THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

Look at the date on the paper before you stop it, if you may wish to do so. 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 XVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1882. NUMBER 25.

Advertising R

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	[illegible]
1 " 3 months	[illegible]
1 " 6 months	[illegible]
1 " 1 year	[illegible]
2 " 6 months	[illegible]
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3 " 1 year	30.00
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½ " 6 months	50.00
½ " 1 year	80.00
1 " 6 months	80.00
1 " 1 year	125.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices	2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.50
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.

CHEAP!
CHEAPER!
CHEAPEST!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
Housefurnishing Goods,
of all that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
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,
Tinware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Ammunition, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road Spikes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Iron Moulds, Road Scrapers;
SEWING MACHINES, HORSE HAY RAKES,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Stable, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
WINDOW SHADING OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING IN FIXTURES: Lycoming, ASHTON and the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; Cistern and Cistern PUMPS, of the best quality; BOSS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which can not be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS and the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all sizes and of superior ware ever offered in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT COLORS of the most desirable priorities; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
of as thousands of other useful and needful articles as there are. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't procure unless is not worth having, and what I do for sale may always be relied on as represented or warranted, 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, thus insuring a liberal share of your patronage, 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 dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

GAY 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.

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

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

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
PRICES FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
March 1st, 1879.-tf.

$20 SAVED! $20
SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE of the Celebrated, whole office Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Streets, Altoona, and when offer the celebrated Queen Sewing Machines in a workmanlike manner at lower prices.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 18, 1881.

M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office at the residence on Fourteenth street, near Chestnut avenue, where night calls can be made. Hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Diseases of every description. [4-19,'80.-tf.]

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. D. SANGERS.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

Notice to Taxpayers.

IN accordance with an Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the 8th day of April, 1872, relating to the collection of taxes in Cambria county, notice is hereby given to taxpayers residing in the districts below named that the County Treasurer, in compliance with the 2d Section of said Act, will attend at the places of holding the Township and Borough elections on the following named days, for the purpose of receiving the

County, Poor and State Taxes

Assessed for the Year 1882:

Croyle Twp. and East Conemaugh Bor.—Monday, July 24th.
Summerhill Twp. and Franklin Bor.—Tuesday July 25th.
Wilmore and Woodvale, Boroughs—Wednesday, July 26th.
Portage Twp. and Conemaugh Boro., 2d Ward—Thursday, July 27th.
Washington Twp. and Conemaugh Bor., 1st Ward—Friday, July 28th.
Summerhill Twp. and Johnstown Bor., 1st Ward—Monday, July 31st.
Gallitzin Bor. and Johnstown, 2d Ward—Tuesday, August 1st.
Tunnelhill Bor. and Johnstown, 3d Ward—Wednesday, August 2d.
Gallitzin Twp. and Johnstown, 4th Ward—Thursday, August 3d.
Loretto Bor. and Johnstown, 5th Ward—Friday, August 4th.
Dean Twp. and Johnstown, 6th Ward—Monday, August 7th.
Clearfield Twp. and Johnstown, 7th Ward—Tuesday, August 8th.
Chest Springs Bor. and Coopersdale—Wednesday, August 9th.
Allegheny Twp. and Cambria Boro', 1st Ward—Thursday, August 10th.
Munster Twp. and Cambria Boro', 2d Ward—Friday, August 11th.
Reade Twp. and Millville Bor., 1st Ward—Monday, August 14th.
White Twp. and Millville Boro', 2d Ward—Tuesday, August 15th.
Chest Twp. and Prospect—Wednesday, Aug. 16th.
Elder and Taylor Twps.—Thursday, Aug. 17th.
Susquehanna and Conemaugh Twps.—Friday, August 18th.
Carroll and Stonycreek Twps.—Monday, Aug. 21st.
Carrolltown Bor. and Lower Yoder Twp.—Tuesday, August 22d.
Barr and Upper Yoder Twps.—Wednesday, August 23d.
Blacklick and Adams Twps.—Thursday, Aug. 24th.
Jackson and Richland Twps.—Friday, Aug. 25th.
Cambria Twp.—Monday, August 28th.
Ebensburg, East Ward—Tuesday, August 29th.
Ebensburg, West Ward—Wednesday, Aug. 30th.

