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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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 add'l additional per year will be charged to subscribers.

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Pay for your paper before you stop it, if 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, JANUARY 13, 1882. NUMBER 49.

Adv[illegible] 3. & B.

[illegible]BER 19th, 1881.

The large and [illegible] Cambria Freeman Christmas Presents to Relatives and Friends, we have decided to dispose of our entire stock of Dry Goods, Notions, etc., at Cost for Cash! We invite the attention of the public to the following [illegible] MAS!

1 inch, 2 times	[illegible]
1 " 3 months	[illegible]
1 " 6 months	[illegible]
1 " 1 year	[illegible]
2 " 6 months	6.00
2 " 1 year	10.00
3 " 6 months	8.00
3 " 1 year	12.00
¼ col'n 6 months	15.00
¼ " 1 year	25.00
½ " 6 months	25.00
½ " 1 year	40.00
1 " 6 months	60.00
1 " 1 year	75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices	2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.00
Stray and similar Notices	1.50

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

Resolutions or 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.

CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

THE Chicago & North-Western RAILWAY
is OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the
LEADING RAILWAY
—OF THE—
WEST AND NORTHWEST!
the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in
Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,
DENVER, LEADVILLE, Deadwood, Sioux City.
Among the Points on this Line are Milwaukee, Columbus, and all points in Wisconsin, Upper Michigan and Canada. Also, for Milwaukee, Chicago, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Ripon, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Stevens Point, Houghton, Hancock, Portage, Wausau, Marshfield, Ashland, Superior, Tomah, La Crosse, Winona, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Yankton, Fargo, Bismarck, Portland, Deadwood, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska and the Northwest.
Which Route is the Traveled Route, and which Route the Traveling Public patronize in preference to any other line, because it is the Best Route.
Tickets via this Line are the Same Price as those of Other Lines.
Through Cars run only on this Line, C., R. & Q. Bridge, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Jerome, Topeka and Kansas City.
Connections for all points in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.
The Fastest, Speediest and Most Comfortable route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.
Unequaled inducements offered by this line to travelers and Tourists, are as follows:
Elegant Dining Cars, Unexcelled Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, run only on this Line, C., R. & Q. Bridge leaving Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chair Cars. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The Famous C., R. & Q. Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Reclining Chairs, for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.
The Best and Superior Equipment, comprising Through Sleepers, Through Car Arrangements, the above route, is the favorite route to the South, South-West, and the Far West, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.
Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line are for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.
For Maps, Time Tables, and other information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, etc., not obtainable of Ticket Agents in your town, address the undersigned, or any Agent of the Company.
A. KEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent, 319 Broadway, cor. Pearl St., New York.
E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager.
JAS. BARNES, Gen'l Tkt. Agent.
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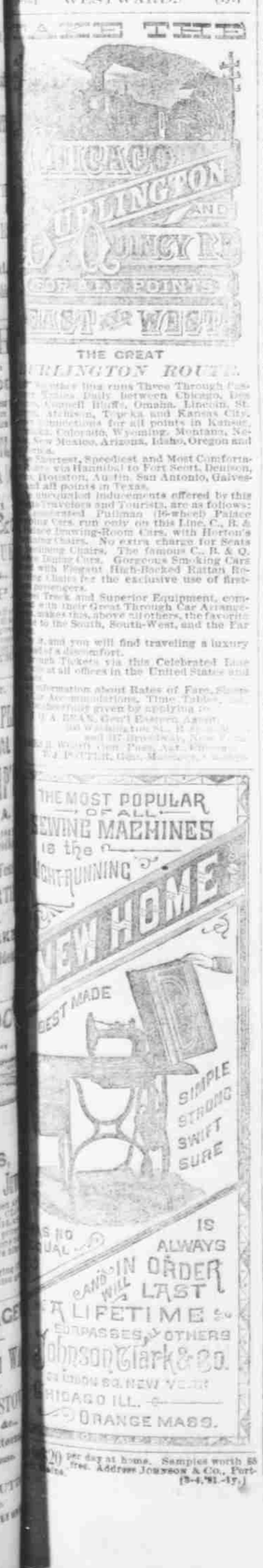
A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Manager.

