THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance........$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞ To persons residing outside the county 20 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life is 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, OCTOBER 13, 1882. NUMBER 37.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch,	3 times	$1.50
1 "	3 months	2.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

General Election } Proclamation!

God Save the Commonwealth!

WHEREAS, by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the General Elections within this Commonwealth," it is enjoined upon me to give public notice of said election and to enumerate in said notice what officers are to be elected, I, THOMAS GRIFFITH, High Sheriff of the County of Cambria, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a General Election will be held in the said County of Cambria on the

7th DAY of NOVEMBER, A. D. 1882,

the same being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month, at which time State and County officers will be elected as follows:

ONE PERSON for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Congressman-at-Large of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON in conjunction with the Counties of Somerset, Bedford and Blair for Congress.

ONE PERSON for the office of Member of Assembly of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Sheriff of Cambria county.

ONE PERSON for the office of Poor House Director of Cambria county.

ONE PERSON for the office of Jury Commissioner of Cambria county.

ONE PERSON for the office of Coroner of Cambria county.

I also hereby make known and give notice, that the places for holding the aforesaid elections in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within said county are as follows, to wit:

The electors of the district composed of the township of Allegheny to meet at Brady's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Adams to meet at the house of Dan'l Dunnegan, in Adamsburg.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Barr to meet at School House No. 11, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Blacklick to meet at the house of Abram Eakin, deceased, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Cambria to meet at the township school house in Ebensburg borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cambria to meet as follows: First ward, at the school house in said ward; Second ward, in the borough lock-up in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Carroll to meet at the school house in Carrolltown borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Carrolltown to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Chest to meet at School House No. 9, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Chest Springs to meet at the house of Jacob Wagner, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield to meet at School House No. 2, adjoining the village of St. Augustine, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Conemaugh to meet at the school house at Suger's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Conemaugh to meet as follows: First ward, at the house of Peter Maltzie, in said First ward; Second ward, at the house of John Swartzman, in said Second ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Coopersdale to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Croyle to meet at the school house in the village of Summerhill, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Dean to meet at Richlands' school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of East Conemaugh to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ebensburg to meet as follows: East ward, at the office of Richard Jones, jr., in said ward; West ward, at Council Room, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Elder to meet at the school house in the village of St. Boniface, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Franklin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Gallitzin to meet at Dawson's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Gallitzin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Grubbtown to meet at the public school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Jackson to meet at the house of Henry Ra[illegible], in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Johnstown to meet as follows: First ward, at Room No. 2 in the new school building on Market street, in said ward; Second ward, at the office of J. S. Strayer, Esq., on Market street, in said ward; Third ward, at the house of John Brady, on Franklin street, in said ward; Fourth ward, at the school house in said ward; Fifth ward, at the house of August Weigand, in said ward; Sixth ward, at the Johnstown pottery, in said ward; Seventh ward, at the school house on Horner street, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Loretto to meet in the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Munster, to meet at the warehouse of Augustin Durbin, deceased, in the village of Munster in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Millville to meet as follows: First ward, at the lock-up; Second ward, at the hose carriage house, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Prospect to meet in the school-house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Portage, to meet at the school house near the village of Portage.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Reade to meet at the tinshop of Abraham [illegible], in the village of Glasgow, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Richland to meet at the house of Joseph [illegible], in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Stonycreek to meet at Jacoby's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Summerhill to meet at Summerhill school house, in the borough of Wilmore.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Susquehanna to meet at the house of Michael Platt, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Taylor to meet at the school house near Wm. Hendrick's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Tunnelhill to meet at the school house, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Woodvale to meet at the new school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Wilmore to meet at council chamber, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington to meet at the school house at the foot of Plane 4, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of White to meet at the small store house of John C. Gates, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Yoder to meet as follows: First division, at the public house of Jacob Ream, in said township; Second division, at Beam's school house, in said township.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.

SEC. 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First—He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second—He shall have resided in the State one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third—He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth—If twenty-one years of age, or upward, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

SEC. 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot. Every ballot voted shall be numbered in the order in which it shall be received, and the number recorded by the election officers on the list of voters, opposite the name of the elector who presents the ballot. Any elector may write his name upon his ticket, or cause his name to be written thereon and attested by a citizen of the district. The election officers shall be sworn or affirmed not to disclose how any elector shall have voted unless required to do so as a witness in a judicial proceeding.

SEC. 5. Electors shall in all cases except treason, felony and breach or surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance on elections and in going to and returning therefrom.

SEC. 6. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in active military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States or by authority from this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as are or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual places of election.

SEC. 7. All laws regulating the holding of elections by the citizens for the registration of electors shall be uniform throughout the State, but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered.

SEC. 8. Any person who shall give or promise or offer to give to any elector any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election, or for withholding the same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector's vote or for the withholding thereof, and any elector who shall receive or agree to receive for himself or another, any money, reward, or other valuable consideration for his vote shall at an election, or for withholding the same, shall thereby forfeit the right to vote at such election; and an elector whose right to vote shall be challenged for such cause before the election officers, shall be required to swear or affirm that the matter of the challenge is untrue before his vote shall be received.

