THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

To persons residing outside the county 25 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, MAY 20, 1881. NUMBER 18.

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	$ 1.5
1 "	3 months	2.50
1 "	6 months	3.50
1 "	1 year	5.00
2 "	6 months	6.50
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.
ALL-WOOL SUITS	8.50
Great variety SACK and CUTAWAY SUITS	10.00
Fancy Reversible WORSTED SACK SUITS	12.00
Large assortment of STYLISH CUT SUITS	13.50
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	3.5
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 usually 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 SETT, 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 finest 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 rough. 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 Joquimaux Beaver at $10 to $13.50, and the Chinchillas 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 in this book. 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.

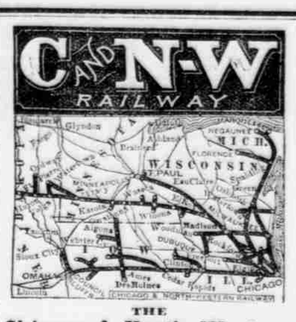
GODFREY WOLF.
C. E. LATERNER, One of the Salesmen.

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. 10, 1879.-tf.

$20 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4,'81.-1y.]

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. Illus. Catalogue FREE. Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.



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, LaCrosse, 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 Van 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,
Sd V. P. and General Manager, Chicago.
[4-15.] WESTWARD. [1y.]

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 Palace Sleepers of Chicago, 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 Reversible Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, as heretofore, 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. BRAY, General Eastern Agent,
205 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 ago, without change of name, management, or location, we "took up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.

STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of excellence unequaled. Fixed Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.

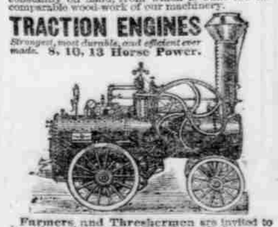
A multitude of special improvements and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers.

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' seasoning) constantly on hand, from which he built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES
Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 13 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.

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

APRIL 11, 1881.
B. & B.
SPECIAL OFFERINGS
BELLON BLACK SILKS!
24 Inches Wide, at $1.15, $1.50 and $1.75.
SILK DEPARTMENT.
Several case New Black Brocades, at $1, $1.25 and up to $2.75 per yard.
One special lot Elegant 24-inch Goods at $2.00 per yard that have sold at $3.50 per yard.
New 22-inch Ombre Strip Silks for Trimmings.
200 pieces Black Silk at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00 per yard, of Bonnet Bellon and Guinet Goods—less prices than ever sold at.
500 pieces Fancy Silks, at 37½c. to $1.00 per yard, Stripe, Checks and Louisines.
Large lot Black Satin d'Lyons, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, and up to finest grades.
Satin Marveilleux and Surahs, Black and Colors.
Fine Black Silks, $2.25 to $4.00 per yard.
Very large lot and special values in Black Satins, from 50c. up to finest grades.
Extraordinary values in 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 the two latter 22-inch goods.
DRESS GOODS.
One case 25-inch Silk Striped Imported Goods at 25c.—much less than value.
All the new things in Soft Wool Goods, from 25c. to $1.00 per yard.
Nun's Veilings, Albatross Cloths, Homespun Checks, Illuminated Beiges, Chevrons, Foules, Crepes, &c.
Large assortment of French Plaids and Stripes newest combinations and elegant designs for costumes, combinations, etc., 25c. to $3.00 per yard.
New Heyenlees effects in Dress Goods.
100 pieces each of 40 and 46-inch Black Cashmere, at 75c. and $1.00 per yard respectively, surpassing any quality now retailed, or hitherto offered at these prices.
LADIES' JACKETS AND WRAPS
Now open: choice Imported Garments, from finest to lowest grades. Special values in choice medium grades.
Every department complete with newest styles Spring Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Trimmings, Laces, Embroideries, &c.
BOGGS & BUHL,
118 & 120 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.
Lace Curtains, in fine qualities, at special low prices. Large lot of Nottingham Lace Curtains at $1.50 per pair—about half value. Cretonnes, fresh goods; 3-4 and 4-4 Cheese and Serim Cloths, made to order of clean selected cotton, at 5 and 6½c.; Linen Serim Cloths, 25c. up, and Antique Lace and Swiss Lappets for Curtains. [4-15,'81.-1y.m.c.)