[illegible] connections made at Junction Points, and it is the ONLY LINE running
PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS
—BETWEEN—
CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.
All Agents selling you Tickets should give you Ticket. Examine your Tickets, and refuse any Ticket not reading over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.
Ask for Tickets reading over this Line, which contains the Best Traveling Accommodations. Insist on your Tickets being thus routed, and you will TAKE NONE OTHER.
All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.
MARVIN HUGHITT,
Pres't and General Manager, Chicago.
WESTWARD. (3y.)



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

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.

SALT RHEUM.
Will McDonald, 2542 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 Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (great skin cures) externally.

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 to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.
E. 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 (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well until this day.

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 Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

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

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, one Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' LIGHTNING PLASTERS
Is not quicker than COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere.

HANDBOOK OF PLANTS
BY PETER HENDERSON.
Author of "Gardening for Profit," "Practical Floriculture," "Gardening for Pleasure," etc.
This work is designed to fill a want that practically has existed for many years. It is not a dry catalogue, but partakes of a more comprehensive character, being a complete Dictionary of Plants, etc., embracing the Botanical Names, Derivations, Classes, Orders, Colors, Seasons, Uses, with Latin or Common Names, of all the Plants in the present market, with Illustrations, Descriptions, and Cultural Directions for the Flower Garden, Greenhouse, Hot-bed and Kitchen Garden.
Price, $1.50, Postpaid by mail, on receipt of price.
A PORTION OF CATALOGUE OF
SEEDS AND PLANTS
1 OF 1884, sent free on application.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, &c., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, &c. We have had **thirty-five years experience.**
Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid paper, $3.20 per year, or at $2.60 to all who in addition pay one year in advance for the FREEMAN, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York, or send $1.25 to this office for both papers (SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and CAMBRIA FREEMAN) and a copy of Kendall's "Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases," the best work of the kind ever published. Hand Book about Patents sent free. [11-18-81.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of JOHN A. SMITH, Executor of JAMES A. SMITH, of Gallitzin, deceased.

And now, 11th December, 1881, on motion of R. L. Johnston, Esq., Joseph McDonald appointed Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of the Executor. By the Court.

In pursuance of the foregoing appointment, the Auditor will meet at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Saturday, 28th January, A. D. 1882, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested can attend and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of H. J. Hade, Assignee of A. R. Litzinger.

The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the said account and to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the Assignee, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, January 17th, 1882, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.
M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Dec. 29, 1881.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MATTHEW DIGNAN, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Matthew Dignan, late of Gallitzin township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly proofated for settlement.
ROBERT E. DIGNAN, Administrator.
Gallitzin Twp., Dec. 16, 1881.-6t.

STRAY COLT.—On or about the 1st of the present month a stud colt, one-and-a-half years old, nearly black, of medium size, and without any distinguishing marks on him, strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Washington township, Cambria county. Any person having him in possession or knowing of his whereabouts will please write to or call on the owner, who will compensate him for his trouble.
MIKE LITZINGER.
Hemlock, Dec. 23, 1881.-3t*.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

MORAL COSMETICS.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passion's lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of ages fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon-worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure,
In books, friends, music polish'd leisure;
The mind, not sense,
Made the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
What'er his state;
But challenges with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.
—*Springfield Republican.*

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its tine of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

ESCAPED.

It was a bitter night in January—a night when homeless wanderers sank down frozen to death, and the very marrow seemed to congeal in one's bones.

"There's one advantage in steam," said a fat old gentleman, in the corner seat, "wind and weather don't affect it. No flesh and blood horse could stand a night like this, but the iron horse keeps straight ahead though the thermometer is at zero or at boiling water heat."

Just then the conductor entered.

"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please."

"It's a dreadful night, conductor," I said, feeling, with stiffened fingers, for my ticket.

"Dreadful, sir," feelingly responded the conductor. "Why, the brakemen can't live outside, and so I look the other way when they creep in, poor fellows, to get a breath of warm air at the stove."

And the conductor opened the door and plunged across the coupling into the next car, crying out:

"Hardwick!"

It was quite a considerable city, with a handsome iron depot, and the usual crowd around the platform, with their hands in their pockets and their cigar ends aglow.

Our car was nearly the last of the long train, and but one passenger entered—a slender young girl, wrapped in a gray blanket shawl and wearing a neat little traveling hat of gray straw, trimmed with stone-colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate, like one unused to traveling, and finally sat down near the door.

"Pardon me, young lady," said I, "but you had better come nearer the stove."

She started, hesitated an instant, and then obeyed.

