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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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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.

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

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Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his entire body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $800 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and *was completely cured.* The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.

Reported by
F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.

Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

EXZEMA.

Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Exzema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.

LEN. M. FRAILEY, 64 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.

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.

Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE!

Complete Treatment For $1.00.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no choking, no distress. These happy conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by that most agreeable, economical, speedy, safe and never failing specific, SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Complete and infallible treatment, consisting of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER
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PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR

Roaches, Water Bugs and Red and Black Ants, &c., are speedily killed by PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR and die. No fear of bad smells. Barns, granaries and households often cleared in a single night. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. No failure in 30 years. Every box warranted. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Ask for PARSONS'. Mailed for 25c. by
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

B. & B.

OCTOBER 8, 1881.

For the coming week, in

SILK DEPARTMENT.

One lot Black Rhadames, $.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. These goods are at such good value that any one who examines them will be sure to purchase. Also special bargains in the celebrated Guinet and Bonnet Black Silks, from $1.25 up to the finest numbers.

Satin d'Lyon, Satin Merveilleux, Satin Surah, Also, new Satin Parisienne, very elegant, at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, never before shown in this market. New Costume Velvets, 24 inches wide, in all the seasonable shades, at $2.50, being at one and heavy. New Black Costume Velvets, 27 inches wide, at $2.50—a rare bargain.

New Costume Velvets, $3.00 up to $10.00 per y'd. 100 pieces 48-inch Foule, all pure wool, in twelve choice colors, at 50c. a yard, opened to-day, and the most extraordinary value ever shown anywhere. New 46-inch fine French Dress Goods received this week in neat Checks and Plaids, at $1.00 and $1.25, suitable for full Suits and Combinations. New, handsome and elaborate Stein d'Novelties in plain colorings. Dress Goods at 10c. a yard up to $3.50.

Great offerings in Housekeeping Goods—Towels, Napkins and Tablings; 50 dozen Napkins at $1.00; German Linen, worth and never sold under $1.50; 10 dozen Napkins at $1.50.

100 dozen Heavy Damask Red Borders, ¾ size, a job lot, $2.50, worth $3.50.

Doylies, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, up to $5 per dozen. Also, 1,000 yards of German Table Linen at 75 to 1 by handsome Damask patterns, a good bargain.

New Hosiery in Cotton, Merino, Cashmere and Wool, of foreign and domestic manufacture, in a great variety of handsome styles, from 10c. a pair up.

A very extra bargain in Ladies' Cashmere Hose, 6 colors, at 40c. a pair.

Kid Gloves, Foster hook, $1.25, $1.50 and $2; 4-button Undressed Kid Gloves, $1. Full line Perry and Opera Shades at popular prices.

In Cloak Department we continue to show New Novelties every day in Walking Coats, Ulsterettes, Circulars, &c., in new and graceful shapes, at prices ranging from 3.50 up.

Plus, daily opening new things in Silk, Satin de Lyon, Merveilleux and Rhadame Garments in all the new styles and shapes, as fast as they appear, in linings of Fur, Plush, Silk and Satin.

A special assortment worthy of note is a Satin d'Lyon Dolman, new shape, for trimming, very long; price $25, worth $30; size 3 to 42 inch bust.

Seal sacques, $125 to $250; sizes 32 to 42; length, 33 in. to 40 in.; qualities guaranteed and prices always the lowest. We earnestly solicit an examination.

BOGGS & BUHL,
118 and 120 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY.

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate!

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., about 2½ miles from Carrolltown, bounded on the north by lands of Rev. B. Wimmer, on the east by lands of heirs of George Leslie, deceased, on the south by lands of Michael Steigerwald and others, and on the west by lands of Peter Whitman and others, containing **126 Acres** and **69 Perches**, more or less, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE, a Frame Barn, and the necessary outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises. Also,

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Carroll township, adjoining the above described piece, lands of Wm. Ashe and others, containing **18 Acres** and **144 Perches**, more or less. There is a four foot vein of excellent coal opened on this tract, which is in good condition.

TERMS OF SALE.

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

MARTIN SANDERS,
Executor of Elizabeth Stoby, dec'd.
Oct. 21, 1881.-3t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the lumber business in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wagnor, Saupp & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent, W. W. Saupp and Thadeus Conrad retiring. The business of the late firm will be continued by John Wagnor.

