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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.

CHEAP!

CHEAPEST!!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

MOWING MACHINES, HORSE HAY RAKES,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths, Carriage Oil Cloth,

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; IRON and CISTERN PUMPS of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I have for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

E. L. Johnston. M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker. A. W. Buck
JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $136,000.
Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 21, 1881.-1y.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,
EBENSBURG, PA.,

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Has always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1881.-1y*

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!
J. G. LLOYD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL, COKE AND LIME.
EBENSBURG, PA.
LAND LIME A SPECIALTY. [1-13.-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

TO MY OLD AND NEW
FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS
AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

I am happy to inform you that I find I have now on hand one of the largest and best stock of

Dry Goods, Notions and General Supplies

that I ever had since I came among you to sell goods. Fortunately I was late in making my selections and purchases for the present season, and owing to that fact I did very much better than I could otherwise have done, as the remarkable fine weather during the past Fall kept back customers and left wholesale merchants with large stocks of goods and a great desire to sell, fearing as they naturally did that they would be obliged to carry them over to another season. Hence they offered and I purchased all my goods at from 20 to 30 per cent. below regular wholesale prices, and I now propose to give my customers the advantage of these great reductions. In my immense stock will be found nearly everything necessary for household and personal use, among which may be mentioned a large lot of

WHITE AND GREY WOOL BLANKETS,
A NICE LOT OF HAPS,
And a huge pile of LADIES' SACQUES,
all of which will be sold very cheap. Also, a full and fine selection of
LADIES' AND MISSES' WOOLEN SKIRTS,
all new and very choice; a complete assortment of the latest styles of
DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS,
Notions, &c.; an ample supply of Woolen Yarns of all colors and qualities, and a full, elegant and varied stock of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS,
to say nothing of a never-failing supply of
Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Tobaccos, Spices,
Flour, Feed, Provisions, &c.,
all of which will positively be sold at the very lowest notch. You are respectfully invited to call and see for yourselves.
THOMAS BRADLEY.
GALLITZIN, CAMBRIA CO., PA., Dec. 23, 1881.-2m.

LYNCH & STEVENS,
UNDERTAKERS,
And Manufacturers and Dealers in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
ALTOONA, PA.

Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, - Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

WILLIAM A. GITTINGS,
—DEALER IN—
PIANOS and ORGANS!
OF THE VERY BEST MAKES.
High Street, - - Ebensburg, Pa.

Repairing and tuning of instruments promptly and satisfactorily attended to, and instructions in vocal and instrumental music given at reasonable rates. Pianos and Organs sold to reliable parties on monthly or other payments when desired. Call and see. [1-30,'82.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

$500 REWARD
Over a Million
OF
PROFESSOR
GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH
Kidney Pads
Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has effected cures every time when used according to directions. We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflamation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

Ladies, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED
without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing
PROF. GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH KIDNEY PAD
WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

JUDGE BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best Doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

GEORGE VETTER, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads four weeks."

SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidneys Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

MRS. HELEN JEROME, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhœa and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back, and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. KEESLING, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., in sending an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any kidney remedy we ever sold."

RAY & SHOEMAKER, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo.: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day." [2-17.-1y.]

For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

ROBBED —Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives prolonged, happiness and health restored by the use of the great
GERMAN INVIGORATOR
which positively and permanently cures Impotency (caused by excesses of any kind), Seminal Weakness, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave.

Send for circulars with testimonials free by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at $1 per box, or six boxes for $5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price by addressing
F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
187 Summit St., TOLEDO OHIO,
[2-17.-1y.] Sole Agent for the United States.
For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH LIVER PAD
Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague Cake, Billious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price $1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
TOLEDO, OHIO.
For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., [2-17-1y.]

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $90. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

$2 Watches. Stem winders $3.50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 1?? Nassau St. New York.

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

COMING ROUND THE CURVE.

There is a clever maxim,
Which I would on you impress,
Whether in joy or sorrow,
In pleasure or distress,
To keep your wits about you,
And faithfully observe
To look out for the engine,
When it's coming round the curve.