SEC. 9. Any person who shall while a candidate for office be guilty of bribery, fraud, or wilful violation of any election law, shall be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this commonwealth; and any person convicted of wilful violation of the election laws shall, in addition to any penalties provided by law, be deprived of the right of suffrage absolutely for a term of four years.

SEC. 13. For the purpose of voting no person shall be deemed to have gained a residence by reason of his presence, or lost it by reason of his absence, while employed in the service, either civil or military, of this State, or of the United States, or on the high seas, nor while a student of any institution of learning, nor while kept in a poorhouse, or other asylum at public expense, nor while confined in public prison.

SEC. 14. District election boards shall consist of a judge and two inspectors, who shall be chosen annually by the citizens. Each elector shall have the right to vote for the judge and one inspector, and each inspector shall appoint the clerk. The first election board of any new district shall be selected, and vacancies in election boards, filled as shall be provided by law. Election officers shall be privileged from arrest upon day of election, and while engaged in making up and transmitting returns, except upon a warrant of a court of record or judge thereof, for an election fraud, for felony, or for wanton breach of the peace. In cities they may claim exemption from jury duty during their terms of service.

SEC. 15. No person shall be qualified to serve as an election officer who shall hold or who shall within two months have held an office, or appointment or employment in or under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or county, or any municipal board, commission or trust in any city, save only justices of the peace, and aldermen, notaries public and persons in the military service of the State; nor shall any election officer be eligible to any civil office to be filled at an election at which he shall serve, save only to such subordinate municipal or local officer, below the grade of city or county officer, as shall be designated by law.

And also the following Acts of Assembly now in force in this State viz:

ACT OF JANUARY 30, 1874.

SEC. 4. That all elections hereafter held under the laws of this Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at seven o'clock, A. M., and close at seven o'clock, P. M.

SEC. 7. Whenever there shall be a vacancy in an election board on the morning of the election, said vacancy shall be filled in conformity with existing laws.

The Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act relating to the Election of this Commonwealth," passed July, 2d, 1876, provides as follows, to wit:

That the Inspectors and Judges shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the elections in the district to which they respectively belong, before seven o'clock in the morning of Tuesday November 7, and each said inspector shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

In case the person who shall have received the second highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the day of an election, then the person who shall have received the next highest number of votes for judge the next preceding election shall act as Inspector in his place. And in case the person who shall have received the highest number of votes for Inspector shall not attend, the person elected judge shall appoint an inspector in his place. And in case the person elected judge shall not attend, then inspector who shall have receive the highest number of votes, shall appoint a judge in his place, and if any vacancy shall continue in the board for the space of one hour after the time fixed by law or the opening of the election, the qualified voters of the township, ward, or district for which such officers have been elected shall elect some of their number to fill the vacancy.

THE MODE OF VOTING.

The attention of all qualified voters is directed to the following Act of Assembly regulating the mode of voting in this Commonwealth:

CHANGE IN THE MODE ON VOTING.

AN ACT regulating the mode of voting at all the elections in the several counties of the Commonwealth, approved March 30, 1869:

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.* That the qualified voters of the several counties of this Commonwealth, at the general township, borough, or special elections, are hereby authorized and required to vote the tickets printed or written, or partly printed and partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of all Judges of Courts to be voted for, and be labeled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all State officers voted for and be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all county officers voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all township officers voted for and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all borough officers voted for and labeled "Borough"—and each class shall be deposited in a separate ballot-box.

GIVEN under my hand, at my office in Ebensburg, this twenty-ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and seventh.
THOMAS GRIFFITH, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Sept. 29, 1882.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE { OF VALUABLE Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., there will be offered at public sale, at the *Court House* in the Borough of Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882,

At 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., all the following described real estate:

No. 1--One Hundred ACRES of LAND

lying and being in the townships of Blacklick and Jackson, being part of a larger tract warranted in the name of Adam Ran, adjoining lands of the Cambria Land Company, lands of the late Robert Gillan (being part of the same warrantee tract), and the Moore & Piper lands.

No. 2--One Hundred Acres Land

situate on the north branch of Blacklick creek and adjoining lands of Sam'l George, lands of Moore & Piper, and lands of the late Robert Gillan, being part of a larger tract warranted in the name of Adam Ran, and lands of Downey & Duncan.

☞ The above described lands are underlaid with valuable coal and other minerals.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash and the balance in six and twelve months: deferred payments to bear interest at 6 per cent.
A. T. PINDLE,
Sept. 15, '82.-5t. Assignee of JOHN LAMEREAUX.

Farmers, Look Here!

I have on hand, ready for sale, a lot of those justly celebrated ONE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN

Tread Powers and Threshers.

Also, a few TWO-HORSE POWERS and

THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS

(Separators), which I will dispose of at reasonable prices. The merits of these Machines are so well and widely known that I need only say they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. These Machines are part of the unfinished stock left among the effects of my deceased brother, Joshua Gilbert, and therefore they will be sold cheap.

☞ Sale rooms on the Fair ground, near the Altoona Car Works. For further information call on or address FREDERICK GILBERT,
Sept. 15, '82.-2m. Box 785, ALTOONA, PA.

Real Estate at Private Sale!