JOHN WAGNOR,
W. W. SAUPP,
THADEUS CONRAD.

Oct. 14, 1881.—14-4t.

Nestlings.

O little bird! sing sweet among the leaves,
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest;
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves
A low refrain, that suits thy music best.
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh—
Four callow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing,
So many flashing wings that by-and-by
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! Thy callow nestlings sleep
Safe hidden 'neath a gracious folding wing,
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart, sing!

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,
And though thy callow brood thy care require,
Behind the rain-cloud, with its trailing pall,
Shine still the sun illumined into golden fire.
Sing on, O bird! nor of the cloud take heed;
For hid is the harbinger of glorious Spring;
And every field is sacred to thy need—
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;
Sing on: for unawares the winds will bring
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing, heart, sing!

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough
With no sweet mate, no nestling by, to hear
The bubbling song thou sing'st to glad them now!
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet Spring days,
In golden Summer, when thy brood take wing,
Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise,
Because thy work is over? Sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! What if thy birds have flown?
Thou hast the joy of their awakening,
And thousand memories left thee for thine own;
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart, sing!

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1811 the British had laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but he was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck, and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off as soon as possible, madam."

"O, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parent will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you only will land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising one corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange companion on board, yet he could not refuse.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon; beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. But it may have been but prejudice on their part, but the seaman should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. Ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that she was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, she takes on dre'fully!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though when she stood here looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and then went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin being brought aboard. The woman's eyes ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes aport, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman.

"Thank'e, ma'am," said Dan. "Ha, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll ugh!"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh" above mentioned.

Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the south'ard of your course."

"Blow me! so I am," said the man, bringing in the helm smartly aport. "But say, didn't you notice any thing peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you're as scared as a child in a graveyard!"

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin' her face. By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough and bearded as a holy-stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there was no 'oman there, and so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was thunderstruck by what he had heard, but, with a calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in, and seemed to be sleeping. Turner returned, and took Carter one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; follow me, as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunderclap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," muttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood; upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the triggers of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four bucketfuls into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no, my men. Do nothing rashly; let me go into the cabin first."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin; walking up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away; the gown came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine; then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along, then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and, as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. All I can say is that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck, and lashed to the main-rigging.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us!" uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is Commodore. Perhaps he jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment; then he turned away, and muttered to himself:

"Well, well, I can't blame them. If the murderous villain has gone to his death he's only met a fate which he deserved."

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A curious old diary has just come to light, kept by Rev. Christopher Hozen in colonial times, and the abstract of a few pages, which tell of a strange athletic contest of which he was a witness, may not be uninteresting in these days when muscle is so vigorously trained—sometimes at the expense of brain.

Mr. Hozen was pastor of a small settlement in Pennsylvania, of a church made up of both whites and Indians. The village was sufficiently near the Quaker and Moravian settlements for the people to have learned that the Indians were human beings, and that there was a wiser, more Christian course of dealing with them than that of flintlock and knife, so prevalent in New England.

Still, the prejudice against the red-skin was strong, and good Christopher had great difficulty in inducing the parti-colored brethren of his flock to dwell together in unity.

One young Indian, Nin-po, he alludes to again and again in his diary.

Nin-po's wife, Sheinah, was a convert, and the young brave listened gravely to the good missionary's talk. But he would not consent to be baptized.

"Nin-po not made up his mind," he would always reply when reasoned with.

Mr. Hozen felt that a great step was gained when he persuaded him to build his wigwam near the village, so that Sheinah could learn to sew and to talk English from the pastor's wife, who had a school of Indian women like that of the Moravians at Nazareth.

"The young red man," he wrote, "is brave, so truthful, and so affectionate to his wife and child, that I cannot but feel that he is like the young man in the Scriptures, 'not far from the kingdom of God.'"

Quarrels, however, arose between the Indians and the whites in the spring of 1683.—A family named Murdock—consisting of a man, his wife and child—were found murdered, and a rudely drawn arrow was traced in blood on the wall of the cabin.

Now Nin-po's Indian name was Red Arrow, and he was missing from his wigwam at the time of the massacre. On his return he was arrested by the villagers, and would have been put to death at once but for Mr. Hozen's entreaties.

"The young man," he writes, "I believe to be as innocent as my own little child of this dreadful deed. He is too shrewd a fellow, and the last person to sign his name to such a work of blood. I do not think, either, that my towns-people really believe him guilty. But they thirst for vengeance, and must have a victim."