"Does this train go on to Bayswater?" she asked, in a voice so deliciously soft that it seemed to thrill through me.

"Yes. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Oh, no—at least not until we reach Bayswater. I would like a carriage there."

"We shall not be there for three hours yet."

"Do we stop again?"

"Only at Exmouth."

She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of relief, and then settled back in her corner. By the light of the lamp I could see her face plainly. Apparently she was not more than sixteen, with large blue eyes, golden hair drawn straight away from her face, and a little rosy mouth like that of a baby.

"Do you expect friends to meet you at Bayswater, my child?" I asked.

"No, sir; I am going to school there."

"It will be an awkward hour to arrive by yourself—one in the morning."

"Oh, I am not afraid," she said, with an artless little laugh. "I shall go straight to the seminary."

So the train thundered on with steady, ceaseless pulsing at its iron heart, and a constant roar. Suddenly the signal whistles sounded, and the train began to slacken its speed.

"Surely we are not at Exmouth yet?" I thought; unless I had fallen unconsciously asleep and allowed the progress of time to escape me.

I glanced at my watch: it was barely half past eleven, and I knew we were not due at Exmouth until twelve.

I rubbed the frost from the window pane and looked out. We had stopped at a little way-station in the midst of dense pine woods.

"Is this Exmouth?"

It was the soft voice of the pretty traveler opposite.

"No; I don't know what place it is; some way-station."

"Does this train stop at way-stations?"

"Never, generally: they must have been specially signaled here. You are cold, my child—your voice trembles."

"It is cold," she said faintly, drawing her shawl around her. "Oh, I wish they would hurry on!"

"We are moving once more," I said.—"Conductor!—for the man of tickets was passing through the cars—"why did you stop at this backwoods place?"

"Out of water!" was the reply, as he hurriedly passed by.

Now I knew perfectly well that this answer was not the real solution of the matter. Our delay had not exceeded half a minute—altogether too short a time for replenishing the boilers; and where on earth was the water to come from in that desolate stretch of barren pine woods. Five minutes after, the conductor entered the car; I made room for him at my side.

"Sit down, conductor—you have nothing to do just this minute."

He obeyed.

"What did you mean by telling me such a lie just now?" I spoke it under my breath. He replied, in the same tone:

"About what?"

"About the reason we stopped just now." He smiled.

"To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on a single passenger—a gentleman—who has come down from Bayswater."

"For the pleasure of traveling once more over the same route?"

"Exactly—for the pleasure of traveling it in certain society. Don't be alarmed for your own safety—it's a detective policeman."

"A——"

I was about to repeat the words in astonishment, when he motioned me to silence.

"And who is the offender?"

"I don't know myself yet. He don't want a scene until the moment of arrest; we are safe enough until we reach Bayswater."

"Where is he?"

"The detective? He sits by the door yonder, with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes. Did you ever see a more perfect specimen of a dilapidated countryman?"

I smiled; I could not help it.

"What is the case?"

"A murder—a man and his wife and two little children—their throats cut, last night and the house set on fire too afterwards."

"Great heavens! what a monster!"

We had continued the conversation thro'-out in a whisper, scarcely above our breath, and now the conductor arose and left me to study the faces of my fellow passengers with curious dread and horror.

Somehow, often as I revolved the matter in my mind, my fancy would settle on a course, brutal-looking man opposite, with a bushy beard and a coat of shaggy wool, with the collar turned up around his ears.

I felt convinced that this man with the the brutal eyes, and the heavy hanging jaws was the Cain! And as I looked furtively across, I caught the wide open orbs of the fair little girl.

Obeying the instantaneous impulse of my heart, I arose and went over to her.

"You heard what we were saying my child?"

"Yes, a murder—oh, how horrible!"

"Do not be frightened; no one will hurt you."

She smiled up in my face with sweet confiding innocence.

Our stay at Exmouth was but brief; but during the delay I could see that the watchful detective had changed his seat to one near the brutish man in the shaggy overcoat.

"See!" faltered the young girl, "they—locked the car doors at Exmouth, they are unlocking them now."

She was right.

"Probably they were fearful lest the criminal should escape," I remarked in an undertone.

"Will you—may I trouble you to bring me a glass of water?"

I rose and made my way toward the ice cooler, by the door, but with difficulty, for the train was again under rapid motion. To my disappointment the tin goblet was chained to the shelf.

"No matter," she said, with a winning smile; "I will come myself."

