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LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '75.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JOHN C. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 15 '70-1y

J. G. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july18

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice and reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb7 '77.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block 30472

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 12, '71-1y.

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
June20.

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Nell's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.
nov11

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frazer's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar15

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp Address as above. jul5-7t

HOTELS

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations. The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

BANKS, ETC.

Cambria Co. Bank.
M. W. KEIM & Co.
No. 266 Main St., Johnstown.
A General Banking Business transacted.
Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits.
Loans Negotiated.
Drafts Bought and Sold.
Jany. 3.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS,
BANKERS,
Successors to
Schell & Kimmel,
SOMERSET, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made.
jan12

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. R. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapply, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boyer, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Walters.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobaccos.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

JNO. HICKS LARUE M. HICKS
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
aug18.

J. R. MEGAHAN,
BUTCHER,
AND DEALER,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS!
All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.
MARKET DAYS
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Somerset, Pa
Meat can be obtained any day during the week. April 11.

Cook & Beerits'
FAMILY GROCERY
Flour and Feed
STORE.
We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,
We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the
BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL,
OATS, SHELLED CORN,
OATS & CORN CHOP,
BRAN, MIDDLINGS
And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.
Also, a well selected stock of
Glassware; Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all kinds, and
STATIONERY
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.
Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.
Don't forget where we stay—
On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.
Oct. 2, 1872.

BATTLE BUNNY.

(MALVERN HILL, 1862.)

["After the men were ordered to lie down, a white rabbit, which had been hopping hither and thither over the field swept by grape and musketry, took refuge among the skirmishers, in the breast of a corporal."—*Report of the Battle of Malvern Hill.*]

Bunny, lying in the grass,
Saw the shining columns pass,
Saw the starry banner fly,
Saw the chargers fret and fume,
Saw the flapping hat and plume;
Saw them with his moist and shy,
Most unsoldierlike eye,
Thinking only, in the dew,
That it was a fine review—
Till a flash, not all of steel,
Where the rolling caisson's wheel
Brought a ramble and a roar
Rolling down that velvet floor,
And, like blows of Autumn flail,
Sharply threshed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,
Raised his sharp and pointed ears,
Mumbled his prehensile lip,
Quivered his pulsating hip,
As the sharp vindictive yell
Rose above the screaming shell;
Thought the world and all its men,
All the charging squadrons neath,
All were rabbit-hunters then,
All to capture him intent.
Bunny was not much to blame;
Wiser folks have thought the same—
Wiser folk, who think they spy
Every ill begins with "I."

Wildly panting here and there,
Bunny sought the freer air,
Till he hopped below the hill,
And saw, lying close and still,
Men with muskets in their hands,
(Never Bunny understands
That hypocrisy of sleep,
In the vigils grim they keep,
As recumbent on that spot,
They elude the level shot).

One—a grave and quiet man,
Thinking of his wife and child
Far beyond the Rapidan,
Where the Androscoggin smiled—
Felt the little rabbit creep,
Nestling by his arm and side.
Wakened from strategic sleep,
To that soft appeal replied,
Drew him in his blackened breast
And—

But you have guessed the rest.
Softly over that chosen pair
Omnipresent Love and care
Drew a mightier Hand and Arm,
Shielding them from every harm;
Right and left the bullets waved,
Saves the savior for the saved.

Who believes that equal grace
God extends in every place,
Little difference he scans
'Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

—*Bret Harte, in Harper's Weekly.*

ON THE TRAP.

I was only a clown, a painted, grinning clown, attached, on a small salary, to a theatre in the capital of one of the little duchies into which Germany was divided before the genius and ambition of Bismarck had effected its consolidation into the Empire. My *role* was popular, for everybody likes to laugh, and likes one who puts them in a laughing mood. My make up was considered a marvel of perfection. My songs always took, and my gestures, and grimaces never failed to elicit the most rapturous applause. It used to be said that my face must be made of India-rubber, it could be twisted and distorted into such strange expressions. But I hated the life, and my success made it more and more detested.