And, in accordance with the 2d Section of said Act, upon all taxes paid to the Treasurer on or before the 1st day of September there will be a deduction of FIVE PER CENT., while *five per cent.* will be added to all unpaid taxes and placed in the hands of a constable for collection.

J. A. KENNEDY, Co. Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, June 23, 1882.-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to pass upon the exceptions filed to the first and final account of MARTIN SAWDON, Executor of E. M. ARMSTRONG, deceased, and to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, as shown by his second and partial account, will sit for the purposes of his appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Monday, 24th July, 1882*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 30, 1882.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—ORPHANS' COURT.—In the matter of the account of J. H. FISHER, Esq., Trustee to sell the real estate of JOSEPH LAMMER, late of Johnstown, deceased.

June 12, 1882, on motion of J. Zimmerman, Esq., W. Horace Rose was appointed Auditor to ascertain liens and report distribution. Pursuant to said appointment, I will sit at my office on Franklin street, Johnstown, at 10 A. M. on *Monday, July 24, 1882*, when and where all persons interested may appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

W. HORACE ROSE,
Johnstown, June 30, 1882.-3t. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of WM. MCGAUGHEY, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of William McGaughey, late of Munster township, Cambria county, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made on or before the 1st day of June, 1883, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES C. SPROAL, } Administrators.
MARY A. SPROAL, }
174 Spring Alley, Pittsburgh, June 9, 1882.-6t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of W. A. B. LITTLE, Administrator of HENRY J. NEWELL, late of Loretto borough, deceased, I hereby give notice that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, July 25, 1882*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of my appointment, at which time and place all persons having claims on said fund must present them, or be debarred from coming in on the same.

A. V. BARKER,
Ebensburg, June 30, 1882.-3t. Auditor.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—There will be a letting at St. Augustine on *Saturday, July 22, 1882*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., of the contract for building a new school house in Clearfield township, Cambria county, about a mile and a half below St. Augustine, on the Philipsburg road. Sealed proposals will be received till the hour of the day named above. For information as to plans, etc., apply to either of the undersigned at St. Augustine.

H. B. NOEL,
J. C. McMULLEN.
June 30, 1882.-3t.

STATIONARY ENGINE FOR SALE, with Boiler and other appurtenances, in good repair. Can be seen at the Sonman Shaft Colliery, Beaucreek Station, P. R. R.

N. B. WESTBROOK,
Sonman, June 9, 1882.-tf. P. R. R. Agent.

THE BURNING OF HANNASTOWN.

