THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance $1.50
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☞ To persons residing outside the county 10 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if 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 XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1881. NUMBER 15.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times		$1.50
1 "	3 months	2.50
1 "	6 months	3.50
1 "	1 year	5.00
2 "	6 months	5.00
2 "	1 year	10.00
3 "	6 months	8.00
3 "	1 year	12.00
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½ "	6 months	20.00
½ "	1 year	35.00
1 "	6 months	40.00
1 "	1 year	75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices		2.50
Auditor's Notices		2.00
Stray and similar Notices		1.50

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞ *Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

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

G. WOLF'S

OLD RELIABLE STORES

OLD RELIABLE STORES!

THE PIONEER

Clothing House

In Central Pennsylvania,

NEXT TO POST-OFFICE,

ALTOONA, PA.

STRONG EASY SUITS	$6.50
STRONG EASY SUITS	7.00
ALL-WOOL SUITS	8.00
Great variety SACK and CUTAWAY SUITS	10.00
Fancy Reversible WORSTED SACK SUITS	12.00
Large assortment of STYLISH CUT SUITS	12.50
All-Wool Blue and Black MELTON SUITS	13.50
Double-Breasted Fancy SACK SUITS	15.00
Fine Diagonal CUTAWAY SUITS	15.00
Superfine Diagonal FROCK COAT SUITS	17.00
Good Every-Day WORKING PANTS	1.00
Best PANTS in the city for the money	2.25
All-Wool KERSEY PANTS	2.25
PANTALOONS of all styles and qualities up to the finest Dress Fabrics at	8.00

Special Bargains

JUST RECEIVED

FROM OUR LARGE WORKROOMS,

CONSISTING OF A COMPLETE LINE OF

BLUE, BLACK and BROWN

ALL WOOL FUR BEAVER

OVERCOATS,

Cloth Bound, Silk Velvet Collar, good Serge Lining, for

TEN DOLLARS!

Established about One-Fourth of a Century.

OPEN EVERY DAY UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Reversible Overcoats!

The Reversible Overcoat first manifested itself one year ago, but did not get a fair hold on public favor until the present season. It is made without lining, of course, and the seams are arranged in such a way that there is no wrong side to it. One side of the cloth is finished in a variety of styles, such as diagonals, mixed, etc., etc., and the other is really a quilted plaid or check. The pockets, too, are so ingeniously contrived that no matter which side of the coat is out they are always in the right place, ready for business. We will show this week all the Reversible Coats we have; also, everything in our line that you ask for. It will puzzle you to ask for anything we haven't got.

G. WOLF.

WE HAVE JUST BOUGHT

AT ASSIGNEE'S SALE

A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF

Overalls and Shirts,

made of heavy duck, and as we have no room to keep them very long we will give our patrons the benefit of the bargain we got in the purchase by selling them at FIFTY CENTS PER SUIT, or at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each article separately. They are worth at least DOUBLE THE MONEY.

THIS WEEK

We are showing, as fully as our crowded condition will permit, everything we have in

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

and especially OVERCOATS. We are prepared to show almost an unlimited assortment of everything in Clothing and Underclothing, but the general display of the week is in Overcoats of every sort.

It is as pleasant to talk about the newest and best things as it is to wear them, but not all of you want to pay for them. We have equal need to sell a cheap garment that simply keeps out the damp and cold, even though they may be a little worn. Thousands who will read this to-day will be glad to learn that

A GOOD SATIN OVERCOAT,

heavy enough to give a sense of warmth; substantial enough for the roughest wear, and good looking enough for better use, can be had here

FOR $5.00 OR $6.00.

Other merchants will look with the same liking for Esquimaux Beaver at $10 to $13.50, and the Chinchilla overcoats at $15 to $20.

We have no time to write nor have you patience to read anything like an account of what we show this week. Here is the place to use your eyes and your judgment. Here we will not tire you with descriptions beforehand.

REMEMBER THIS!

Whatever you buy that does not suit you, isn't sold at all. Come back with it the first minute you can. You are as free as if you had your money in your pocket. You shall have your money back in your pocket if you want it; but take good care of the garments for us, so long as our interest in them continues.

GODFREY WOLF.

C. B. LATERNER, One of the Salesmen.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING & HEATING STOVES,

RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,

1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.

One Door West of Opera House.

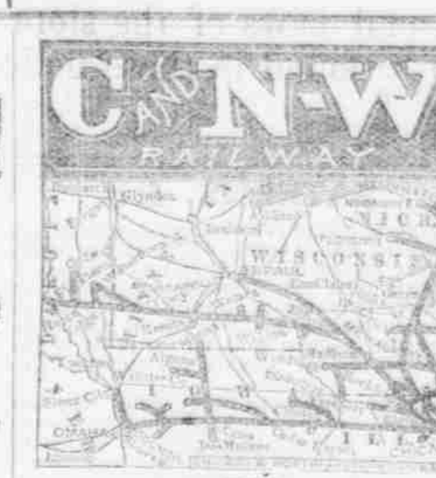
ROOFING AND SPOUTING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Altoona, Oct. 15, 1875.-tf.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.



THE

Chicago & North-Western

RAILWAY

Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the

LEADING RAILWAY

—OF THE—

WEST AND NORTHWEST!