I drew the water, and held up the cup, but instead of taking it as she approached, she brushed suddenly past me, opened the door, and rushed out upon the platform.

"Stop her! stop her! shouted the detective, springing to his feet. "She will be killed! Conductor—brakeman—hold up!"

There was a rush—a tumult—a bustle. I was first upon the platform, but it was empty and deserted, save by a half frozen looking brakeman, who seemed horror-stricken.

"She went past me like a shadow and jumped off as we crossed Cairn turnpike road," he stammered.

"Jumped off the express train! Well," said the conductor, shrugging his shoulders, "she must have been killed instantly. What mad folly!"

"It's five hundred dollars out of my pocket," said the detective, ruefully. "I didn't want a scene before we got to Bayswater, but I was a confounded fool. A woman cornered will do anything, I believe!"

"What!" I ejaculated, "you surely do not mean that child—"

"I mean," said the detective calmly, "that that child, as you call her, is Attila Burton, a married woman, twenty-six years old, who last night murdered four persons in cold blood, and was trying to escape to Canada."

The train was stopped and a party of us went back to seach for any trace of the poor creature whose apparent innocence had appealed to my sympathies so earnestly. We found her at length, quite dead, by the side of track, frightly mangled by the force of the fall, and mutilated almost beyond recognition.

"Well, she's escaped justice in this world, if not in the next," said the detective gloomily, as he stood looking down upon her remains.

"Do you suppose she expected to be able to spring from the train without much injury?" I asked.

"Without much injury? Yes; women are unreasoning creatures! But I never dreamed of such insane folly, or I should have taken measures to prevent it.

They lifted up the fair dead thing, and carried it to the nearest place of refuge, a lonely farm house among the hills, and we returned to the train, reaching Bayswater only a few minutes behind time. And when, in the morning papers, I read the account of the murder, and the tragic end of the murderess, I thought of the slender creature's blue eyes and rosebud mouth, with a strange, pitying thrill at my heart.

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—A gentleman in Convers, Ga., offers the above sum as a reward to any person who will, on sight, read the following without mispronouncing a word:

"One morning I found myself in a queer vocale, amid a vast area of burning sands. To my relief I described an oasis, but alas! it turned out to be a mirage. I could see, as I thought, cascades, geysers, and gewgaws indescribable. When I complained to an Edomite of such a deceptive land the untoward fellow treated me with contumely. I was only saved by the timely appearance of a chaunts from the puissant blows of the nuisence which leaped up from the root of the pyramidal cypress, at which he fired his fuse. This perverse creature was so maddened by my escape that he committed felose. He was the protege of the king, and had been for sometime his employe in deciphering cruciform inscriptions, and may have been a Chaldean. Though cleanly dressed, he was not cleanly. Now seeking a recess by a stream filled with animalcules, I wrote an exquisite essay, drawing on my fertile brain, which I read each alternate day, for a week, and then wrapped it up and placed it in an aleove for safe keeping."

THE *Yonkers Gazette* inclines to the opinion that not only did man spring from the ape, but that some men haven't sprung very far. That does seem to be about the size of it.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.

Towards the close of President Pierce's administration, society in Washington was much agitated and interested by a brilliant marriage of the daughter of a member of the Cabinet who then enjoyed world-wide fame as a financial and political economist.

This was Robert J. Walker, a man of remarkable intellectual acuteness, great research, and indefatigable industry.

There was no lovelier or more attractive young woman than his daughter. Her mother, a lineal descendant of Ben Franklin, had contributed by her talent and charms largely to the success of her husband in politics, law, and social advancement.

The happy bridegroom on this occasion was a young naval officer of one of the oldest creole families in Louisiana.

The marriage ceremonies were of the most brilliant character. The President, every member of the Cabinet, the Foreign Ministers, the Senators—in fine, all the notables of Washington—attended, blessed, and were enthused by the happy scene of a marriage, that seemed so congenial, suitable and felicitious.

After their marriage the young couple went on the grand tour to Europe, and took up their residence in Paris, where they sojourned for some months.

Their means were ample and their friends and associates were of the highest social class.

And thus for some years the course of their married life run smoothly, until disasters—political, sectional, and financial—fell upon them and their families.

At the breaking out of the civil war Rob't J. Walker attached himself to the fortunes of the North, and became a bitter enemy of the Southern struggle for independence. His son-in-law was compelled by every obligation of honor, State pride and duty to the ancient family of which he was a member, and to identify himself with the South.

