

OLD-TIME INCONVENIENCE.

ELECTION RETURNS IN YEARS GONE BY.

A writer in the Cambria Freeman discourses as follows upon some points in the early political history of the county:

On the day after the last November election, when the telegraph had substantially announced the result in the State, a young man who then cast his first vote, asked me to tell him, if I could, in some future number of the Freeman, how long a time it required before the telegraph came into general use to ascertain the vote of the State, and how the election returns were received. I told him I would do so, and I will now not only fulfill that promise, but refer, in addition, to some matters not immediately connected with the subject.

My earliest accurate recollection of the incidents connected with a political campaign goes back to the memorable contest for Governor in 1838 between Jos. Ritner and David R. Porter, the first named having been re-nominated by the anti Masonic party, and the other (Porter) being the Democratic nominee. This was six years before the first telegraph line in this country—that between Washington and Baltimore—was erected by Morse, its inventor, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. The Ritner and Porter campaign was, so far as my knowledge of elections extends, the most exciting and hotly contested one that has ever occurred in this State. It became so in consequence of the vindictive and bitter attacks made upon the personal character of Porter by the Ritner press, and also from the settled and deliberate determination of Thaddeus Stevens, then one of the Canal Commissioners, who was the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself, and of Thomas H. Burrows, Secretary of the Commonwealth, and Chairman of the Ritner State Committee, to carry the election at all hazards, by fair means, if they could, but in any event to carry it. The amount of money staked on the result was enormous. Betting became a perfect mania all over the State, and it was a rare thing to meet a man who had not wagered something on the success of his candidate. If it was not money, it was a coat, a hat, or a pair of boots, and often a horse, a cow, or an ox.

Two four-horse stage coaches, forming the line between Pittsburg and Harrisburg, passed through this place each day, one going east and the other west, and the waybill, in addition to the list of passengers, contained the first and subsequent result of the election in the different counties along the route. Before the stage left Pittsburg, on the day after the election, the agent of the line in that city wrote on the way-bill what he then knew about the vote in Allegheny county, and gave what was regarded as the probable result in that county. When the stage arrived at Murraysville, in Westmoreland county, Gen. Murray, a veteran Democrat, at whose hotel the stage stopped, added on the way-bill the returns from that county, as far as he knew them with his estimate of Porter's majority in the county. At Blairsville the vote of Indiana county, as far as received, was noted down and when the stage reached this place the vote of Cambria, then containing ten election districts, was added, and in all the other counties as the stage passed on to Harrisburg. The way-bill from Harrisburg to Pittsburg was used for the same purpose, and by Thursday night the returns on one way-bill going east and those of another going west were known here; but, as they were very meagre, no intelligent opinion could be formed of the general result. By Friday night, although the way bills contained a great many additional returns from the north-western and remote eastern counties, they did not afford any decided encouragement to the friends of either candidate; still they formed the material out of which the adherents of each built innumerable castles in the air. It was believed that all doubt would be removed by Saturday night, when the stage arrived from the east, and such proved to be the case. There was a general rush to the hotel when the sound of the stage driver's tin horn announced his near approach—even the small boy of that day participating in the excitement, and forming a large and important part of the anxious crowd. Among the stage passengers was the late John G. Miles, Esq., of Huntingdon, on his way to Pittsburg. He was known to all the citizens of our town, and both Michael Dan Magehan, a Ritner man, and Dr. Smith, a Porter man, immediately undertook to interview him. Mr. Miles, who was a strong Whig, or anti-Mason, was evidently not just then disposed to tell all he knew, and therefore kept the excited crowd for a short time on the ragged edges of hope and fear; but at length he announced that the returns received at Huntingdon that morning from Bradford and the northern tier of counties, showed that they had given Porter majorities so largely in excess of what had been anticipated, so as to render his election certain by about five thousand majority. And thus the long agony was over on the fifth night after the election.

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE JUNIATA VALLEY.

From the Allegheny Tribune.

