t this fact be distinctly understood

me forward.

The your paper before you stop it, if must. None but scalawage do other to a scalawag—life's too short.

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

It is easy to glide with the ripples

To flow with the course of the river.

Like music to some old rhyme :

When rowing rgainst the tide.

We may float on the river's surface

On our dazzling sight may gleam ;

But a few-ah, would there were many,

But ah! it takes courage and patience

And we must have strength from heaven,

While our oars scarce touch the stream,

Adown the stream of time.

Against its current to ride,

And visions of early glory

We forget that on before us

The dashing torrents roar,

And while we are idly dreaming,

Its waters will carry us o'er.

Row up the "stream of life;"

They struggle against its surges

For Christ is the hero's Captain.

When rowing against the tide.

Far on through the hazy distance,

Like a mist on a distant shore,

With its banners floating o'er,

They almost mistake their way,

But faith throws light on their labor,

And we shall be one of that number

When we have a crown to gain?

Or shall we glide on with the river.

When darkness shuts out their day

Shall we mourn the loss of earthly joys

With death at the end of our ride,

While our brother, with heaven before him,

UNDER THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

I am a doctor, a busy, professional man,

whose time is money; whenever, therefore,

have I passed in the train, counting the

hours thus gained as a miner does his gold.

Upon this point, unfortunately, my little

wife and I do not agree; but it is, I think,

hours in a comfortless railroad compartment,

wrapped up in your plaid like a snake in its

tense in their expression, were fixed upon

me. I at all times prefer a carriage to my-

be a gentleman, not a lady; but there was

moreover, she was looking at me. "So she

liberately, therefore, I removed my hat, sub-

stituting for it a cloth cap, which I drew well

my eyes closed. Hers was on me, and meet

In her attitude, too, as well as in her look,

there was something strange and mysterious.

the plaid as in the sheets.

shoek of the start landad m

Seen through a glass so darkly

Who mind no tell or pain?

Is rowing against the tide?

They see the walls of a city,

And mind neither toil nor strife.

Though weary and faint with labor.

Singing, triumphant, they ride,

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, JUNE 17, 1881.

"Just so."

NUMBER 22.

READ THIS! HEED THIS

IF A NEW SUIT YOU NEED,

IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED, This ANNOUNCEMENT to Read!

Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to fur-

MADE-UP CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining countres. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

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WE ARE SELLING A Man's Good Business Sulf for \$4.00. The same kind of a suit was sold last season for \$5.00.

WE ARE SELLING A Man's White DUCK VEST for 60 cents, which sold last season, and was considered cheap, for \$1.25.

WE ARE SELLING NEAT SUITS FOR BOYS,

MEN'S GOOD WORK-ING PANTS.

S to 12 years old, with long pants, for which surpass anything of the kind yer saw for the money.

WE ARE SELLING

COOD SUITS FOR BOYS

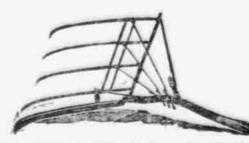
Men's Good Overalls at 20 ets, and up, and good Cattoo Shigts for 49 cents.

WE ARE SELLING BOYS' SUITS in 3 PIECES, for any age from 4 to 8 yrs., for \$2.00; considered cheap last senson at \$5.50.

All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other ar-ticles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE

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T. W. DICK. deral Insurance Agent, EBENSBURG, PA.

DRELIABLE "ÆTNA" other First Class Companies, E. Sept. 22, 1830,-1y.*

sive movement, she sat perfectly still. Was she cold? I offered her my plaid, glad of an opportunity to break the ominous broken. "I am not cold." A commonplace remark enough; but the | forget." spell was not broken. The mystery that lay

them I must

in her eyes la also in her voice.