M'DONALD & CO.,
OF LORETTO, SELL
SUGARS at 8, 9, 10 and 11 cts. per lb.;
Green and Black Teas, 35, 50 and 75c. per lb.;
Green Coffee at 16 and 20 cts. per lb.;
Roasted Coffee at 16, 20 and 22c. per lb.;
Two boxes Coffee Essence for 5 cents;
Two boxes Bluing for 5 cents;
Two papers Baking Soda for 5 cents;
Two papers Pepper for 10 cents;
4 lbs. Barley or 4 lbs. Oat Meal for 25 cts.;
4 lbs. Hominy or 4 lbs. Split Peas for 25 cts.;
3 lbs. Rice or 3 lbs. Prunes for 25 cts.;
3 bells Lye or 6 lbs. Washing Soap for 25 cts.;
Molasses, 50c. per gal.; good Syrup, 50c. per gal.;
Carbon Oil, 15 cts. per gal.;
Flour, $1.25 per sack; Salt, $1.65 per bbl.
Calicoes, 6, 7 and 8 cts. per yard;
Muslins, 6, 8 and 10 cts. per yard;
Ginghams, 8, 10 and 12c. per yard;
Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, 8, 10, 12½c, 16, 20, 25c.
Kentucky Jeans, 12½, 16, 20 and 25c. per yard;
Tickings, 12½, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per yard;
Thread, 1, 3 and 5 cts. per spool;
Colaretts, 1, 3 and 5 cts. each;
Corsets, 25, 50 and 75 cts. each;
Ladies' Gloves, 12, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per pair;
Ladies' Hose, 8, 10, 12½, 16 and 20c. per pair;
Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 5, 10, 15 and 20c. each.
Also, Laces, Edgings, Embroideries, Crepes, &c.
BOOTS and SHOES.
Infants' Shoes, 25, 35 and 50 cts. per pair.
Children's Shoes, 50, 75 and $1.00 per pair.
Misses' Shoes, 75, $1.00 and $1.25 per pair.
Ladies' Laced Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00.
" Button'd " $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50.
Boys' Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.
Men's Shoes, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
Men's Boots, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per pair.
CLOTHING.
BOYS' FULL SUITS.....$3.50 to $10.00.
MEN'S " " ..... 5.00 to 20.00.
We guarantee our prices on all kind of goods to be as low, if not lower, than the prevailing prices in Altoona, Johnstown, or elsewhere. All we ask is a fair trial. Any goods sold by us which do not give satisfaction either in quality or price will be taken back and the money refunded, provided they are returned in good condition within ten (10) days.
McDONALD & CO.
Loretto, May 6, 1881.-tf.

REPORT OF AUDITORS OF WILMORE BOROUGH.—WILMORE, APRIL 27, 1881.—The undersigned Auditors met on the above date and proceeded to audit the accounts of the Borough officers. We have carefully examined the docket of Burgess Patton and find that he has paid over to the Treasurer the sum of six dollars—all the money collected by him during the year. The accounts of Jos. Miller, Esq., Treasurer, have also been carefully examined, and after the correction, by order of Council, of several errors, we find that there was in the hands of the Treasurer in cash at last settlement.....$12.83
Am't paid in since by Collector T. Ashe..... 47.79
" " " " " Burgess Plotner..... 6.00
" " " " " G. M. Ferry as elect'n rent..... 3.00
Total..... $69.62
Orders canceled in hands of Treasurer to be deducted..... 33.07
Cash remaining in hands of Treasurer.... $36.55
Am't due Borough from Val. Maltzie at last settlement..... 31.68
" retained by P. F. Kirby as el. tion rent 5.00
Total called good as resources of Borough..$71.23
Orders unpaid at this date..... $38.75
Liabilities in excess of resources, Apr. 27, '81 27.52
We have also examined the accounts of Collector and Street Commissioner Ashe. The duplicate called for $164.65 for 1880, which was in his hands. We find that he paid cash to Treasurer.... $ 47.79
Amount of work done on streets..... 116.86
" " exonerations..... 40
$164.65
Amounts claimed by Borough on last settlement, but still in litigation.
Judgment on docket Joseph Miller, Esq.....$23.11
Balance uncollected on Duplicate of 1876, now said to be lost..... 6.18
Error in settlem't of P. F. Kirby, due Boro'. 5.00
$34.29
TOBIAS ASHE, CONRAD WENDEROTH, } Auditors.
May 6, 1881.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE FARMS!
BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, I will expose to public sale, at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, Pa., on
SATURDAY, May 28th, 1881,
At 2 o'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, and sell the same discharged of all liens:

No. 1.—A FARM in Carroll Twp., Cambria county, Pa., adjoining Carrolltown borough on the west, land of Emanuel Wentz on the north, land hereinafter described as No. 2 on the east, and land of Andrew Miller on the south, containing 156 Acres and 103 Perches, about 100 Acres of which are cleared and under a good state of cultivation, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, a large FRAME BARN, and all other necessary outbuildings. This farm will be divided up and sold in such quantities as will suit purchasers, if it cannot otherwise be sold to advantage, and persons desiring to know what divisions will be made can ascertain by inquiring of the Assignee, or of Henry Scanlan, Esq., at Carrolltown.

