., as well as the best line of WATERPROOFS for ladies' cloaks and children's wear ever brought to Ebensburg.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

First, we wish to call special attention to our **CARPETS.** We have completed arrangements with one of the finest Carpet Houses in New York whereby we are enabled with the aid of a wonderful invention, known as

RICHARDSON'S CARPET EXHIBITOR,

to show you at your own door, as it were, the entire stock of a New York Wholesale House. We have not room to fully explain all the merits of the "Exhibitor," but will take great pleasure in showing you the samples in our store, which will give you an opportunity to select any carpet you may desire from a great variety of new and elegant patterns.

We have just received a choice lot of BLANKETS, which we are offering at prices ranging from $2 to $3. We have also added to our stock a handsome line of CLOCKS, and are now prepared to furnish all styles and qualities, no matter how common or how elaborate, at prices fully 25 per cent. cheaper than regular dealers charge for clocks of the same make and finish.

In FLOOR and TABLE OIL CLOTHS we are offering unequalled inducements, our prices being not only the lowest but our stock the largest and best in town, comprising all widths and patterns for either floors or tables.

OTHER GOODS IN ENDLESS PROFUSION.

We have enumerated only a few of the many articles we have for sale, as it would require many more columns than we would like to pay for to give a full list of all the goods we keep. Suffice it to say that we have the largest stock of merchandise in Ebensburg—indeed more than double what any other house contains—all of which we bought at the lowest cash prices, while many of the goods were bought early and of course before any advance in price. Of this latter class we note Canton Flannels, of which we purchased largely in July and at prices much lower than they could be bought for now. So too with our monster stock of Boots and Shoes, as well as many other goods which might be mentioned, and which were all bought at the old and more moderate prices of three months ago. This is how it comes to pass that we can sell goods cheaper than other men in the business. We know some dealers will tell you that we are only blowing, but all we ask is a comparison of our prices with theirs. We have sold GROCERIES cheaper all summer than any other firm in town, and we not only intend to do so in the future, but to keep the largest and best stock of GROCERIES, as well as FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, FISH, MEAT, LARD, GLASS of all sizes, NAILS, OILS &c., &c., to be found in Northern Cambria.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH, or Country Produce at Cash Prices,

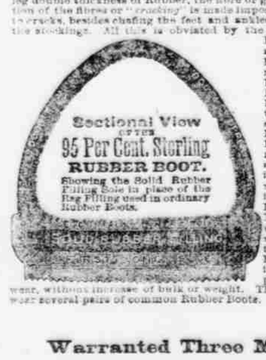
☞We buy all kind of grain, beans, onions, chestnuts, and other produce. Call at our store and we will take great pleasure in showing you our goods and informing you of our prices, whether you wish to buy anything or not.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Ebensburg, October 8, 1879.-tf.

NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. STERLING RUBBER BOOT.

Made to supply the popular demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Upper and leg double thickness of Rubber, the fibre or grain of which is crossed at right angles, whereby separation of the fibres or "creasing" is made impossible. Ordinary Rubber Boots invariably wrinkle, leading to cracks, besides chafing the feet and ankles, and wearing out the stockings. All this is obviated by the Double Upper and Leg. The bottoms are of *Solid Rubber*, half inch thick, and not filled with Tags, like common Rubber Boots. In the cut below, the black part marked "Solid Rubber Filling," in ordinary Rubber Boots is made of ground-up scraps of cloth, and is neither durable nor water-proof, but in the "Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling Boot," when the tap sole and long sole are worn through, a third sole—all solid Rubber—presents itself, and gives 100 per cent. additional wear, without increase of bulk or weight. These soles will outwear several pairs of common Rubber Boots.



Warranted Three Months,

and that there may be no question as to the time, the patent binding, as seen in cut, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer when making a sale, can punch out the date thereof, and the Boots will in themselves bear permanent record of that date. (See warrant in large circular.) Every Boot bears the warrant in Rubber letters on the leg.

Although seemingly high priced, are more economical than a Boot of less cost, and with proper care will render good service from Fall until Spring.

The Poor Man's Boot.

FOR SALE BY

S. BLUMENTHAL,

1119 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA. S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

Grand Opening

—OF—

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

HATS AND CAPS! HATS AND CAPS!

Furnish'g Goods, &c.,

For Gents, Youths Boys and Children.

ONE PRICE AND FAIR DEALING IN ALL CASES!