The early settlers of the Juniata valley had many and thrilling adventures with the aborigines. These settlers were mainly of Scotch-Irish descent and were hardy, active and often intelligent. They encountered vast difficulties, disappointments and dangers in reclaiming the primeval forests from the dominion of the savages who roamed at will over or made predatory incursions into these now peaceful and thriving valleys. Often they were driven out or murdered by predatory bands of Indians, and only those who had a knowledge of the ways of the cunning and treacherous of the man were able to successfully defy their raids and hold their ground.

Among these was Judge Wm. Brown, who was among the first settlers of the Kishacoquillas valley, in Mifflin county. True, there were isolated individuals who entered the valley previously to his appearance and settlement near what was for many years known as Brown's mills, but is now absorbed under the title of Reedsville, but were driven out by the Indians. Judge Brown settled in the valley about the year 1767, or 1768. He was at the land office in Harrisburg, as appears of record, in the year 1768, at which time he entered the land which was subsequently occupied by his descendants for more than three-quarters of a century, but has, within the past twenty five years, passed into the hands of others. Strange, indeed, are the vicissitudes of fortune, when it is noted that one of the finest of these farms is now owned by a man who, forty years ago, plastered a house for one of Judge Brown's grandchildren.

But to our story. After Judge Brown had erected his cabin, near where the grist mill now stands above Reedsville, he started out to view "the landscape o'er." He bent his steps toward the bottom land lying between Tea creek and the west branch of the Kishacoquillas, crossing the latter and continuing his observations of the land lying at the base of Jack's mountain and the main creek. While thus engaged he suddenly came upon a roving band of Indians. He had no sooner observed the savages than they recognized him. The surprise and astonishment was mutual between the parties and for a moment each was at a loss what course to take.

The problem was soon solved by Judge Brown, who beat a hasty retreat toward the creek. The Indians gave immediate chase, but they had a foe-man to encounter who was as wily as themselves and as full of stratagems. Judge Brown was a tall, slender man, wiry and as fleet on foot almost as a deer. His pursuers at first made no perceptible gain on the judge and he reached the creek considerably in advance of his enemies. He entered the creek at a point where the east branch of the Kishacoquillas forms a junction with the other two branches. Instead of crossing to the opposite side he waded up the stream, on the west side, a few yards when he espied a large sycamore tree standing on the bank. Into this he forced his body and concealed himself. The bank of the stream was heavily fringed with a thick undergrowth which, thoroughly concealed the opening from the land side.

The Indians dashed into the stream and crossed to the opposite shore. They saw on the west bank the footprints of the white man, but they could nowhere on the east side find any trace where he had emerged from the water. They searched the ground faithfully, but their cunning and skill to discover the trail was in vain. The Indians were non-plussed and recrossed the stream. They passed and repassed the place of Judge Brown's concealment. He could distinctly hear their footsteps and their astonishment in language as to what

had become of the white man. It was moments of awful suspense and dread to Judge Brown, but he maintained quiet and kept up his courage. Finally his foes gave up the search; he no longer heard their steps or conversation. As a matter of precaution he did not deem it safe to venture out of his place of concealment, though his quarters were quite uncomfortable. He was compelled to assume a standing position, which he occupied from early in the forenoon until a late hour at night. When he voluntarily released himself from his involuntary imprisonment the savages were no longer heard or seen, and he wended his way to his cabin. He subsequently fell in with Logan, and in him he had a warm friend and protector until the Indians ceased to make raids into that valley, and Logan went to seek better hunting grounds.

The tree in which Judge Brown took refuge braved the storms which swept down the valley and the tooth of time for nearly a hundred years after. For fifty years before it fell into the stream and was floated away by the flood, it was a branchless trunk some thirty feet in height. No axman seemed sufficient so audacious to hasten its decay and destruction, but it stood forth as a hallowed memento of the past, cherished as a relic which saved the life of one of the first settlers of the Kishacoquillas valley. Its companions were felled around it, and the undergrowth has withered away, but the venerable trunk of many centuries was left to its own dissolution in its own time.

A New Kind of "Boss."