No. 2.—A FARM adjoining No. 1 on the west, land of Jos. Grassberger on the north, lands of Peter Sharoaugh and Valentine Link on the east, and Joseph Albeiter on the south, containing 69 Acres and 15 Perches, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation, having thereon erected a good HOUSE and BARN and other needful outbuildings.

These farms are both within one-half mile of Carrolltown borough, and have long been recognized as among the most productive in Northern Cambria. There is an excellent ORCHARD on each of them, and all the land is supplied with plenty of spring water.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment notes of purchaser.
HENRY C. KIRKPATRICK,
Assignee of JOHN BENDER.
Carrolltown, May 6, 1881.-3t.

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.-1o.]

THE BLIZZARD.

Susan walked slowly along behind the prairie schooner, driving the small herd of cattle belonging to her brother-in-law. The roads were a little muddy in some places—there had been a rain the night before—but she was tired of riding in the wagon and walking rested her. She formed a part of the procession going West. It was a long one, scattering over miles and miles of country; mule teams, ox teams, lean teams, fat teams, all heading toward the land of promise, the West. They were going in bands of two, three or four families, and again one family alone. Some of them were mechanics who knew nothing of farming and just as little of the land they were going to and the spot on which they would stop. Others were farmers who had sold out comfortable homes to go West and buy more land. In Susan's part of the procession were two families, her sister Mary, with her husband, Thomas Smith, and their son Adolphus, or Dolph, and Cyrus Holman with his old mother. Susan trudged along, driving the cattle before her. Far and wide, as great a distance as she could see, was the green country dotted with its comfortable white farmhouses and large barns. She thought it a fine country, indeed, and wondered how soon they were to stop, not knowing they were to travel more than one hundred miles yet, for Susan was an ignorant young woman, with small knowledge of geography, and was not quite certain whether Dakota was a county in the State of Minnesota or the reverse.

Suddenly, as she walked along, she came in full sight of a town set in among the bluffs—a neat, prosperous, busy town, with a great many brick houses and green trees. She called to Dolph to come and drive the cattle, and got into the wagon—she did not want to go through the town on foot. The town was full of people, farm wagons were standing close together down both sides of the main street, and the white tops of the prairie schooners like their own were visible here and there. They stopped at a grocery to buy some necessary articles of food and then went on. They came to a tall, red brick school-house. It was recess and the children played about in the yard, so many of them, Susan had never seen so many together in her life. The teachers were standing in the broad doorway, and away up in the third story was one with a pretty, girlish face, watering some plants in the window.—She looked wonderfully stylish to Susan's eyes, and she looked upon them as being very wealthy and important personages.—The two men and Dolph stopped to gather the seeds that had fallen from the maple trees around the large yard. They wanted them to plant on the treeless prairie where they were going. The boys on the playground rather resented it as an infringement of their rights, but through a wholesome feeling of awe for the principal who was watching them they confined themselves mostly to mutterings of discontent among themselves; one of the most defiant, however, telling the men to "G'way and let them things be," and muttering to a companion, "Ye can get fifty cents a peck for them seed down town, an' I want to go to the circus." Presently the bell rang from the tower, and the children and teachers disappeared in the house, while the men came back with their baskets of seeds and the wagons jogged along.

On and on they went, camping at night by some spring or small lake and traveling day, till the comfortable farm-houses had disappeared, the small towns were things of the past, except here and there one on the line of the railroad. There was no trees, either, only prairie and grass, and grass and prairie, with now and then an alkali sink, or some new settler's shanty, or dug-out. They began to look about for a place to stop and to inquire of every man they saw, and they were few indeed, if there was vacant land near there. It all looked vacant enough.—One day they met a man going back the way they had come, and across the top of his schooner was painted in large letters, "Goin home tew my wifes foalkes." "Better turn about," he told them, "I've been in the blasted country nigh a month and there ain't a tree nor a shrub to break the monotony except here and there a house, and you need a microscope tew see that. Look at my animiles, they was good and fat when I come out here, but you'd have tew swing 'em twice tew make a shadder and be mighty quick about it or the sun would shine through."

