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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

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 postage.

In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their 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, SEPTEMBER 30, 1881. NUMBER 36.

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	6.00
2 "	1 year	10.00
3 "	6 months	8.00
3 "	1 year	12.00
1/4 col'n	6 months	10.00
1/4 "	1 year	20.00
1/2 "	1 year	30.00
1 "	6 months	40.00
1 "	1 year	70.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices		2.50
Auditor's Notices		2.00
Stray and similar Notices		1.00

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

☞ Resolutions or proceeding 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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. & B.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

NEW GOODS!
FOR EARLY FALL,
RECEIVED AND OPENED THIS WEEK!

Our new English Silk Stripes, at 25 cts.; choice assortment of styles and good effects.

10 pieces All-wool French Armures, 42 inches wide, full line of colors, at 50c. a yard, really worth 75c. This is a bargain worthy of special notice, and we ask our friends to see the goods in our store or write for samples.

New Plush Velvets in a combination of colors.

Fancy Stripe Velvets, in a great variety of shades of color, at $1 and $1.25 a yard.

Handsome new Ombre Stripe and Plaid Dress Fabrics, 20c. to $8 a yard.

BLACK SILKS.

18 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $1.25.
18 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $1.50.
10 pieces Heavy Black Silk at $1.75.
10 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $2.00.
These four grades are the best value ever offered in any market.

New Black Satins.
New Black Satin Merveilleux.
Black Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 40, 50, 55, 60, 80 and 75c. per yard.
Black Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 75, 85, 90c. and $1. Better values than ever before offered.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Special inducements and bargains.

Heavy Silk Farmer Circulars, $28.
Furs and Fur Circulars and Garments of different and the most approved shapes, in Satin de Lyon, Satin Rhadames, Satin Merveilleux and Gloriana.

SEAL SACQUES AND DOLMANS.

We will have opened early next week a lot Seal Sacques at $125 and $150; handsome qualities, full from manufacturer. Any person contemplating the purchase of a Seal Sacque can secure a bargain by waiting from this first invoice of these goods this season. A lady can save from $15 to $25 on the price of one garment by purchasing early.

New lines of Misses' and Children's Hosiery in fancy and plain solid colors—Cotton, Merino and Cashmere.

Our usual choice styles Ladies' Neckwear, Spanish Cape Fichus, black and cream.

New and very extensive stock of Housekeeping Goods, Flannels and Blankets.

We have gone prepared to show large and varied stocks and the very best possible values for the money in all our many departments.

BOGGS & BUHL,
116 & 120 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY.

N. B.—New Braid, Passementerie Trimmings, 50c. a yard. New Braid Ornaments and Fringes. New Buttons, 10c. to 50 per dozen.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS
Though Shaken in Every Joint
they work fever and ague, or bilious complaint, they will not be freed from the malady that plays with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protection against it will thus be conferred upon those who are in malarious districts by a preliminary course of the bitters, which is furthermore a specific remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.
☞ For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. [9-2-4m.]

THE LATEST and MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION!

EDISON'S
INSTANTANEOUS
GUIDE
—TO THE—
Piano or Organ!

By which any Child or Person can play any of the popular airs by note, at sight, without STUDY, REVIEW'S PRACTICE, or even Musical Talent. Anyone who will FORFEIT $1,000 if any child fails to play ANY ONE of our Popular Airs on the PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON within ONE HOUR after receiving the Music and Instructions, provided said child can count the numbers before it, from 1 to 100 correctly.

Price of MUSIC, with INSTRUCTIONS, $1.

Address, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00. Enclose 3-cent stamp for Catalogue of Tunes. Agents wanted in every State and County.