The following account of the burning of Hannastown, then the seat of justice of Westmoreland county, by a band of Indians, under the command of a famous Seneca chief, Guyasutha, is taken from a detailed account of the affair published in the Greensburg *Argus* in 1836. The burning of Hannastown and the massacre that followed took place July 13, 1782—one hundred years ago last Thursday. The centenary was observed with appropriate ceremonies at the scene of the tragic occurrence, and this account of that terrible day will be read with interest: About three miles from Greensburg, on the road to New Alexandria, there stands two modern built log tenements, to one of which is a sign-post and a sign appended, giving due notice that at the "Seven Yellow Stars" the wayfarer may partake of the good things of this world. Between the tavern and the Indian gallows hill on the west once stood Hannastown, the first place west of the Allegheny mountains where justice was dispensed according to the legal forms by the white man. The county of Westmoreland was established by the provincial legislature on the 26th of February, 1773, and the courts directed to be held at Hannastown. It consisted of about thirty habitations, some of them cabins, but most of them aspiring to the name of houses, having two stories of hewed logs. There were a wooden court house and a jail of the like construction. A fort, stockaded with logs, completed the civil and military arrangement of the town. The first prothonotary and clerk of the courts was Arthur St. Clair, Esq., afterwards general in the revolutionary army. Robert Hanna, Esq., was the first presiding justice in the courts; and the first Court of Common Pleas was held in 1773.—Thomas Smith, Esq., afterwards one of the judges on the Supreme bench, brought from the east the most abstruse learning of the profession, to puzzle the backwoods lawyers; and it was here that Hugh Henry Breckinridge, afterwards also a judge of the Supreme bench, made his debut in the profession which he afterwards illustrated and adorned by his genius and his learning.—The road first opened to Fort Pitt by Gen. Forbes and his army passed through the town. The periodical return of the court brought together a hardy, adventurous, frank and open-hearted set of men from the Redstone, the Georges creek, the Youghiogheny, the Monongahela, and the Catfish settlements, as well as from the region, now in its circumscribed limits, still called "Old Westmoreland." It may as well be supposed that on such occasions there was many an uproarious merry-making. Such men when they occasionally met at courts, met joyously. But the plough has since gone over the place of merry-making; and no log or mound of earth remains to tell where justice had her scales.

On the 13th of July, 1782, a party of the townsfolk went to O'Connor's fields, about a mile and a half north of the village, to cut the harvest of Michael Huffnagle. * * * The summer of '82 was a sorrowful one to the frontier inhabitants. The blood of many a family had sprinkled their own fields. The frontier northwest of the town was almost deserted; the inhabitants had fled for safety and repose toward the Sewickly settlement. At this very time there were a number of families at Miller's station, about two miles south of the town. There was, therefore, little impediment to the Indians, either by way of resistance, or even in giving warning of their approach. When the reapers had cut one field, one of the number who had crossed to the side next the woods, returned in great alarm, and reported that he had seen a number of Indians approaching. The whole party ran for the town, each intent on his own safety. The scene which then presented itself may be more readily conceived than described.—Fathers seeking for their wives and children, and children calling upon their parents and friends, and all hurrying in a state of consternation to the fort. Some criminals were confined in jail, the doors of which were thrown open. After some time it was proposed that some person should reconnoiter, and relieve them from uncertainty. Four young men, David Shaw, James Brisbon, and two others with their rifles, started on foot through the highlands, between that and Crabtree creek, pursuing a direct course towards O'Connor's field; whilst Capt. J——, who happened to be in the town, pursued a more circuitous route on horseback.

The captain was the first to arrive at the fields, and his eye was not long in doubt, for the whole force of the savages was there mustered. He turned his horse to fly, but was observed and pursued. When he had proceeded a short distance, he met the four on foot—told them to fly for their lives—that the savages were coming in great force—that he would take a circuitous route and alarm the settlements. He went to Love's, where Frederick Beaver now lives, about a mile and a quarter east of the town, and assisted the family to fly, taking Mrs. Love on the horse behind him. The four made all speed for the town, but the foremost Indians obtained sight of them, and gave them hot pursuit. By the time they had reached the Crabtree creek, they could hear the distinct footfalls of their pursuers, and see the sunbeams glisten through the foliage of the trees upon their naked skins. When, however, they got into the mouth of the ravine that led up from the creek to the town, they felt almost secure. The Indians, who knew nothing of the previous alarm given to the town, and supposing they would take it by surprise, did not fire, lest that might give notice of their approach; this saved the lives of David Shaw and his companions.—When they got to the top of the hill, the strong instinct of nature compelled Shaw to go first into the town and see whether his kindred had gone into the fort before he entered it himself. As he reached his father's threshold and saw all within desolate, he turned and saw the savages, with their tufts of hair flying in the wind, and their brandished tomahawks, for they had emerged into the open space around the town, and commenced the war-whoop. He resolved to make one of them give the death halloo, and raising his rifle to his eye, his bullet whizzed true, for the stout savage at whom he aimed bounded into the air and fell upon his face. Then with the speed of an arrow he fled for the fort which he entered in safety. The Indians were exasperated when they found the town deserted, and after pillaging the houses, they set them on fire. Although a considerable part of the town was within rifle range of the fort, the whites did but little execution, being more intent on their own safety than solicitous about destroying the enemy. One savage, who put on a military coat of one of the inhabitants, paraded himself so ostentatiously that he was shot down. Except this one, and the one laid low by Shaw, there was no evidence of any other execution, but some human bones found among the ashes of one of the houses, where they, it was supposed burnt those that were killed. There were not more than 14 or 15 rifles in the fort; and a company having marched from the town some time before, in Lochry's ill-fated campaign, many of the most efficient men were absent; not more than 20 or 25 remaining. A maiden, Jennet Shaw, was killed in the fort; a child having run opposite the gate, in which there were some apertures through which a bullet from the Indians occasionally whistled, she followed it, and as she stooped to pick it up, a bullet entered her bosom—she thus fell a victim to her kindness of heart. The savages with their wild yells and hideous gesticulations, exulted as the flames spread, and looked like demoniacs rejoicing over the lost hopes of mortals.