One night I went home completely worn, out in body and mind. My little sister, Ada, fifteen years old, and light and graceful as a sylph, who was engaged as a danseuse at the same threatre, also seemed dispirited and worn. The play had been running forty nights, and the whole company was heartily sick of it. But it was not this alone which exerted a depressing influence on my spirits that evening. For many weeks I had been losing my heart to Fraulein Dora, the principal danseuse of the threatre, who was no less lovely in mind and heart than in her person. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; tall, well-formed, graceful, with a step like a fairy queen; large, thoughtful eyes, and a sweet, winning smile. What first drew me to her was her kindness to my sister whom she took every opportunity to befriend and assist in her profession. This was the more surprising, because Ada promised to become a dangerous rival; and, in the theatrical profession, jealousy is the rule, and generosity the exception. So I learned to like Dora, and then to love her. But so did everybody else. All the gentry of the place fell in love with her, and raved about her beauty and her dancing, in a way that nearly drove me wild with jealousy. I was in love in the old fashioned way we read of in novels—I am not ashamed to confess it—eager to kiss the ground on which she trod, and would not believe that any one else could love and worship her with the same devotion. I must not omit to say that Dora, in the midst of all this adulation, displayed the most discreet and modest behavior. She was always attended to and from the theatre, by her mother; and always returned the rich presents which were showered upon her.

Among all who paid court to Dora, I feared only one, the young, rich, handsome and accomplished Count Ernest von Walters, who pressed his suit with unremitting ardor. What chance had the poor clown against this man? Yet I fancied if he were only out of the way I need not despair of winning her. Did she not love my sister, and had she not often spoken kindly to me, and praised my acting and singing? But this day I had learned the worst—that her kindness to me sprang only from a gentle and friendly feeling for the brother of the girl she had learned to love like a sister, and that she had promised to become the wife of Count von Walters. What wonder that I went to my lodgings with despair in my heart?

My little sister exerted herself to make things cheerful in our quiet sitting room. She suspected nothing of the real cause of my downheartedness for she, my confident in everything else, had never been entrusted with the secret of my love for Dora; and in the hope of drawing me out of my moody silence, prattled on about a number of unimportant matters. She was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of our landlady. The good soul apologized for coming in at so late an hour, but the postman had brought a letter for me just after we left for the theatre, and as it bore a foreign postmark, she thought it might be important I should get it that evening. I thanked her mechanically, but a glance at the postmark caused me to tear the letter open with eager and trembling fingers; for I had often heard my father speak of an only brother who had settled in England in early youth, and from whom vague reports came, from time to time, of a successful mercantile career. The letter was postmarked London, and the heavy black border lines told the story before the seal was broken. My uncle was dead. He had never married, and on his death-bed, remembering his only brother, he had left all his wealth to him or his children. For a moment I felt stunned and faint; and Ada, throwing her arms about my neck, begged me to tell her what bad news was in my letter to make me look so strange and pale. I took her on my knee and told her we were rich, and would have no more need to act in the theatre. We would leave this miserable little town and go to Berlin.

To my surprise, Ada again put her arms about my neck, and whispered softly, "Need we leave the theatre immediately, dear brother?"

"No, child," said I, wondering what she could mean; "but tell me why you should wish to stay another day, when you can leave at once and be free from this slavery?"

"Because, dear brother," she answered, hesitating and blushing. "Fraulein Dora told me I was a great deal prettier than she was, and a better dancer; and that I should have the first place in the new dance they are to put on the stage next week. Oh, I would like to have such a triumph once! It would be such a pleasant way to say good-bye to the stage."

I could deny her nothing, my little sister; and though for me it was like going into the torture-room of the Inquisition to enter the theatre and see Count Ernest on such familiar terms with Dora, I consented for the present to conceal my good fortune from our friends, and go on just the same as if nothing had happened.

The eventful evening came at length. The play was interspersed with ballet dancing, and was to end with a grand transformation scene in which Ada and Dora were to rise as sea nymphs, in a shell-like car, from the waters of a mimic lake. It so happened that, just before the last scene, I went into the room underneath the stage, where the machinery for raising the car was placed impelled by a strange foreboding of impending misfortune, to assure myself that everything was in order; and that no precaution against accident had been neglected. There I found the master machinist, a dark and gloomy visaged man, standing by the car, muttering to himself in an undertone. "Better she should die than marry the Count. He has bewitched her, as he does all women. A little slip would—"

What are you muttering to yourself?" I asked him suddenly; and what do you mean by those mysterious words?"