Edison Music Co.,
215 & 217 Walnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

"What will TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT cure?" We ask the sufferer from a multitude of diseases. We answer: It will remove from the system the cause of the disease of the disease that flesh is heir to. It won't mend a broken limb or close a wound, but it may be profitably used in rheumatism. It will do no one any harm, and it will do a great deal of good. It won't suit your case? Then it won't cure you. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NORTHERN TEXAS offers great attractions in way of work, cheap lands, healthy climate, abundance of timber and water, diversified products, more than any other region now open for settlement. In the rich, productive, developing section of Texas traversed by the Texas & Pacific Railway, 8,000 miles of road, along which are to be opened up and settled up towns, millions of acres of good and cheap Railroad and Government lands recently opened for settlement. For circulars giving prices and information, address A. ABRAMS, Land Commissioner, T. & P. Ry., Marshall, Texas.

BAYARD TAYLOR, Poet and Traveller, writes: "I cheerfully in recommending to the National Academy of Mr. Meulin C. Sherman."

FERNANDO WOOD, M. C., writes: "I cheerfully consent to the use of my name. My boys will return to you (over) after their vacation."
Illustrated Circular address SWITHINBANK, A. M., Harvard University, Media Pa., 12 miles from Phila.

HUNTER'S BITTERS. 12 Articles in One. Millions in use—everybody's praise. 44-page catalogue of other specialties free. J. H. HUNTER M'F'G CO., Cincin'ti, O. Ag'ts Wanted.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

$12 from $50 to $200 Will pay for a Stem Winding Gold Hunting Case Watch. Warranted to keep time. Patented Dec. 14, 1880. Pamphlet sent free. Address THOMPSON & CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

ORGANS, 13 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. $50 Illus. Catalogue free. Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y. Contracts for advertising in American Newspapers.

Cuticura

THE GREAT SKIN CURE,

INFALLIBLY CURES

Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrofulous Humors, Ulcers, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery medicinal, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

SALT RHEUM.

Will. McDonald, 2342 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

PSORIASIS.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Diseases should send 6c. in stamps for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

SCROFULA.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, says: "After three months' use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and 12 years of as constant suffering from humor of the face, neck and scalp as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted, and told them to get the Cuticura Remedies and they would cure them."

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Remedies.

CUTICURA

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.
☞ All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

☞ One Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster, costing 25 cents, is far superior to every other electric appliance before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties, and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any selected part. Price, 25 cts. Sold everywhere. Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. 9-2-4m.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—*In the matter of the account of Margaret Kittell, Administratrix of William Kittell, Esq., deceased.*—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County.

And now, Sept. 12th, 1881, on motion of Seebler & Kittell, Joseph McDonald appointed Auditor to distribute balance in the hands of the Administratrix as shown by her account, and to distribute the several payments on real estate, filed by the Court.

The Auditor above named will attend to the duties of his appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Wednesday, the 28th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.
JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 16, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Wm. Brookbank, late of Summerhill Township, deceased.

On motion of F. J. A. Shoemaker, Esq., Harry G. Rose appointed Auditor to report the liens against the parties in interest, make distribution of the amount of the recognizance, and also of the fund in the hands of A. V. Barker, Esq., Trustee, &c.
By the Court.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at the office of F. J. A. Shoemaker, Esq., in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, Oct. 13, 1881*, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend.
HARRY G. ROSE, Auditor.
Sept. 16, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of Henry Hoppe, Executor of Peter Hoppe, late of Elder township, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, October 17th, 1881*, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims on said fund must present them, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the second and final account of Alexander McMullen, surviving Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel McMullen, late of Allegheny township, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, October 25th, 1881*, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested attend if they see proper.
A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—2t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of Paul McKenna and John Eger, Executors of James Mealy.

Having been, on the motion of Johnston & Seanlan, Esqs., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of said accountants, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 27th October*, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where all interested may attend if they see proper.
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of H. C. Kirkpatrick, Assignee of John Bender.