Mr. Hozen contrived to put off the day of vengeance for a month. Then another and another. Nin-po was closely guarded in the fort, a solid log house. Other matters engaged the attention of the colonists; the prisoner was almost forgotten. But he had an active enemy.

"This day," writes Mr. Hozen, on July 28, "came to my house Judge Poindexter. Verily, the man is so big and gross in person, and so loud of voice, that I scarce can blame my wife Patience for her antipathy to him, which she but illy conceals.

"'Well, parson,' quoth he, 'when shall we hang that redskin?'

"Now Sheinah was in the next room of the house with her babe. I could hear her singing a hymn to the child as she rocked it to sleep.

"I motion him to silence. 'The man's wife is here.'

"'Better hang her and the young cub,' he roared, with a laugh. 'Stamp out a nest of snakes is my way.'

"'You would not hang him without a trial?' I said.

"'He's not entitled to a trial, as you know very well, parson. He's a redskin.'

"I had forgotten the color of Nin-po's skin and the cruelty with which we deny him the protection of the law. God grant that this injustice may soon be righted."

(Good Mr. Hozen's prayer is not yet answered. To this day, an Indian accused of a crime is not entitled to a trial.)

"'Well,' said the judge, 'he has been kept there on our expense long enough. I mean to have him out and put out of the way next week.'

"'You do not believe that he murdered Mr. Murdock?' I said.

"'No, I don't say that I do. But he's none too good to do it. He's a worthless red devil, and I hold that the sooner we put an end to him and all of his color, the better.'

"Seth Jarrett was in the room. I have observed that Jarrett usually has his own way with the judge, while he seems to yield to him.

"'Doubtless you are right,' he said. 'But I have an idea. What if we had some fun out of the Indian? Our young men propose to have hurdle-races and jumping-matches. What if we give Nin-po a chance for his life? If he should win all the races, he shall go scot-free; if he lose one, he shall be hung?'

"Poindexter considered a moment. The proposals would suit the rough tastes of the village, he knew.

"'I agree' he said, with a hoarse laugh. 'We'll have the fun of seeing the miserable devil trying for his life, and then swinging afterwards.'

"So it was arranged. I should have no fear of Nin-po's success if he were himself. But the three months of unwonted confinement have weakened the poor fellow. He is hollow-eyed, and not in a condition to run a vigorous race.

"As for my wife, she and Sheinah consult daily. She says nothing, but I see her eyes rest upon Judge Poindexter in a way that is neither feminine nor godly."

We omit the good man's description of the preparations for the trial, or sport, as the colonists called it.

The day arrived. A field was roughly laid out for the contest. A space was cleared of grass and weeds for jumping. About the field stood the white men and women of the village; no Indians were in sight, not even Sheinah, "at which," says the good pastor, "I rejoice greatly."

Poindexter and one or two others carried their rifles. "Nin-po was brought out," records Mr. Hozen, "and placed between two armed men. He stood calm as if his only business was to taste the morning air, and not to struggle for his life.

"For me, I am not ashamed to say, I prayed to God for him. Surely God doth not, as we do, despise him for the color of his skin!

"First came standing leaps. George Notting, the English youth, cleared seven feet and a half. Then Nin-po leaped. Being measured, the space was called out seven feet. But I, coming in with my rule, declared it to be nearer eight.

"'Off with you, parson!' cried Poindexter. 'What doth one of your cloth do at ungodly games?'

"But I stood my ground. Another trial. George Notting, eight feet, one inch.

"Nin-po, seven feet, ten inches. I could not but acknowledge now that the measure was correct.

"'He hath lost!' cried Poindexter, and raised his rifle. The Indian stood motionless.

"'He hath a chance in the race.' said Seth.

"Then ensued a dispute. But it was decided in favor of Nin-po, some of the people wishing to give him a chance, and others to prolong the sport.

"Poindexter stood where he could cover the Indian with his rifle. A crowd of men were grouped around the judge. Behind him lay the forest.

"Nin-po, John Gabberly and Abraham Cutting were placed abreast. The race was for a hundred yards. I gave the word.

"They broke. Cutting led. Nin-po close behind. The Indian gained on him; passed.

"'The redskin wins!' shouted Seth, jumping up and down. Hearing that, Poindexter with an oath fired.