Soon after the arrival of the marauders, a large party of them was observed to break off, by what seemed concerted signals, and march towards Miller's station. At that place there had been a wedding the day before. Love is a delicate plant, but will take root in the midst of the perils of gentle bosoms.

A young couple, fugitives from the frontier, fell in love and were married. Among those who visited the bridal festivity, were Mrs. H——, and her two beautiful daughters from the town. John Brownlee, who then owned what is now the fine farm of Frederick J. Cope, and his family were also there. This individual was well known in frontier forage and scouting parties. His courage, activity and generosity, and manly form, won for him among his associates, as they win everywhere confidence and attachment. Many Indians were acquainted with his character, some of them probably had seen his person. There were in addition to his mansion a number of cabins, rudely constructed, in which those families who had been driven from their homes resided. The station was generally called Miller's town.—The bridal party there enjoying themselves in the principal mansion, were without the shadow of approaching danger. Some men were mowing in the meadow—people in the cabins were variously occupied—when suddenly the war-whoop, like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky, broke upon their astonished ears. The people in the cabins and those in the meadow, mostly made their escape. One incident always excites emotion in my bosom when I heard it related. Many who fled took an east course over the long steep hills which ascend toward Peter George's farm. One man was carrying his child, and assisting his mother in the flight. When they got toward the top of the hill, the mother exclaimed they would be murdered, that the savages were gaining space upon them. The son and father put down and abandoned his child that he might effectually assist his mother. Let those disposed to condemn keep silence until the same struggle of nature takes place in their own bosoms. Perhaps he thought the savages would be more apt to spare the innocence of infancy than the weakness of age. But most likely it was the instinct of feeling, and even a brave man had hardly time to think under such circumstances. At all events, Providence seemed to smile on the act, for at the dawn of the next morning, when the father returned to the cabin, he found his little innocent curled up on his bed, sound asleep, the only human thing left amidst the desolation. Let fathers appreciate his feelings: whether the Indians had found the child and took compassion on it, and carried it back, or whether the little creature had been unobserved, and when it became tired of its solitude, had wandered home through brush and over briars, will never be known. The latter supposition would seem most probable from being found in its own cabin and on its own bed. At the principal mansion, the party were so agitated by the cries of women and children, mingled with the yell of the savage that all were for a moment irresolute and that moment sealed their fate. One young man of powerful frame grasped a child near him, which happened to be Brownlee's, and effected his escape. He was pursued by three or four savages. But his strength enabled him to gain slightly upon the followers, when he came to a rye-field, and taking advantage of a thick copse, which by a sudken turn intervened between him and them, he got on the fence and leaped far into the rye, where he lay down with the child. He heard the quick tread of the savages as they passed, and their slower steps as they returned, muttering their guttural disappointment. That man lived to an honored old age, but is now no more.—Brownlee made his way to the door, having seized a rifle; he saw, however, that it was a desperate game, but made a rush at some Indians who were entering the gate. The shrill, clear voice of his wife exclaiming, "Jack, will you leave me?" and he sat down beside her at the door, yielding himself a willing victim. The party were made prisoners, including the bridegroom and bride, and several of the family of Miller.—At this point of time, Capt. J—— was seen coming up the lane in full gallop. The Indians were certain of their prey, and the prisoners were dismayed at his rashness.—Fortunately he noticed the peril in which he was placed in time to save himself. Eagerly bent upon giving warning to the people, his mind was so ingrossed with that idea, that he did not see the enemy until he was within full gun shot. When he die see them and turned to fly, several bullets whistled by him, one of which cut his bridle rein, but he escaped. When those of the marauders who had pursued the fugitives returned, and when they had safely secured their prisoners and loaded them with plunder, they commenced their retreat.