☞The above Goods are entirely new and guaranteed the finest, best and cheapest in the city. Call and examine.

S. B. CORN & CO.,

1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA

Iron City College

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Exclusively devoted to the practical education of young and middle aged men for active business life. School always in session. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.

[10-26.-3m.] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

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

CAUTION.—Whereas my wife, Mary E. Stromer, has left my bed and board without any just cause, all persons are hereby notified that I will not pay any bills, accounts, or debts contracted by her, unless compelled by due course of law. GEORGE JOS. STROMER.

Washington Twp., Nov. 25, 1879.-3t.*

PIGS FOR SALE.—The subscriber has a choice lot of young pigs of the Essex and Berkshire breeds, which he will sell at moderate prices. JOSEPH GUTWALD.

Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1879.

UNKNOWN IS BEST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

If the dead lying under the grasses,
Unseen linger near the bereft,
Having knowledge and sense of what passes
In the hearts and the homes they have left,
What teardrops, than sea waters salter,
Must fall as they watch all the strife—
When they see how we fail, how we falter,
How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their faces
Bedewed by a weeping world's tears,
Stand near and can see now their places
Are filled, while the multitude cheers,
If the parent, whose back is bent double
With delving for riches and gold,
Lends an ear to the wrangle and trouble
About him before he is cold.

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow
Behind her, bends down from above,
And beholds the tears dried on the morrow,
And the eyes newly burning with love;
If the gracious and royal-souled mother,
From the silence and hush of the tomb,
Can hear the harsh voice of another
Slow-blighted the fruit of the womb,

If the old hear their early begotton
Rejoicing that burdens are gone;
If the young know how soon they're forgotten
While the mirth and the revel go on—
What sighing of sorrow and anguish
Must sound through the chambers of space!
What desolate spirits must languish
In the mystic and undescribed place!
The Life was a farce with its burden,
And Death but a terrible jest,
But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdon
Of silence and beautiful rest.

SAVED BY A SANDSTORM.

AN ADVENTURE IN NEW MEXICO.

The incident I am about to relate took place on the Jornada desert, the route across which is called in the language of the country, Jornada del Meurte—journey of death.

It is a barren, treeless waste, stretching for ninety miles along the Rio Grande river, and extending eastward to the White mountains, unwatered by a single stream, and only one spot for obtaining a supply of nature's precious beverage, known also by the ominous title of Oje del Meurte—spring of death—is found in the whole length of the passage.

Scant vegetation exists in a few favored localities, but the greater part is a grassless plain, alternating with vast fields of white sand which, blown hither and thither by the fierce winds that in summer sweep over the torrid expanse, look like billowy seas on the horizon. This tract would also be devoid of all animal life but for the ceaselessly roaming red man, and the occasional herds of antelope that speed fleetly from range to range of the widely separated mountains.

It was on an occasion such as I have just noted, that I was led into the perilous situation, from the dangers of which one of the nature's wild and singular phenomena interposed to save me. Wearied by the inactivities of a halt made early in the day, Bob and I had wandered forth to stretch our legs, and look for antelope. The quest proving fruitless, we now stood for a moment looking over the dreary prospect, within whose desert sweep we seemed to be the only living creatures. The sun, still some hours high, beat down with unabated zeal upon the gleaming waste and not a breath of air stirred to fan our heated brows. Long, filmy, spiral-like clouds stood high in the azure heavens, an indication of a whirlwind in those latitudes, we both knew; and Bob eyeing them remarked:

"A good day for whirlwinds; there goes one now," pointing out to me a slight cloud of dust rising above a swell of the plain far to our right. "No, there's something moving there," he added, as several dark objects became visible, bobbing up and down beyond the rise.

"Our antelope, perhaps," I suggested.

"Antelope! not they. Antelope would show more white. By George, we are in for it! I believe those are Indians," returned my friend, steadily watching the distant objects.

"Yes, and there's lots of them, too. Let's be off out of this before they see us," I exclaimed, as a dozen or more savage forms, clustered together on the mound, left no further room for doubt as to what species of animal they belonged.

"They are bound to see us anyhow. They see us now, but we'll give 'em a long chase. Come on," cried Bob, lopping off at a great rate as he spoke.

Taking one more look at the Indians I saw that they were still there; and something more I saw, that which portended yet greater danger to us. A slender column of smoke was slowly making its way into the still air. A signal smoke? Then there were more of the red fiends around, whom these were notifying of the discovery of our presence, and how much more I could only conjecture.