It seems now to be doubtful whether the chief practical result achieved by Senator Mahone and his followers is not simply and solely a new demonstration of the fact that the negro vote can be used by unscrupulous leaders who know how to influence it, no matter what their objects may be. It hardly needed a re-adjuster party or the repudiation of Southern debts to teach us this; for the carpet-bag governments set up throughout the South at the close of the war had proved it already. The demagogues of the reconstruction period cast the negro vote as they pleased, and they cast it, too, for purposes as directly antagonistic to the true interests of the blacks as any for which the Bourbons since their disappearance have used it. It has now been "voted" by Mahone in Virginia in precisely the same way. The fact is, and the sooner the fact is recognized the sooner we shall be rid of many dangerous illusions with regard to the future of the country, that the negroes constitute a peasantry wholly untrained in, and ignorant of, those ideas of constitutional liberty and progress which are the birthright of every white voter; that they are gregarious and emotional rather than intelligent, and are easily led in any direction by white men of energy and determination. Such white men may be demagogues, as in the case of Mahone, or they may be filled with a sincere desire to effect desirable political objects; but their relation to the negro vote, until the character of that vote is materially changed through education and material improvement, will be substantially what it is now.

THE STORY OF A HEROINE.

HOW KATE SHELLEY SAVED A TRAIN FROM DESTRUCTION.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The story of the girl Kate Shelly, to whom the Iowa Legislature has voted a gold medal, is worth more than a passing notice. It is a story with all the elements in it of what a noted writer calls "primeval action of the Homeric kind." A simple girl, reared in poverty and unacquainted with books or great experiences, stands at a cottage window looking out into a night of black and terrific storm. Suddenly the headlight of a coming railroad freight is seen to touch a bridge in a deep gorge, to waver an instant, and then go down with an awful crash among the rocks and the roar of swollen waters. The girl seizes a shawl, kisses her mother and sisters, and hastens through the scene of the wreck, only to find one living man, and he beyond her reach.

Then, nothing daunted, she hastened on a mile further to the station, creeping on hands and knees across another

intervening bridge, with a river beneath, and arriving just in time to stop a passenger train and save it from destruction. It all reads like an invention, or like a leaf out of some old apocrypha of heroic examples. And yet it is only a plain statement of fact, from a remote corner of a neighboring state, and the choice young heroine only sixteen years of age, belongs to our own time, and is as authentic as the daughter you meet at breakfast every morning. She is not conscious, we venture to say, of having done anything extraordinary, and no doubt the pretty medal will be a surprise to her. It is usually so with those who achieve such triumphs.

Perhaps if she had realized what she was accomplishing, or had entertained any thought of applause or medal, she would have faltered and measured the risk at the expense of losing her opportunity; certainly she would have missed that fine effort of unselfishness which is the essence of true heroism. It was by not taking herself into the account at all that she did herself the highest honor. And thus is vindicated anew the anomalous but sound per-severe truth that through forgetfulness we find our way to the best of remembrance.

It is not the great astonishing and forceful deeds that most merit tribute and commemoration; or at least such deeds are not entitled to a monopoly of recognition and praise. The storming of a hostile battery, the rescue of a captured flag, the facing of death because retreat would be dishonor, must be called splendid and worthy of golden mention; but the service of this obscure girl, in an important aspect, outshines the best of such exhibitions.

She did not do her duty, simply; she did far more, and did it voluntarily and with no dream of fame or reward. The occasion which came to her was one she might have avoided without reproach. There was no responsibility, legal or moral, resting upon her for the safety of those endangered lives; and had they all been sacrificed, the fault and reproach would not have been hers. She chose to make herself a heroine without knowing that a heroine was needed—anxious only to avert a disaster for humanity's sake and get back, if God pleased, to her humble home and the daily round of cooking and sweeping, of eating and sleeping. And yet not Cleopatra putting on her crown to salute death "after the high Roman fashion" is a nobler figure than Kate Shelly creeping across the Des Moines bridge in storm and darkness to save those lives which but for her intrepid venture must have perished.

A Supreme Court Sensation.

THE JUSTICES SHOCKED BY THE ANTICS OF A KANSAS LAWYER.