Heavy were the hearts of the women and maidens as they were led into captivity.—Who can tell the bitterness of their sorrows? They looked, as they thought, for the last time upon the dear fields of the country, and of civilized life. They thought of their fathers, their husbands, their brothers, and as their eyes streamed with tears, the cruelty and uncertainty which hung over their fate as prisoners of savages overwhelmed them in despair. They had proceeded about half a mile, and four or five Indians near the group of prisoners, in which was Brownlee, were observed to exchange rapid sentences among each other and look earnestly at him. Some of the prisoners had named him; and whether it was from that circumstance, or because some of the Indians had recognized his person, it was evident he was a doomed man. He stooped slightly to adjust his child on his back, in addition to the luggage which they had put on him; and, as he did so, one of the Indians who had looked so earnestly at him stepped to him hastily and buried a tomahawk in his head. When he fell, the child was quickly dispatched by the same individual.

One of the women captives screamed at this butchery, and the same bloody instrument and ferocious hand immediately ended her agony of spirit. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and he enabled Mrs. Brownlee to bear that scene in speechless agony of woe. Their bodies were found the next day by the settlers and interred where they fell. The spot is marked to this day in Mechling's field. As the shades of evening began to fall, the marauders met again on the plains of Hannastown. They retired into the low grounds of the Crabtree creek, and there regaled themselves on what they had stolen. It was their intention to attack the fort next morning before the dawn of day.

At nightfall thirty yeomen, good and true, had assembled at George's farm, not far from Miller's determined to give, that night, what succor they could to the people in the fort. They set off for the town, each with his trusty rifle, some on horseback and some on foot. As soon as they came near the fort the greatest caution and circumspection was observed. Experienced woodmen soon ascertained that the enemy was in the Crabtree bottom, and that they might enter the fort. Accordingly, they all marched to the gate, and were most joyfully welcomed by those within. After some consultation, it was the general opinion that the Indians intended to make an attack the next morning; and, as there were but about 45 rifles in the fort, and about 55 or 60 men, the contest was considered extremely doubtful, considering the great superiority of numbers on the part of the savages. It became, therefore, a matter of the first importance to impress the enemy with a belief that large reinforcements were arriving. For that reason the horses were mounted by active men and brought at full trot over the bridge of plank that was across the ditch which surrounded the stockading. This was frequently repeated. Two old drums were found in the fort, which were new braced, and music on the fife and drum was kept occasionally going during the night. While marching and counter-marching, the bridge was frequently crossed on foot by the whole garrison. These measures had the desired effect. The military music from the fort, the tramping of the horses, and the marching over the bridge, were borne on the silence of night over the low lands of the Crabtree, and the sounds carried terror into the bosoms of the cowardly savages. They feared the retribution which they deserved, and fled shortly after midnight in their stealthy and wolf-like habit. Three hundred Indians and about sixty white savages in the shape of refugees, (as they were then called,) crossed the Crabtree that day with the intention of destroying Hannastown and Miller's station.