It is the short and best route between Chicago and all points in

Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for

COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
DENVER, LEADVILLE,
SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,
Deadwood, Sioux City.

Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all points in the Territories and in the West. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Winona, La Crosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.

At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'ys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.

At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, Chicago & Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.

☞ Close connections made at Junction Points.

It is the ONLY LINE running

PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS

—BETWEEN—

CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.

Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, and will ☞ TAKE NONE OTHER.

☞ All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.

MARVIN HUGHITT,
2d V. P. and General Manager, Chicago.

[4-15.] WESTWARD. [Dy.]

TAKE THE

THE GREAT

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

☞ No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.

The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to

J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
306 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
and 317 Broadway, New York.
JAMES R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.
T. J. POTTER, Gen. Manager, Chicago.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.

Battle Creek, Michigan,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

VIBRATOR

THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines
and Horse-Powers.

Most Complete Thresher Factory in the World. | Established 1848.

32 YEARS *of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, to "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.*

STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of matchless qualities. Finest Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.

A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers.

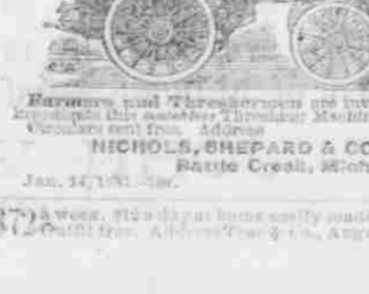
Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power.

Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.

7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber *(from three to six years air-dried)* constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES

Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 12 Horse Power.



Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this matchless Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan.

Jan. 14, 1881.-6m.

$72 A week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF ROAD DEPARTMENT OF DEAN TOWNSHIP for the year ending April 11, 1881:

DAVID BROWN, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$147.50	
" balance due Township for 1880	33.74	
" cash rec'd from unseated lands	313.68	$495.09

Cr.

By work done on roads	$117.08	
" personal services, 26½ days	39.75	
" orders redeemed	23.21	
" lands ret'd to Commissioners	3.20	
" exonerations	3.37	
" am't paid H. A. McPike for publishing Statement, 1880	5.00	
" am't paid Pat. Donahoe, Dean Township's share on bridge	98.06	
" M. P. Condon in full of judgment	37.50	
" fare to and from Ebensburg	3.15	
" one day attending settlem't, and oath	1.75	
" percentage on $14.44 at 7 per cent.	1.01	
" " $156.27 at 1½ "	2.34	345.47
Balance due Township		$149.55

MICHAEL NAGLE, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$119.34	
" money received from taxables	7.37	
" balance due Supervisor	32.64	$159.35

Cr.

By work done on roads	$106.90	
" personal services, 32¼ days	48.37	
" lands ret'd to Commissioners	1.38	
" exonerations	1.10	
" one day attending settlem't, and duplicate	1.60	$159.35

ASSETS.

Balance due from D. A. Ressler, Supervisor, 1879	$ 3.25	
Cash on hand	149.55	$152.78

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders	45.65
Assets in excess of liabilities	$107.13

We, the undersigned Auditors, do hereby certify the foregoing statement to be correct.

JAS. A. McGUIRE,
DENNIS CAWLEY,
JOHN H. DOUGHERTY, } Auditors.
Attest—W. G. KRISE, Twp. Clerk. [4-22.-3t.]

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP (ROAD DEPARTMENT) for the year ending March 14, 1881:

C. ROHNER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$297.01	
" " from unseated lands	107.82	
" " order to balance	99.38	$504.21

Cr.

By 65 days' services as Supervisor, at $1 per day	$ 65.00	
" taxes worked out on roads	249.70	
" Auditors' exonerations	2.26	
" am't ret'd to Commissioners, '79	3.18	
" " " '80	23.20	
" percentage on $147.14 at 5 ℘ ct.	7.35	
" orders redeemed	52.73	
" cash paid	39.07	
" taxes of 1879 worked in 1880	11.61	$504.21

MICHAEL DONAHOE, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate		$620.28

Cr.

By 64 days' services as Supervisor, at $1 per day	$ 64.00	
" 12 days' horse hire, at $1 per day	12.00	
" amount of tax worked out	164.02	
" percentage on $443.26, at 5 ℘ ct	22.16	
" orders redeemed	149.13	
" cash paid for work	145.80	547.55
Balance due Township		$ 72.73
Estimated liabilities of Township		$300.00

We, the undersigned Auditors of Washington township, do certify that the foregoing statement of accounts is correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

C. A. McGONIGLE,
JAMES NOON,
WM. BROWN, JR., } Auditors.
Lilly's, April 2, 1881.-4-15.-3t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public outcry, at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in the borough of Carrolltown, on

Saturday, the 7th day of May, 1881,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, the property of John Shortenkeighner, late of Susquehanna township, deceased:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jas. Reimer, Anthony Weiland, John Elder, deceased, John Hearer and Charles Weakland, containing 39 Acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE, CAMP BARN and necessary OUTBUILDINGS, all in good repair. There is a large Orchard of select fruit trees and a never failing spring of good water on the premises. The whole farm is underlaid with a four-foot vein of excellent coal, a bank, now in good working order, having been opened.