What should I try next? I looked at my watch-11:30; our train speeding on at a fu- downy head that lay against her bosom. rious rate, no chance of a stoppage for some time to come, and the full open-wide gaze of | solutely, when we found ourselves once more my motionless companion not for one mo- alone; and I glanced at an envelope I had mentremoved from my face. It was unpleas- taken from the stranger's pocket : ant, certainly. If I changed my position, faced the window instead of her, she must remove her eyes from my face at last. But there was a sort of fascination about her and her look, which I peferred meeting to shirk- have killed her baby! Oh, John, you would ing, knowing it was on me all the time.

observed more closely. That she was a lady is! Whatever will become of her!" there could be little doubt; there was that But, my dear child, if she has a husband be no doubt, either: those dark, intensely | very strange, very, and sad; but the mystery dark eyes, the thick coils of warm burnished must be cleared, and the baby buried." hair, the small, pale features, seen dindy be- Mary still pronounced me cruel and un- blaze and resigned myself cheerfully to beneath the vell; yes, she was young, pretty, feeling beyond anything she could have cona lady and in trouble. So far I got, but no ceived. further. How came she to be traveling alone at that time of night, and with that look on will murder her as soon as he gets her into her face? What could it be that she was his hands. You know, John, that husbands holding pressed so closely to her, and yet so are always murdering their wives." carefully kept out of sight? From the size 'Middle-aged wives, dear, or elderly, and uncertain outline, I should have guess- whose lives are heavily insured. I shall teled it to be a child; but then, there was not egraph at once." the faintest motion, nor could she have held Then her death will be at your door, sira sleeping infant long in that position. I mind that!" and too indignant to waste I felt so sorry for him." think that something of curiosity must have upon me more words, away went Mary to been betraved in my look, for her own dark- take a last peep at our own sleeping babes, train as she did."

And letting the hand which still held, pressed closely to her, the mysterious burden that so had raised my curiosity drop heavily to her side, there lay at her feet and mine a little dead baby, a finy creature evidently

not many weeks old. Then the woman threw up her veil, and, withdrawing her eyes for the first time from mine, clasped her hands before her, her figure thrown slightly back, and looked down upon it. A pretty picture : the poor young mother, with her pale child's face and deep mourning dress; the wee baby, gleaming so white in its death and baby-robe against the as peacefully as a child." heavy crape skirt on which it lay-a pretty picture certainly for a railroad carriage and lightened by its dim midnight lamp.

"Dead !" was my voluntary exclamation She stretched her raised hands downward ing with low, wild, rapid utterance.

Oh, my baby, my baby !"

and the down-bent face hid it once more out | ror, not crime. of sight.

Was ever luckless traveler more awkwardly placed? the dead child; the pros- convulsions in her arms, and the shock turntrate woman; the scene, a public railroad ed her brain. She was doing so well, poer carriage ; the hour, midnight. I am of a little thing; but afterward she grew deliriblunt nature. Mrs. Merton often scolds me ous, and in her ravings she accused herself for my blunt, straightforward speeches; but and me. I could do nothing; she would then she has such a pretty way of beating | not have me near her, but beat me off with about the bush, which it would be absurd for her hands, as she couldn't bear the sight of me to imitate as it was for the ass to mimic | me. And I was so fond of her, and she of the tricks of his master's lap-dog. I must go me!" Here the man broke down. He straight to the point as soon as ever I see it. | walked to the window, then turned and

I can save it, I do. Many and many a night I did so now. "How came you to be traveling alone, and I thought of Mary, and besitated. with a dead child? Are you going home?" more to the perfect frenzy of fear. She turn- | youthe only point upon which we do not. Eight | ed to me as before, clinging to my hand with small, hot fingers and heart-broken cry :

blanket, instead of your comfortable sheets, would kill me if I had to meet it. She is me; and now-" safe, for I killed my baby; and he hates me -no, she can not be made to see the proand I have no home-no home." priety of the exchange, nor will she believe that I sleep quite as well, if not disturbed, in the pretty, soft young creature at my feet be yearning appeal, both in voice and eyes.