The next day a number of the whites pursued the trail as far as the Kiskiminetas without being able to overtake them.

The little community, which had now no homes but what the fort supplied, looked out on the ruins of the town with the deepest sorrow. It had been to them the scene of heart-felt joys—embracing the intensity and tenderness of all which renders the domestic hearth and family altar sacred. By degrees they all sought themselves places where they might, like Noah's dove, find rest for the soles of their feet. The lots of the town, either by sale or abandonment, became merged in the adjoining farm; and the labors of the husbandmen soon effaced what time might have spared. Many a tall harvest have I seen growing upon the ground; but never did I look upon its waving luxuriance without thinking of the severe trials, the patient fortitude, the high courage, which characterized the early settlers.

The prisoners were surrendered by the Indians to the British in Canada. The beauty and misfortune of the Misses H——attracted attention; and an English officer—perhaps moved by beauty in distress to love her for the dangers she had passed—wooed and won the fair and gentle Marian. after the peace of '83, the rest of the captives were delivered up, and returned to their own country

STANDING TREAT.

No American custom causes more general surprise and amusement among traveling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating"—consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshment for which one volunteers to pay. It is pure Americanism; all over the republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown.—There is probably no minute of a day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of any large city are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have never exchanged a word together is a signal for both to instantly exclaim: "Come, let's have something!" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot"—the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two friends meet, the regular thing to say first is, "Let's drink to old times," and the resident must invariably treat the stranger.

If there is anything more absurd than the habit, we are unable to put our finger upon it. Men do not always treat each other to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocketbook on encountering a new acquaintance and say: "Ah, George, delighted to see you! Do take a few stamps! it's my treat!" Do men have a mania for paying each other's bills? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together, or sleeping together?

A traveler may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee offer to 'treat,' and the Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a cafe to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans long separated meet, they will be very likely to embrace and then turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink and eat pretzels and chat, but when they part again each man settles his own score independently.—So in Italy. The Italians are probably merry and generous, but each man pays for his own wine, macaroni and cigars. They would as soon think of transferring each other their washerwoman's bills.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be little need of temperance societies and little work for the Good Templars if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, taken all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilization.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Labor Tribune.*

SUDDEN WHITE HAIR.

With so many professors of the art of rejuvenation proclaiming their readiness to turn old faces into new ones, smooth out wrinkles, obliterate crow's-feet, and restore the hair to its original abundance and color, the putting of young heads on old shoulders should be easy enough; but the proverbial impossibility of putting old heads upon young shoulders still seems to hold, although the feat has sometimes been accomplished by Nature herself. Sorrow, not Time, frosted the bright tresses of Mary Stuart and Marie-Antoinette; and theirs were not the only queenly heads that have been prematurely whitened by care and anxiety. While Hanover was waging an unequal contest with Prussia, a lady in attendance upon the consort of the brave blind king, wrote thus of her royal mistress: "In the last two months her hair has grown quite gray, I may say white. Four months since one could scarcely discern a gray hair; now I can hardly see a dark one."

A similar change has often taken place in the course of a single night. One of the witnesses in the Tichborne case deposed that the night after hearing of his father's death, he dreamed he saw him killed before his eyes, and found on awaking that his hair had turned quite white. An old man with snow white hair said to Dr. Moreau: "My hair was as white as you see it now long before I had grown old. Grief and despair at the loss of a tenderly loved wife whitened my locks in a single night when I was not thirty years of age. Judge, then, of the force of my sufferings." His white hairs brought no such recompense with them, as happened in the instance of the gay gallant who had the hardihood to hold a love-tryst in the palace grounds of the king of Spain. Betrayed by the barking of an unsympathetic hound, the telling of the old, old story was interrupted by the mysterious appearance of the king's guard. The scared damsel was allowed to depart unchallenged; but her lover was held captive, to answer his offence. Love making under the shadow of the royal palace was a capital crime; and so overwhelmed with horror at the idea of losing his head for following the promptings of his heart, was the rash wooer, that before the sun rose his hair had turned quite gray. This being told King Ferdinand, he pardoned the offender, thinking he was sufficiently punished.