Being a good runner in those days I was soon alongside of Bob, shouting what I had seen to him as we ran.

"I know the game. They have been watching our train and have seen us all the time. They have set a trap for us—divided up—and I reckon we are in a fix," yelled Bob, glancing suspiciously about, as if expecting to see an enemy spring out of the very sand at our feet.

Having nothing to do but run, I held my peace and did my best at that. The course was an excellent one, just yielding enough not to hurt the feet, and we were in good condition for the race, having been under diet and training in Uncle Sam's hands for many months. Still, as we were some ten miles from camp, to distance the trained runners of these wilds in a trial of so great a length would, I feel, test our powers of endurance to their utmost. But I felt confident of being able to reach a position whence the sound of our rifles should be heard in camp and quickly bring some of our comrades to our assistance ere the party we had seen could overtake us.

My thoughts would dwell on the signal smoke I had seen, and warily watched and avoided, so far as possible, the occasional shallow rifts, left by some former deluge, that might serve as places of ambuscade to our implacable foes.

"If we only could gain some shelter the case would not appear so desperate," I thought; for in all probability we could defend ourselves against the enemy until succor should come. But here, on the open plain, we were at the mercy of the Indians, and would be surrounded, scalped, and our bones be left to whiten on the desert sands.

Such thoughts as these filled my mind as I glanced back every few moments at the pursuing band of redskins, each time to see them nearer, and coming on with the rapidity and ease of a prize runner at Gilmore's. What Bob thought of the situation I knew not. He was pulling on vigorously, and his face wore an expression I had learned to interpet as one of great determination.

Bob would die hard. Both of us would die hard I knew; and more than one savage should fail to be in at the "lifting" of our hair. Bob and I had as yet, not much experience in the stratagems of the wily feo. In later years we should have saved our wind, and coolly kept the enemy at bay with our long range rifles.

We had run some three miles, when a whoop on our left caused us to glance in that direction, where we beheld another horde of savages with yells and gesticulations, bearing swiftly down upon us, and not more than a quarter of a mile away.

Our worst fears seemed now about to be realized. We were already pretty well exhausted, but our speed sensibly increased under this new incentive. Yet we knew it could not last. Something besides running had now to be done and at once. Two of the Indians were outstripping the rest, and rapidly nearing us. Bob and I were of one mind, for without speaking, we slackened our pace. After getting our breath a little, we agreed on a plan of action.

The two foremost savages were now within range, one leading the other by two or three rods, and suddenly coming to a halt, I faced them and delivered my shot, with the best aim I was capable of, at the nearest. It missed him but the second Indian, chancing to be in the line of fire, fell howling and kicking on the sand. The Indian in the lead retreated to his fallen comrade, and I instantly reloaded and turned toward Bob, who, in continuation of our plan of operations, was to fire in his turn. Bob was a cool, true shot, and, dropping on one knee, he sighted at the Indian who seeing the motion, began dancing about at a great rate, at the same making off toward his companions. After following his movements a moment Bob fired, and the savage fell backward never to rise again.

"There, I feel better," said Bob, rising and shoving home a cartridge. "Those two won't be likely to trouble us again. Oh, if we only had some rocks or trees to get behind now! But there isn't as much as a twig for a bird to light upon on these accursed sand heaps," he continued emphasizing his remarks by a contemptuous thrust of a United States army No. 9 brogan into said soil.

While Bob was talking my eyes had been on the Indians, but my thoughts were traveling over the route we had come that afternoon from camp. I remembered that we had passed a small, rocky elevation, caused by the washing of the soft soil from a ledge once wholly covered by earth, thus leaving exposed a ridge of broken, crumbling sandstone. Where was this ledge? Might we not yet gain the protection of these jagged spurs?

"Bob!" I shouted at length as we again moved briskly on, "did you notice the rocky ridge we passed coming out?"

"Ha! yes; I remember it. Just the place we want. But where was it? I couldn't tell to save me from yonder howling imps. I wonder what's the matter with them now?" replied Bob, glancing over his shoulder at the Indians. "They have joined their forces; just what I thought; they'll be after us fierce now," he added.

"Well, let them come! We are sure to reach the ledge. Follow me; I know exactly where it lies," I cried taking the lead.