The dignity of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States was dreadfully ruffled on Friday. An insurance case was under review, and a Western lawyer, with absolutely no respect for the feelings of the judges or regard for their superlative ideas of decorum, came forward to make an argument. His dress and his manner were startling in their simplicity. He had on a homespun suit of pronounced country cut. He wore no collar or necktie, and the shirt front displayed by his unbuttoned vest was not as white as the driven snow. His cuffs were worn near the elbows, revealing a wealth of red flannel under-shirt, which blended picturesquely with the dirty brown of his long, bony hands. He had a good-sized quid in his mouth and, as he rolled it from side to side, brown rivulets of tobacco juice trickled down his long and gray goatee. He came forward with a jerk and appeared in full view of the horrified justices, a perfect specimen of the far Western jurist. Consternation was visible on the faces of every member of the bench. They gathered themselves together, elevated their eyebrows and showed symptoms of profound disgust. One of the justices was disposed to administer a severe reprimand to the half-dressed lawyer, but his brethren, while being equally indignant over this breach of decorum, prevailed upon him to suppress his feelings for the nonce. The unconscious object of their displeasure proceeded with his address and revealed methods of oratory as uncouth as his appearance. He swung his arms around with reckless abandon, and now and then, when a member of the bench seemed inattentive, would snap his fingers vigorously and bring his fist down on the table with a bang to command attention. The officers of the court were amazed at the free-and-easy manner of the stranger, who went on to the end of his speech utterly indifferent to or ignorant of the sensation he was causing. The judges gave a sigh of relief when he concluded, but their serenity was again disturbed when he threw himself in a chair and showed a disposition to place his feet on the counsel table. It is said one result of the collarless lawyer's debut was a revival of the agitation to compel all lawyers appearing before the court to wear gowns, after the fashion of the counselors on the other side of the ocean. The offending lawyer was from Kansas. He was admitted to the Supreme Court on Thursday. Yesterday was his first appearance, and unless he mends his habits of dress and speech, the judges are not only anxious but determined it shall be his last. Such shocks as they experienced yesterday cannot be endured more than once in a generation.

Reform in the Marriage Laws.

The Newark Daily Advertiser in some remarks on the necessity of a revised marriage law for New Jersey says: The looseness of the marriage laws throughout the Union, and their want of uniformity, are one of the scandals of the country, and it is time that some effort was made to stop absolute crime, the product of this evil, and the course of heedless clergymen and magistrates, who marry those who come before them with the readiness produced by combined indifference and a prospective fee. The Journal points to the case of the wretched victim, Mina Muller, and her murderer, Kinkowski, and says: "Neither of them were legally free to marry, yet married they were by a distinguished clergyman to whom they were utter strangers, to whom they presented no proof that the marriage contract between them would be legal and proper. He married the pair merely

because they asked him to do it, and the act was bigamy on their part and a gross indiscretion and impropriety on his." What kind of a law should be passed is, of course, a subject of grave consideration, but there should be some kind of preliminary announcement, either by reading the banns in a church, by a card in the papers, or by a system of license that shall be a guarantee to the officiating party that he is right in going ahead. Marriage was once considered a holy sacrament; now it is so loosely entered into as to lose all its sacredness, and from this point we may trace the many unhappy matrimonial lives and the cause of numerous divorces. Let there be a reform.

The Terrors of a Trance.

The following is the horrible mental and physical experience of Miss Josephine Ryman, a handsome young lady of Evansville, Indiana, who is just recovering from a severe illness, during which she was, while in a trance pronounced dead for three days, and all preparations made for her interment. She relates the circumstances with thrilling exactness of detail:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with the lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face it was awful. I heard every word spoken. My body, limbs and arms were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being coiled in a coffin and lowered in the ground. I tried to make some noise, or move just a little, to let them know that I was alive, but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair, and their kisses were warmth to my lips. As they turned to leave me it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't do it. I felt like screaming, I tried to, but I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in and felt my arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a prayer for the repose of my soul he too turned and left me, and my agony and horror was redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' I said to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake when it is too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation? The thought was madness! 'Why doesn't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead.' It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman giving directions as to the making of the shroud. I heard the time set for the funeral and all. I could see every one who came to look at me. I tried to look conscious and let them know that I understood it all, but it was impossible. It was a wonder I did not die of fright and agony. I often think that I would sooner die, a thousand times sooner, than go through that experience again.