Not an encouraging report, but they persevered and finally settled down, where, besides the two little houses they built with lumber purchased of the railroad company, there was only one house in sight and that also a very small one. But they were near the railroad, that was a great gain, and they went vigorously to work to break what they could and prepare for winter. It was slow work, but trusting to the long, warm fall, of which they had been assured by older settlers in one place and another on their journey, they expected to be ready for the cold winter.

But one day near the middle of October it grew suddenly cold, the wind began to blow and the snow to fall, and in a day and night the whole country was covered. "There is a drift 1,300 feet long and twenty deep on the track east of here," the operator in the little depot told Mr. Smith when he went to make inquiries a day or two later. "I don't know how it is further west; the lines are all down and I can't get word, but there won't be a train here for a week, I presume." That was encouraging, certainly, when everything—provisions, wood and all—depended on that train. The cattle had very poor accommodations, almost none, in fact. There had been no straw to make sheds, as on an older farm, and the small amount of wild hay which, spread on the few poles, formed the roof, was little protection. Smith and his son Dolph shoveled a path to where the poor creatures stood huddled together, each trying to crowd into the centre of the group to protect himself from the bitter wind that drove the snow in blinding clouds across the prairie. All that day the wind blew fiercely, and the snow piled higher and higher. No train came, only a telegram from down the line saying the men were shoveling and trying to clear the track, but the wind blew the snow into the cuts almost as fast as they dug it out. Their snow-plows were of little use; the drifts packed so there was no beating through them; nearly every engine available was damaged in some way, and the men must work on. Meanwhile the settlers along the line must wait—a hard thing to do, with both wood and provisions running low, but they hoped it would soon be over and a supply come to them.

There came a calm, still day, and they hoped more than before. Smith went to the little station again. A dispatch had just been received saying the road was nearly open, a train was within twelve miles of them, a passenger train that had been snowed in on that road two days with nothing to eat except a little fruit the train boy had and a barrel of crackers that happened to be on board—it was a mixed train and carried some freight, which accounted for the crackers.—Cyrus, taking advantage of the lull in the storm, started for a little town on the railroad six miles away, in the direction of the snow bound train. He went after supplies. Their stock was running very low, and it was utterly impossible for a horse to get through the drifts. He went on foot and expected to bring the things on his back. It was past noon when he reached his destination, and he was very much fatigued, in fact, he thought he had never been so tired in all his life.

"Come from up there, six miles," said the grocer when he told him how far he had come. "Good God, man, how did you get here? Is there anyone alive up there? You see we're half buried alive."

Cyrus thought so when he looked along the street at the houses buried to the second-story windows, some of them—those that had such a thing.

"We're most out of wood, too, been burning lumber, furniture, anything we could get hold of. Want something to eat, do you? Well, I'll let you have a little, you can't carry much of course, but if you'd come yesterday I wouldn't let you had much anyway, we're so short here, though I could not let folks starve. But will have plenty to-morrow likely, the train has moved up three miles to-day since morning and they'll send a freight right after them."

Cyrus was glad to hear of the more hopeful condition of affairs.

"Lost any cattle up your way?" asked the man.

"Not yet," said Cyrus, "we hadn't many, and they've managed to stand it so far, tho' it's pretty hard on them."

"You're lucky; now Jones down here—you don't know him, you're a new man—he's a cattle man, keeps 150 or 200 head all the time; he lost 130 head the first night of the storm, went into the river. Cattle will do that, keep going and going to keep out of the storm, and when they come to the river the hind ones keep pushing till they're all in. It's hard on Jones. He wasn't ready for winter, none of us was."

Some one came rushing in to say the lines were working again up to the second town west and they had only half a cord of wood. Only two fires, they said one in a hardware store, the other in a saloon, and people who could not crowd around them had gone to bed to keep warm.