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

J. A. WIRTNER,
Trustee appointed to sell the real estate of John Shortenkeighner, deceased.
April 15, 1881.-3t.

ADJOURNED ASSIGNEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas, issued to the undersigned Assignee of Lewis Hartman, I will be offer at public sale, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., at the hotel of A. H. Haug, in Carrolltown borough, all the herein described real estate, situated in Elder (formerly in Chest) township, adjoining lands of John Fenlon, Geo. Hahn, William Noel, Jacob Kirkpatrick, Lewis Schimpf, and others, containing 70 Acres, more or less, about 40 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story *Frame Dwelling House*, now occupied by Lewis Hartman, and also a small *Dwelling House and Frame Stable*, now occupied by John Hahn.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remaining two-thirds in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the bonds or mortgage of the purchaser.

ANDREW H. HAUG,
Assignee of LEWIS HARTMAN.
Carrolltown, April 15, 1881.-3t.

TO THE SCHOOL DIRECTORS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—*Gentlemen:* In pursuance of the forty-third section of the Act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention, at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on the *first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1881*, being the third day of the month, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and select, *viva voce*, by a majority of the whole number of the Directors present, one person of literary and scientific attainments, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as County Superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth section of said act.

B. BEEG,
County Superintendent of Cambria County.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to hear and decide upon the exception to the second account of F. J. Christy, executor of F. X. Christy, deceased, and report distribution of the funds in the hands of said Executor to and amongst the parties entitled to receive the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, May 23, 1881*, at 11 o'clock, A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to distribute the funds in the hands of Michael Slonaker, Administrator of Mary E. Goughnour, deceased, as shown by her first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, May 9th, 1881*, at 9 o'clock A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment; at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1881.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN KIRLAHAN, dec'd.

Letters testamentary to the estate of John Kirlahan, late of Dean township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated, for settlement.

DENNIS CAULEY, Executor.
Dean Twp., March 26, 1881.-6t.*

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANCIS MULVEHILL, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Francis Mulvehill, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for the office above named, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected, he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability. [3-25.-te.]

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—P. MORAN, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick Moran, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity. [3-25.-te.]

GRAPHIC TYPES.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE:

There is a land of tears and bitter wailing,
A land most like that drear one Dante knew,
Where wan-faced Niobes, with dark robes trailing,
In sad procession move, brow-bound with rue.
It is a land peopled by witless mortals—
Compared with them the Virgins five were wise—
And it is writ above its gloomy portals:
"We Did Not Think It Paid To Advertise."

AND NOW LOOK ON THIS:

There is a land that flows with milk and honey;
Not the Condensed nor yet the Sorghum strains—
Each dweller bears a gripsack fat with money,
Bonds, coupons, stocks and various other gains.
Happy are these as, at high tide, the clamlet,
No tears doth drown the laughter in their eyes.
For better luck they'd not donate one domlet;
The pastry's theirs—They Learned to Advertise.

Obituary Remarks, with Comments.

Exact in all the relations of life was he—
His hat and boots were just what they ought to be.

He never was known to neglect the means of grace—
He paid for his pew, and always sat in his place.

Among the safest and best of our business men—
Whatever he bought for five cents he sold for ten.

His thoughts and hopes were not for a day, but all time—
No man knew better the use and worth of a dime.

His intellect easily showed the breadth of its range—
He never once was deceived in making change.

A bright example he set before every one—
Who knows of any good deed he has ever done?

His days flowed smoothly and evenly on to the end—
He never succeeded in making a single friend.

Our friend by his wife and children was highly revered—
By silks, and sealskins, and cash so justly endeared.

His life was blameless and pure, without a flaw—
Whomsoever he cheated he kept within the law.

He left this world, which could ill afford the loss—
They who best knew him most patiently bear the cross.

His place in the Better Land is beyond our ken—
There none can buy for five cents and sell for ten.

SAVED BY A DOG.

The episode I am going to relate occurred not far from the township of Horsham, Victoria. Where the exact locality is I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to they will remember that there exists one or two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there was standing about twenty years ago a hut, which was known at the Homestead as Deep Water station; and it is here that my fate placed me as hut-keeper. I lived at the Deep Water station for two years.

If readers of the following story wish to know who I am I will gratify their curiosity so far as to state that I was born in the north of England. My father was a retired tradesman. He gave me a fair education, but I never fulfilled the expectation formed of me. This night, while I write, I can show nothing to prove that I ever succeeded in the world. I am a poor clerk, struggling for a bare existence, and sometimes struggling with a wild, strong impulse to wander and work through the country as I often did before, near the scene of my former experience. I like the red sunset and the wild plains as much as ever; I like the glow of the sunlight among the gnarled, queer trees; I like the rippling of the water—the waving, shadowy grass of the silent hills, the bright, still moon, the wilderness away from towns; I like Australian life, but not among the dusty streets or near to white, sweltering roads. For twelve years I followed these impulses faithfully and enjoyed my bush life; with little profit, it is true, but with much pleasure. All that I have to show for my wandering hardships, as I write, is a long ugly scar across my breast, and I am going to tell you how I got it.

I remember I was sitting at the hut (the Deep Water hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim, blue hills; long shadows were rapidly spreading; the deep-water hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river were just tipped with a crimson glory, and stars seemed drooping like silver specks on the paling sky. "Long Mat," the shepherd, was later than usual.