Should business cares oppress you,
And times seem hard and drear,
An honest heart and sunny smile
Will all your future cheer.
Put on the brakes, keep a sharp lookout,
The maxim well will serve,
If you blow your whistle lively
When you're coming round the curve.

If a gay coquette should charm you,
With eyes and hair like night,
To make your poor heart flutter,
And telescope it quite.
You bring to mind this maxim,
And then (without reserve)
To hoist the danger signal
When she's coming round the curve.

To do your duty manfully,
To cleave unto the right,
Will make life all the happier
And your joys will be more bright;
If you leave the wrong behind you
And from the right ne'er swerve,
The engine will not harm you
When it's coming round the curve.

And when the grim destroyer
Shall stare you in the face,
Remember that the lot of all
Is a final resting place.
Don't let this thought unman you,
But be a man of nerve,
And look out for the engine
When it's going round the curve.

THE TEXAN WAR.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT OF HISTORY.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Among the extraordinary events of history none can surpass, in point of thrilling interest, those of the Texas war for independence, and especially that portion which relates to the massacre of Col. Fannin and his men at Goliad, by order of General Santa Anna. Learning that one of the survivors of that bloody butchery resided in Nelson county, Ky., a representative of the Courier-Journal, securing a horse and buggy, wended his way along the pike, through Jefferson, Bullitt and Nelson counties to Fairfield, the home of Judge Richard Constantine, a gallant veteran of the Mexican war, who kindly consented to guide and introduce to the object of his search.

After a pleasant drive of four miles over a smooth, macadamized road that would put to shame the best streets of Louisville, upon the outskirts of the rapidly growing village of Bloomfield, he halted in front of a comfortable, home like residence, shaded by English elms, and was fortunate in finding the hero of this sketch, Col. James Wood, at home.