Having been, on motion of A. V. Barker, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the said Assignee, as shown by his account confirmed Sept. 5th, 1881, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Wednesday, the 26th October*, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where all interested may attend if they see proper.
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of F. Beaver, Guardian of the minor children of Andrew Farrell.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of said Guardian, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my said appointment at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in Carrolltown, on *Thursday, the 13th October*, 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Sept. 16, 1881.—3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of FERDINAND YINGLING, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of Fred'k Yingling, late of Dean township, deceased, that payment must be made without delay to the undersigned, who has been granted letters testamentary on said estate, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
DENNIS CAWLEY, Executor.
Dean Twp., Aug. 19, 1881.—6t.*

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about FORTY Acres cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address F. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881.—tf. Loretto, Pa.

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

A TERRIFIC EXPERIENCE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.

Turning over the leaves of my note book—kept daily for more than a quarter of a century—my attention is rivited upon a brief memoranda, which alludes to one of the most exciting and dangerous passages in all my detective experience:

The notation reads briefly: "Captain Burleigh, schooner 'Dart,' 12:30 A. M." and, as I con it over, the remembrance of the events to which it is the key grows brighter and keener, until all the details come to mind with a force and a distinctness absolutely painful, and of which I cannot, even at the present moment, think without a motion of horror.

It was a little after midnight, early one Sunday morning, as my book shows when I was hurridly summoned to the Central Office of a special messenger.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the inspector, as I came in; "but the case is an urgent one. Here is a sailor who says he is a deck hand on board the schooner "Dart," moored in the North River, and that his captain had been murdered and robbed.—You had better go down to the barge office, get a boat and board the schooner, and take such steps as may be requisite. Now, my man," he added, addressing the sailor, "you go with the officer."

On our way to the barge office, the sailor informed me that the schooner "Dart," was a coaster, plying between Eastport and New York; that the captain, Mr. James Burleigh, had come on board the schooner at a late hour on Saturday afternoon, having with him two canvass bags, containing one thousand dollars in gold each—that he had taken an early supper and gone ashore, telling the watch to keep a sharp lookout for river thieves.

The sailor thought it must have been about ten o'clock when the captain returned, and that it was nearly twelve when he heard a violent noise in the cabin which awakened him. Calling one of his companions, they burst the cabin hatch, and upon enteling, they found Captain Burleigh lying on the the floor, bleeding from numerous wounds, and apparently dead.

In about half an hour after leaving the office we were on board the schooner. The interior of the cabin indicated that a terrible struggle had taken place between the captain and the assailants. The cabin table had been broken down, and there were marks of bloody hands upon various articles scattered about, and also upon the sides of the berth.

The captain's night dress had been torn in shreds, and his hair was disheveled and matted with gore. Kneeling close down to the body, I fancied there were signs of life about it, and had commenced staunching the flow of blood, when the surgeon arrived from the Central Office. Leaving the captain to his more skillful offices, I began picking up the threads likely affording some clue to the assailants.

A careful search of the floor by the light of the bull's eye revealed little tufts of hair in various places, some of which was black, some sandy in color, and some nearly white. Captain Burleigh's hair was almost white; and an examination of his hands, which were covered with blood, disclosed some of the black and sandy hairs adhering to the fingers. A further search disclosed a small list slipper, not larger than those owned by lads of the age of ten or twelve years.

The different colored hair indicated that there had been two assailants; and the slipper evidenced the fact that they had been accompanied by one of the "wharf rats," as we term them—a class of waifs, without homes or parental restraint, who live about the wharves and piers, and are used by the old river thieves in effecting entrances to the places intended to be robbed.

A leather pocket-book lying on the cabin floor was among the other articles found. It had been rifled of its contents with the exception of a few papers, and among these was a receipt from one Josiah Grandie, of West Thirtreenth street, to Captain Burleigh for two boxes of gold, each containing one thousand dollars. The receipt was dated the very day of the robbery, and bore upon the margin the words: "This receipt was given to me at two P. M.;" but the sailor had informed me that the captain had come on board at four o'clock on the afternoon in question, having the gold, for he had seen the gold. This was hardly reconcilable.