The train was just off as I sprang in, and band of whom she seemed in such abject whether she still sleep's." Being of a slow, placid nature, I was in no terror? My blood boiled; I felt ready to deburry to recover from the shock, and we fend her against a dozen husbands; but how? of a tired child, Mary keeping a stern watch said little Biddy, nursing the baby on the were fairly off, speeding away as only an It was midnight now; we could not be far and guard over her. I beckoned her out of lower step. English express can speed, before I looked from London; the guard might be popping the room. around. I had not the carriage to myself, as his head in at any moment. I jumped to a

I had at grst supposed; a lady occupied the sudden conclusion. "Were you going to any friend in Lon. Is he horrid?" further end, and at the first glance, spite of dim light and the fact of her veil being down, don?" "I know nebody in London." I saw her eyes, unnaturally large and in-

"The poor fittle thing is either mad or her husband is a brute," was my mental exself, and if a companion I must have, let it clamation,

"Then you must come home with me to my wife; she will see after you." no help for it. The lady was there, and, An opward glance of wild, agonized sup-

may," said I tomyself; "that shall not prevent | plication : "She won't betray me, or-take baby from me from making myself as comfortable as me ?" And once more the wee dead thing circumstances will allow." Slowly and dewas lifted up into the arms that seemed almost too frail to hold it, and bidden away

down over my ears; then I folded my arms I took her home. Mary received her with and composed myself to sleep. But in vain The eyes of my fellow passenger haunted a broad look of amaze that made me smile, I saw them as distinctly as if my own but that found no expression in words. When, taking her aside, I told her all I knew, were open. Was she watching me still? Involuntarily I looked up and around, and she wrung her hands in sheer sympathizing my look met hers, full, burning, intense, pity.

"Murdered her own baby-her first-born with far more of meaning in it than I could at all fathom. It was getting decided. Oh, how sad, how dreadful?" And involly unpleasant, and I was decidedly uncom- untarily she glanced toward the door that fortable. Try as I might, I could not keep hid from us our own little ones, safely cradled and asleep. Then she went back to our strange guest, who sat buddled up in my big easy-chair, the dead baby still at her

Huddled up in the corner, she seemed to be "I must get her to bed," said Mary, with holding something close pressed to her be. a quick, determined nod; and she really did neath the long loose mourning cape, bending contrive to do so by soft, tender, cooing low over it in a crouching posture. Once or words, and solemn assurance of safety to twice, her eyes closely fixed upon mine, I herself and baby, whom she kissed and cried saw her sniver; but for that slight convul- over, and considered as she might some living object of solicitude, much to the little

mother's comfort. "And you won't betray me; and he won't slience. If she would but speak, make some come and take her from me, or hurt us with commouplace remark, the spell might be his angry look? Oh, dear, how nice it is to lie down! I am so tired, and baby is cold;

but I think I can sleep now a little and-She was half asleep already; the heavy lids had dropped together, the small, pale

face had dropped downward upon the little "Her husband must be sent for," I said re-

"MRS. TREMAYNE.

"Grantley Mary stared at me aghast. "Her husband, who hates her, and would

"Of course, her husband is a madman, who

ened and deepened into a perfect agony of at the dead baby about which there was so

much mystery, and the poor young mother been summoned up to town on business, and door of my friend's house.

The street lamp dimly lighted two figures; one tall, stout and muffled.

"Mr. Merton?" 1 answered in the affirmative. "You have kindly given shelter to a lady?"

The speaker nodded to his companion, who nched his hat and vanished. The other stranger now entered the hall and grasped my hand.

"Mr. Tremayne?" I asked, hesitatingly. "Captain Tremayne. How is she?" "Asleep, under my wife's care-sleeping

"Thank Go.1! So young-at such an hour

-in such a state-" I saw a long shudder run through the tall, powerful frame.

"And the child?" he added, after a pause, toward it with a despairing gesture, speak- in a horror-stricken whisper. "She had it with her ?" "It was not his look that killed it, but my | I hardly knew what to answer; but he

for all the love I gave him, he hated it, and | cap, and now stood before me as handsome that his look might not kill it, I held it in and pleasant and honest-looking a young my arms, so close, so close, till it was dead. | fellow as I ever saw, and my heart warmed | to him. He was no assassin, or ruffian, or The outstretched hands had reached it cowardly bully, whatever Mary might say .now, and raised it from the floor to the seat, The shadow of a great horror that lay in the folding it around until the inclosing arms | blue, mellow eyes had been laid there by ter-

"The child is dead. " I said softly. "It died two days ago-died suddenly in asked, abruptly, "May I go to her?"