THE undersigned offers at private sale a valuable FARM, situate in Munster township, one mile west of Cresson, containing **135 Acres**, about **45 Acres** cleared, having thereon erected a large two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, PLANK STABLE and necessary outbuildings. There is an orchard of choice fruit trees and an abundance of good water on the premises. The land is in the vicinity of good markets, and is well adapted for farming and raising stock. For terms apply to
JOHN E. SCANLAN,
Sept. 1, 1882.-3m. Ebensburg, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John Lamereaux, of Blacklick township, Cambria county, Pa., and Margaret, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Lamereaux to A. T. Pindle, of the same township, county and State aforesaid, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of the said John Lamereaux. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said John Lamereaux will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
A. T. PINDLE,
Assignee of John Lamereaux.
Blacklick Twp., Sept. 8, 1882.-6t.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN KILLINS, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of John Killins, late of Barr township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will be required to have them properly authenticated for settlement and present them to
CATHARINE KILLINS,
St. Nicholas, Sept. 15, 1882.-6t. Executrix.

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street, nearly opposite the new Court House. [5-12,'82.-tf.]

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

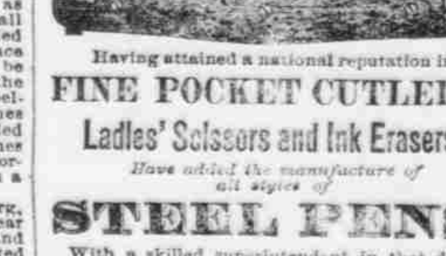
"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all."
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

THE MILLER BROS CUTLERY Co.
MERIDEN CONN. U.S.A.



Having attained a national reputation in
FINE POCKET CUTLERY,
Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers,
Have added the manufacture of all styles of
STEEL PENS.

With a skilled superintendent in that department, supplemented by extended experience in the working of fine steel, we are enabled to offer goods of unrivalled quality. To introduce our
PATENT ADJUSTABLE
Quill Action, Reservoir Pen,
"THE ACME,"
in advance of regular trade channels, we show cut of it, and will mail a sample gross to any address on receipt of $2.

Carries as much Ink as any Fountain Pen.

Writes as easy as a quill. Action similar to gold pen.

THIS PEN FITS ANY HOLDER.
Our whole line of Pens will be sold by the trade. & Price Lists furnished to dealers on application.

Wanted
AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!
For GEN. DODGE'S bran' new book, entitled
Thirty-Three Years Among
OUR WILD INDIANS!
A true record of the Author's *Thirty-Three Years Personal Experience among our Indians.* ☞ With an able Introduction
By *Gen. Sherman.*

This new work was at once subscribed for by *President* ARTHUR *and entire Cabinet*, and by *Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock*, and *thousands of Eminent Men.* GEN. GRANT says:—"*It is the best book on Indian Life ever written.*" BISHOP WILEY (Methodist,) says:—"*It is a book of immense value.*" It is the *only* authentic account of our Indians ever published, fully revealing their "inner life," secret doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Trappers, Cow-boys, Miners, Border Ruffians, etc., vividly portraying Life in the Great West as it now is. *43d thousand in press.* With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 15 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government *expressly for this great work.*

AGENTS: This grand book is now out-selling all others 10 to 1. *No competition.* Agents average 10 to 20 orders a day. We want 1000 more agents at once. *Exclusive Territory and Special Terms given.* Our large circulars with full particulars *sent free.* A fine Specimen Plate sent in *addition* for a 3 cent stamp. Address the sole publishers,
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

PE-RU-NA
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
"For Sick Stomach, bad taste, sinking spells and palpitation, rely wholly on PE-RUNA."
"For Want of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Liver Complaint, take PE-RUNA; it never fails."
"For Cramp of the Stomach or Colic, PERUNA in large doses is infallible."
"Those in literary, professional or commercial pursuits, need PERUNA."
"For Sick Headache, pain in the head, dizziness and low spirits, take PERUNA."
Read and study our book on the "Ills of Life;" follow its teachings and be happy.
"Ladies, if you wish strength, health, and beauty, sweet breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, take PERUNA before each meal."
"For Chronic Catarrh, Nervous Debility, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, take PERUNA."
Ask your druggist for our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life," S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, Ohio, proprietors.
For Constipation, Liver, Kidneys, take
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.
MAN-A-LIN

SALARY $20 per week to live agents. Something new. Sells on sight. THE TEMPLE OF LIFE; representing the Past, Present and Future. A fine lithograph in six elegant tints. Size, 22 x 33. Comments of Press. "It is a beautifully finished work of art, non-sectarian: conveys the truth of immortality in an unmistakable manner."—Pitts. Chronicle. "A great deal of ideality and artistic taste shown in composition, clearly and gracefully blended into a harmonious whole."—Pitts. Eve'ng Telegraph. Sample free. Send for circular.
[8-4.-2m.] W. T. CANNON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ENGINE NO. 1.

A reporter, you know, never allows a chance to slip wherein information is to be fairly gained.

When burly-framed and large-hearted Buck Smith, engineer of No. 1, offered me a ride in his "cab," you may depend—to use the slang phrase—"I was there."