Destruction of American Forests.

Harper's Magazine for April.

In our country we have gone to the forests in a kind of freebooter style, cutting and burning more than we could cut, acting for the most part as though all the while in a frolic or a fight, until now at length, after a century or two of this sort of work, we are waking up to the facts that our once boundless woods are disappearing, and that we are likely to suffer no little loss thereby. But it is only the few who seem now to have any adequate sense of our condition as effected by the threatened loss of the trees. In a recent publication, issued by authority of one of our Western States for the express purpose of attracting settlers from European countries, the statistics of its great lumber production are elaborately set forth, accompanied by the assurance that the present enormous consumption of trees for this purpose may be continued ten or fifteen years longer before the forests will be destroyed. The cool unconcern in regard to the future shown in this is very noticeable. "After us, the deluge." A corresponding feeling, though working on a much smaller scale, is seen in an advertisement, and of a class often appearing in our older States. "Brace up, Young Man. You have lived on your parents long enough. Buy this farm, cut off the wood, haul it to market, get your money for it, and pay for the farm. The owner estimates that there will be 500 cords of market wood." And so, all over the country, on the large scale and on the small, the axe is laid at the roots of the trees, and our forests are disappearing. It is estimated that 88,000,000 acres of forest land are cleared every year, and that in the ten years previous to 1876, 12,000,000 acres burned over simply to clear the land.

The first step toward making a man of your son is to train him to earn what he spends; the best step is to teach him to save his earnings.

NATURE has sometimes made a fool, but a cockcomb is always of a man's own making.

CURIOSITY is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs and overlook our own.

The less of two good things becomes a positive evil if we follow it to the neglect of the better.

ACTION may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.

Tax papers tell of a courtship and marriage brought about by a note written on an egg shell. It is the most eggs-trained affair. The two hearts are now yolked together.

North and South Before and After The War.

In "Oddities of Southern Life," contributed by Mr. Henry Watterson to The Century for April, the author hits off in the following happy manner the changes in sectional feeling since the war:

In those days there were no bloated bondholders. We had not even risen to the dignity of the insurance agent. Capital was really timid, and, for the most part, was represented in the South, as far as the East was concerned, by the peddler, the colporteur, and the vender of lightning-rods. These, who made themselves familiar with Southern thoroughfares only, were impressed by the manners of our swaggering hero; they stood abashed before his bullying; they were amused by his vulgarity; being for the most part unversed in the ways of the world, except that of trade, they were bound to fall into mistakes. Not unnaturally, therefore, they mistook the southern washbuckler for the Southern gentleman, and carried home a daguerotype of Southern life taken from their adventures, which, as we may conjecture, were rarely of the nicest. The truth is, that behind these people, of the North and South lived, moved, and had their being; in the one section, relying upon personal thrift and industry to build up fortunes; in the other section, victims to circumstance rather than design, accumulating debts as they accumulated slaves. I am sure that I am not mistaken in this; and, indeed, events are verifying it. After years of contention and war, the obstructive forces are passing away, and what do we see? Why, in the South, looking northward, we see a race, kindred to ourselves, a little less effusive, but hardly less genial, already disciplined and equipped to struggle against the winds and the waves. In the North, looking southward, the philosophic observer sees, not a huddle of lazy barbarians, composed in large part of murderers and gamblers, but a great body of Christian men and women, who have had a hard struggle with fate and fortune, but who have stood against the elements with a fortitude that contradicts the characteristics formerly imputed them; he sees the master of yesterday the toiler of to-day; he sees the mistress of themanion, still a gentle woman in the truest sense, striving and saving, patching, piecing, and pinching to make both ends meet; he sees, in short, a people, born to the luxury of a rich soil and a warm climate and inured to nothing except the privations of disastrous war and unexpected poverty, throwing themselves bravely into the exigencies of real life; nowhere indolent and idle; nowhere demoralized; everywhere cheerful, active, and sober.

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