"She is sleeping so peacefully just now The question seemed to rouse her once and if she was awoke suddenly and saw

"She shall not see me," he broke in eagerly. "I will be so quiet. But I must see her. "Don't betray me, don't give me up to him! I nursed her through a long illness a year His look would have killed my baoy; it ago, and she would have no one near her but

Under the heavy military mustache I saw his lips quiver; he paused, then added: "I I was in a perfect maze of doubt. Could must go to her!" not in command, but

> She still slept, the heavy, peaceful sleep "Well !" with fretful, impatient eagerness.

You have seen him? What is he like? "Judge for yourself; he is in the dining. I stuck to my determination. I went to gaged in running off cattle from the line of the little, empty house that night, and I carroom. He says he must see her-he must

come in.

'That he shan't, the cruel wretch; or it shall be over my prostrate body!" tragical-"Well, go and tell him so." "I will!" And away, nothing daunted,

went Mary. I smiled. pleading of those blue, handsome eyes than could her hu sband. "He will win her over

with a look." I was right; she soon returned, and not alone. "He will be very quiet and she need not see him. I thought it would be better," all

this apologetically. He crossed the room as noiselessly as a woman, stooped over the bed in silence, then sat down beside it. Mary shaded the lamp so that the room was in twilight, and so we all three sat down to wait.

For more than an hour we waited then Mary stole out. Captain Tremayne looked up as the door opened and closed : then, with a quick sight, laid his brown curly head down upon the pillow as close as possible to that of the poor young wife without ouching it, and moved his hand up toward hers where it lay on the coverlet, but without touching that either, for fear of awaken'

ing or disturbing her. It was not until the first gray streaks of daylight were struggling in through the win. dow, beside which I sat, that there was a slight stir; she had awakened at last.

"Hugh!" she breathed, dreamily at first, then urgently, "Hugh!"

"Yes, dear," She turned her face toward his where it lay beside her. She was only partially awake, | nothing. as yet, her eyes were still closed; but the hand on the coverlet crept up softly toward him, fluttered over his face, rested one moment caressingly on the brown curls, then, with a long, contented sigh, her arm stole

round his neck. "Husband, kiss me!" "His presence has saved her," was my mental comment. "There is nothing now to fear:" and, unnoticed, I left the room.

Chilled and cramped with the long sitting after the night's journey, I was not sorry to trivance for twitching away the blankets; wh find the sitting-room bright with lamp and fire-light, the kettle singing on the hob, breakfast as comfortably laid out for two as not be so cruel! She seems so frightened of if the hour had been nine instead of six, and turned to my room. That was no longer There was nothing for it, then, but to give him, poor little thing ! You may be sure he Mrs. Merton as neat and fresh and trim as if empty. up all hope of sleep, and make the best of is some horrid, wicked tyrant. And if she that midnight tragedy had been all a dream. my position and companion, whom I now really killed her baby-oh, dear, how sad it Let cavilists sneer as they may, there is nothing for a man like a wife, if she is a good one. I myself may have had doubts on in her dress and appearance that was unmis- or friends we must restore her to them .- the subject- wives are but women after all, takable. That she was pretty, there could Why, she is a little more than a child! It's and, therefore, be trying at times, even the best of them. But I certainly had no doubts

whatever, as I stretched out my feet to the ing petted and waited on. "Well ?" questioned Mrs. Merton, when my creature comforts had all been duly at- off."

tended to, and not before. I told her how matters stood; she was delighted. "And so they are fond of each other after all; and his being unkind to her and her poor little baby was only a delusion. How dreadful! How delightful, I mean! Poor fellow-so young and handsome and nice!

"He must have traveled down in the same

"Oh, no; he told me all about it. He had

mayne was telegraphed to, and was stopped ADVENTURES OF TWO SURVEYORS. as he got into the train on his way home. Some one must have seen you leave the sta-

tion. "As he came to look for her here, somebody must have brought him; two came to the door.'

"It will be all right now that he has found her; she will get quite well, and he will only have to comfort her for the loss of her poor little baby." I wipe my pen, blot the MSS., and rise.