I gathered up the tufts of hair, the slipper and the pocket-book, and went ashore. Day broke as I landed at the barge office, and took my way to the residence of Joslah Grandie, whom I found with much difficulty. He said he knew Captain Burleigh well, and, upon being shown the receipt found in the pocket-book, he said:

"Yes, I gave that to the captain on Saturday."

"But how came the captain to take the money away and not return this receipt?"

"Bless your dear soul!" said the old man, "he didn't take it away, he left it here."

And in a few moments he produced the bags.

This complicated matters still more.

Bidding Mr. Grandie good morning, I drove to the Central office. The surgeon had returned from the vessel and left word that Captain Burleigh had recovered consciousness; that his wounds were not necessarily fatal, and that he had been brought on shore to the City Hospital.

I sent a messenger to shadow the sailor who told me the story of the gold bags, and then proceeded to the hospital, where, after an hour's delay, I was permitted to see Captain Burleigh. He was a man of splendid physique, clear-eyed, bright-faced and intelligent. Although very weak, he managed to tell me his story in his own way, clearly, but slowly.

"I was very tired on Saturday night," said the captain, "and was no more in than I was asleep. I was awakened suddenly with a sound as if something heavily had fallen to the floor, and although the binnacle light was burning rather dimly, saw two men and a boy in the cabin. They knew I was awake about as soon as I did. One of them struck at me with an iron bar, just as I was rising out of the berth, the end of the bar grazing my face and making an ugly gash.

"I knew it was to be a struggle for life, and leaping from the berth, grappled the one who had struck at me, wrenched the bar from him, and hurled it with all my strength at the other, who was standing near the cabin window; but the bar missed its aim. Then we clinched and the struggle was fierce."

"We must have gone several times around the cabin, they striking me repeatedly with a billet of wood, and I doing little more than holding and pulling them by the hair, until we all stumbled upon the table and went down by the run. This was all I remembered until I came to this place."

"But the money, captain? How much money did you have aboard ship?"

"Not a dollar, sir! Fortunately I had left my money with old Mr. Grandie, of West Thirtieth street, on Sunday afternoon."

"I thought the deck-hand was deceiving me, when he said you came on board with two bags that day; but I am at a loss to understand his motive."

The captain smiled.

"A more honest man than Tom Bracely never walked a deck," he answered; "but we Downeasters are full of tricks. The fact is that when my gold was being put up inbags at the broker's, I bought two empty ones, just like them, and filled them with cotton. The cabman who drove me to Mr. Grandle's might have been honest, but I did not know that. He saw me carry two bags into the house and bring two out; but I left the gold and brought out the cotton. This was to deceive him as to my having left any gold there; and these were the bags that Tom Bracely saw me bring aboard ship."

As the captain was growing fatigued, I left him, returned to the Central Office, calling the "shadow" away from Bracely, and gave myself opportunity for a little reflection.

That same night a half drunken sailor tumbled into one of the low slums, or thieving resorts, then abounding in Water street, calling for a glass of grog, and sat down amidst the general carousal. A group of three persons at the farther end of the room, seemed to attract his attention. They were two men and a boy. One of the former had densely black hair, black eyes, a very short black beard, and a most ferocious countenance.

His companion was of an exactly opposite complexion, having light eyes, sandy hair, and wearing no beard. These two were playing cards, and the boy was observing the progress of the game.

In a few moments the sailor reeled out of the place, turned toward the river front, passed into the open doorway of a tenement house, and was lost in the darkness. Five minutes afterward there emerged from the same doorway, Mr. Joseph Tracer, the "king of shadows."

"What luck, Mr. Tracer?" I queried as he came up.

"The whole party is inside, sir. You say you only want the boy now?"

"That is all, until I get further evidence. When you capture him bring him to headquarters. I shall lodge there for the balance of the night."