The darkness had not quite fallen before I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon after the white fleeces of the sheep slowly appeared from out the sombre shadows of the trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the muffled fall of a horse's feet became audible. I knew the canter well, and came to the door to await the arrival of Mr. S——, the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut, and with a cheerful "Good evening, Bill," and as usual came inside to ask me if I wanted anything, and to light his pipe.

"I can't stay long with you this time, Bill," he said, pleasantly, but with a little anxiety; "the black fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

"We have quite enough," I replied, "both for Mat and myself; but there's no bullets; I'll run them to-morrow. Mat's rather late this evening, but the flock's not far off; they'll be home in a quarter of an hour. I saw them pass the belt before you came."

At this instant the shadow of a man darkened the door and Mat entered.

"Good evening," he said quietly, to Mr. S—— and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin'. One of my marked ewes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawlers."

"You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat," replied the strong, pleasant voice of the squatter. "Bill says you've got enough powder and lead. The blacks are about; do you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mr. S—— proceeded to undo his horse, and was about to mount, when Mat said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir."

"Why?"

"Injuns is close up. One of them sheep I spoke of was speared."

"I heard there were black fellows about," said Mr. S——, delaying to mount, "but the ride is safe enough; I've got my ride with me."

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a panikin of tea, and, contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him inquiringly. He kept his eyes wandering over and around the flocks, while he explained. "Wall, you see, sir, after seein' the spear wound on the crawler, I looked about me purty sharp, but couldn't see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted one of the varmints wrigglin' through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a ball, but saw another wriggle in his wake, and then another; and," continued the narrator, with something like a glow of expectation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he lifted both hands and struck Mr. S—— full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway and quivered in the slabs behind.

"By gum—"

More remarks were drowned by a loud, quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after and he rolled heavily across the hut door, completely blocking up the entrance.

Mat muttered away: "First-rate for us coons! Ye'd better bar de door, Bill! Doctor! Doctor! Doctor; Pst! pst! Here, lad." The dog leaped on the shepherd.—"By gum," he said, "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr. S—— was coolly reconnoitering through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

These quiet, brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remembered thinking, as I threw water on the fire, so as to extinguish all light, that the black fellows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up and the light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first we could discern the outlines of the trees, and then, as the night withered, the white, seared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence. Mat, Mr. S—— and myself had our barrels through the loopholes, and were closely watching for any movement outside. The convulsive shuddering of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence.—The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and notwithstanding the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of the frogs along the river, there seemed to be a frightful significance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign nor sound to betray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly round the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the white fleeces mingling with the color of the grass—the still shadows of the trees—the fan black forest—the spectral tracery of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the outside wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Blame my eyes!" said Mat, for the first time breaking the silence, "if the Ole Parson hain't sighted one of the blacks."

The "Ole Parson" was a patriarch wether that was afflicted with the foot rot, and usually fed on his knees.

"So he has; and by gum there's a crowd—the whole tribe hev come to visit. Not enough in shade, boss," continued Mat, after another interval, and in a hard-whispering tone.

The next moment the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A shrill death-shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sudden force from the ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words.

"Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging; "Fifty yards to the right of the hurdle."

Boss (Mr. S——) changed the direction of the gun and fired. The human figure seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly, that I felt a strange thrill of pity.

"He's fixed safe as houses; let's physic another or two, and maybe they will make tracks," again muttered the shepherd in a tone of suppressed glee. "Cook, why the deuce don't you shoot? Squint round that block to the right of the wattle."

Looking in the direction indicated by Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns, but owing to my silence hitherto, he must have been of the opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied. For an instant I could see nothing through the smoke, but it cleared almost immediately. Just as the shepherd said, "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly toward the hut and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive, it was very like murder. This was the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S—— asking me if I had run any bullets.

"Not one."

"Have you any in the hut?"

"Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tree'd" much in the same way as he would tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying: "I've only one more pull to keep our skins whole. We'll hev to trust to Doctor."

Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smithfield and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all kinds of tricks. Among others, he repeatedly took messages to the station when attached to his collar, and I presume this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable of relief.

"Mister, d'ye think you kin write a message in the dark, or by the moonlight, askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the blacks dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of the rotten slab behind your back. Here, Doctor."

The message was scrawled and fastened to Doctor's collar in a little less than a minute, and the noble brute, who seemed to know the danger, stood anxiously trembling till the preparations were completed.

As I before stated, the hut stood close to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly toward the water. The American for the first time seemed affected. When the men fell under our shots there was not the slightest change perceptible in his voice; but the few words he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything being at last prepared, he spat upon the dog's muzzle, held his head close to his cheek for a moment, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute; the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"My God!" said I, involuntarily, "the Doctor's speared."

"No, he ain't!" snapped Mat. "He's only touched an' no more. He'll do it."

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. S——; "the black fiends have struck a light somewhere, and they are going to burn us out. Look!"

Our eyes were now intently scanning the movements of the savages through the little loopholes, and we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark roof over our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect.

By this time the black fellows had gathered courage. Believing our ammunition was expended, many of them had left the cover and might be seen flitting about like specters. They had kindled a fire some distance off, and across its glare shadows were constantly falling.