In answer to the interrogation of the reporter, the Colonel said: I enlisted at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and went thence to New Orleans, and took passage across the Gulf on a sailing vessel, and landed at Copano, Texas, March 17, 1836. Our company consisted of about seventy men, under the command of Captain William P. Miller. A portion of us had disembarked and rendezvoused in the chapparal bordering upon the bay, when a large detachment of Mexicans under General Urire swept down upon us, and we fell an easy prey to overwhelming numbers. A detachment was sent to capture the vessel, and succeeded without difficulty, and we were all placed under strong guard and marched to Fort Goliad without anything to eat on the march except raw beef. We were captured on the 20th and arrived at Goliad on the 24th. Here we met Colonel Fannin's command, which had been captured about the same time. On the first day we were allowed to mingle freely with Fannin's men, but that night we were separated from them, and were told that they were to be shot and that we might share the same fate, but it was as yet undecided. I had conversed freely with Col. Fannin's officers and men, and learned from them many incidents connected with their retreat, fight, capture and treatment, which I have never seen in print. January, 1836, Col. Fannin arrived at the Mission Refugio on Mission river, where a small detachment of men under Col. Grant awaited him. Col. Fannin assumed command of the joint forces, and being advised of the advance of a large Mexican army, he retreated to Fort Goliad. The Mexicans, flushed with repeated victories, having overcome the immortal heroes, Crocket, Milam, Bowie and others at the Alamo, advanced rapidly upon him, in overwhelming numbers, and on the morning of the 19th March their cavalry appeared in sight and had a skirmish with Col. Horton, of the Texas cavalry, and compelled him to retire into fort. On the morning of 19th Col. Fannan, having determined to fall back toward Gen. Houston's army, succeeded in crossing the San Antonio river, and had advanced about eight miles toward the Coleto river, when his cavalry scouts gave notice of the immediate presence of the enemy, estimating their forces at 2,000 men, the Texas forces numbering 400 men. Col. Fannin made every effort to reach a knoll in the prairie covered by oak timber, about two miles directly in front of him, but found from the unevenness of the ground and the slow movements of the oxen drawing the artillery that he must abandon his cannon in order to reach the timber. He decided to give battle in the open prairie, and accordingly formed his men into a hollow square, placing the baggage and ammunition train in the centre. By this time the brave band were surrounded and the Mexicans immediately opened fire, and rushed forward impetuously, with their cavalry on the south and their infantry on the three other sides, as if determined upon annihilating the devoted little band at one onset. A terrible fire, delivered at short range by the Texans, turned them back, with heavy loss. The Mexicans again and again charged the position, and each time were driven back, until night closed upon the unequal conflict.—Three hundred Mexicans lay dead upon the battle field, with about three hundred and fifty wounded. The Texans lost six killed and fifty wounded. During the night Col. Fannin strengthened his position by slight entrenchments in preparation for the morrow's conflict. At daylight on the morning of the 20th the roar of artillery announced the fact that the Mexicans had received heavy reinforcements during the night, bringing with them fifteen pieces of cannon. The Texan cannon had been silenced by the absence of water to swab the guns, and the ammunition was about exhausted. At this critical moment the Mexicans raised a flag of truce and a parley was held. Col. Fannin, despairing of cutting his way out, agreed to surrender to Gen. Urrea on condition that his men be allowed to keep their side arms and be paroled or exchanged. Several of the Mexican officers who were present were educated at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., and were known to some of Fannin's men, and hence, when the terms of capitulation were accepted they had no doubt but that they would be carried out in good faith. The surrender was on Sunday morning, March 20. They were taken back to Fort Goliad, and a system of cruel treatment was inaugurated that served to crush their spirits and debilitate their bodies in preparation for the bloody tragedy about to take place. The prisoners, although guaranteed to the contrary, were required to surrender their side arms, and were forced at the point of the bayonet to severe and incessant labor, without anything to eat except raw beef of inferior quality. Saturday they were allowed nothing by way of sustenance. Saturday afternoon a courier arrived from General Santa Anna, with instructions to shoot the prisoners at sunrise on the following morning. That night a council was held by the Mexican officers as to whether Santa Anna meant to include our command in his order or not. Upon a vote being taken a bare majority of one was in favor of awaiting further orders. We told some of Fannin's men what we had heard, but they did not believe us, and felt secure in the promise that they were to be exchanged. Sunday morning the sun arose in a splendor of glory and looked smilingly down upon the doomed victims of Mexican treachery and gave no token of the terrible butchery about to take place. At an early hour we were removed from our quarters and placed in a peach orchard just outside the fort, which overlooked the surrounding country. White handkerchiefs were tied around our arms to distinguish us from Fannin's men, we were told. At 9 o'clock Fannin's men were ordered to fall into line, and were drawn up in double files, extending across the yard of the fort from the cannon at the gate to the opposite wall. They were then divided into three divisions, and being told that they were required to drive a large herd of cattle into town, the cowardly Mexicans, fearing them even in their weakness and without arms, were ordered to march. The First division, as it filed out of the gate of the fort, was marched straight forward, and the Second division was made to wheel to the right, and the Third division to the left on lines at right angles with the line of the First division. The Mexican infantry, with loaded muskets, as each division came out, fell in on different sides of it in single file, and at the same time mounted cavalrymen, with drawn swords, fell parallel with each line of infantry. The prisoners by this time began to feel greatly alarmed. The Mexicans suddenly halted and began fixing bayonets, and just as some one shouted, "Boys, we are about to be shot!" a peal of firearms, followed by dismayed and terrific shrieks from the prisoners in the middle division, announced that the bloody butchery had begun, and the most perfidious act in the annals of warfare was about to be consummated. This opening fire was a preconcerted signal of the cowardly executioners, who, advancing within a few feet of the prisoners, fired directly into their faces. To describe the terrible scene would be impossible. The agonizing shrieks of the wounded as the bloody bayonet met them at every turn, the dead and the dying, and the demoniac yells of the inhuman butchers, are beyond the power of mortal tongue to depict. With that hope born of desperation and agonizing fear, about fifty men made a break and rushed instinctively toward the bank of the San Antonio river, pursued by the infuriated soldiery, by whom many were overtaken and killed. About twenty-five, who had divested themselves of their knapsacks and such articles of clothing as they could as they ran, succeeded in reaching the river and plunged in. But few lived to reach the opposite shore, most of them being picked off in the water by musket shots. Some of them gained the opposite bank and concealed themselves in the bushes and timber skirting the river bank, only to be hunted down and murdered by a company of Mexican cavalry, which had been posted across the river to intercept any one who might escape the slaughter at the fort. A few succeeded in concealing themselves in such a manner as to evade detection by crawling into the high grass on the prairie away from the river. The Mexicans, thinking they had exterminated the entire band, passed on, and the survivors, without hats, shoes, and no clothing except pants and shirts, ran for miles into the prairie until they sank from utter exhaustion. They remained in this position the entire day, not daring to move or speak, and at night started on their uncertain journey, bewildered, half starved and nearly famished. The hardships of these men, and their many hairbreadth escapes, as was told me afterward by one of the few that ever reached home and friends, would fill a book. After the massacre we were taken back to our quarters, and in going to the fort saw Col. Fannin bound to a chair, where he was blindfolded and shot. The bodies of the murdered soldiers were stripped naked and piled up in a large heap and burned by the inhuman monsters. Col. Fannin's body was also stripped and burned upon the same pile.