"If it only holds like this," said the grocer, "and the wind don't blow, they can get wood to them in a day or two. The worst road is below here and they've got that most clear; but if it blows again, God help them; they're all goners, every live one of them." The early winter twilight had begun to darken the bright, clear day, when Cyrus started for home. The wind began to blow, too, and the snow to whirl in a threatening way. He settled his bag of provisions on his back and tried to hurry on toward home. He had come by the sun in the morning, but now that was gone. The road was drifted so full of snow one could not tell where it had been, and far and wide only the trackless prairie, looking as much alike, no matter which way he looked, as do different parts of the ocean, and as the wind rose the snow flew and whirled about so that he could not see ten feet ahead of him. Still he pressed on, trying to keep his way. The snow cut against his face and blinded his eyes and filled his footprints as soon as made. He had walked until he was very tired and thought he must be nearly home, when he saw a light. That must be home, and he hurried on. He was almost up to it, or he could not have seen it. It was in a small house which he knew at once was not his house. It seemed strange to him. He opened the door and went in—It was the grocery he had left—he could not tell how long before.

"Given it up, have you?" said the man. "I think that's the best thing you can do; slows your head's level. Didn't look much like it when you started to wade six miles after sundown."

Cyrus looked at him, confusedly. "I must be lost," said he, slowly. "I thought I had got home."

He held his hands out over the stove to warm them.

"Look here, sir," said the man, coming up to him and beginning to lift the bag from his shoulders. "You stay right here; it ain't no kind of weather for a man to be starting out over these perraries; you wait and have some supper and go to bed and start out when you have daylight; it will be bad enough then. Sally," he called, opening a door at the back of the little store, "can't you get a bite for this man? He's got lost and must stay all night."

Sally showed her rosy face at the door and avowed her willingness to have the bite ready in a jiffy, but Cyrus protested. He could not stay all night and leave his old mother out alone in that lonesome place to worry. He finally consented to eat some supper and started once more as soon as possible. The snow whirled into the door behind him as he went out.

"That's the end of him, according to my way of thinking," said the man, looking after Cyrus, but not seeing him. The grocer went back and shut the door.

"This'll block the trains again; we're all done for, I believe," said he, bitterly.

Cyrus wandered on and on again. The snow beat in his face and blinded him, but he did not stop, and once more, when he felt he could travel no longer, he saw the welcome light. Again he opened the door, and again he was at the little grocery.

"I thought I was at home this time," said he, slowly, and more confused than before, as he stepped in through the door. The man was just putting out the lights to go to bed.

"Look here, sir," said he, "it'll save considerable trouble burying you if you go out again, but on the whole I wouldn't do it if I was you. Go to bed here and I'll call you and have you off by daylight."

Nothing else could be done. Cyrus saw he could not possibly reach home that night, and accepted the man's offer.

"Now," said the man, as he prepared to start in the morning, "you've a tall walk before you, but it ain't blowing hardly so furious, and the sun shines a little, that'll help you about your course. You ain't so bad off in your mind, most likely, as a feller on them snowed-in cars. He was going to be married a week ago to-day. His girl's been here a-stewing about it all the week—she and Sally's great friends. They've cooked up things three times and he's started three times and had to go back, till now he can't get back, the road's so full behind them. Her brother is going down to day to carry them the victual in hand-sleds. They'll be glad to see them, if they get there, but I doubt their getting there."

Cyrus hastened on, full of anxiety concerning his mother, and not without cause.

She had dreaded to have him start, and had begun to watch for his return long before it was possible for him to have traveled the distance. As night came on with its flying snow, her anxiety increased till she could bear it no longer. She went to the door and looked out, but of course could see nothing, except the blinding snow. She put a shawl over her head and went out. The wind nearly took her off her feet. She called Cyrus—"Si!" "Cyrus!" but there was no answer. She would try to go and see Mary and Susan—she would not stay there all night alone. She pushed on, but the wind beat her about and the snow blinded her. She went aimlessly around and around for a while, then she grew tired and sank down in the drifts. A feeling of dreamy sleeplessness came over her; she lay very still, and only a corner of he shaw! and a long lock of her grey hair fluttered out above the snow.

Up at neighbor Smith's the drifts grew higher and higher, the house fairly shook on its slight foundation. Just at bed-time Smith thought he would go out and look at the horses and see if they were all right. He went, but did not come back.

Dolph went to look for him, and he did not come back.

The two women crouched in the house knew what it meant. Susan opened the door; the wind nearly took her off her feet. Mary was frantic—she would go to look for them, but Susan held her back. They could not go to bed; they wrapped the bedclothes about them and sat down by the stove, crying. At last Susan went for more wood. There was none. What should they do? They sat there a while longer till the fire had died out, then crept into a hole under the house which served the purpose of a cellar. There they crouched in the darkness all night, talking a little in horrified whispers and weeping much.