Our pursuers, now increased to the number of twenty-five or thirty, were again coming on at a swift pace, but cheered by the anticipation of shelter near at hand, we held our own in the race for some time. Then another well directed shot from Bob checked their speed until, amid the most fearful whoops from the baffled foe, we gained the ledge and took refuge among its crumbling pinnacles.

The disappointed savages, after halting a moment, evidently for consultation, spread themselves out, completely encircling our little fortress, and with wild yells, made feints of rushing in upon us, discharging showers of arrows that fell far short of their mark, however. We thought they were going to charge upon us at once, and disposed ourselves to sell our lives as dearly as possible. But they were only amusing themselves, or trying to at our expense, and one, venturing within range to exhibit peculiar antics, expressive of contempt for white men generally, received a compliment, in return, from Bob's skillful hand that rolled him upon the sand, and caused the whole party to withdraw to a more secure distance. Then ensued a scene characteristic of all Southwestern Indians. A circle was formed around the body of the fallen brave, and a brawny savage, probably the chief, began haranguing the cowardly crowd, eliciting yells of rage and grief as he pointed alternately in our direction, or at the dead warrior at his feet.

He was, doubtless, endeavoring to incite his timid audience to braver deeds than they had yet exhibited, and we watched, with considerable anxiety, the result of his efforts. Suddenly, at this juncture, our attention was called to the unnatural darkness which, in a moment's time, as it seemed to us, so absorbed had we been in observing the movements of the enemy, fell like a great black pall over the gloomy plain.

A vast cloud extended from west to east across the heavens. The sun had gone behind its western limit, tinging the mountain-like heights with a rim of brightest gold, terminating with a deep fringe of amber; while earthward a wild, lurid appearance betokened the fierce strife of winds.

"We are going to have a tempest, Bob," I observed.

"Hope it will blow yonder red fiends clear across the desert, then," Bob replied, looking around. "But look there! What is that? A sandspout, by heaven! a monster too; I never saw anything like that before," cried Bob, starting up in excitement.

Nor had I ever seen the like. Approaching, as it seemed, exactly in our direction was a monster whirlwind, reaching from the darkened earth to the pall-like cloud above, wheeling and eddying in vast circles as it lapped up in its rapacious fold the light dust of the arid plain.

The advance of the terrible visitant was extremely grand and sublime. Its proportions were massive and awe-inspiring; its march as steady and resistless as the onward sweep of countless bison, but far more swift. The upper portion was as clearly cut and defined as the castled domes of the Colorado, and wore a lurid, yellowish hue—the whole heavens being now of the same unearthly color. Close to the ground it bulged broadly, like an inverted tunnel, and huge, cavern-like recesses opened in rapid succession amid the revolving mass. A dull roar, increasing to a fearful rushing sound, preceded the majestic approach of this irresistible desert monster.

The Indians, on their discovery of the terrifying phenomena, had eagerly watched for it a few moments, then made off eastward as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving their lifeless comrade behind—a most unusual circumstance for savages. They were fleeing from the path of the fast approaching whirlwind, they thought—but they were destined to become involved in its resistless vortex. For many seconds the huge mass seemed to tower directly over our heads, and we cowered, breathless, among the rocks; then it swept by with a roar like the rush of mighty wings, right in the wake of the flying Indians.

We saw them hesitate—turn and flee in an opposite direction. But they were too late. The gigantic leviathan of the air closed upon them, and whether they lived to escape the terrible consequences of such an experience I am unable to say, for we never saw them more.

With the rush of wind as the tempest swept by came a deluge of rain, refreshing the parched earth and our parched lips as well.

The skies cleared beautifully behind the departing storm and the sun went down in golden splendor as we took our glad leave of our rocky refuge.—*Portland Transcript.*

AN ILL-WIND.

A THRILLING TALE OF LOVE ON THE SEA.

"Hands by the halliards! Clew up royals and to'-gallant sails!" shouted Captain Berit of the ship Reindeer, as a heavy gale, which for many hours had been seen brewing to windward, came driving down toward the vessel.

"Shall we have a bad storm, papa?" inquired Winnie Melton—a beautifnl young girl of seventeen—as she shrank closely to the side of her father, Mr. Melton, who stood with her on the quarter-deck of the ship.

The two had taken passage aboard the Reindeer at the Sandwich Islands, where Mr. Melton and Winnie, his only child, had been to visit an agent on business. He had taken his daugter with him because she had expressed a wish to go, and he had thought the trip would do her good.