The fire brands were thrown no longer; some fresh mode of attack was preparing. Our suspense continued a long period (nearly half an hour), during which time not a word was spoken by any of us; our sole dependence was the Doctor, and if help did not soon arrive it was certain we could find no escape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look, slick," whispered Mat. "I see their game; going to give us fits. How's the moon!—well aback of the hut, I guess. Bill, stick your cabbage tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'll just go out and bid them good evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I show them my heels, open it. You see we can't spare ammunition."

While speaking Mat unbarred the door. He slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me: "D'ye see that fellow with the blazing log? When he gets close to the wattle open the window and prop up the pillow. Take care of the spears yourself."

As soon as the black fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long, little shutter with some noise and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall as though one of us was mortally wounded.

There was a wild shout without. At this time the black fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall figure emerge beyond the shade as the butt end of his gun fell crashing on the head of the fire-bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned; it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered himself and painfully struggled to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approached him, "It's better as it is till help comes."

"If it ever does," thought I.

The American's sortie, I believe, had rather a disastrous effect, for the black fellows seemed to conclude at once that our ammunition was all expended and they thronged around the hut without caring to shelter themselves.

In a short time the crackling of the flames on the roof put an end to our trouble. The hut was on fire and there was nothing left us but an attempt to dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S—— would not try without Mat, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack. The American's rifle rested in the loophole where he had first taken up his position.

"There's the worst of them," Mat said, looking along the weapon; "he's coming up with a log to stave in the door. He'll never do it;" and our last bullet brought down the ringleader.

There was consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the besiegers rushed shrieking on our little garrison. A moment's surge outside and the door fell back as Mr. S——'s gun swung down on the crowding savages with terrific force, felling two of the foremost like oxen. I remember a wild struggle with our guns and fists.—Mat and the squatter towered above their opponents like giants, fighting with terrible energy. The black fellows had forced me to the ground; one was shortening the grasp of the spear to drive it through my body, when I felt a gush of blood spouting over my face and chest, just as the savage fell on me mortally wounded. Then I remember the hurrah outside, and the cracking of rifles.

"That was a good back-handed blow, boss," said Mat, faintly; "I guess the cook's got another squeak. D'ye hear that? Hooray! Knowed the Doctor would do it," said he, with renewed energy, "take that." And I heard the dull sound of another blow, and a low moan of pain, as the station-hands rushed in. The Doctor soon recovered. So did Mat, who is now one of the richest men in the colonies. I—well, I have a large scar across my breast.

A Parliamentary Youth.

Mr. Rodgers, of Third street, has a son Thomas, who was sent off to Lansing on a visit some weeks since, and it seems that the boy put in much of his time around the State House and took a deep interest in the proceedings of the legislative body. He came home chock-full of parliamentary tactics. At the dinner table he moved to reconsider the vote by which boiled ham was placed on the bill of fare, and demanded the ayes and nays on the question of a new pair of rubber boots and a spring velocipede. He hadn't been home two days before he observed to his mother:

"I move the previous question on that hunk of maple sugar in the pantry."

"You can't have it."

"But I must. My motion cuts off all debate, and I shall announce the question as carried in the affirmative."

His father suggested the idea of an hour's exercise with the axe, but the boy called for a general expression of opinion and succeeded in passing a vote to recommit the question to the Committee on Rules for amendment. Things went on in this way for a week, and the old man finally had enough of it and felt called upon to administer a caution.

"Don't you know that an amendment takes precedence of the question itself?" replied the boy. "I amend as follows: '*Resolved*, That this family recognizes Cushing's Manual as standard authority on questions of debate.' Are you ready for the question?"

"No, sir!" replied the old man.

"Do you wish for the call of the House?"

"I wish you to understand that your talk displeases me."

"Well, while I must respect the rights of the minority, I still feel that it would be a safer plan to table your motion. It can come up again under the head of 'Unfinished business.'"

In about ten minutes the old man was ready for him in the wood shed, and he remarked:

"There is a quorum present, and we will proceed to business."

"I move we take a recess," replied the boy as his back began to ache.

"Can't do it," said the father, as he hung up his hat. "I am going into the Committee of the Whole on the whaling business, and if I can't tan your jacket in less than ten minutes I shall have to ask leave to sit again. Stand out here!"

"Please call mother to the chair," pleaded the youth, but it was no go. The old man had a two-thirds vote on him, and the question was so well settled that the boy was able to buy two bars of soap at a grocery that afternoon without a single allusion to Cushing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PARAGRAPHS CONTAINING THE LARGEST POSSIBLE NUMBER OF O'S.—October's cool noon overtook Solomon Moorwood monotonously cooping cockatoos, doomed for zoological collections on schooner.

Toowoombo booked Woolloomooloo to London, choosing commodious rooms opposite Portobello Moor. Soon good cooked, wholesome food stood odoriferously comforting our Woolloomoolian ornithologist, who partook bounteously. These poor colonial companions provisionally accommodated, too, looked thoroughly joyous.

Continuous snowstorms soon corroborate Commodore Solomon Goodwood's gloomy prognostications. Locomotion becomes monotonously slow. Cosmopolitan corporations sorrowfully behold commodious houses thoroughly flooded; heterogeneous conglomerations of rosewood footstools, orthodox compositions, copybooks, horoscopes float about school-room floors; on-lookers monopolize odoriferous concoctions, nobody offers opposition. Foolish nincompoops promote commotion, hallooing Hoop-de-dooden-doo! Too-ral-ooral-oo! Compulsory conclusion.