He faced me, as if struck by an unexpected blow.

"I was only examining the machinery to see that everything was right," he answered, sullenly, and turned away.

I carefully examined the cords by which the car was raised. Everything appeared to be secure and in good order; and I went back to my place, trying to laugh myself out of my apprehensions. But though it was easy to argue that all was right, and that my fears arose merely from some explicable disorder of the brain, I could not feel secure. I was positive that some frightful misadventure would occur before the play was over; and every nerve was strained in the effort to maintain a calm exterior.

The play progressed. The curtain rose upon the magnificent transformation scene; and the plaudits of the audience grew tumultuous as the splendors unrolled before them. At length the car began to rise slowly and majestically, to low, sweet strains of music. I watched with scarcely beating heart and bated breath, the first appearance of the beautiful vision—for like a vision it looked, rising and still rising, the car resplendent with all the tinsel which shone like gold, and silver, and diamonds. A sound as of many tinkling fountains mingled with the strains of delicious music; fairly-land seemed opening upon the sight with arching bowers and far-reaching vistas, and myriads of elfin forms disporting on the ground and in the air. For a moment I was fascinated, when Ada and Dora, in all their beauty, rose above the lake, their stately car seemingly lifted by invisible hands. I forgot my apprehensions, and once more breathed freely.

Suddenly there was a dreadful crash, and a wild cry filled the house. The car had fallen. For an instant I felt rooted to the spot where I was standing, and then recovering my senses, rushed forward to learn the worst. As I made my way through the narrow passage under the stage, I heard some one say in a pitying tone: "Poor thing, she will never dance again!" Which was it, Ada? Dora? I fought my way through the actors and attendants, and saw my little Ada lying senseless in Dora's arms. Throwing myself on my knees, I took her cold hands in both of mine. "My dear friend," said Dora, who was weeping silently, "she is not dead, though dreadfully hurt. The surgeon will be here directly. Compose yourself. She is reviving."

My little darling opened her eyes, with a deep sigh, and looked about her with a bewildered gaze.

"Hush, little one, said Dora softly, as she saw Ada was about to speak. Lie still and be patient till the surgeon comes."

The gentle sufferer closed her eyes, and her little hands pressed mine with a tender grasp. The surgeon was soon on the spot. He assured me that Ada had sustained no fatal injury, but it was doubtful whether she would be able to walk again. With a piteous cry, she fell back in Dora's arms, and fainted dead away.

I had noticed no one but Ada and Dora, but at this moment I was conscious that the count was kneeling beside me, and had clasped Dora's hand. "Better she than you, my love!" he murmured.

Dora gave him a quick look of reproof. "This is no time for love making," she answered, withdrawing her hand. "Have you no feeling for the poor girl lying here, whose whole life must be one of misery and sorrow?"

"What is this ballet girl to me?" answered the count, stung to the quick, and for a moment thrown off his guard. "Of course, I am sorry for her," he added the next moment, "but—"

At this moment Ada opened her eyes again, and a faint blush struggled with the paleness in her cheeks, as her gaze fell upon the count. A beautiful smile played on her trembling lips, and she reached her hand toward him. "Oh, my love," she said in a low whisper—a whisper which first sent the blood mantling into Dora's face and then left it paler than snow—"you are near and I—"

Something in the count's face stopped her words.

"The girl is wandering," he said, coldly. "She does not know what she is saying."

She had fainted again. "Go, count," said Dora, hastily, "your presence is not wanted here." Her manner was decided and even imperious, and the count did not attempt to disobey; but as he left he cast upon Ada a look which caught the other's eye, and from the expression that came into her face I knew—knew even then, that he would never again hold a place in her heart.