We were in constant dread of our own execution, and momentarily looked for an express from Santa Anna ordering us to be shot. Our Captain assured us that we would be spared, but it was impossible to allay our fear after what we had witnessed, and a portion of us determined among ourselves to endeavor to escape that night. We were betrayed by some one, because our Captain came to us and said he had heard that an attempt would be made by some of us to escape, and advised us not to attempt it, as it would become impossible for us to get away alive, as the fort, besides being strongly guarded, was surrounded by the Mexican army. He called upon all those who would remain to take one step forward, and those who were determined to go to remain in their places. We held a short consultation, and decided that it would be best for us to step forward, but at the same time not to abandon the idea of escape. By this means we hoped to throw the Captain and Mexican officers off their guard. When the order was given, all stepped forward but one man, named John H. Lynn, a very brave but stubborn soldier. He was immediately arrested and placed under guard, while we were allowed the freedom of the fort and the surrounding yard. Ten of us whom we could trust banded ourselves together by solemn vows, and laid plans to escape the next night. I determined, if such a thing was possible, to secure the escape of Lynn. I managed to convey word to him what our intentions were, and warn him to be on the alert. That night just after dark I engaged the guard in conversation, and motioned Lynn to slip out. He did so and I followed him, and took him to a ravine near the fort, and told him to remain there until we came for him. I had hardly sneaked back to the fort when Lynn was missed, and a general search was being made. I was placed under arrest, and accused of aiding the prisoner to escape, but plead my innocence so strongly that I was released. In the meantime my companions had gotten together fifty pounds of flour, a lot of jerked beef, a quantity of slap-jacks, and some common soap. We divided these things between us, and at 10 o'clock silently and stealthily made our way from our horrible prison. We soon got to where Lynn waited our coming, and rapidly approaching the San Antonia, we plunged in, and eight of us swam to the opposite shore, while two remained upon the other bank unable to swim, a Frenchman and a Georgian. I secured a long pole, and calling upon one of them to jump at a time, as far from the bluff into the water as possible, I waited until I saw his form poised in the air, and then I plunged in and caught him as he rose to the surface of the water and landed him safely. It was the plucky Frenchman. I then called upon the other to jump, but it was a long time before I could get him to make the perilous leap. He would walk back from the bluff and run toward it as if he would leap, but when he reached the bank his heart would fail him and he would halt. We finally induced him to make the leap, and I again made a successful landing.—Just as we had all gotten over we heard whistling and what we supposed to be alarm signals, and with fear and trembling we pushed forward in the darkness in a blinding rain over a low, swampy country, up to our waists in water until daylight, when we halted to build a fire to dry our clothes and eat something. To our dismay we found that the timber that we had secreted upon ourselves got wet and would not burn. I had a shawl that I had given Lynn to wear, and beneath this we found a dry spot upon his shirt, about the size of a man's hand, which, in the absence of a knife, we gnawed out, and from this and our flint at last succeeded in starting a fire. We gathered around the fire and dried our clothes, but upon examination found that the soap, the flour and the slap-jacks had become softened by the water and run together, making a mass so unpalatable that it was imposible to eat it. We now held a council as to the direction to be pursued in order to reach Victoria, and as we could not agree, some one proposed that I should act as captain and lead and the others follow. I did not like to assume the responsibility, but upon being urged I consented to do so, and selecting Lynn to assist me, I struck out boldly, followed by the rest. We traveled all that day without anything to eat, and that night, guided by the stars, toiled wearily along until dawn, when we were startled by hearing what we supposed to be the sound of reveille at Goliad, and instead of traveling in a straight course, we had been traveling in a circle, and were again in the vicinity of the hateful and dreaded spot. Greatly depressed, we again pushed forward, and toward the end of the second day reached another river, supposed to be the Guadelupe. Here arose a dispute as to whether we should go up or down. I was in favor of going down, and five men agreed with me, and four concluded to go up the river. So we separated, and six of us made our way slowly down, and had not gone far when we were joined by the four men who had started up the river, and we were again united. On the morning of the third day we suddenly came upon a herd of deer, and a man by the name of Hughes, from Tennessee, strong of limb and fleet of foot ran a young fawn down and captured it. We skinned it with a jagged rock, and ate it raw, without salt or bread, carrying such portions as we did not devour along with us. On the fourth day we had neither food nor drink, and toward noon came upon a lot of corn mixed with cow-dung, evidently where a wagon had broken down, and of this we ate eagerly and ravenously, filling our pockets with the remainder. On the fifth day one of our men climbed a tree to see if any sign of habitation could be seen, and reported that he saw houses in the distance. Another ascended and said he saw smoke, and, he thought, cows. I then climbed a tall tree myself, and the first thing my eyes fell upon was a man on horseback riding directly toward us. I descended and told the men what I had seen, and they all fled to the woods and hid. I called to them to return; that we had just as well be captured as to starve to death. I waited for the man to come up, but he did not come, and I again climbed the tree, but could see nothing of him. On the sixth day, with bleeding feet and emaciated bodies and despairing minds, we were suddenly surrounded by a body of horsemen, which proved to be Sherman's advance cavalry of the Texan army. We were tenderly placed upon horses and taken to camp. We had been six days and nights in travelling twenty-seven miles, the distance from Goliad to Victoria.