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Tracer appeared with the boy, and gave him into my custody.

"Now, my lad," I said when we were alone, "tell me all about the night you went aboard the 'Dart' with those river thieves? If you tell me the truth, you shall not be harmed; if you deceive me, I shall send you to the penitentiary."

"You kin send me where you like, "he sniveled; "if I don't know nothing, I can't tell nothing, kin I?"

"Very well; if you don't know anything, you shall be made comfortable. Pull off your shoes. Now put on this slipper—it is one of the kind that makes no noise, and carries many a boy to the State prison.

The slipper fitted exactly.

"It's no use trying to keep anything from you fly cops," he blubbered again. "Will I be hurt?"

"Not if you tell me the truth," I answered.

And with this assurance he made a complete confession of the whole affair, giving me the names of the criminals, telling me that they had seen the captain when he went on board the schooner with the bags in the afternoon, and depicting their chagrin at finding them filled with cotton instead of gold.

"You kin never git them two," he continued; "they'll know I'm pulled, and they'll go for the dock-crib."

The boy proved to be correct. The ruffians went for the "dock crib," but under his guidance we located the place. The "dock-crib" was constructed of rough boards, under one of the North river piers, and formed a cavity of about twelve feet in length by seven in width. It was not more than four feet in depth, owing to the proximity of the water line at high tide, and had a point of ingress and egress from the pier. There was also a trap in the centre of the floor, which rendered it accessible from the water side, but this was available only at low tide

Having made a reconnoisance of the place in daylight, I judged it best to make the attack first from the pier side, and as tide would serve, to attempt it that night.

My plan was to run a boat under the pier as noiselessly as possible, and then to have men on the pier to make a demonstration upon a given signal. The criminals would necessarily resort to the trap, and we would take them in the boat as they came out.

The night was in every way favorable, but it was ten o'clock before the tide had ebbed sufficiently for our purpose. As the boat approached the end of the pier, I stood up in the stern sheets, opened and closed my bull's eye lantern with such rapidity as to cause a flash of light, heard the whistle of the patrol in acknowledgement that they had seen and understood it, and glided under.

A faint glimmer of light came through the chinks between the boards of the box, but it was suddenly extinguished. There was a hurrying of feet above us, the trap lifted, and then we could hear the sound of our men on the pier, battering at the place overhead.

One of the inmates lowered himself down, and as he did so his feet touched the gunwale of the boat. He knew he was caught, and attempted to draw himself up again, when one of the officers seized him, and gave him a desperate pull and broke his hold.—Unfortunately the boat careened, and pitched him and the officer overboard. The man above was about to follow, but discovering the situation, drew back, and attempted to close the trap. The quickness of my movement defeated his object. I sprang up thro' the aperture, and grappled him, but, with his enormous strength, doubly increased by rage and despair, he flung me to one side, and closed and secured the trap.

I had counted upon being immediately followed by one of the officers, but they were so intent upon saving their comrade who had fallen into the water as to have apparently forgotten me. The door overhead continued to resist the efforts of the men on the pier, and I found myself caged with an infuriated and desperate criminal in a box not high enough to stand upright in, and that seemed impregnable from above and below it was intensely dark. The situation was simply appalling, and yet demanded coolness and decisive action.

Crouching closely down in the corner of the box into which I had been thrown, I awaited the onslaught of my antagonist with an emotion impossible to describe. The din overhead precluded my hearing if he was making any movement; and in the absence of any better expedient I pointed my pistol in a straight line from my head and fired.

The flash of the pistol lit the box with a momentary glare, but sufficiently to show that my ugly companion was lying prone upon his face, with his long and muscular arms extended at full length, as if feeling for his prey. The instantaneous flash had revealed my position also. The bullet sped harmlessly above him, and before I could fire again he was upon me with the fury of an enraged tiger.