Smith was a popular fellow. But his extreme quietness of disposition was remarked by every one, and there was an ever-present, unmistakable expression of sadness in his handsome eyes, withal his glance was as keen as an eagle's when on the run and "looking out ahead." He was running the St. Louis night express that backs into Washington before heading westward. I was going as far as the capital.

I clambered, slyly and unseen into the "cab," and was instantly alert for everything, though careful to keep myself out of the way.

Promptly at 7.30 the gong sounded. There was a hissing of steam, a continuous, doleful clanging of the bell, puff! puff! and out of the glare of C—— station we glided into darkness—darkness pitchy, and wet with falling snow.

Grim, stern, rigid as a statue stood Buck. I fell to wondering whether an engineer's arm never grew tired, when I knew that his trusty hand did not dare once to be removed from that small lever on a route of hundreds of miles, while scores of human beings slept tranquilly in the cars behind him—slept, and few, indeed, had thought to offer a prayer for the brave, resolute man on whose nerve their very lives depended.

To my surprise, with the increase of speed there seemed to be less noise in the "cab." And it was just as I began to realize this that the accident occurred which I now relate to you.

We had passed Winans. I knew there was no road to signal for; but Buck suddenly exclaimed:

"Blow, Harry!"

The fireman pulled the cord, and out in the night shrieked a peculiar whistle, unlike any I had ever heard.

At the same time Harry, the young fireman, glanced at me strangely and shook his head. I looked instinctively toward Buck Smith, and what I saw made my reporter's heart jump. There was a mystery enacting in the cab of engine No. 1.

The firm hand was still tight on the lever, the stern, sad eyes still fixed unswervingly ahead; but I saw on one cheek a single shining, rolling tear.

He was bending forward slightly. His rough shirt was open at the front, where, suspended by a leather string, were two rings—one of plain gold band, the other set with beautiful, gleaming diamonds. These rings were pressed to his lips.

"Buck's a praying," said the fireman, close to my ear.

Then Buck, as he carefully hid away the rings:

"Hear that toot, Nat?"

"Yes."

"Guess what it's for."

"How should I?"

"For my little girl."

"Why, I didn't know you had a child, Buck."

"Well, the whole world doesn't know it—that's a fact. Coal up, Harry; here's a grade."

The iron door was wrenched open, like the fiery, seething mouth of a monster dragon, while the fireman plied his shovel.

All had transpired in less than ten seconds. As the glare lighted broadly on the dark night, I saw on the bank of the trackside—saw as we sped like the wind—a female figure, who waved a lantern briskly to and fro.

"God bless her, Nat—that's my Dolly!" Then presently: "I don't know but I may as well tell you about it—though I don't tell everybody, mind you. I've only had my home here a few years—used to live near Point o' Rocks. As pretty a cottage it was, for a pretty wife, as any man need wish for. You haven't known me long, or you'd have heard that I married a girl who expected to inherit handsomely. But I like you, Nat.—No matter how the match came about. She was a very delicate and very beautiful prize for a rough man like I am. I won her away from a chap who was better off, better looking than I. His name was Carrol Conrad.—I was never a jealous man; I did not even request my wife to give up his acquaintance. So I thought nothing of it when, sometimes, when I returned from a trip, she would say:

"'Buck, dear, Carroll has been here to see me.'

"But one night, Nat, there came a blow to me that well nigh drove me mad—. Wait a minute. Blow for the Relay, Harry."

Thrice, four times, shrieked the prompt whistle, and presently the train came to a halt. Not for long. There was a bang on the little gong over my head that startled me.

Again we steamed onward. No more stops until we reached Washington; no more interruptions except that the signal would blow for curves and roads. I was almost breathlessly still, watching Buck, who, it seemed to me, had not moved a muscle or turned an eye from his "lookout" since he kissed the talismanic rings.

"I found the cottage darkened," he resumed, abruptly, after we had rumbled across the viaduct. "There was no light to welcome me, like there had always been, and—and Nat, my wife was gone. I found on the parlor table a note that first set my blood on fire, and then turned my heart to stone. As near as I can remember, it was something like this:

"'Buck, dear, forgive me. My life has been so lonesome since marrying you, and the temptation so great that I have consented to go with Carroll. I am not all wicked; I couldn't help it; forgive me.'

"I thought it all over as a dream, Nat.—Poor little thing; she didn't see much of me for love-making, that's a fact. Then some sort of a demon caused me to write on the back of the note a horrible curse on the pair, and I pinned it to the table-top with my pen-knife."

"Turning round, I found little Dolly standing in the doorway, crying. She had been looking everywhere in vain for mamma. At least this treasure was left to me. Ah, Nat, it was this precious charge that saved me from going straight to the dogs.

"I closed the cottage, resigned from my engine, and brought Dolly off here to live,—I'd saved a little sum. A year went by.—Then came another eventful night—a night as sad to me as ever human being knew.—The wind howled a gale; the snow was deep and piling fast. Dolly came running to me, crying loudly:

"Papa—oh, papa—there's somebody lying on the track. It's a woman. I can't pull her off; and the St. Louis express is coming.'