The consequent altercations and discord led to their permanent separation. The young wife retired with her child to her mother and family in Philadelphia, and there resided for several years in seclusion. In the meantime Mr. Robert J. Walker, had lost by the investment in a railroad enterprise the fortune he had acquired by his professional success, and at his death left his family in narrow circumstances.

His widowed daughter, despite her extreme reserve, could not fail to attract the attention, sympathy and interest of the friends of the father and mother. Many advances were made by gentlemen of wealth and prominence to engage her favorable consideration of proposals of marriage.

For some time she resisted all such advances. At last, however, her friends and society were astounded by the report that she had accepted the hand of a gentleman distinguished in the professional and political world, but cursed with a deformity and mutilation as repulsive and revolting as that of the veiled Mokanna of Moore's Lalla Rookh. In boyhood he had fallen into the fire on his face, and so burned it, as to present even now, in advanced age, a most pitiable and hideous aspect.

Those who are accustomed to making summer visits and sojourns at Long Branch have not failed to observe in the parlors of the West End Hotel, on the promenades and drives of that delightful resort, the unhappy victim of this cruel misfortune, in a stout gentleman of good figure, of dignified and graceful carriage, but with a face so blurred, scarred and distorted, as almost to conceal, and abolish all human resemblance, and repel with disgust all advances of closer observation and acquaintance. Upon that gentleman's arm leans a lovely woman, whose pale face still retains the most refined and beautiful expression, and whose harmonious features and lithe and graceful figure may be quickly recognized as those of the beautiful Miss Walker, who twenty-five years before had enthralled all beholders, and given her the unquestioned title to the sweetest and prettiest girl in Washington City.

The marked attention of the brilliant company at the West End, through which they passed, the eagerness of all persons to exchange courtesies and engage in conversation with the gentleman and lady, the attention and respect with which everything which fell from the gentleman was received by all listeners, betokened the high consideration in which he was held. To draw him into conversation, and drink in his every utterance, appeared to be ambition of every one.

"Who is that couple?" would be the first inquiry of strangers; "that terribly mutilated and defaced gentleman and that unhappy daughter that hangs upon his arm." The ready answer would be, that gentleman is the ablest, most eloquent, and impressive lawyer and orator of Philadelphia, who for many years has led that bar, and is the most agreeable and captivating gentleman of very polished society of that refined city. The lady is tde daughter of Robert J. Walker, so distinguished in our political and financial history. The gentleman spoken of is now Attorney General of the United States.

SCIENCE AND BENT PINS.—We sometimes form an opinion of the blame-worthiness of our own conduct which is very different from that of other people. "My son," said a fond parent to his only child, "I hear you were whipped to-day at school. What did you do to deserve it?" The child looked into the parent's face with a gaze of sweet innocence, and replied: "Nothing at all, father," "Ah," was the philosophic reply, "your teacher must be a perfect ogre to punish you for nothing at all. Can't you think of anything that was amiss?" "Well, father," continued the noble boy, "I was just trying an experiment in connection with cause and effect, and it displeased the teacher." "And will you kindly explain it, my son?" queried the father. "Certainly, my dear father," was the reply. "I bent a pin into a peculiar shape, and put it into the teacher's chair. How was I to know that he was tired and wanted to sit down?" He did sit down, however, before I had a chance to warn him, and when he got up, which he did almost immediately, and I must say with unbecoming violence, he seemed to be greatly disturbed in his mind; indeed, a man changed for the worse. I didn't know before that matter could effect mind so seriously. Now that's all I did, and I did it in the interest of science, and yet he whipped me." Then the benevolent father patted his boy on the head, and said: "My son there is nothing in the universe which more quickly effects the human mind than a bent pin. One may sit down deliberatly, but he always rises with rapidity. Don't try the experiment again, and especially on your old father."

SECOND SIGHT.

Many intelligent people in Scotland and elsewhere believe in what is called the second sight, or, a power of seeing what is going on many miles away. The power is less common than it used to be many years ago, but so many facts are told by persons whose veracity cannot be questioned, that it is easier to believe them without explaining the mystery, than to deny them. Similar facts in our own midst are not wanting confirming the possibility of this second sight.

It is a historical fact that Rev. Jos. Buckminster, who died in Vermont in 1812, just before his death, announced that his distinguished son, Rev. J. S. Buckminster, of Boston, was dead. It afterwards turned out that his son had breathed his last about the time his father made the announcement.