In the morning Susan crept up stairs and got a piece of a loaf of bread; it was all they had to eat and no fire to cook more. They ate a little of it, but only a very little, and clung closer to each other as the day wore on. Were they to starve to death there? Sometimes they hoped they should, when they remembered what had happened, and again they sobbed at the thought.

It was night when Cyrus reached home. He stumbled on something near the house. He stooped down and drew it out of the snow. He staggered into the house with it and stood wildly staring about the room, as if he expected to see some one. When he came to his senses he knew his feet and hands were frozen—he could not tell anything else for some time. When he could he picked the stiffened form from the floor as best he could with his frozen hands, laid it tenderly on the bed and made his way to neighbor Smith's.

The frightened women in the cellar were wild when they heard his footsteps overhead, and still more frantic when he spoke to know if no one was there; but finally they understood who it was, and crept out of their hiding-place. Mary broke the thick ice in the water pail and got cold water to take the frost from his hands and feet, and Susen seized the axe and demolished a couple of chairs, with which she started a fire. They had bitter tales for each other, but it was a slight comfort to hear the sound of each other's voices.

The snow continued to pile deeper and deeper, and no train came with the longed-for supplies; but by burning the furniture in their own house and that belonging to Cyrus, which he brought to them, and finally the most of his house, procured in the same way, the three managed to keep warm, and live carefully on the small stock of provisions which he had brought from town. He brought his mother's dead body and laid it in the little bedroom, till there could be some way to dig a grave—the men he could not find.

When the train finally got through, they were all three living in one little room, in which stood a span of horses, to save their lives, the cattle having been nearly smothered by the snow. When the train whistled it was like news from another world; they were saved.

THE GOAT.—The goat is a native of the vacant lots about the city, and there are lots of them.

The goat is omnivorous; he will goat anything he sees, and he will seize anything that he may goat.

His principal food, however, is play-bill. He is very fond of letters.

Let us honor him for his love of bill letters.

The gentleman goat is called Billy, but he is a Billy that no policeman can handle.

The lady goat is called a kid. Kids are on hand the year around.

The goat is generous to a fault. He presents a couple of horns to every body he sees.

In the matter of mere cash, the Cashmere goat is the most famous.

Goat are fond of the outskirts of large cities; also hoop-skirts.

The goat wears a beard. It is call a goatee, though not confined to a goat.

The goat is noted for his bunting, but he never flags.

The goat is one of the signs of the zodiac, signifying that he has a propensity to knock things sky high.

Shakespeare understood the spontaneity of the goat when he said: "Stand not upon the order of your going, but goat at once."

The goat is a wide-awake animal. He is never caught napping, notwithstanding the many cases of kid napping you may read about.

For many years the goat was the only butter known.

Goats love to get on a high rock and sun themselves. Give them a chance and they will always seek a sunny climb.

The god Pan was a sort of half goat. All goats do not pan out as well as he did.

B-a-a-a!—*Boston Transcript.*

"MOTHER," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon is its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FUN AT WEDDINGS.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF MATRIMONY AS OBSERVED BY CLERGYMEN.

Marriage is said to appall the stoutest heart, and is generally encountered with fear and trepidation. It and death constitute the dread unknowns. This element of uncertainty, joined with the solemnity of the occasion, seems to conspire to evoke ludicrous incidents at weddings, and there is not a minister in the land who has not a score or more of them in his remembrance. As illustrating the nervousness incident to such occasions, all of them have had similar experiences to the one narrated below.

A few years since a young gentleman from the interior of the State came to the city for the purpose of meeting here and marrying a young lady who, being left an orphan a year previous, had found a home with an aunt, who was decidedly opposed to the match. The plan was for the gentleman to come to Detroit on an early train, make the necessary arrangements and meet her at the depot at 7 o'clock in the evening. Accompanied by a friend, a parson was found who consented to having the ceremony performed in his own parlors, and, all preparations completed, the gentleman repaired to a hotel for a quiet smoke before the train should arrive. While so engaged the intended bridegroom bethought him of the financial phase of the transaction and inquired of his friend what was the customary fee, and how and when it was to be paid, apologetically adding, with a little nervous laugh, "You see my boy, I never was married before."

The desired information was given, the soon-to-be Benedict withdrew to a side table, procured paper and an envelop, and indited a note to the clergyman thanking him for his kindness, and asking his acceptance of the inclosed, at the same time wishing he was