London affords to connoisseurs good opportunities for looking over conchological entomological, oological, ornithological, entomological, oological, ornithological, zoological, eryctogosical, oryctological, or osteological collections; also, for thorough examination of innocuous, poisonous, monocarpous, monochlamydeous, monochromatic, monocotyledonous, monocephalous, monospermous, monopetalous, phyllophorous, polyonomous plants, brought from Woolloomooloo, Mooroorоo, Coonattoo, Colorado, Orinoco, Sooloo, Morocco, Borneo, Colombo, and occasionally Oporto.

HOW TO DROP MONEY AT CHURCH.—A facetious exchange gives the following rules for dropping money into the contribution box at church. First, if you feel particularly mean and have only a penny to bestow, you must keep it covered in your hand, and when the box is under your nose you must, with a quick, nervous motion, let your mite fall so that it shall escape observation; second, if you have a quarter or any other silver coin of a considerable amount to give, you may hold it plainly in sight between the thumb and forefinger, and let it drop from a comparatively lofty elevation, so that it may make a musical jingle when it reaches its destination; thirdly, if you contemplate offering a bill, you must not take the money out of your vest pocket until the happy time comes when your neighbors can best see your unparalled generosity. The moment the collector appears at the pew is the time when you must fumble for your money, and then having methodically unfolded the bill and put on your eye-glasses to ascertain its denomination, you may slowly put it on the top of the box. These three rules, we believe, will be sufficient for all ordinary purposes. N. B.—A button should always be placed in a blank envelope.

IN the heart of actual battle it is no uncommon occurrence for soldiers to get more loads into their guns than they fire off. A soldier who, after a hot contest, had nine ball cartridges lodged in his gun-barrel which he could not extract, was advised by a comrade to "prime her up with dry powder and fire her off a little at a time." When he came back from the hospital, after making the experiment, he said: "The gun went off a little at a time all right; but I am d——d sure she came back all at once."

AN old couple were walking down street the other day, reading signs, when they ran across one which the old man read: "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well I declare!" exclaimed the old lady, "I wonder how he tore it?"

THE giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady on the street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

THE LOSS OF THE SENATOR.

The amiable Capt. Simmons, of New London, whose unfortunate attempt to secure harmony among his officers was related in these columns some time ago, once lost his ship in very peculiar circumstances, and as the story has no application to anything, nobody's feelings can be hurt by rehearsing it.

It is not easy to keep sailors awake on deck at night in fair weather. Of course the man at the wheel and the man on the lookout are compelled to keep awake, but the other men of the watch are very apt to get under the lee of the weather rail or the caboose and indulge in surreptitious sleep. So common was this practice in the whaling business that the officer of the deck accepted it as one of those things which it was useless to struggle against, and was contented so long as the lookout men at the wheel kept their eyes open. Capt. Simmons, during the time that he was in command of the ship *Senator*, knew perfectly well that the majority of the watch on deck habitually went to sleep on fine nights, but he made no attempt to break up the practice. On one voyage, however, when the ship was in the Pacific and in the neighborhood of the line, he made the startling discovery that even the officer of the deck did not scruple to sleep through his watch, thereby setting an example of misconduct which plainly could not be tolerated.

One night, about 2 o'clock, the ship at that time steering north north-east, with a slight breeze on the starboard quarter and everything drawing nicely, Capt. Simmons came softly on deck and found the mate lying snugly alongside the skylight, snoring with great energy. The man at the wheel had sat down in a sitting position to the deck, where he was quietly sleeping and permitting the ship to steer herself. Now, the *Senator*, when she had a light breeze on the quarter, steered so beautifully that the man at the wheel really had a sinecure, and on this particular occasion she was running steadily on her course, apparently quite unconscious that there was nobody at the helm. Walking carefully forward, and picking his way over the legs of the unconscious watch, the captain reached the forecastle, where the lookout, lying with his head on the windlass, was dreaming of New London or some other peaceful and happy place. The night was not exactly foggy, but it was far from clear, and had the *Senator* been anywhere except on the lonely Pacific, the captain might well have been nervous in view of the risk of collision.

Some captains, in similar circumstances, would have kicked the lookout, hit the man at the wheel over the head with the first available weapon, and sternly ordered the mate to get up and go below. Capt. Simmons, however, was averse to violent measures, and he determined to give his men a lesson that would lead them to perceive the error of their ways without hurting their heads or feelings. Accordingly, he carefully and quietly unscrewed the brass plate by which the wheel was attached to the tiller, and placed it in one of the small boats—all without disturbing any one of the sleepers. Then, going below, he aroused his cabin-boy, whom he brought on deck with him and sent out to the end of the flying jibboom, with orders to sing out, as if from the deck of a vessel close under the bows of the *Senator*: "Hard a-port or you'll run us down!" All his preparations being thus made, the Captain retired to the obscurity of the companion way and awaited the result of his scheme. Presently the cabin boy sang out lustily and in a tone apparently full of terror. The lookout hastily awaking, took up the cry.—The mate, starting to his feet, roared, "Hard a-port, sir!" wildly tried to grasp the missing wheel, and was filled with horror at the thought that he was again a victim to the delusions of the delirium tremens.