A parallel to that of the Buckminsters occurred but a short time since at Eaton, O. On a Wednesday morning in April, '73, at four o'clock, Gen. John Quinn, of that place, breathed his last. But a few minutes of that Joseph Deem, who also died on the same day, aroused from his sleep, and said to his son John, who sat at his side, "John, Gen. Quinn is dead."

To this John said: "I reckon you are mistaken, father; you have been dreaming. I guess Gen. Quinn is not dead, he is not even sick, but goes down town regularly every day for his mail."

"Yes," said father Deem, "I know he is dead;" and he had scarcely finished speaking when a neighbor walked in and said to them, "Gen. Quinn is dead!"

What is strange about it, is that father Deem did not know of Gen. Quinn's illness, and, in all probability, had not heard his name mentioned.

The late Dr. Francis Wayland was accustomed to tell of an incident of this kind, which occurred to his mother, a woman of sound judgment and of admirably balanced character. Young Francis was expected home from New York, where he had been attending medical lectures. Suddenly, one day, the mother began to walk the floor hurriedly, saying to her husband, "Pray for my son. Francis is in danger!"

She was so agitated and earnest that the father put up a prayer for deliverance from peril. When Francis at length arrived home, the mother asked at once, "What has taken place?" He told of an adventure. While coming up the North River on a sloop he had fallen overboard and the sloop had passed over him. Being an athletic swimmer, he had kept afloat until rescued.

Heinrich Zschokke, one of the eminent literary men of Germany, possessed at times the curious power of seeing the whole life of a stranger into whose company he had been thrown. The incidents of the life seemed to pass before him in a kind of vision, with a distinctness even in minute details. He could not tell in what the power lay, nor how it came to him; nor was it permanent, or even general. It came mysteriously and left as strangely. But he often tested his accuracy by recounting to the stranger the whole story of the life as it appeared to him, and never failed to receive an acknowledgment of its truth, even in minute particulars. Once, when travelling with two of his sons, he met with another man, an orange pedler, who had a similar gift, and who, to the great delight of the boys, told the incidents of Zschokke's life from boyhood.

A distinguished scientist has advanced the theory in our hearing, to which he himself holds, that there is an unknown mental power in the human system that is independent of our recognized faculties, and superior to them. Certain persons on going to sleep fix upon an hour of the night to awake, and always awake at the fixed time. This indicates a knowledge of time possessed by this unexplained mental power which is beyond the reach of the ordinary faculties.

Many of the French soldiers, returning from the German frontier during the late war, were found sleeping during a weary some march, but they kept in rank and obeyed orders. People have composed poems, reasoned with wonderful clearness on abstruse subjects, and even played the piano with unusual brilliancy and expression during sleep.

Dr. Brown-Sequard once related an incident of his own experience somewhat similar to those recorded of Zschokke. He was once lecturing to some French students, talking very rapidly, his whole mind wrapped up in the subject. He suddenly stopped short in his discourse, and stood before the audience, lost, as it were, in profound thought. While his mind had seemingly been concentrated on the subject of his lecture with unusual intensity, there had been forced into it the solution of a problem of science that had baffled his efforts for a long period, and which was quite foreign to the subject of which he was treating. The students became alarmed, thinking from his strange silence, that he must have been taken ill, and he thought it prudent to make an explanation of the cause of his conduct on the spot.

A CROWS' CONCERT.—On a tract of timber on Alloway's Creek Neck, a few miles from Salem, N.J., belonging to Thos. Sinnels, is a crows' roost, which is the wonder of the neighborhood. A small crow roost was found several winters ago in the tract, and it kept growing, until it now comprises a family of several thousand. The music by the crows is not only superior to any ever heard from the throats of crows by old-time residents, but by some sort of understanding among the musicians, there is no cessation of the music. The roost seems to be divided into two companies, one of which warbles during the daytime and the other at night—while one-half are asleep the other half keep up the concert. Then they alternate. For three weeks have these crows kept up their orderly method of warbling, and the noise has not ceased for a moment. Yet it is not disagreeable, and the old women say that they could not go to sleep without the sound of the crows in their ears. A certain number of the crows go on a foraging expedition every day, and a half dozen act as guards, roosting in a tree several hundred feet distant, and give warning when any one approaches too close to the roost.