We carried Ada home, and through the long illness which followed, Dora was her constant nurse and companion. To this dear friend was confided with many tears the secret of her heart. The count had won her love, and had promised to ask my consent to their union. Unsuspecting and confiding, she knew nothing of his attentions to Dora, and it was by his wish that she had never mentioned his name to me. I heard afterward, that he and Dora met but once after the accident, and that he endeavored to defend his perfidy on the ground that he was only amusing himself with Ada, and never had seriously thought of making her his wife. "So much the worse for you, Count," said the true-hearted woman. "I shall never be your wife, and never want to see your face again."

We are married now, Dora and I. From loving Ada she learned in time to love me, and the sweet and gentle invalid, who never again will walk until she steps upon the heavenly shore, is happy in our love. No murmur ever escapes her lips. Her sweet face is never clouded. Since Dora learned her sad story, the Count's name has never passed my sister's lips, nor has she in any way ever alluded to him. But Dora found her one day weeping silently over a picture which she put away without its being seen.

I have not told how the accident happened. The master machinist, himself in love with Dora, had cut several strands of the cords by which the car was secured. He openly avowed his crime, and only regretted that Dora had not been killed. "She rejected me with scorn," he said on his trial. "I was resolved she should never give her hand to another." He was manifestly a maniac. I can never forgive myself for not watching him more closely after that encounter under the stage.—*E. B. Leonard.*

The Flight of Jeff Davis.

The rebels at that time had ceased to care for Davis, and, in the hope that he would prove to be an acceptable offering for their own sins, they seemed to be not unwilling that he should be caught. In pursuance of his instructions, Lieutenant Colonel Harnden, with three officers and 100 men of the First Wisconsin Cavalry left Macon, Georgia, on the evening of May 6th, 1865, and marched rapidly during the whole night, by way of Jeffersonville, toward Dublin, on the Oconee river. At Jeffersonville Colonel Harnden left one officer and thirty men, with orders to scout the country in all directions for reliable information in regard to the route of Davis' flight. With the remainder of his small command he continued the march till the next evening, reaching Dublin at about 7 o'clock. During the night and day he had sent out scouts and small parties on all the side roads, in the hope of finding the trail of the party for whom he was looking, but nothing of importance occurred until after he had bivouacked for the night. The white inhabitants of Dublin expressed entire ignorance and indifference in regard to the movement of important rebels, but were unusually profuse in their offers of hospitality to Colonel Harnden. This being a trait in Southern character which the Colonel had never seen manifested as decidedly as before its exhibition at that time and place aroused his suspicions, and they were strengthened by the unusual commotion among the colored people. He therefore declined all offers of hospitality and bivouacked with his command in the outskirts of the village, taking precautionary measures to ascertain if possible what strange thing had happened in that vicinity. Although he displayed great tact and vigilance he gained no valuable intelligence till about midnight at which time he was aroused by a negro man, who had stolen secretly at that late hour to his camp for the purpose of telling him that Davis, with his wife and family, had passed through Dublin that day, going south on the river road. The negro reported that he had assisted the party to cross from the east to the west side of the river, that they had eight wagons with them, and that another party without wagons had gone southward on the other side of the Oconee river. His information seems to have been of the most explicit and circumstantial character. He had heard the lady called "Mrs. Davis," and a gentleman, riding a "spirited bay horse," spoken of as "President Davis," adding that "Mr. Davis" had not crossed the river at the regular ferry with the rest of the party, but had gone about three miles lower down and crossed on a small flatboat, and rejoined the party with the wagons near the outskirts of the town, and that they had all gone toward the South together. This colored man had evidently made careful and discreet observation of all that took place, and told his story so circumstantially that Colonel Harnden could not help believing it. The ferryman was called up and examined; but either through stupidity or design succeeded in withholding whatever he knew in regard to the case. But in view of the facts already elicited, after detailing Lieut. Lane and sixty men to remain at Dublin and to scout the country in all directions, particularly toward the sea coast, Colonel Harnden and the rest of his party, not exceeding in all seventy-five men, took to horse at an early hour in the next morning, and began the pursuit of the party just mentioned. Five miles south of Dublin he obtained information from a woman of the country, living in a cabin by the roadside, which left him no room to doubt that he was on the track of Davis in person. He dispatched a messenger to inform General Croxton of his good fortune and pushed rapidly in pursuit; but the courier lost his way, and did not succeed in reaching Macon till some time after the news of Davis' capture had been received. The trail on which the fugitives were traveling led southward through an almost trackless region of pine forests intersected by swamps and sluggish streams, with here and there, at rare intervals, the cabin of a family of "poor white folks" or fugitive negroes, and therefore afforded but little food for either man or beast. The rain began to fall toward noon, and as there was no road entitled to the name the tracks of the wagon wheels upon the sandy soil were soon obliterated; but after a long search a citizen was impressed and compelled to act as guide till the trail was again discovered. The pursuit was continued with renewed vigor, but as the wagon tracks were again lost in the swamp of Alligator creek, the pursuing party were again delayed till another unwilling citizen could be found to guide them to the path upon which the trail was again visible. Colonel Harnden reports this day to have been one of great toil to both men and horses; they had marched forty miles through an almost trackless forest, most of the time under a beating rain or the water up to their saddle girths. They bivouacked after dark on the borders of a dark and gloomy swamp, and sleeping on the ground without tents during the night they were again drenched with rain.