"Better for me had I never seen that girl," muttered the poor sailing master, Warren Grove, as he stood on the quarter watching a French vessel to windward, which had been spoken a few hours before. "As soon as the storm passes, I will tell the captain I wish to leave his vessel, and go aboard yonder ship. Better I should tear myself away from the girl at once than remain to be tortured by the sight of one whom I can never hope to make mine."

Warren had lately received an honorable discharge from the Chilian sloop-of-war St. Mary, and had taken passage for home.

He was a fine looking young fellow, with clear, gray eyes, sun-browned face, and a form inured to hardships; for he had led a wild, roving sort of life from his youth.

This fondness for wandering and adventure had kept him poor, and that was why he thought it was better had he never seen Winnie Melton, whom he loved at first sight.

The rich brunette complexion, the round, plump form, the lithe, willowy waist, the musical, unaffected voice, were irresistible; but it was the dark eye under her arching brows, with their varied expression, now bright, merry, sparkling, now shy and soft as a gazelle's, at one moment uplifted, the next hidden by the long, silky lashes—that caught poor Warren's heart so promptly.

He had spoken to Mr. Melton, who liked him, and was pleased to hear him relate some of his adventures.

Winnie, however, seemed to treat him rather coldly. She would sometimes stand and listen to his conversation with her father, but whenever he spoke to her she would answer briefly, and even seem a little vexed. In fact, she avoided him so sedulously that he at last concluded she disliked him, and resolved to speak to her no more, the conviction forcing itself on his mind that she thought he was a mere fortune hunter, and was attracted by her wealth.

There was one person, however, with whom she often conversed; a rich young man, named Walker Fitzberg, who was a passenger aboard the Reindeer, and whom Mr. Melton had known before.

"Aye, he will marry her," thought Warren, "and I shall continue to be a wanderer. I had intended to 'settle down,' but I could never rest were she to become the wife of another."

With intense interest Warren watched the seamen, as they sprang to execute the order to take in sail.

As Winnie put her timid question, he could not help giving her a reassuring glance, as her father replied:

"Yes, Winnie, I think we shall have a severe storm, but the Reindeer is a good ship, and will brave it!"

The vessel was soon under reefed mainsail, close reefed maintopsail and topmast stay sail.

With a howl and a shriek the storm pounced upon her. The masts bent and snapped, the rigging bellied in whistling, ropes and sheets writhed and slatted about, the ship was whirled down on her beam ends, and sent driving along through the mad waters in a perfect cloud of spray humming thunder.

Standing on tip-toe, clutching her father's arm, Winnie was a pretty picture to look at.

The lips were half parted and trembling with anxiety; the dark curls blown loose about the shoulders, the red mantle fluttered on the wind, the form was drawn up so that the beautiful outline of the waist was distinctly revealed.

The Captain was about advising his passengers to go below, when a tremendous shock went through the ship.

"We are going down!" with white lips shrieked the carpenter. He had just been in the hold, and reported that a whale or some other sea monster had come into contact with the ship's bottom, and there stove a hole.

"Clear away the boats!" shouted the Captain, in a clear voice.

Warren sprang to assist.

The quarter-boat and long-boat were soon cleared away and lowered. Ere they could be well provisioned an ominous roaring sound was heard.

It was the rushing of the water into the hold!

Fitzberg, losing all control of himself, sprang for the boat, in his haste almost knocking Winnie down.

The two boats were soon manned, but ere Winnie could be helped into them by Warren Grove and her father, the ship lifted her bows and lurched heavily, preparatory to going down.

This parted the boat-warps.

Mr. Melton had just sprang into the long-boat, and with several sailors stood ready to take Winnie, whom Warren, in the main chain, was endeavoring to pass to the boat. The lurch frightened the girl, who slipped back on deck from Warren's grasp, while he, thus losing his balance, fell into the boat.

"My child! Oh, God! my child!" screamed Mr. Melton, holding out his hands, his gray hair streaming in the wind.

Warren compressed his lips, made one tremendous spring, and clutched the parted boat-warp, dangling over the ship side. By this he drew himself to the deck of the sinking vessel.

She was plunging down; the young man clutched Winnie, and endeavored to strike out for the boats, but the mad whirlpool of waters drew him and the girl down into the cabin.