I could feel him coming as one feels a dead stillness before some awful explosion, and dropping close to the floor, I turned partially upon my side, and struck out wildly with the butt of my pistol. A terrible crash followed and in the same instant I received a terrible blow that rendered me utterly unconscious.

When I came to my senses I was lying upon the pier, my head being supported by one of the patrol, who was wiping the blood from my face. Near me were the culprits, ironed together and closely guarded.

I subsequently learned that the door on the pier side of the box had given way, just as my antagonist had sprung upon me and dealt the terrible blow that had deprived me temporarily of my senses, and that some excellent "club work" upon his own head had been the means of saving me.

The two who had fallen into the water had also been rescued, and in a little while we were all at the Central Office. It was some days before I was able to resume my duties and appear in court against the prisoners. No trial was had, however. Captain Burleigh had also recovered sufficiently to appear, and the boy being ready to testify in behalf of the State, the array made the case a hopeless one for the accused. They pleaded guilty and were each sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.

A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

A crazy-looking huckster wagon, filled with the products of the farm and garden, and drawn by a dilapidated horse attracted considerable attention in Titusville the other day. The occupant of the vehicle was a little old man in homespun, who rode with one foot on the outside of the wagon-box. Interest in the odd-looking turnout was greatly increased when the driver reigned up in front of the *Petroleum World* office, and raised a small sign-board in his wagon, upon which was inscribed in an uncouth hand:

COUNTRY PRODUCE
ALSO THE
POLITICAL ISSUES DISCUSSED.

This legend soon attracted a large crowd, when the little old man stood up in the crazy wagon and made a formal announcement that he had for sale a nice lot of garden produce such as pumpkins, turnips, cabbages, some chestnuts, etc. "I also have," said he, as he lifted a faded bed-quilt from a keg, "a few gallons of hard cider, which I think is the best ever brought to yer town."

"What about the political issues?" yelled a man from the curbstone.

"We'll come to that by-and-bye—jes' as soon as I sell some ov this truck out ov the wagon so as I kin have a place to stand."

The crowd realized that they had at last struck something in the way of a political orator, and it was plain that they meant to encourage him, even before he had made the suggestion regarding business.

The cider was the first thing they tackled. As many men as could gather around the wagon, and the cider was closed out in short order at five cents per cup.

"Drink hearty, gents," the little old man would say, "this remin's me uv the hard-cider campaign uv '40, when I tuk the stump for Old Tippecanoe; an' besides, it's made uv as fine fruit as ever growed on a tree."

"See here! tell us about Maine!" yelled a political man, whose thirst was for political information.

"Don't fret the cattle," was the old man's response.

One man bought all the chestnuts he had, in order, as he said, to reduce the stock, and get around to the political issues.

Pumpkins, squashes, parsnips, etc., were purchased rapidly, the old man remarking that the drudgery of farm-life was distasteful to him, and he was only truly happy when on the stump discussing the great issues before the people.

Scraping under the seat with his feet he unearthed a gourd, and holding it up, said:

"Gents, this is the last shot in the locker, who is the lucky man?"

Twenty-five or thirty men, apparently, offered to purchase it. The man who succeeded bowled it down street with an oath, and said what he wanted was chin music.

The crowd was breathless with anxiety, or would have been had it not been yeling "speech!" "speech!"

The little old man stood up in the wagon, took off his hat, and said:

"No occasion for a speech now, gents.—Goods are all sold without it. If ye'd hung fire like I expected ye would, I'd harangued ye till sundown. But ye kem right up like little men, and bought my last parsnip.—That's the way I like to do biz. Thanks, gents."

The party who had been the heaviest purchaser ran to take the horse by the bits; but that animal laid his ears back on his neck, and showed his teeth in the most vicious fashion.

"I forgot ter tell ye," said the old man, quietly, "not to go near Romeo, fer he's liable ter swallow some one."