"Nat, I reached the track, I think, at two big leaps. In another moment I had grasped up a female who was half buried in the snow; and just in time, for this same engine—No. 1—went whizzing past. When I had laid her on the lounge I—Nat, it was my little lost wife! What a coming back! Oh, how different she looked! I saw death in her delicate face and form—always delicate, as I said before. She opened her eyes and called out in a voice that seems to dwell in my ears now:

"'Buck—oh, Buck, dear! is it you at last?'

"Then, as I stood dumb and trembling, she told me her pitiful story. Carrol Conrad had come to her with a letter from her father, who was in New York, saying that he was dying and wanted her by his side. Little Dolly was at a friend's house three miles in the country. No time could be lost. She went with Conrad. Not until they were beyond Philadelphia did she learn from his own lips the dastardly ruse.

"The letter was a forgery. The hasty note of explanation she had left for me was adroitly exchanged for the one I had found—another base forgery. She was now blasted in my sight, he told her. Soon her name would be bandied in slanderous gossip.—Had she not better go with him and let his devotion repay for the trick? She spurned the wretch, and called on the train conductor to protect her, continuing her way to New York.

"Here she found her father truly dead.—He had ruptured an artery in excitement over a speculation failure that cost him every dollar of his fortune. She was then without kindred, without money, and her few early friends scattered and lost. She managed to make her way back; but no one could tell her where I was. She found Conrad's forgery, with my bitter curse on the back of it. It must have driven her insane.

"God meant that I should know these truths before she died. In her wandering search for me she had come almost to my very door unknowingly. Right there she had resolved to die—to die by throwing herself under the St. Louis night express. Consumption did its work soon, aided by that night's exposure. I laid her in her grave, Nat, and my heart with her.

"That was five years ago. I went back on the road and got engine No. 1. Dolly is a big girl now. And every time I run this train out you'll find her by the track with a lantern—rain, snow or starlight, Nat—waiting to hear me blow, and to see that there's nobody on the rails. And she dips the lantern for a kiss, you know.

"Engineers, like sailors, have some little superstition; and sometimes when I pass the spot where I snatched my unhappy wife from a horrible death, I feel a shudder go through me, as if I'd actually struck somebody with the catcher."

Not another word from Buck during the remainder of the ride. At the Washington depot we parted with a hearty good-bye.

A few years later, quite by accident, while at C—— station on reportorial business, I heard that good old Buck was dead. His daughter, Dolly, had married, and was living snugly among the green hills of Anacostia, D. C.

A WONDERFUL LAKE.—Carniola, in the Western part of Austria, and fronting on the Adriatic Sea, is a region remarkable chiefly for its subterranean streams and immense caverns and abysses. It is very mountainous, being traversed by spurs of the Alps, and covers an area of 3,857, square miles. Its inhabitants are a hardy, thrifty race, engaged in the cultivation of wine, timber, maize, and millet.

Of all the wonders of nature to be met with in this country the one most deserving of notice is the lake of Zirknitz. This lake takes its name from a small market town with a population of 1,500, and situated about thirty miles northeast of Trieste, the principal sea-port city of Austria.

Lake Zirknitz lies in a deep valley, surrounded by beautiful hills. It is a fair sheet of water, six miles long and three miles broad, and teeming with fishes and water-fowl. The monotony of this large expanse of water is relieved by five small islande, on one of which is the village of Ottok. These islands are favorite resorts for picnic parties. The bottom of the lake is formed of limestone rock, and is full of clefts and fissures. During prolonged dry weather the waters pass into these caverns, carrying their finny inhabitants with them. The church bells give warning when the first sign of the sinking of the lake is observed, and the people hasten to make the most of the fishing while there is yet time.

When the water has entirely disappeared, a crop of luxuriant herbage takes its place, affording pasture for the cattle of the neighboring farmers, who are thus enabled to reap where before they went a-fishing. With the recurrence of heavy rains the lake gushes forth from its under-ground retreat, rises speedily to its normal level, and resumes its ordinary appearance.

Until a comparatively recent time the causes of the periodical disappearance of the lake were involved in mystery, and people were content to accept as a fact that which they could not explain. In later years, however, scientific men have devoted many years of their lives to the task of exploring these under-ground recesses, and with the happiest results.

Although the subterranean geography of this region has been, to the present, only sketched out, still enough has been discovered to satisfy them that many of the under-ground passages extend to long distances, and it has been conclusively proved that the waters of the Zirknitz Lake at the periods of their recession flow through under-ground chanenls into the river Unz, which further on joins the river Suave, a tributary of the Danube.—*Harper's Young People.*

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.—A Londoner who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg, asked his hack-driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a Mayor, he inquired: "And does the Mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia—what's that?" asked the astonished hack. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no," responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless and goes about loose."

MOTHERS SHOULD KNOW IT.—Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It stops babies' pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—*Journal.*

A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

A THRILLING OCCURRENCE IN THE FORESTS OF KENTUCKY.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: From a gentleman who returned recently from a business trip through Eastern Kentucky an *Enquirer* reporter learned the details of one of those atrocious murders which occur too often in that section. On the day of the last election, his story runs, an old feud, originating from childish quarrels, broke out, and the result was the killing of one man in self-defence and the cold-blooded murder of three others. The scene was at the polls at the mouth of Blackberry, in Pike county, about twenty-five miles from Pikeville. In that section are two families, the Chatfields and the McLoys, with numerous relations. The Chatfields are the most numerous, and physically are larger, the McLoys being small in stature. On the day of election one of the Chatfield clan approached a young man of the McLoy family, and swaggering up to him, said, "Jim McLoy, you don't vote here to-day unless you vote as I do." The young man answered that he did not want any trouble, and would not vote at all.