THIS shot from the Sharon *Herald* would find a target in some other towns that we know of: "Stand up, girls—you flirts that 'meet the train,' and bob and flirt and giggle with every noodle whose attention you can attract. Why are the girls of Sharon like the six of dice?" asked Bones, of Baird's minstrels, at the Opera House, last Friday evening. The gentlemanly interlocutor could not tell; he probably hadn't been on the streets that afternoon. 'Because,' said Bones, who had probably been flirting with some of you all afternoon, 'because they are hard to shake!' Now, girlies, fun out and flirt with the next baldheaded drummer or negro minstrel that comes to town."

THERE are patent medicines to cure most everything except a mismatched stove-pipe. And that's just what this distressed country is howling for.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, THEN A SHOEMAKER, AND THEN A MINER—DARING EXPLOITS AMONG THE INDIANS—NARROW ESCAPES, ETC.

Sebastian Beck is a name which no novelist would select for his hero, but a man bearing it is now in the city of Omaha, Neb., whose career is heroic enough to be the skeleton of a most entertaining frontier romance. Mr. Beck is 57 years of age, sun-browned and considerably shattered in health, but he is intelligent, and his story is vouched for in several letters he carries from well-known army officers, who have had means of determining its truth.

From 1867 to 1870 the subject of this article was a soldier in the regular army, and when mustered out was a private in Company E of the Ninth infantry—the regiment now stationed at Fort Omaha. Retiring from the service, he settled in Chicago, where he worked at his trade, being a shoemaker. Business was good, and he and three other workmen had all they could attend to, but his years of army life, during which his regiment had been frequently transferred from one fort to another on the frontier, had rendered him unfit for the unexciting life of a cobbler, and, in 1875, he sold his business, determining to seek a fortune in the West. The gold discoveries in the Black Hills about this time began to excite public interest, and Mr. Beck was among the number who caught the mining fever.—He packed up his hous-hold goods, and with his wife, two young daughters and a son 12 years old, he left Chicago, March 16, 1875, and landed in due time at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. Here he joined the company of Gen. Carpenter, of Sedalia, Missouri, who led twenty-five families into the Hills.—They had wagons camping outfits and provisions for six months. Just about this time the President issued his order to the army, commanding the arrest of all persons who should attempt to cross the line into the Sioux reservation, which then included what is now the Black Hills gold mining region. However, this party was not detected by the troops, and they reached Deadwood Gulch in safety, and part of them went to work developing the St. John's mine. Beck was of this number, and he erected a log cabin about three-quarters of a mile from the "diggings," which himself and family called their home.

All went well with the daring miners until July 18th, when they were surrounded by Sitting Bull's band of Sioux and were made captives. Beck was separated from his family, and has never seen or heard of them since. He was taken, with several men of the company, to the Indian village of Rosebud, then consisting of four hundred lodges, and expected to be the victim of an Indian scalp-dance. The Indians, however, offered the white men their choice between death and becoming members of the tribe. Death is often the choice of the Caucassian, and Beck formed no exception. He doffed his mining garb and donned the blanket, moccasins, paint and feathers of a Sioux brave. He was given a young Cheyenne squaw about eighteen years of age, for his wife, and soon became, to all appearances, a thoroughgoing Indian.

"Moneka" was the name of his dusky sweetheart and bride. "Moneka," in the Sioux tongue, is translated as "my love." She had been made a captive by this band when but 11 years of age, and Beck became strongly attached to her. He soon learned the language of the Sioux, and adapted himself to his surroundings. Five weeks after his capture he was an unwilling participant in the massacre of Custer on the Little Big Horn. He followed the fates of his captors through all the weary months which followed while the war continued, and at last, with them, crossed the boundary into the British possessions.

His story of the sufferings of the red braves and their wretched families in that wintry clime are enough to excite the hearer's compassion. Their clothing worn out, their game supply scant, and the deep snow and severe cold were bravely borne, and they struggled along, keeping soul and body together as long as their pride could endure, but finally were forced to surrender. Beck and the other captives returned to civilization with their red comrades at Standing Rock agency, but so browned by exposure that they could with difficulty establish their identity as white men.

Mr. Beck says that he could have escaped almost any time since they crossed the border, but his attachment for the gentle 'Moneka' had grown upon him and had been cemented by the birth of two papooses, and he could not consent to leave them in exile. After the surrender he joined a wagon train en route to Fort