How Custer Died.

A soldier spy named Howard, who was in Sitting Bull's camp, talked with the camp followers regarding the Custer massacre, and disclosed some new facts. This body of hostiles, or a portion of it, was with Sitting Bull in that memorable affair, and thus the story Howard relates may be depended upon—as they, not suspecting his mission among them, and in consideration of his residence among and relationship with them, talked to him as one of themselves. They state that many of Custer's men were killed by mounted Indians, who ran over them and killed them with their knives. The poor fellows were huddled together here and there and fought at great disadvantage; yet they killed a great many of their assailants, fighting desperately to the last. Sitting Bull asserted that the battle lasted thirty minutes all told, ending with the death of Custer and a few men and officers who had rallied around him. This forlorn hope had gotten off some distance, and could have escaped; but, unfortunately, Custer changed his mind, turned, and ordering a charge, the devoted party rushed upon the Indians with revolvers, shooting down the astonished savages right and left. Custer killed five himself when his pistol emptied, and the foe pressing about him, he closed with a grappling savage, and beating out his brains with the butt, was shot as his victim fell to the ground. This doubtless true story supports the theory advanced by military men at the time of the massacre—the idea of some desperate final act receiving support from the position and location of the group of bodies about Custer, viz: that, he seeing his command annihilated, and fearing to face the consequences or scorning to live when his soldiers lay dead about him, had deliberately rushed to certain death.

His body was not recognized at first, the Indians thinking him a scout; but, being identified, all that remained of the famous General was propped up against the corpses of two soldiers, and so left to receive the advancing but too late troops. Poor Tom Custer's heart was not cut out, as previously reported, but he was barbarously killed with knives. Lieut. Sturgess was knocked off his horse, shot and killed, his body stripped and thrown into the river. It must be Sturgess' death which is thus described, as the Indians tell of this poor fellow as a young warrior who rode with a buckskin coat strapped to his saddle, and it was known he was so equipped. They also relate that two soldiers, who threw down their guns and surrendered, were turned loose, and advised "to return to their people and tell them all the whites would follow Custer unless they would let the Sioux alone." The poor fellows left, but the next day, probably crazy from fright, attempted to return, when they encountered some Indians who had been engaged against Reno, and were killed. Howard recognized many Custer trophies in the camp, among them Cook's saddle and accoutrements. He thinks this camp of of hostiles must be severely dealt with; that Sitting Bull must be secured or killed, or else the season's successes and surrenders will go almost for naught. I am convinced that Gen. Miles shares this opinion, at least partially, and that he is right in opposing any cessation of active and offensive operations until the suggested results be attained. It must not be imagined that he is bloodthirsty in his plans or ideas in this business—on the contrary, he recognizes the fact that the Sioux even have rights the Government must respect; but at the same time he feels with all intelligent observers that its strong arm must now thoroughly assert itself before the field be abandoned. Any other course can but result in loss of all that has been gained, and endless repetition of campaigns against the Indians

Bob Burdette on a Journey.

Now there was a certain man of Bhur-Liakton, who went down to Ki-o keke.