Down, lower, went the fated ship. The cataract of water poured round the young people and filled the cabin.

Winnie gasped and trembled; her gurgling smote upon Warren's ears.

He endeavored to keep on the surface of the water, which, owing to the inclination of the ship, had not yet reached the upper beams of the cabin.

The rumbling thunder and gurgle of the incoming seas filled the whole ship.

Warren gained the surface of the water, but another sheeted cataract poured in, and the cabin was full to the beams!

The young man was strangling; but he did not lose his self-possession. He caught at a beam above him, and with a tremendous effort of strength drew himself and his burden to the upper cabin window, which had been burst open by the pressure of the water.

For a moment the suction force held him motionless here, but the next, the ship being now full of water, the bubbles began to break, and with them and his precarious burden were sent shooting to the surface of the sea.

The crew of the long-boat picked them up.

Fortunately there was not yet much of a sea, notwithstanding the force of the gale, so that both of the boats could be easily worked.

Mr. Melton clasped his half senseless daughter in his arms. She was not at all injured, as Warren had contrived to shield her person with his own form so as to receive the full force of the shock when dashed into the cabin.

He was badly bruised and lay nearly lifeless in the bottom of the boat. In his excitement and anxiety to save Winnie he had previously scarcely felt his injuries.

"My noble fellow!" said the Captain, taking a brandy flask from his pocket.

"I have saved her; let me die!" said Warren.

"No, no!" cried Winnie, sobbing over the prostrate man. "You shall live, and may you be happy with her—the young lady in London whom you intended to wed."

"I—wed?" stammered Warren. "I know no young lady in London. Who told you that?"

"Mr. Fitzberg."

The latter colored, and muttered something about "all being fair in love and war."

"It was false," said Warren. Then he leaned back and his eyes closed.

"He is dead!" screamed Winnie, now impulsively throwing her arms around his neck.

But he is not dead.

In half an hour the castaways were all picked up by the French ship, which had borne down for them, and Warren was able to sit up in the berth, where he had been conveyed.

Winnie and her father were at his side, the girl holding his hand.

She proved a tender nurse, and what might have been expected followed.

They were united a few months later.

Warren obtained remunerative employment in the merchant firm of his uncle, and is now a partner.

Winnie and he are indeed happy—made so by that accident to the Reindeer—as otherwise Warren would have left the ship, never perhaps to meet the young girl, whose coldness towards him, caused by Fitzberg's artful falsehood, would thus have remained unexplained.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.—Now that "mysterious disappearances" appear to have set in with unexampled severity, it will be of interest to recall a very remarkable instance which made a great impression on the mind of Nathaniel Hawthorne. A gentleman whom Mr. Hawthorne names Wakefield, being happily marrried, and dwelling in London, one day hit upon the idea that he would mysteriously disappear. There was, or at least there is, nothing peculiar in that. Only Mr. Wakefield determined that he would not dissappear further than the next street. Accordingly he took lodging in the street next adjoining that in which his once happy home was situated, and there, lost to sight though to memory dear, dwelt for twenty years. During that period, our authority says, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield, but was himself never recognized. After this gap of twenty years in his matrimonial felicity, when his death was accepted as a certainty, when his estate had been administered and his wife long resigned to her autumnal widowhood, he one evening quietly knocked at the door, walked in as if he had just arrived after a day's absence in the city, and thenceforward lived a loving and home-staying spouse. The advantages of this topographical arrangement are obvious, at least as far as Mr. Wakefield was concerned. His propinquity would have enabled him at any time to appear on the scene, supposing his wife had been less faithful to his memory, and been disposed again to embark upon matrimony. To that extent he seems to have had his wife at a disadvantage, and on the whole his conduct is not commendable. But there is one grain of comfort to be derived from the story—which we should add, is not born of the fertile brain that weaved the weird tale of "The House with the Seven Gables," but was related as a matter-of-fact in a contemporary newspaper. It goes to prove, in support of more modern and notorious instances, that when gentlemen, and particularly married gentleman, "mysteriously disappear," there are alternatives to the acceptance of the theory of robbery and murder.—*London News.*

MR. LEVY, a storekeeper in Jackson, Michigan, felt very much like shouting "stop thief!" the other day. He bought forty pounds of honey and put it in a box in his store. When he went to look at the honey two days afterward he saw that bees had stolen every ounce of it. More than one hundred of the thieves were lifting the sides of the box when he looked in.