Col. Wood is now sixty-six years old, of fine physique and handsome carriage, and barring a slight attack of pneumonia last fall, was never sick a day in his life, and never took a drop of medicine. He intends visiting Texas this fall to note the changes that time has made, and pay his respects to the only surviving companion in his escape from Goliad, George H. Bringhurst, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Texas Masons.

THE SPECTRE OF VICKSBURG.—I remember to have been standing on a knoll in front of my headquarters on a beautiful night, listening to the fire of the batteries. The moon was out in all its splendor, and the flashes that gleamed from the mouths of a hundred guns could be seen for miles to the right and left. Standing upon an adjacent hill to my right a tall figure was seen clothed in white. It seemed to be that of a man at least seven feet high, but the uniform was not that of a soldier. In tones never to be forgotten and that echoed from hill to valley and from valley to hill, the words "Cease firing," were heard from this unearthly-looking figure, as though he was commanding the world, and giving the order, "By kingdoms right wheel." Summoning up all the courage at my command, I hailed him with the inquiry, "Who on earth are you?" The prompt and emphatic response was: "I'm General Burbridge's orderly in my night shirt."

LIFE is too short to try half a dozen different kinds of "Sure Cures." When one suffers with a cough or cold, stick to the best and use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it will cure your cough and never disappoint you. All druggists sell it at twenty-five cents a bottle.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barnyard, and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties, and the Sergeant proof against the storm of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing else would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded sides.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went bounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me from whence you come and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately. No one else can tell him what I have to say."

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country and still in secret friendly to the crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child to headquarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general" was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few minutes later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Red wolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievances.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, my child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Lighthorse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden, "but he is a prisoner, now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel?"

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well, you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow, and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling to an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow. And those sparkling knee buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—St. Nicholas.

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A COAL FIRE is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg is a grater.

STRANGELY MET.