And as he journeyed he fell among divers people, who robbed him of his substance, and entreated him roughly, and laughed him to scorn and chaffed him with exceeding great chaff

And there came upon him one whose name was P'nuts, and besought him, saying:

Lo, here is pop corn which I will sell thee for shekles. It is pleasant to the taste and is a goodly fruit for a man to look upon.

As a lily among thorns even so is the California pop corn among fruits.

Lo, was it not the favorite fruit of G. Washington.

Of a variety there be forty acres of corn into every ball. The fruits of a quarter section of land be in my basket. Is thy servant a dog that he should lie about such a trivial thing as this.

Lo, thou hast scrip in thy purse and here is pop corn. Eat and be merry, for at the next grade ye may be ditched.

And it was so that he prevailed against him, for verily the traveler was slow of speech and could not reply to him. So he paid scrip unto the P'nutz and made himself merry with pop corn, and was grievously tormented for sixty miles with a consuming thirst.

And when the P'nutz had gone, lo there appeared unto the man one of the goodly clothes, and his manner was pleasant, and he said unto him:

Lo, here is cunning work in ivory, that groweth upon trees, like apples.

And the man was wroth, and said, Go to, which is that what you are giving us?

But he denied, protesting that it was so, and he swore bitterly.

And it was so that he prevailed with him and sold divers merchandise unto him, until his pockets were laden with tape measure and thimbles and needles and needle-cases, and Pharo's serpents and napkin rings made out of the ivory that grows upon trees.

And he communed with himself, saying, Verily, I will plant these things when I get home, and I shall raise me my own ivory. For he was a harsh man and one given to usury.

And there came unto him yet another, who emptied into his lap a public library, and spake unto him, saying, "Books"?

But he said nay, and declared, saying, of a verity I cannot read.

But he said, thou liest, and besought him that he would buy Sidonie, and buy Tom Sawyer, and the Pirate's Doom, Bill Lee, the Scourge of Henderson county, and the History of the Mollie Maguires.

And he said, Lo, I will give them unto thee for nothing, for nothing but a dollar and a quarter a volume, but which is betwixt and you me?

And it was so, when he had bought the book he was entreated by one who sold bananas. When he had eaten them he leaned his head out of the car window and side-tracked his stomach.

And last of all the conductor came also. And he said, "Ticket."

And the man said, verily, I have not any.

And he said, Fare, then.

But the man said, of a truth I am a slothful and an unprofitable servant and have wasted my substance in riotous living. Take me, I pray thee, home.

And the conductor spake unto him harshly, and said, I will take thee down a peg or two. People that have no money can't ride.

And all the changers of money and all them that sat at the receipt of peanut custom and them that sold wooden ivory shouted aloud, bounce him! bounce him!

And they called the brakemen, who fell upon him and bounced him with an exceeding great bounce.

And he abode in the swamps three days, and fed upon blackberries before he got home.

The Locust in Pennsylvania.

There is no better place for the seventeen year locust than Pennsylvania, for this insect has a decided preference for forests of oak, in which that State is rich. Evergreens are not to the taste of the harvest fly, and the insect usually avoids the pine woods, neither is it found in low alluvial lands, which accounts for its appearance this year in the high grounds of New Jersey, while the marshes are clear of its presence. The writer of this article well remembers the appearance of the locust in Pennsylvania twenty-four years ago, and its stay is still as fresh in his memory as if it had taken place only last year. As in Jersey the coming of the swarm was almost simultaneous. The earth seemed to open only to elude insects, and soon the woods and fields were strewn with their casts of shells, while the air and the trees were thick with flying and drumming locusts. All day long the air was filled with their noises. They were a curiosity then just as they are a curiosity in Jersey now, and men and children handled them until many persons were stung. Then tree and shrubs everywhere bore evidence, not of their ravages, properly speaking, for the locust is not a great feeder, as is plain from the absence of anything like a digestive apparatus but the incisions made for the purpose of depositing their eggs. Soon they began to die, and then, although it was midsummer, the great oak forests seemed to have been blighted as by the frosts of October. The tops of the trees showed only dead and breaking branches, or, rather, twigs, which in time fell off and dropped to the earth. Wherever the egg were laid the decay of branches began and in the economy of nature this was completed so that the larva fell to the earth for its seventeen years of repose at that exact moment apparently when it was ready for its long burial. An egg is only about one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter, and it grows to its full size in these seventeen years of subterranean development. How far the insect penetrates the ground is questionable, but a year or two before the reappearance of the swarm it is no uncommon thing for the farmer to turn up some rare specimens in the furrow. These, of course, are still in the chrysalis state, and this condition is maintained until the appearance of the insect above ground when the shell is at once shaken off and the perfect fly revealed.