My story is done, and as it is the first, so will it probably be the last I shall write. Mrs. Merton looks up from the gloves she is mending. "The story done! Why, all you have written is only the beginning of the end! You could not surely have heart to break off in that unsatisfactory manner.

Not a word about Captain fremayne's gratitude, or the hamper they sent up at Christmas, or the birth of their little son last year, love. He hated it, my baby, my first-born; had thrown off his heavy ulster and traveling and the pretty way in which she coaxed you to be grandfather, though her uncle, the Duke, was only waiting to be asked; or how she insisted upon our bringing baby and when it became evident the supply of provi-Johnny and Freddy, and how baby-"

as I have said, the best of wives, if just a lit- very slow. In addition to those disadvantatle trying at times, and her baby the most wonderful of all created babies-but I have an appointment at twelve! - Tinsley's Maga- which they did not seek to conceal, and when midway in the reservation demanded

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

was the terror of Beanville, for it was said to for flour was repeated, and upon being re-

Tramps had been known to climb in at the windows, but they climbed out again before windows, but they climbed out again before windows. The climbed out again before windows, but they climbed out again before windows. The climbed out again before windows windows are climbed out again before windows. The climbed out again before windows with a deer. The camp and made their way as best they er for a second or two. What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning life in the first flower. to secure sufficient rest to live upon. daylight. Not a dog would stay there. It was a genuine haunted house. And, so, being down at my friends' for a visit, I resolved to investigate the matter, and declared ed than described when they found the

more, if necessary. "Well, Frank, you'll be sorry if you do, I assure you," said Mr. Gibson,

"The house is haunted," said the friend of found themselves penned in a spot from indeed a murderess? and could it be her husindeed a murderess? and could it be her hushave been saved. In an instant, quicker "Sure, and I saw the ghest myself, sir."

ried thither a mattress, a blanket or so, and a revolver.

said. "If I need help I will fire my revolver tow, and they rejuctantly gave up the pro-out of the window. You'll hear that." tow, and they rejuctantly gave up the pro-ject. Meantime the deer meat began to And so, half scolding, half laughing, they let

me have my way. At eleven o'clock I retired to my couch with a book and a kerosene lamp, and by midnight I had read myself to sleep. What awakened me I do not know, but I discomfort upon me. The lamp was burning, my book lay where I had dropped it, but

the room. "A trick is about to be played about me. I saw nothing, but I heard a snapping their fingers all about me. I could advance, and the chances for escape were associate the sound with nothing else. It growing parrower each moment. associate the sound with nothing else. It was not a crackling or a ticking, it was a second, they heard the report of a gun, and a positive snapping sound. Yet some Insect body of men with a long train of jacks, might have made it. That should not dismight have made it. That should not dis-

ing as of bare feet walking about. They went in and out of the door, up stairs and down. I could have sworn that such feet had a rough craft, but waited until morning were pattering all about me had I been blind; before making the perilous attempt to reach were pattering all about me had I been blind; but the moon shone brightly, and I went from room to room with my lamp and saw ty.

Returning to my room I lay down again, and now a low beating began. It was as though a stick had been struck upon the floor at intervals of two minutes. And suddenly a curious thing happened. All the borrow an extra handkerchief to absorb the bedelothes were thrown entirely off of me | moisture, applaud till he seems to lead an and thrown into the corner of the room.

Now for the first time I began to feel per- and the actors as worse. vous. I sprang to my feet and rushed into the entry, thinking that some one must be other evening and on another girl every with delight. Twenty to one was offered, but Garffeld remains firm and declares that concealed without the door, with some conbut the house was empty.

closets. I explored the cellar, and I re-On the bed lay a rough-looking fellow, dissipated in appearance, and dressed in ragged clothes. By his side lay a thick stick .-

His eyes were open and turned full upon

I went down stairs. I peeped into the

I looked at him a moment, and then burst "So you're the ghost," I said. "Comeyou shall have the bed for the rest of the in the morning and carry home a silk one at

night, and a breakfast in the morning, if you | night. It looks like a good trade. will tell me how you pulled those blankets For an answer he still stared at me. 1 drew nearer. His eyes were glassy, his features stiff, his limbs rigid; and horror of horrors, his head was covered with blood

"Great heavens! who has done this?" I cried, and I bent over him and put my hand upon his heart to see if it still beat. Horror of horrors! I touched nothing but the bed itself. There was no one there.

from a great gaping wound in the skull.