He then dropped down into his seat and drove off, remarking that when he went actively into politics, business in garden truck would be a darned sight duller than it appeared to be now.

BREAD AND GRAVY.—A rather seedy looking customer walked into a restaurant on Austin avenue and said to the proprietor: "What do you ask for nicely cooked beefstake, well done, with onions?" "Twenty-five cents." "And the gravy?" "Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy." "You don't? That's liberal. How much do you charge for bread?" "We throw in the bread." "Is it good bread?" "It is." "So you throw in bread and gravy?" "Certainly." "Then bring me in some bread and gravy. It is not healthy to eat meat in summer.—*Texas Siftings.*"

MISS HIGGINS'S MAN.

For thirty years Miss Higgins had looked under the bed every night and had never found a man there, yet still she looked. Whether it was fear that impelled that death like research or a fatality that was beckoning her to her fate, I know not. It would seem, however, to be the former, for she had often been heard to observe: "That of all the abominations on earth, a man was the most abominable."

Indeed, at the informal tea-drinkings of the allied forces of Chesterville, the three Misses Wheeler and the two Misses Jones, she had often excelled them all in the withering tone which she would repeat: "Man, man!" and no one could breathe greater defiance at this foeman than she. It was at one of these tea parties that they had entered into a solemn compact that, in the event of Women's Rights giving either of these allies sovereign power of the nation, an Eastern law was to be imported and improved, and husbands buried with the dead bodies of their wives.

As Eunice Higgins well remarked: "That would put an end to widowers pretty lively." And with this remark the Hyson flowed, and the wassail went on—with such a spirit that Aurelia Wilder, the most radical, added another clause: "That the children of widowers should be thrown in too, and not be a botherin' other women." This was also well received.

Now if any one thinks that Miss Eunice Higgins was a woman devoid of virtues and womanly graces, I pity them—they are so utterly mistaken. She had assisted a drunken father through the world, till he made his exit—sustained and supported a feeble mother—and three or four children, older but more helpless than she, till the mother went home to her reward, and the children had found flourishing homes for themselves, with the exception of the oldest son, who had followed his father's footsteps, literally. Indeed, when one contemplates the specimens of manhood she has been familiar with, her aversion to the sex does not seem so wonderful. She was not shrew-eyed, but good and kindly looking. No home was brighter than hers. No farm was better managed.

The night on which commences my humble history, Miss Higgins went to her room in usual good humor. She had had a tea party. The allies had been present, and admitted unanimously that such fragrant tea, such snowy biscuit and honey, such golden butter, such cakes and sweetmeats had not been partaken of that season. The scene of her benign victory rose before her as she took off the little switch of hair at the back of her head, and pensively rolled it up ere she put it in the top bureau drawer.

She saw again the sinking sun shining in, through her house plants in the window, upon the drugget of the dining room; the snowy tea table, with its silver and sprigged china; the admiring faces of her friends as they took of her delicious food. But no memory disquieted her. She almost mistrusted her lemon extract was losing its strength—the frosting on the fruit cake did not seem to be flavored quiet enough." But this haunting memory was softened by the tho't that she could get a new bottle to-morrow.

By this time she was arrayed in her long white night dress and cap. She folded up every article of clothing, and laid it down to right angles, she looked up at her breast-pin, and then impelled by fate she calmly advanced to the side of the bed and raised the snowy valances—gave one shriek, and fell back on the carpet, hitting her head as she did so on a chair rocker. There was her man under the bed.

Miss Higgins had often fancied how she would awe such a robber, such a burglar, with her fearless and searching glances; now she would defend her property with her life. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them. She is not the only one who, at the first shock, has shrieked and tumbled down before adverse fate.

But Eunice Higgins was not the one to wither away before a calamity. Not long did she lie there; but as short as the time was, when she lifted her head the man confronted her. He was a very small man, indeed, not more than seven years old, and small at that, very good looking and well clothed, although exceedingly disheveled and uncomfortable in appearance.