"Yes you will," responded the bully. "We've made you grind apples for us on your knees before this, and if you don't vote as I do to-day I'll make you."

With this warning the bully swaggered off. Young McLoy went away and took a drink or so to arouse his courage. A dozen jugs of "Mountain Dew" could be found not far from the polls, and were easy of access. After a while Chatfield returned, looking for McLoy, and found the young man in a place where escape was not easy. "McLoy, he said, "have you voted yet?"

"No," answered McLoy.

"You'd better go and vote blamed quick, then; and vote as I tell you."

Young McLoy straightened himself up; and with a voice trembling with rage, probably mingled with fear, said: "Chatfield, you've made me go down on my knees and grind apples for you, as you said, and hoe corn for you, but you can't make me vote but just as I please to-day."

Chatfield responded to this with a fierce oath and a motion as though to draw a pistol.

"If I've got to die I'm going to die like a man." With these words McLoy drew a clasp knife with a five inch blade and opened it. His adversary fired, the ball grazing McLoy's head. The latter sprang at his tormentor with a cry of rage, and made a slash which denuded the bone of one arm of its flesh from the shoulder to the elbow. Then with powerful blows he slashed Chatfield across the breast from shoulder to waist and again in the other direction, then across the abdomen. Chatfield fell to the ground. Although thus horribly wounded the man lived three hours and a half.

McLoy fled a short distance, a fusilade of bullets followed him, but he escaped unhurt. Turning and facing the Chatfields, who had emptied their pistols, he said: "Gentlemen, I believe I was in the right. I defended myself. I give myself up."

It was a terrible crowd to surrender himself to. Nearly all around him were of the Chatfield clan—hardly a friend within sight. A younger brother was present, but he was powerless to aid, except to lay down his own life to satisfy the savage thirst for blood. No representative of law was there, and if he had been his office would have been a mockery. The man to whom he surrendered himself was an uncle of the slain man, and when McLoy gave up his knife this man took it and said: "I've a great mind to chug it into you."

In an instant five men jumped at the disarmed prisoner and grabbed him by the throat or shoulder or wherever they could lay their hands, and five pistol balls whizzed past his head. These men were crowded together too closely, or were unsteady from liquor, for none of the balls struck McLoy. Others took him from his infuriated assailants, but with no intention of preserving his life, not even for the farce of a trial, as the sequel showed.

McLoys' captors took him across Tug river into West Virginia. Afraid that the authorities of that State would be better enforcers of the law than those of their own, they returned with him on that or the next day. They had apparently made up their minds to a policy of extermination. They sent out parties and brought in McLoy's two brothers, aged respectively twenty and eighteen years. Let it be remarked right here that the second brother had been guilty of no other offense than being present when the killing occurred, while the boy of eighteen was not only not present, but had never taken any part in the feud between the two sets of men either by word or deed.

Having captured the three boys, the party struck for the woods. Nothing more was seen of them, and after allowing sufficient time for vengeance to be wreaked, the citizens sent out a party to investigate. After some search the bodies were found in a thicket. The boys had been made to stand in a row, their arms tied, each one with his right arm to his neighbor's left, by green withes, and the two arms on the outside tied in the same manner to two saplings. Strung in this fantastic manner they could not have resisted a woman. Their captors were determined to make themselves safe from the desperation of unarmed men. As they stood there, looking down a steep hill, they were shot dead by one shot each in the head, the bullets coming out at the forehead, or near it. A shallow trench was dug, the three bodies laid in it, feet to feet, and a mound heaped over it sufficiently to give them four inches of earth. The roving hogs or buzzards had completed the burial.

That or the next day the father of the boys came into town. He inquired of the successful candidate—for what office our informant could not remember—what he should do, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke. He received no sympathy. Then he went about and sold his team, and with the proceeds bought a Spencer rifle and ammunition. To some one he said, his voice husky with emotion:

"I've bid good-bye to the old woman and the babies. I have robbed them to buy this and this is my sole dependence now." He afterwards disappeared in the brush, and it is fair to be supposed that no relative of the Chatfields will pass him and live.

The feud of these families, from all that could be learned from our informant—who had to be cautious about exhibiting any curiosity—arose from children's quarrels. Raised on neighboring farms, they had fought while gathering nuts, splashed and ducked each other while bathing, and carried on their animosities until, as they grew to manhood, the Chatfields, being larger and stronger men than the McLoys, they made them slaves. It is said to be true that they made McLoy, whose defense of himself brought on the murder, grind apples for them. Catching him one day while they were grinding for cider in an old fashioned mill with a long sweep, they took the horse out and made him get down on his knees and push the sweep around until they became tired of the brutal fun, whipping him with rods to make him go faster. They have compelled the McLoys to go into their fields and hoe their corn without pay. The McLoys were cowards, of course, or they never would have submitted to this, but one Chatfield learned that it will not do to corner even a coward.