Five minutes from that time I was at the

THEIR NARROW ESCAPE FROM STARVATION AND THE SCALPING KNIFE A Leadville, Col., dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, dated May 30, says:

Frank Mathias, civil engineer of the Deaver and Rio Grande road, who some ten days ago was reported to be surrounded by the Utes and starving at the junction of the Roaring Forks and Grand River, arrived in the city this morning, a pitiable physical wreck, and after undergoing an experience that has few parallels, even in the checkered history of the west. His story is full of thrilling interest, and, in the present pecu-liar relations of the Indian tribes to the gov-

over a month ago, Mathias, with his surveying apparatus and a wagon filled with the provisions and equipment, started for Salt Lake City to locate a railroad route to this city. His path lay through the southeastern portion of Utah, and thence through the Indian Territory. He did not wish to excite the suspicion or animosity of the Utes by a large body of men, and therefore took with him only one companion, a young man named Bill White. Their troubles did not begin until they reached the Indian country, military besuital in time sions was too small. Then inciemency of the weather and the unfamiliarity of the But I seized my hat and gloves. Mary is, travelers with the county made their progress ges they found with dismay that the Utes were preparing for hostilities. The Indians regarded the white men with an animosity that the surveyor give them some flour. -Their supply was running extremely short.

and it was claimed that they could not spare any. The savages received the information Opposite the residence of my friends, the Gibsons, stood a small frame dwelling, which the Grand and Gunnison rivers the demand A murder had been committed ten years surveyor's instruments. It was useless to been somebody by to such a murder had been committed ten years resist half a hundred armed savages, and the would have been saved." before, and since then the poorest laborer in the country would not take the place for a present.

Beggars had tried to live there and failed

Surveyors begged only to be allowed to leave the country. In a few angry words they were told to go, but not to come back that way or they would be killed. With this parting injunction they were hurried from charge of him. The girl looked at the suffer-The next day they reached the Roaring Forks, and their terror can be better imagin

that I would sleep there, at least one night—stream too swollen to permit of crossing, and the snow at the north of such a depth that it would have been worse than folly to have at-tempted to take that direction. Death was thy, and her eyes ran over. certain if they retraced their steps, and they Leaving White at the bank of the ome distance, and was not reassured when he found that the redskins had advanced "Then I am going to sleep there to night,"
I declared. "I have always wanted to see a ghost."

I declared. There always wanted to see a ghost."

I declared. These were enand provisions as possible. The old survey-or knew well that, in case of hostilities the life of no white man would be spared, It was a warm night in summer, and the and returned with a sinking heart to the litlittle place was dry enough. I refused all the camp by the Roaring Forks. The two company. "Ghosts never appear to large parties," I stream on a log, but it was only too plain that they would be dashed to pieces in the under-

nauseate them, and their stomachs were unable to bear more than a small quantity at a you." It was at this juncture that Lafayette Pierce, the man who brought the news of their situation to the city, found them.-Their appearance and the surroundings told him a story that was no sealed book to the suddenly sat up in bed with a sense of great | mountaineer, and he shouted at the top of his voice to them. Their voices could scarce ly be heard in reply above the roar of the waters, but they managed to make him un-I had a feeling that there was something in derstand that they were lost and in want of food. Attaching a stone to a note Mathias upon me," I thought, and I started to my and threw it across the river. It fell at the feet. Of course I had not undressed, and | feet of Pierce, who, according to directions holding my revolver in my hand, I looked started at once for this city. Strengthened waited. Towards the end of the week bequeer sound. It was as though people were fore last they could see the savages' steady

compose me.