[From the St. Louis (Mo.) Gazette.]

A singular incident was conveyed sub rosa to a member of the local press, which, although it occurred several weeks ago, is too dramatic in its details and development not to find space in the Gazette columns: "On the morning after the conviction of Guiteau, two drummers, one representing a New York and the other a Michigan house, sat down together by chance to a late breakfast in the Pacific House dining parlor. Though strangers they naturally engaged in conversation upon the all-absorbing topic, the Guiteau trial, and thence soon drifted into an animated discussion of parallel cases, in which the Michigan man took occasion to express some bitter regrets at the manner in which so many dastardly murderers escaped their just doom of death on the gallows. By way of illustrating his argument the Michigan man began to tell the other a story which had come partially under his own observation. The story was to the effect that about twelve years ago one Sunday afternoon, a banker in a small town in Michigan was murdered in the bank by his partner, the assassin creeping up stealthily behind him and dealing the fatal blow with an axe while the banker's back was turned. With his partner lying cold in death on the office floor, the scoundrel deliberately altered the office books so that they gave him credit for considerable more than he was entitled to, and in the night carried the body to a little lake a short distance from the bank and sank it there. He then returned, scrubbed the floor where the body had lain, cleaned himself and then left the bank.

The banker was missed of course, but his absence was attributed to an unexpected visit abroad; but when time wore on and he did not return the wildest misgivings filled the minds of his friends and family. For a long time his absence remained a mystery, until one day the little lake yielded up its frightful burden of proof, and the truth was discovered. Suspicion at once fastened upon his partner and he was arrested.

There was a prolonged and hotly contested trial, and the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. A sentence of imprisonment for life followed. He was taken to the penitentiary, but the murderer had too much money left to be permitted to remain there, and carrying the case speedily up to the Supreme Court, they secured a reversal of the sentence, and the prisoner was remanded to the county jail for a new trial. A second trial was had and the jury disagreed. Still another, and the man, about whose guilt there was not the shadow of a doubt, was acquitted. This is the way in which murderers escape the gallows.

During the time that this story was being narrated, the New Yorker listened with extraordinary attention. He scarcely tasted the viands set before him; his face, never of a ruddy hue, now turned still more pallid; and his hands and the muscles of his face twitched nervously. When he had heard the story so graphically told, he said earnestly:

"What did you say about the result of the third trial?"

"I said the man was acquitted," was the reply.

"Yes; that is correct. He was acquitted," the New Yorker muttered.

The two strangers arose from the table a moment after this remark was made, and walked toward the office. When they had almost reached it, the New Yorker stopped, looked at the person with whom he had been conversing, and, in a tone of voice which, in its melancholy accents fairly pleaded for pity, said:

"I am the man who was thus acquitted!"

The man toward whom these words were directed was startled beyond measure by this disclosure.

"They convicted me," said the conscience-stricken man, "on circumstantial evidence, and your charge in regard to the use of money to influence the jury would not stand where I lived."

"I am sorry, Mr. ——," said the man from Michigan, "that this conversation has occurred; but all that I said I believe to be true, and I will not retract a single word."

HUMOR AT HOME.—A good thing to have in the house is a sense of humor, or the capacity to see a little fun lurking under the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It is a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishap than to cry or scold over them. Many homes are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright, and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty and funny things, it is comfortable to see what a brightener a little fun is—to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawers. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half-inclined to be provoked, then with a comical look, she said, "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt; and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her; and then he felt happy. So that what might have been an occasion for hard words and bitter feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some children have a peculiar faculty for a humorous turn of things when they are reproved. It does just as well to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

MAN is not a bundle-carrying animal. He can tuck a few stray parcels in his pockets, to be sure, and lug a package under his arm, perhaps; but, on the whole, as a common carrier he is a failure. But a woman! well, we shouldn't haste to say anything that wasn't absolutely true; at the same time, a woman can carry parcels enough into a horse car to fill up one side of it, and pick them all up in one arm when she gets off at a crossing, and lead a pair of twins, carry an umbrella and hold up her skirts with the other hand.

PERUNA by giving health also gives beauty.