"The ball whizzed past the red man's head. He darted swift as if he were the arrow whose name he bears, up the goal, then leaped aside and struck the judge with his head full in the stomach.

"'The fat man rolled over with a howl on the road. The people yelled with delight, and verily I could not chide them.

"Nin-po, with a bound reached the wood, where a figure which seemed to be that of a woman ran out with a horse. He leaped on the horse and vanished. Truly, I suspect the gray camlet petticoat which the woman wore to belong to my wife Patience, but when I returned to the house and found her at work churning, I asked no questions.

"A week later, I ventured to ask her what had become of Sheinah and the child, and was told pretty sharply that they had gone with Nin-po into the Western forests, where they could live in peace and not get their idea of Christianity from such men as Judge Poindexter. "But Patience," adds the good missionary, "always had a nimble tongue."

There is no further mention of Nin-po in the diary, but a year afterwards the pastor records the fact that the murderer of the Murdocks has been discovered to be a white villian from another settlement.—*Youths' Companion.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Mrs. Child, in her work advocating the abolition of capital punishment, gives a notice of two cases in which circumstantial evidence led to the execution of wrong parties.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York and took lodgings where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came in the kitchen with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in more altercation than usual; but he sat with his back toward them, and, being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their dispute. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand and plunged it into her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore in the most positive terms that he had been fighting with her husband and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, whose conviction of the man's innocence was painfully strong that from that day he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event the woman died, and on her death-bed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from the tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grevious wrong.

Many readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, that still continues in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton, but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high spirited; her family were proud; and she lived in the midst of society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery by death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols and practiced with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before his execution he endeavored to cut his throat, but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a Christian community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment. Her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so treated excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the records of the memory.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

HOW AN ENGLISH LADY FOUND A FRENCH HUSBAND.

A Boston *Transcript* correspondent writes as follows:

It was the bathing hour on the beach at Etretat, and the bathers were making merry in the water, decending and ascending the long line of planks which were laid over the pebbly beach from the bath-house to the water's edge.

Down the planks walked, follow a party of well known English, a new-comer closely wrapped in a white peignoir, with her face almost concealed with the broad straw hat tied down with a strip of scrlet; at the water's edge she threw aside the peignoir, showing a tall, fine figure, and the bathing costume, which was made after the fashion adopted in the place—sleeveless, and only to the knees. It was evidently her first bath at Etretat, and as she stepped into the water she looked round with a prudish, half-timid look—not to be wondered at—upon the crowd of witnesses, for, as the beach is very steep and pebbely, and the tides form terraces with the rocks, the spectators lounge within a few feet of the water's edge, and friends, one swimming in deep water, the other reclining upon the dry shingle, can, by raising their voices a little, converse with each other.

Our new comer was the last of her party to step into the water, and as she hesitated, did not notice the huge wave approaching, but Jerome, the bather, did, and just as the wave struck, grasped her in his arms as the water closed over them. There was a shout of laughter and scrambling on the beach for the tide had turned, and, the water bathed the feet of several unprepared. The wave receded, unveiling the pair—the English lady and the bather, a handsome group in color and modelling; Jerome, a tall well-built Norman, with clear cut, large features, and honest eyes shaded by the sailor's beret, resembling the Scotchman's bonnet, and wearing a red-flannel shirt and black pants, that being soaked showed the modelling of his athletic figure. He held my lady like a child across his arms, hers were around his neck, and her white feet, incased in pretty canvass shoes, hanging down close together, were a pretty finish to the composition.

This all happened years ago. And Miss Graham lingered in the village after all the summer guests had departed, being amongst the last bathers, and forming one of the little group which still dined at the end of the hotel table that had been so crowded only a few weeks before.

She lingered until the herring season began. One morning, when I had with much effort, prompted by curiosity, crawled out of a warm bed just before daylight to see the boats return, I found her on the beach before me amongst the fishwives, who did not seem to think it strange that an English lady should be eccentric.

She was warmly dressed, and wore a beret which, although tied down with a veil, gave her something of a sailor-like appearance, not out of keeping with the place.

This morning Jerome's boat was nearest me, or perhaps it was because Miss Graham was nearest Jerome's boat that I happened to be there, and when I remarked to her on the manly appearance of Jerome, and added that there was a tradition that the inhabitants of these parts were descended from the Danish kings, was I surprised at the warmth of her acquiescence in what I had only said for the sake of making conversation, and more so when I saw the recognition that passed between the two?