MR. HOFFENSTEIN'S BUGLE.

"Mr. Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants and placed them on a pile, "If you dont haf any objections I vould like to get from de store avay von efening und go mit the soldiers to the Spanish Fort?"

"Vell, Herman, I dinks you had petter keep avay from the soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, "und stay mit the store, because, you know, you can't put any dependence mit the soldiers. I vill dell you vhy Von day vile I vas in Vicksburg, during the var, a cock-eyed soldier came into my store mit a bugle in his hand, und he looks around. I asks him vat he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts. den he dells me to keep his bundle and bugle under de counter undil he comes back. After de cock-eyed soldier went out de store, some more soldiers comes in und valk all around, vile dey looks at the goods. 'Shentlemen,' I says, 'do you vant anything?' 'Ve are just lookin' to see vat you haf,' said von of dem, und after a vhile another says, 'Bill, shust look dere at that bugle, de very ding the captain dold us to git. You know we don't haf no bugle in our company for six months. How much you dake for dot bugle?' I dells dem dot I can't sell de bugle because it belongs to a man who shust went out. 'I give you fufty dollars for it,' says de soldier, pulling his money out. I dells him I don't can sell it, because it vasn't mine. 'I gif you a hundred tollars,' he says. Den he offers me one hundred und twenty dollars for it. My g-r-r-acious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad that I vistles. De soldiers dells me vhile dey vos leaving the store dot ef I buy de bugle from de man vot owns it de vill gif me one hundred und twenty-five toller for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make money by the oberation. Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes in he says, 'Gif me my bundle and bugle.' I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell dat bugle?' and he dells me no und then I says, 'My little poy, Leopold, vot plays in de store, und he see the bugle, und he goes around crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't get it. Six dimes I dake him in de yard and vhip him. and he comes right back and cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much trouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you ten dollars for it shust to blease little Leopold.' De soldier vont take it und at last I offers him fifty dollars for it und he says, 'Vell, I vill dake fifty dollars for it, because I can't vaste any more time, 'cause I must go to camp.' After he goes avay, I goes to de door and vatches for de soldiers vat vaunted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street und I says, 'My frents, I have got de bugle,' und dey say, 'Vell, dam it, vhy don't you blow it?' My gr-r-racious, Herman, vat you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd, und dey make de trick to swindle me. Levi Cohen, across the street, he finds it out, and efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store so as to make me dink how I vas svindled. Herman, I dink you had petter stay mit de store."

ABOUT DREAMS.—A French physician, Dr. Delaunay, has just told some facts about dreams. These are embodied in a communication to the Societe De Biologie of Paris. It is well known when a person is lying down the blood flows most easily to the brain. This is why some of the ancient philosophers worked out their thoughts in bed. Certain modern thinkers have imitated this queer method of industry. During sleep, so long as the head is laid low dreams take place of coherent thoughts. There are, however, different sorts of dreams, and Dr. Delaunay's purpose in his original communication is to show that the manner of lying upon the back. The fact is explained by the connection which is known to exist between the organs of sensation and the posterior part of the brain. The most general method of lying, perhaps, is on the right side; and this appears to be also the most natural method, for many persons object to lying on the side of the heart, which, it has been more than once asserted, should have free action during sleep. Nevertheless Dr. Delaunay's statements hardly harmonize with this opinion. When one sleeps upon the right side, that is to say upon the right side of the brain, one's dreams have marked and rather unpleasant characteristics. These characteristics, however, are essentially those which enter into the popular defiance of dreams. One's dreams are then apt to be illogical, absurd, childish, uncertain, incoherent, full of vivacity and exaggeration. Dreams which come from sleeping on the right side are, in short, simple deceptions. They bring to the mind very old and faint remembrances, and they are often accompanied by nightmares. Dr. Delaunay points out that sleepers frequently compose verse or rhythmical language while they are lying on the right side; this verse, thought at times correct enough, is absolutely without sense. The moral faculties are then at work, but the intellectual faculties are absent. On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left brain, his dreams are not only less absurd, they may also be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things, not with reminiscences. And since the faculty of articulated language is found on the left side, the words uttered during such dreams are frequently comprehensible.

FOLLOWING is the opinion of the editor of the London *Truth* in regard to the education of children: "The school hours ought to be shortened. All the work should be done in school, in alternate hours for study and repetition. There should be no evening preparation at home and no child ought to be taught anything but to tell the truth, and say 'If you please,' and 'No, thank you,' much before 7 years of age. Two years later he would, I venture to predict, be a far better scholar than the average 9-year-old victim of the school board, and he would furthermore have at least the chance of being a fine, healthy, happy, and well-grown urchin."

Answer This.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable, that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.

A STORY OF A PIECE OF PAPER.