While this uproar was in progress Captain Simmons appeared on deck and cried in a stern voice: "Silence fore and aft; Mr. Smith, will you tell me what this disorder means." The terrified mate replied, "There is a vessel just ahead of us, sir, and we can't port our helm, for the wheel is missing."—Then the captain, calmly taking the mate to the small boat, showed him the wheel, and began to enforce the moral of his lesson.

"You now perceive, Mr. Smith," said the excellent Capt. Simmons, "the danger of sleeping on duty. Had there been a vessel ahead of us we might have had a collision while you and the lookout and the man at the wheel were all asleep. You find that a ship without a wheel is in a dangerous condition. So it is, but she is in an equally dangerous position when the officer of the deck and everybody else is asleep. I unshipped the wheel in order to give you a lesson that you would fully understand. Now have the wheel shipped again, and let us have no more sleeping on deck."

"Hard-a-port, for heaven's sake," yelled the cabin boy and the lookout together.

"It's all right," said the captain reassuringly to his first officer. "I sent the boy out there to sing out and wake you people up.—He—"

Crash! The vessel struck a big ship that suddenly loomed out of the darkness directly ahead. The force of the blow was tremendous, and the bows of the *Senator* were stove in so that tons of water were rushing into her. All hands took to the boats, and as the vessel with which the *Senator* came in collision was still able to keep afloat, they were happily saved. Capt. Simmons' ship went down in ten minutes, and when the good man returned to New London, the underwriters refused to pay the insurance, on the ground that the collision occurred because the captain unshipped the wheel. To the day of his death the captain maintained that he had done right in trying to combat the mate's tendency to unlawful sleeping by a possibly unlawful and reckless tampering with the wheel, but his owners were never satisfied with his conduct, and insisted that if he had done his plain duty and left the wheel alone the *Senator* would never have been lost.

This teaches us that when we attempt to combat the ways of bad men we should not use unlawful weapons.—*N. Y. Times.*

MAKING A FORTUNE IN THIRTY DAYS.—During the first oil excitement a young man came to Oil City with only $25, but he wore good clothes, had a good education and plenty of "cheek." After surveying the situation for a day or two he concluded to speculate, and finding a farmer who had not leased or sold his land, he represented himself as an agent for a wealthy company, with instructions to buy up land. The farmer was rather reluctant about selling, but finally terms were agreed upon and the papers were drawn up and signed. Twenty dollars were paid down to bind the bargain; $5,000 more were to be paid in thirty days, and $5,000 more in six months. He had but $5 to meet an obligation of $10,000, but not despairing, he quietly awaited the completion of a well that was being drilled near his new purchase. The well was finished in five days after the sale and proved to be a good one. He was offered $20,000 for the farm; but $10,000 clear gain in five days did not tempt him to sell, for another well was being drilled on the adjoining farm, and should it prove to be a big producer his land would be very valuable. On the other hand, should it be a "duster," he could not even get as much for the farm as he had agreed to pay for it. Still, he did not sell, and the time passed rapidly away. Only a few days remained before he would have to pay $5,000, or the sale would be cancelled. Twenty-eight days had passed and the well was not down yet, although they expected to reach the oil rock every hour. On the night of the 29th day he sat up in the derrick with the drillers, for they knew they were within a few feet of the sand. Midnight came and the hands were relieved by another force. His last day had come and was wearing away, and he knew that the farmer would not wait one minute longer than the law required him, for he had several times been offered a larger amount for the land. At two o'clock the sand was reached, and the well proved to be the largest producer yet struck in the new field. The news of the new well rapidly spread, and by noon the next day numbers of wealthy oil men were on the ground anxious to secure the adjacent territory. That day the young man sold his farm of 110 acres for $1,000 per acre, clearing in thirty day $100,000, with a capital of only $25 to start on.—*Titusville Herald.*

WHEN it comes to descending a ladder the bravest of us generally back down.

A REMARKABLE SPECTACLE.

FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO SLEIGHS IN ONE FIELD, EACH DRAWN BY FOUR OR SIX HORSES.

An Akron (Ohio) letter described a sleigh ride which occurred in that county twenty-five years ago, and is doubtless one of the most remarkable occurrences of the kind on record. The winter of 1855-6, says the writer, was long, severe, with much snow, which remained on the ground throughout the month of March, presenting serious obstacles to outdoor employments. The farmers could do but little work, and so turned their attention to amusement and sport.

The circumstances which gave rise to this famous sleigh-ride were as follows: Upon some occasion a rural township turned out with a large number of four horse sleighs. The leading sleigh in the procession carried a rude banner, made of cheap muslin, a yard square—and which cost just six cents—upon which was painted in brick dust and lamp black a negro boy, with the end of his thumb placed upon his nasal protuberance, and his hand spread out like a fan, after the manner of the street gamin, with a scroll from his mouth, upon which were inscribed the words: "You can't come it."