At last the sound ceased suddenly as it begun, and another took its place—a patterand Sol Smith. They held packed lumber from Red Cliff, and with this at once began to construct a flatboat. In three hours they the sufferers. At daylight the boat was launched and reached the other side in safe-The two starving surveyors were lifted

n and the return trip made IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS -It seems suspiclous for a dramatic critic at a play to laugh until his vest buttons rattle off like peas from a pod, be affected to tears until he has to and then to write a criticism next morning condemning the play as execrable

's'mother evening, with him before a great | the Administration will not yield.

For a young man to call on the same girl

labels scraped off just unloading at his store dragged him around until the triends For a woman whom you have known since she was a girl as a decidedly freekled specimen, to appear on the street without a freckle in sight.

For a restaurant keeper to carefully avoid dining at his own place of business, just for the sake of walking two miles to dine with For a clerk who gets 86 a week salary to appear in a new pair of mauve pantaloons nd suit to match at least four times a year. For a man to bring down a cotton umbrella.

VERY QUEER.-A correspondent of the Gettysburg Star and Sentinal is responsible for this story :

A strange incident occurred in the mountains near this place a short time ago. Mr. Wm. Eyster was cutting down a tree, which in falling broke in two, throwing out four small squirrels, which were in a hollow branch. Mr. E. picked them up, when the mother squirrel came to him so closely that he places his hand no ner. On laying the young ones down they were carried one by one by the mother away to another tree and deposited in one of the hollow branches. After carrying off the last of the hollow branches. After carrying off the last one she returned and walked about near the men who were with Mr. E. They, believing by her action that there was another, began searching and found it. Giving it to the mother squirrei she carried that one away, but did not return. Mr. E. sched for the truth of this and can corroborate

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The Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attenion to any matter of limited or individual interest, JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expedits outly executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget

THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER. AN INCIDENT IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.

In the memorable year 1814, when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris, a young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on

the bank of the river. On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old, unarmed man do, or a pretty girl of sixteen? However, the eld soldier-for such the boatman was-had no sooper seen the officer fall from his horse than be and his daughter rowed most vigorously for the other side. Then, when they had deposited the wounded man in their military hospital in time

"You have been very hardly treated, my boy," said the old guardsman to him: "but here am I, who have gone farther still, and have come home."

The silent and fixed attitude of Lieutenant S- showed the extreme agony of his pains; and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was flowing internally from the wound on his left side would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter. "Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell

of my brother; he died of just such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there been somebody by to suck the hurt, his life

charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferof his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss. "My mother! my dear, dear mother!" said he, "I die witheut-

have said. Her bosom heaved with sympa-Then she remembered what her father had said; she thought how her uncle's life might than thought, she tore open the officer's roat and the generous girl recalled him to life

Her woman's heart told her what he would

with ber lips. Amid this boly occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the hoat. Judge of her father's surprise, as he came up, with two soldiers, when he saw Lieutenant S .-whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes and ask for his deliverer.

it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse berself, when her father, embracing her with enthusiasm, raised her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words: "You have saved my life; it belongs to

After this she tended him and became his

The boatman looked at his child and saw

nurse; nothing would be take but from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at length recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good. Meanwhile Master Cupid, who is very busy

there was only one way to cure it-so very deep it was. The boatmap's daughter became Madame

in such cases, gave him another wound, and

Her bushand rose to be a lieutenant-general, and the boatman's daughter became elegant and graceful as any lady of the court

of Louis Philippe. ---

MISLED BY A PATTERN. "Is there any truth in this story that Mr. quired Mrs. Spoopendyke, fitting the sleeve into the armbole and running in the basting. "No!" ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke.—
"Where'd you get that? Mr. Conkling has

resigned, but he aim't dead."
"I read that he had got into some difficult; with Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Garfield had dragged him all around by the ear, and finally they had to take Mr. Conkling away to save his life, though he died afterwards." "Who said so?" demanded Mr. Spoopen-"Where'd you read anything like

"I read it on a pattern that Mrs. Winter botham loaned me for an overskirt. I'm sure it's so," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Get the pattern," said Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Show it to me.'