Jerome was a "master fisherman." he owned his boat, was captain and had the lion's share of the profits. And as he stood there, his broad back braced against the boat, dressed in a brown beret woven Jersey and leather boots up to the thighs, was every inch a man, and I could imagine him playing any heroic part, except the one he was acting—that of a Romeo.

How it came about I never knew, although I heard several versions of the story; but they married. Yes, an English lady married a Normandy fisherman. She was fine looking, young, rich, and more than ordinary agreeable and intelligent. He was, in the language of his comrades, "unbeau male," a good fellow, honored by his confreres for his frankness in speech and for his extraordinary strength. He had a full, rich voice, richer, perhaps, as he used pure Normandy patois.

The wedding day was a holiday in Etretat; not a boat went out, but all were hauled up on the beach, and decorated with flags; the church was crowded; all wished to shake hands with the bride and groom, and set up a hearty shout as they started on the journey in a carriage from the church steps.

They returned to Etretat and built a "cottage by the sea," the prettiest one of the group to the north of the Casino. And here they seemed very happy, and if the bride ever regretted her own relatives, she had enough of his to console her, for her husband was related to half the village.

Do you want the end of this story? It is short. During the first year of this strangely assorted couple's life, monsieur, wishing to adopt the manners of his new position, went out hunting with a party of gentlemen, and was wounded by an accidental discharge of his gun, and died shortly afterwards.—His widow still mourns his loss, comes every summer to the pretty but lonely cottage, and heads the list of charities.

All the fishermen speak of him as un bon garcon, and would be very much surprised and perhaps show resentment if one should suggest that it was a strange affair.

I have not given with this history the real name of the lovers. You will find the true ones on the window of the church at Etretat, the third on the right. It represents the Virgin with the child in her arms, but on this St. Sauveur's day strangely reminded me of the first time I saw Jerome and Miss Emily.

"DEN DON'T TALK."—A colored woman was up before a New York judge, not long since, charged with cruelly beating her boy.

"I don't understand how you can have the heart to treat your own child so cruelly."

"Jedge, has you been a parent of a wufless yaller boy like dat ar cub ob mine?"

"Never! no, never!" ejaculated the judge with great vehemence.

"Den don't talk."

There was such a sensation that the judge had to call "next" four or five times before order was restored.

DOCTOR BILLS are abominable and not needed in kidney and liver affections, as PERUNA and MANALIN will cure them.

CALUMNIATING A NOBLE RACE.

Mr. John Walter, the owner of the London *Times*, has departed from the rule of his life and spoken with some freedom to an interviewer. Among his contributions to the wisdom of current debate is a judgment on Philadelphia's pavements, overhead railroads and the irrepressibility of the Irish, which are worth a word of comment. He holds Philadelphia the most execrably paved city in the known world, with money wasted in ludicrously misplaced and miscalculated public edifices, which, if properly expended, would give the citizens some of the comforts as well as the burdens of city life. The overhead roads he regard as, all things considered, more desirable than the underground lines, providing, of course, that instead of being the hideous man traps now reigning in New York they be constructed as the Pennsylvania line is from the river to Penn Square. To this point the opinion of the eminent publicist falls in with the asertained convictions of most accurate observers, but when he deals with the Irish race in this summary fashion it is impossible to credit the sagacious penetration of the preceding remarks as uttered by the tongue capable of the following narrow, unjust, unphilosophic and libelous calumny: "The Irish," he says, "are a fractious, turbulent people. They are so by temperament, individually and collectively. Take, for instance, your own country. Look at Maryland and Pennsylvania riots some years ago. Who were the prime factors in these disturbances? The Irish; and so you will find it the world over. The Irish have been and always will be difficult people to deal with."

Men who were not bad and meant to tell the truth have been burnt and quartered for utterances, which were holy writ compared to this incredible out pouring of prejudice. Mr. Walter cannot have read the history of the generous, magnanimous people thus traduced or he would have shrunk from the alternatives his words placed him between. A people who have endured spoliation and tyranny of the exquisitely cruel sort which the fecundity of the robust English intellect seems alone capable of inventing can hardly be called intractable. That there has been an alien Englishman on the soil of Ireland during the last seven hundred years is an irrefragable testimony to the law abiding docility of a people whose blood has washed every battle-field where the British flag waved over a victorious army. It does not become the mouth of a Briton to denounce the race that gave the House of Hanover a Wellington, a Burke, a Sheridan and a Palmerston, a Nelson and a Dundonald; it does not befit a race saved from the universal dominion of first the Bourbon and then the Bonaparte on the fields of Ramilies, Blenheim, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, Namur and the Dykes, or on the sweeps of Torres Vedras, Vittoria, Bayonne, Toulouse and Waterloo to stigmatize the most valiant if unfortunate race in Christendom as turbulent.