When the Emperor Leopold was about to make his grand entry into Vienna, the old sexton of St. Joseph's Cathedral was much troubled in his mind. Upon such occasions it had been his custom to take his stand on the pinnacle of the tower and wave a flag as the imperial pageant passed by; but he felt that age had so weakened his nerve that he dared not again attempt the perilous performance. After thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that he must find a substitute; and knowing his pretty daughter had plenty of stalwart suitors, the old fellow publicly announced that the man who could take his place successfully should be his son-in-law. To his intense disgust, the offer was at once accepted by Gabriel Petersheim, his special aversion, and the special favorite of the girl, who saw not with her father's eyes. On the appointed day Vienna opened its gates to the new-made Emperor; but it was evening, or near upon evening, when the young flag bearer welcomed the procession from St. Joseph's Tower. His task performed Gabriel would have descended from the airy height, but found his way barred. Two wretches had done the treacherous sexton's bidding, and closed the trap-door of the upper stairway, leaving the brave youth to choose between precipitating himself on the pavement below, or clinging the cold night through to the slender spire, with but ten inches of foothold. He chose possible life to certain death; but when rescue came with the morning his eyes were sunken and dim, his cheeks yellow and wrinkled, his curly locks as white as snow. Gabriel Petersheim had won his bride at a fearful cost.

Believing a fortune might be easily won in the oil country, a young Bostonian went there to enrich himself. One stormy night a glare in the sky told him that an oil-tank was on fire a few miles off; and knowing that after a time the oil would boil up and flow over the side of the tank, he made for a hill to witness the spectacle. "She's coming!" a man shouted. There was a rumbling sound, and then the burning oil shot up from the tank, boiled over its sides, and floated down the creek, destroying everything in its way, and setting fire to a second tank. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, he ran to the ground in the rear of the tanks to get a better view, and in trying to avoid a pool of burning oil, fell into a mudhole, and stuck fast therein. Struggling until he could struggle no longer, he lay back exhausted, watching the billows of smoke surging upwards and floating away into space. Suddenly his ears were startled by the sound of cannon-firing; a column of flame and smoke shot up from one of the tanks, and he was stricken almost senseless with the knowledge that the "pipe-line men" were cannonading the first tank to draw off the oil, and so prevent another overflow. He tried to shout but the words would not come. A little stream of burning oil ran slowly but surely towards him. He watched it creeping on until it was almost upon him; then in a moment all was dark. When he came back to consciousness he found himself in his own room, surrounded by "the boys," who had seen him just in time to save him. It was a weary while before he was himself again, and then he was inclined to doubt if he was himself, for his once dark hair was perfectly white.

Instances have not been wanting of the hair being deprived of its color in a few minutes. The home-coming of the king of Naples after the Congress of Laybach was celebrated with much public rejoicing. To do the occasion honor, the manager of the San Carlo Theatre produced a grand mythological pageant, in which an afterwards well-known opera singer made his debut in the character of Jupiter. The stage-thunder rolled, the stage-lightning flashed, as the Olympian monarch descended on his cloud-supported throne. Suddenly, screams of horror ran through the house; the queen fainted, and all was uproar and consternation, until the voice of the king was heard above the din, crying: "If any one shouts or screams again, I'll have that person shot!" Something had gone wrong with the machinery before the clouds had descended ten feet, and Jupiter had fallen through. Fortunately a strong iron wire or rope caught his cloak, and uncoiling with his weight, let him down by degrees. But a workman falling with him, was impaled upon a strong iron spike supporting the scenery. In ten minutes or so they reached the ground, the workman dead, the singer dazed, but able to thank heaven on his knees for his escape; and then the awe-stricken people saw that the black-haired deity had become transformed into a white haired mortal, whose youthful features formed a strange contrast to their venerable looking crown.