"How came you here, under my bed?"

This was the first question, but it was repeated before he answered, with drooping head and glances:

"I've runned away."

"Run away from where?"

"From our folks."

"Who is your folks?"

"Father."

Here the dialogue terminated suddenly—Eunice Higgins became suddenly conscious that a night-grown and night cap was not the proper raiment in which to entertain even so small a man. Out in the sitting-room, beneath the warm light of the kerosene gleaming through rose geraniums, and the keener light of Eunice Higgins' eyes, the inquisition was continued. From which these facts were gleaned:

That the boy, Johnny Dale, had been so tried with his father because he wouldn't let him go to a circus, that he ran away. It was early in the morning, he said, and he had got a ride with a teamster, and rode with him till afternoon, so he must have come some distance. After the teamster stopped he walked on, and coming to her door in the twilight, he thought he would ask her for supper, but there was no one it; Miss Higgins had gone "a piece" with her visitors. But the tea table stood there, laden with good things; he had helped himself generously, and then, as he heard her step suddenly out side, guilt, which makes cowards of us all, drove him into the bedroom, and, as the step came nearer and nearer, under the bed. His unusual fatigue had overpowered him, and he had fallen asleep, and was awakened only by her screams as she discovered him.

Miss Higgins's good sense, backed by her good heart, taught her that what her man needed now was a good supper and a bed, But in the morning the question again vexed her. What was she going to do with her man—should she advertise him? Again she questioned him in the sun-lighted dining-room at his excellent breakfast.

"Whereabouts do your folks live—in what place?"

He looked up mildly at her, with a large piece of peach pie midway between his plate and his mouth, and answered obediently:

"Our folks' house."

"Who is your folks?"

"Father."

The allies were called in; the stiffly-starched inquest sat on Miss Higgins's man. The additional result of their over-questioning being that the father of Miss Higgins's man belonged to the corrupt and shameless sect—widowers.

Miss Higgins trembled.

"Had she not better dispose of her man at once? Was it not partly encouraging widowers in their nefarious doings, to harbor these small men?"

She asked these questions with some relenting of heart, for already had the childish arms been upon her, and it was with great relief that she heard the decision of Aurelia, the most radical of the allies.

"No; keep him here. Such a chance was never vouchsafed to the allies to teach one of these men—widowers—a lesson they would not soon forget. Punish that wretch, that unnatural widower, by saying nothing about the child. Let him think he was lost; let him hunt him up the best way he can."

The younger Miss Jones—she was only forty and naturally timid and apprehensive—suggested that it would be just like one of these men to come right here to Miss Higgins's after him. There wasn't anything they hadn't the face to do. It would be just like one of them to walk into her sitting-room."

Here Miss Higgins remarked with spirit that she would like to see him; walk into her house. He wouldn't stir a step beyond the hall, and as for that stair carpet she was going to take it up and clean it anyway."

This remark, which was warmly applauded, terminated the conference.

Johnny did not seem at all averse to the arrangement. He was at the age when bodily comfort overshadowed the mental. He appeared to have a great deal of affection for his father, but there was a Sarah Ann at the very mention of whose name he gnashed his teeth. "She was awful; she had shaken him, pinched him and pulled his hair."

Eunice Higgins's warm heart almost melted within her at the recital of his sufferings.

A week passed away, and daily had Miss Higgins's man gained upon her affections. She was the youngest child of her parents, and had never known the delights of childish society. She had dwelt so long alone, that to have that bright, manly little face opposite hers at the breakfast table, looking out of the window, hailing her return from her short absence, his merry, innocent prattle and ringing laugh, were all more agreeable to her than she would be willing to acknowledge.

She grew lenient to the boyish nerve of her man, for the best of boys have unregulated movements; looked benignantly at him as he capered in the garden paths in startling proximity to her narrow fats and clustering cucumbers. She raveled out a st