Where the British monuments rise highest Irish valor illustrates them; where British institutions shine most resplendent Irish genius illuminates them; where the rights of a race were most securely guarded the sagacity and wisdom of Irish statesmen throughout the problem and formulated the eternal truth. Nor is it in a country where the memory of a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Hamilton, a Patrick Henry and a Sullivan is perpetuated in the compact of our independence that such words as Mr. Walter's are fitly spoken. The rosters of our armies from 1775 till 1865 are too eloquent of the bravery, endurance and valor of the Irish race to let us regard the charge this Englishman is imprudent enough to make as anything less than monstrous.

Nor is it true that the particular revolts he cites in Maryland were directly or indirectly, closely or remotely, the thought, impulse or handiwork of the Irish race. It is a calumny so gross that its mere statement refutes it. The Irish race are turbulent as the Mississippi is turbulent, when the venturesome hand of man seeks to carry its majestic channel through an inadequate aperture; they are turbulent as the ocean when the storm disturbs its equipoise; they are turbulent as all men are when the heel of a spoiler is on their neck, when the might that is not right seeks to make them flesh of hated flesh, bone of hated bone, when the destiny of conquest without the magnanimity of kinship seeks to win them over to a race whose every utterance is an insult and a wrong.—They are a difficult people to deal with as the children of Israel were difficult under the stranger domination of Egypt. But if they were all these without reason and more than these without cause, it is not for an Englishman to say it in a country where their citizenship has illustrated the best type of civilized society.—*Philadelphia Times.*

FOR THE GIRLS, AND PERHAPS THE BOYS.—Mr. Fantafancy has noticed:

That the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corraled into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls.

That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.

That the little girls love the girls best.

That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That the women love the men because they love everthing they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves the husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men.

That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all woman for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.

That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.

That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries young does better.

That the man who never marries is to be pitied.

That the woman who marries does well.

That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

THE editor of a news-paper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I have tuk your paper for leven years, but if you kant spel eny better than you have been doing for the last two munths you may jest stop-pit."

ELOPEMENT ECCENTRICITES.

HOW PEOPLE GOT RID OF UNDESIRABLE PARTNERS AND GOT OTHER ONES.

Bruce Cooper, of Moorehead, Ky., eloped with Mollie De Hart, aged thirteen, but after going a few miles repented, advised her to return home, and shot himself.

A resident of Buckner county, Ky., after having arrived at the age of eighty, and having been married four times, eloped at night on horseback with the youthful belle of the county, was chased twenty miles by her angry father, but got away triumphantly, and went on his fifth honey moon rejoicing.

Two young people eloped from Ripon, to Fond Du Lac and telegraphed back to the girl's parents, "May we get married? Please wire consent immediately, as the ceremony will be performed this evening anyhow."

When Dr. J. C. Thompson was married at Sedalia, Mo., he noticed that Miss Collet, the bridesmaid, whom he had seen for the first time, was handsomer than his wife. He told her so, a few days later, and that he was sorry he had not married her, whereon she remarked that they could easily remedy that by eloping, and they eloped accordingly.

The elopement of two young lovers at Lexington, Ky., was followed two days later by the death of the bridegroom of measles.

A married woman eloped at Farwell, recently, and took the train for the East with her paramour. "Thank Heaven, I'm in time!" yelled the husband as he galloped up to the station, entered the car, placed her child in the cowering woman's lap and rode happily away.

John Halvey and Mrs. Anthony, of Albion, Miss., were about to elope. Each had four children, but they concluded that two would be as many as the new household could support comfortably. So they drew lots and she won and took half of her family with her.

A middle-aged couple recently visited Kansas City on their bridal tour and stayed at the house of the bride's brother. The bridegroom saw his wife's neice that she was fair, eloped with her and made the rest of journey on the old tickts.