Staff surgeon Parry, while serving in India during the Mutiny, saw a strange sight. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chamda was a Sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities, and put to the question. Fully alive to his position, the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding, the bystanders were startled by the sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming: "He is turning gray!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid glossy jet-black locks. In half an hour they were of uniform grayish hue.

Some years ago, a young lady who was anxiously awaiting the coming of her husband-elect received a letter conveying the sad tidings of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and so remained for five hours. On the following morning her sister saw that her hair, which had previously been of a rich brown color, had become as white as a cambric handkerchief, her eyebrows and eyelashes retaining their natural color. After a while the whitened hair fell off, and was succeeded by a new growth of gray. This case coming under the observation of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, shattered his unbelief in the possibility of the sudden conversion of the hair from a dark color to snow-white. No man knows more about the hair than Dr. Wilson; but he is at a loss to explain the phenomenon quite to his own satisfaction. "If," says he, "it be established that the hair is susceptible of permeation by fluids derived from the blood—a transmission of fluids from the blood-vessels of the skin into the substance of the hair really occurs, the quantity and nature being modified by the peculiarity of constitution or state of health of the individual—it follows that such fluids, being altered in their chemical qualities, may possess the power of impressing new conditions on the structure into which they enter. Thus, if they contain an excess of salts of lime, they may deposit salts of lime in the tissue of the hair, and so produce a change in its appearance from dark to gray." Then he tells us: The phenomena may be the result of electrical action; it may be the result of a chemical alteration wrought in the very blood itself, or it may be a conversion for which the tissue of the hair is chiefly responsible." So many "may-bes" from such an authority prove that the mystery of the sudden whitening of the hair is yet unsolved. It is likely to remain unsolved, since the doctor—more modest than some of his brethren—owns that "the mysteries of vital chemistry are unknown to man."

The whitening of the hair wrought by mental disturbance is sometimes only of a partial nature. Vexation of spirit gave Henry of Navarre a parti-colored moustache. An old writer tells of an Irish captain going to deliver himself up to Lord Broghill, the then commander of the English forces, who, being met on his way by a party of English soldiers, was made prisoner, and was so apprehensive of being put to death before Lord Broghill could interfere in his behalf, that the anxiety of his mind turned some of his locks quite white, while the others remained of their original reddish hue. Perhaps the curious change was less annoying to its victim than that which befell an American girl, whose first intimation of her lover's falsity was the reading an account of his marriage in a newspaper. After a night's brooding over the traitor's perfidy, her looking glass showed her that one side of her head was still adorned with tresses of golden brown; but the other, alas! was decked with locks more befitting a grandma than a maiden still in her teens; though even this was not so bad as was the case of a French girl, who, frightened by the floor of her room giving way beneath her, shed her hair so quickly that in three days' time she was—to use the expressive comparison of a chronicler of the event—"as bald as a bell-handle."—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE PRETZEL.—This delicious fruit grows best in the shade, the shade of a beer garden being preferred. It is ripe at birth, and is ready to eat as soon as picked. In north Germany, where the benighted people do not know any better, the pretzel is called a "kringle." This is enough to spoil the pretzel, only that is impossible.

The pretzel is always planted on free lunch counters. There is more nutrition in a barrel of sawdust than there is in a clothes-basketful of pretzels. But then the pretzel is much the dryer of the two. The genuine pretzel has a heart like a marble yard, and the hide is varnished to keep it dry. It is varnished with hot lye, and sprinkled with aniseed to give it tone.

Before it assumes the expression so familiar to the lovers of this perennial fruit, the pretzel is about the size of a garter snake. After it is tied up in that intricate knot which makes the eater wonder