Mrs. Spoopendyke unrolled the pattern and commenced to read : "The complications at Washington assum ed the most exciting shape. To day the trouble between Garfield and Conkling culminated by Conkling seizing him by the throat and holding on while the crowd yelled sition aroused the crowd to frenzy. It is said For a grocer to put out a sign "None but dairy butter sold here," when there are a dozen kegs of something or other with the Conkling were compelled to interfere to save the poor thing's life. He was taken home but died in a few minutes. 'There!' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, triumphantly. 'I told

> "Show me!" said Mr. Spoopendyke, jump-ing up and seizing the pattern. "Where'd find such dod gasted nonsense as that ! Where is it?" "There, it begins under that ruffle, then it runs over on the band and down to the gore, and ends here on the plaiting. I knew I'd seen it," and Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled nleasantly.

'What's the matter with you, you me idiot?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "This is where you get your political information, is it? This the source of your intelligence and national affairs." All you want is two more patterns and a bald head to be a constitutional lawyer! Three overskirts and a pair of speciacles would make you a supreme court judge! What d'ye think this is?" "Isn't it right," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke Did you read from the ruffle over to the band and down to the gore—"
"Yes, I did, did'nt I?" squeaked Mr.
Spoopendyke, "and so did you, didn't you.
Do you know what you've got here?"

"Isn't it a pat—"
"Dod gast the pattern—I mean the print Part of it is about Garfield, part about Conkling, and the rest is a dog fight out on Long Island. Know what it is now? Think can understand it, now I've explained it to

Fire Insurance Accept ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY and, drawing out my note-book, was about she was still bending over her, and had left home yesterday morning. In the evening the nurse left her, as she thought, left home yesterday morning. In the even- I explained to them that I had had a bad it by those presentdream, and thought best to give up my investigation; but in the morning I asked two a private bottle from time to time, as she felt some day I'm going to run a pipe in your to make a memorandum, when, with a sud- called me up to the bedside to notice the ex- asleep, to fetch something from the kitchcalled me up to the bedside to notice the extraordinary length of the lashes, and the denoty of the face in repose, when we were startled by a knock at the front door.

"Have a gossip there, you mean."

"Have a gossip there, you mean."

"Have a gossip there, you mean."

"John," solemnly, "you don't like nurses, when we were startled by a knock at the front door.

"Don't betray me! Don't give me up to him! Of don't! I am so frightened!"

It was but a whisper, breathed out rather than spoken, yet it shuddered through me like a cry.

"I can not always hide it! I can not always hide it is not contained in the desided to notice the extraordinary length of the lashes, and the stitch traordinary length of the lashes, and the laster, as she fell traordinary length of the lashes, and the start a phosphipurus factory." and the morning I asked two questions:

"What was the murder committed in that the note of the new than that the need, though none of the family knew it."

"What was the murder committed in that the need, though none of the family knew it."

"Have a gossip there, you mean."

"John," solemnly, "you don't like nurses, when we were start a phosphipurus factory." and the requirement of the need, thing the need, the need thing the need, the need thing the need that the need, the need thing the need that the need, thing the need, the need thing the need the need that the need, the need the need that the need, the need that the need, the need that a phile it is the need."

"I don't knew when the olds the need t Near Latrobe, Pa. den forward movement, she fell at my feet, traordinary length of the lashes, and the en. NEARLY half a century old, from which some of the most prominent and cultivated ladies in l'empsylvania and elsewhere have graduated, offers most thorough educational aids and highest her own, its burning contact sending through startled by a knock at the front door. offers most therough enterational ands and highest standard of refining influences.

For Pupils admitted at any time. Yearly ex-pense about \$308.

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SISTERS OF MERCY. me a painful thrill. him! Oh don't! I am so frightened!" Doc. 10, 1880,-tf. Westmoreland Co., Pa. than spoken, yet it shuddered through me turn. If she awakes, say nothing about-" as a rule, medical men hate nurses." JOSEPH McDONALD, DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, like a cry. ways bear it about with me; it breaks my heart, and—I am so tired."

Our nousehold having long since retired, got away while the nurse was down stairs, long, indeed, before my return, I myself had taken a ticket to London, Captain Tre-had t seburg, Pa. Office in building of T. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.