Dr. Hammond, of Minneapolis was engaged to marry Miss Bly, but he made Miss Winter his wife instead. Nobody could guess why he changed his matrimonial plan, and the mystery was deepened by the fact that Miss Bly had nothing hard to say against him. The matter was made clear when he eloped with her after getting possession of his wife's fortune.

Jacob Ropp of Pine City, Minn., went out for a walk with Annie Ryder, the daughter of his employer, and induced her to elope. The groom's capital amounted to four cents, and they lived for two days in an empty box-car on three cents worth of crackers, when he obtained work in the brickyard, and they were getting along quite comfortably when the bride's parent's found them, and, after a stormy scene, relented and took them home.

Mr. Gowland of Stockton-on-Tees, lodged with Mr. Peacock and eloped with his wife. The husband, some financial arrangements not being carried out, had them arrested for the larceny of the women's clothes, but as it came out that he had helped them to carry the trunk to the station and had wished them a pleasant journey, the charge was dismissed.

A young woman of Wallingford, Conn., was married the other evening, and while festivities that followed the ceremony were at their height, the bride eloped with one of her old admirers, who was among the guests.

Not long ago a curious elopement case occurred at Bath, Me. A woman fell desperately in love with a man who was not her husband. The husband taking the matter coolly, said: "Wife, we've saved up this winter $100; stay and we'll spend it together; go, and here's $10." She took the money and went.

AN INDIAN CAPTIVE.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A MAN WHO IS NOW CASHIER OF A BANK.

General John R. Baylor furnishes the San Antonio *Express* with the following incident connected with his late visit to Corpus Christi, where he met a Spaniard by the name of Tito Rivera, whom he rescued from the Comanches a quarter of a century ago:

"In 1856 I was United States Indian Agent at the Comanche Reservation on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, then Trockmorton county. One day I found a note on my table from a boy, who asked that he be taken from the Indians. Soon afterwards the boy walked into my office with a bunch of turkey feathers fastened to the top of his head, and his face painted, and dressed in the Indian costume, and said he was the boy who left the note on my table. I asked him where he came from, and he said his father was a Spaniard, and lived in the mining town of Taple, in the State of Durango, Mexico. He spoke Spanish and Comanche. I didn't believe that he had written the note, and to try him asked him to sit down at my desk and show me how he could write. He wrote a beautiful hand for a boy. Questioning him as to how he came to fall into the hands of the Indians, he said that his father owned a pack train, and one day he went out with the mules and the men in charge of the mules and camped. The Indians came on them and took them into captivity. After hearing his story, I sent for the Indian who claimed to own the boy and when he came I told him I must have Tito. He replied that I could not and I told him I would or we would fight. He said that fight it would be then; the boy could not go. I went to see General Robert E. Lee, who was then Lieutenant Colonel of the Second United States cavalry at Camp Cooper, and who had been stationed there to protect the Comanche camp. While there, Chief Catemase, of the Comanches, who had heard of the object of my visit, came to me and said he wanted no trouble between myself and the Indians, and that if I would give up $100 worth of goods I could get the boy. I gave him an order on the sutler and he was given the goods, and the boy was turned over to me. I sent the little fellow to my house and he lived with my children for about two years, being treated as one of the family. Afterwards I met Major Neighbors, who then lived near San Antonio, on the Salado. Major Neighbors said he wanted him, and if I would give him to him he would send him back to his mother. I turned him over to the major, but he didn't send him back to his mother, and the confederate war came on and he went into the confederate army. The boy was twelve years old when I took him, and the Indians had captured him when nine, having had him three years. He spoke the Comanche language perfectly and I used him as interpreter. Major Neighbors left the boy on his ranch on the Salado, near San Antonio, and the boy entered the Confederate army when about sixteen. Upon returning from the war he stopped with Captain Albert Wallace on the Cibolo, fifteen miles north of San Antonio, and from there went to Galveston and thence to Corpus Christi. While with Captain Wallace he earned his living as a cowboy. I went to Corpus Christi to see the boy. Tito Rivera, now cashier of the bank of Davis & Dodridge in Corpus Christi, and one of the most respectable gentlemen of Corpus. He married a Miss Mattie Woodward, and now has one boy and two little girls, and the best of my visit was that the little children came about me, threw their arms around my neck and called me grandpa. Rivera is now about thirty six years of age and is a magnificent-looking man."