The banker in these days says an exchange, does not sit in his easy chair and wait for either depositors or borrowers. He sits around to find customers, and offers inducements to secure deposits. One advantage offered to country banks by some metropolitan bankers seeking their deposits is to collect all sorts of checks for them. As a result of this custom these banks often receive checks and drafts on places where they have no correspondent. Now if they should send the paper on for payment they would be charged for collection, a dead loss to them. They, therefore, try, when possible, to shove it on some correspondent bank of theirs nearer the point to be reached, in hopes that they can collect it free, and save what in most cases is not more than a quarter of a dollar. This would seem like rather small business, and the journey that a little check for $25 has made during the last nine days before reaching its destination is only an exaggerated example of the folly of this course. Liberty, in London, and North Lewisburg, in Champaign, are two towns about twenty miles apart. Last week a check was deposited in the bank at the former place, drawn on the latter. The bank wanted to save twenty-five cents, and so that check went down to a Cincinnati bank 150 miles; from Cincinnati, at a venture it was shipped to Columbus; the Columbus man didn't see why he should pay a collection fee, so he wrote a letter and sent that check to Marysville, near but on the other side of Lewisburg; from Marysville that check went to Springfield, thence to Urbana, and from Urbana to Cincinnati again, this time to a bank who was the correspondent here of the Lewisburg bank, and it has been sent on for payment. The check is a curious object. It is covered with indorsements and stamps, and having completed only half of its journey when the back was full, the paper was turned over and the transfers continued up the face. The check has made eight trips, making remarkably good time, and the letter writing and entries that it has caused are but half finished. If the check be paid now, the bank at Lewisburg must notify the Cincinnati bank, they the bank they receive it from, and so back to the bank at Liberty, each bank passing the entry throughout their book again, and devoting time, ink, paper, and postage stamps to this trivial check, so that it will be fully three weeks until the depositor of that check knows whether it is paid. The bank here who forwarded the check to Lewisburg has offered $1 for it after it is canceled, as a curiosity.

But, besides the trouble and expense to the banks, there is a more important reason why this way of business should be discouraged. Checks and drafts should be collected as quickly as possible. A bank may fail, or, what more often happens, a man's account may be good one day and not the next day, or, as in this case, after ten days. Banks should not offer to collect free except where they have correspondents, as most well established banks do, unless they expect to lose the charge themselves. It would seem that customers should prefer to pay a small fee for prompt collection to the devious course that some paper now takes to avoid its payment.

A BAKED HEAD.—There resides in this county, between Dubuque and Rockdale, a girl about seventeen years of age, who has no hair on the top of her head, and never will have. The cause of this is worth relating. About seventeen years ago a well-known physician of this city was called upon by a woman with an infant in her arms, and asked that the babe be treated for a peculiar ailment. The top of the child's head seemed to be coming off; in fact, the skull was already parted at the sutures, and was liable in a short time to be entirely loose. The physician made some inquiries, and learned the following facts:

The father and mother had gone home from Dubuque one night with a bottle of liquor, and after drinking until they were stupid from the effects of the fluid, laid down in front of the fire-place and went to sleep. The fire was burning brightly and threw out a steady heat. The infant became restless during the night, but its movements did not arouse the mother. Finally the little one crept from its mother's arms, and laid down near the hearth, with its head close to the fire. In this position it remained until morning, when the parents, having slept off the effects of their debauch, awoke and picked up the infant, which was in a stupor, and so remained all that day and the next—then only rallying for a few moments.—After a while the skin on the top of the head began to peel off, and at length the entire upper portion of the cranium seemed to be loose. Then it was that the mother brought the child to Dubuque, and consulted a physician. After hearing her story the physician came to the conclusion that the child's head had been literally baked by the fire, before which it had slept that eventful night. He also discovered that the child's life was in danger, and that it would be impossible to prevent the upper portion of the skull from coming off. He took the child under treatment, and in a short time he removed a piece of skull three or four inches long, and over two inches wide. This operation was very delicately performed, and in a few weeks a thin membrane formed, which protected the brain. The child lived and thrived, and is to-day a young woman, although she will always be compelled to wear a wig. The parents feel under lasting obligations to the physician for saving their child, and to this day show their appreciation. The story seems almost incredible, but is entirely true.—*Dubuque Telegraph.*

LOVE UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.—When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico a Mazatlan youth raised a regiment against such of the invaders as appeared in Sinaloa—a warfare that told. The young man's father was of Castilian blood and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corona, soon became famous, and at the age of twenty-five he was regarded as the Mosby of Mexico. At the end of the war he was a major general, the hero of soldiers and the idol of Mazatlan society. He was six feet tall, broad shouldered, handsome and daring. While attending a ball at the American Hotel, at Mazatlan, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Stooping to pick up the crockery, Gen. Corona noticed that the girl was very pretty and very saucy. She told him that her name was Betty Bowman; that her mother was a San Francisco washerwoman, and that he ought to know better than to rush headlong down a dark stairway. Corona made love to the American miss, and before leaving for the capital he had learned of her irreproachable though very humble life. Once away, Betty's face and pert ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her arranging for marriage by proxy. He remained in Mazatlan; the bride went to a convent school. They were a thousand miles apart and wrote to each other daily, the husband constantly instructing the wife in polite ways. President Juarez, fearing that Corona's popularity would lead the people to give their vote to the young soldier at an election then approaching, concluded to send him as minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. Gen. Corona took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid, and she is now regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the Court of Spain.