This placing of a chip upon its shoulder, brought other townships into friendly competition, and the banner passed from one to another, as each turned out the largest number of four-horse sleighs—nothing under a four horse sleigh was considered—until it was finally captured by Richfield township, in this (Summit) county. To such an extent had the rivalry been carried, that it now became a county affair, and Cuyahoga and Medina counties entered the contest, each with the laudable intention of carrying off the prize from Summit county. A day was appointed for the tournament, and as Richfield township was the holder of the banner, the battle was to take place within her limits. The most extensive preparations were made, a field of sufficient area was arranged for the friendly display, and marshals appointed to take charge of affairs. The day came—Friday, March 14th, 1856—and with it assembled a crowd of citizens, men, women and children, almost as large as that which witnessed Garfield's inauguration. The marshals were on duty, and as the delegations came in they were assigned to their allotted positions. The different townships were placed in the delegations of their respective counties, ranking according to the number of sleighs each turned out. No sleigh was admitted into the procession with less than four horses to it, while many were drawn by six horses. When all had arrived and taken position, the marshal proceeded to count noses, or rather to count the sleighs. The count resulted as follows: Medina county, 140; Cuyahoga county, 151, and Summit county 171—a total of 462 four and six-horse sleighs, in one grand collection of friendly rivalry. Many of the sleighs were beautifully trimmed in evergreens, and profusely decorated with flags and banners. Cuyahoga county had brought down from Cleveland a brass fieldpiece, mounted upon one of her heaviest six-horse sleighs, with which to celebrate and ratify her contemplated possession of the prize. But, alas, for human calculation! She was counted out—justly, however.

The grand procession was now formed and proceeded to Akron, the county seat of Summit county, in genuine military style: the whole forming a brigade, each county a regiment of the brigade, and each township a company of their respective regiment. The crowd which witnessed the turnout and followed it to Akron, was variously estimated by eye-witnesses at from 5,000 to 10,000 persons. And one of the most remarkable features of this most remarkable occasion was the total absence of any accidents. Not the slightest accident occurred during the day, and all passed off in the utmost peace and harmony, good-fellowship prevailing throughout.

As Richfield township held the banner it was decreed in the beginning that the township turning out the largest number of sleighs should on this occasion receive the prize, to be by it turned over to its county until some other rival won it. This honor fell to Hudson township, of Summit county. The banner was presented in appropriate terms by James W. Weld, of Richfield, and received likewise by Dr. C. R. Pierce on behalf of Hudson, who in turn presented it to Summit county, to be preserved among her valuable relics in the city of Akron. The county received it with great dignity, declaring her intention to keep it until some rival county should come for it with a greater number of sleighs than on the previous occasion. It transpired that her glory was short-lived. On the following Tuesday Medina county came for the prize with 185 four and six horse sleighs, being fourteen more than Summit had mustered. The banner was turned over to her, taken home and placed in her archives, where it remains to the present day, a prize to the champion sleighing party of Ohio.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH'S STORY ONCE AGAIN.—A story not less romantic and more probable than that of Captain John Smith, was told with never-failing animation by Abram Johnson, who died in Salem township, Wayne county, Pa., a few days ago, at the age, as he himself said and doubtless believed, of one hundred and eight years. His father was a soldier in the Revolution, the family then living near Lake Champlain. Abram enlisted in the war of 1812 as a private soldier, but was soon made captain of a band of Oneida Indians under the command of General Macomb. In the battle of Plattsburg he received a sabre cut in the neck, and was knocked down by the blow. He lay perfectly still, feigning death, and did not wince when a British soldier thrust a bayonet into his knee to ascertain if he were really dead. The young daughter of an Indian chief took a fancy to the wounded soldier, and tenderly nursed him back to health. Naturally enough they fell in love, and at the close of the war were married. Johnson brought his wife to New York, and from here they went to Sussex county, N. J. Mrs. Johnson, becoming ill was taken to some of her tribe, where she died and was buried with Indian pomp. Mr. Johnson then returned to Salem township, Pennsylvania, where he afterward resided, supporting himself for many years by farming. He lost all his money and property by unlucky speculations, and it was not long before he was a town charge, for though he was entitled to a pension he never claimed it, and died a pauper. His mind was sound up to the time of his death, and he was remarkably active to the last. His only daughter, after she grew up, joined the Oneida Indians, and married the son of a chief.

WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK?—It may frequently interest some reader to know on what day of the week a certain event has occurred. Here is a very simple way of finding out: First, divide the date of the year of the occurrence by 4. The quotient—leaving away all fractions, if there be any—add again to the date of the year of the occurrence. To this add the number of days from the first of January to the date of the month of the occurrence—always counting February 29 days. The result of this now divide by 7, and here the fraction gives the exact day of the occurrence—1 counting for Sunday, 2 for Monday, and so on, 0 counting for Saturday. For example:

Washington was born February 22, 1732.—To find out on what day he was born: 1732 divided by 4 equals 433. 1732 plus 433 equals 2165. From the 1st of January to the 22d of February are 53 days. These added to 2165 equal 2218. Now we divide by 7. 2218 divided by 7 equals 316, leaving us the fraction of 6. Hence, Washington was born on Friday.

Example for a coming event: If you wish to know on which day in 1882, our parents will have the pleasure of celebrating their golden wedding, January 14: 1882 divided by 4 equals 470. 1882 plus 470 equals 2352, plus 14 equals 2366, divided by 7 equals 338, leaving 0 as a remainder, which falls on Saturday.

SPRING poem from the Oil City *Derrick*: "There came to our cabin one morning in spring a sweet little robin—he came there to sing; but the cat was attentive, and watched from afar, till the robin, all heedless, was killed like the czar."

REBECCA of old was a well-spoken woman.