Fighting Joe Hooker.

Speaking of gamblers, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, we call to mind, out of many clever men and many honest men, the names of Charley Burroughs and Billy Chapman. For some of the virtues of life, and for some of the manlier traits, they would compare more than favorably with many we have known of higher pretensions. We call to mind one incident: Chapman and Burroughs kept the rooms at the corner of Merchant and Kearney streets. We had passed through an exciting political campaign. Burroughs and Chapman were both New England men, both Republicans, both loyal. It was before the trans-continental telegraph. The Pony Express brought the news of the war. Organized rebellion had fired upon the grand old flag at Sumter; the fort had yielded and the stars and stripes had been dragged from its flagstaff, and it its place was raised the standard of rebellion, the flag of the Palmetto State. Around their rooms hung an habitue, a gambler, and one who had lost a fortune in wooing the fickly, wicked goddess; a gentleman, a graduate of West Point, but a ruined and almost reckless man. The news came at nine o'clock in the evening of the taking of Sumter. There was no more card playing that night. Then it was that from the sofa, where he had been lounging, there uprose a handsome and manly form. The half inebriated, reckless man was transformed, as if by magic, into the splendid soldier.

"Now," said he, "is my time! Time to redeem myself and serve my country. I have been educated for a soldier." Chapman turned to the money drawer of the faro table, and taking a handful of gold, said, "Take this, go and purchase what you want. I'll buy your ticket; the steamer sails to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." The steamer sailed, and from the generosity and patriotism of William Chapman and Charles Burroughs, the two professional gamblers of San Francisco, the country received the splendid and gallant services of fighting Joe Hooker, the hero of Lookout Mountain.

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. The other night somehow it slipped down, and as the Judge was restless, it gradually worked its way downward toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying a-wake, his foot touched it, and it felt cold; jumping from the bed, he said:

"By gracious, Maria! there is a toad or a snake or something under the covers. I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Putman gave a loud scream and was out on the floor in an instant.

"Now don't go to hollering and waking up all the neighbors," said the Judge. "You go and get me a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge, with the remark that she felt as if snakes were creeping all up and down her back.

"O, nonsense Maria! Now you turn down the covers slowly, while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside the bed, too, so's we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as soon as the black ribbon of the watch was revealed, he cracked away three or four times with his broom. Then he pushed the thing into the bucket. Then they took the bucket to the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might've known that. Just like you women, to go screeching and fussing about nothing. Who's going to pay me for that watch? It's utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss, not me," said Mrs. P. "You needn't try to put the blame on me."

"O, hush up, and go to bed. I'm tired of hearing your blather. Blame me if I ain't going to get a divorce and emigrate."

And the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.—*Max Adeler.*

Story of a Copper.

Contempt of a small gift comes of not knowing how to use it. In the following case the unthanked giver was generous enough to show how his present of a cent could be made worth many dollars; Rich Uncle Tom, says the Boston *Cultivator*, offered his baby niece a copper, which baby's mother threw on the floor in a pet, taking it almost as an insult. Uncle Tom only laughed, and quietly picking up the cent, started for home. On his way he exchanged the copper for a nice new-laid egg. He took the egg home and put it under a setting hen, and in due time out popped a chicken. The chicken grew to be a hen, and the hen proved to be as great a layer as her mother. Some of the eggs Uncle Tom kept to pay for his trouble and his corn, and sold the rest, or turned them into chickens for the benefit of Aunt Sarah's baby, who kept growing along, first to a girl, and then to womanhood, and was still as pretty as ever. At last Uncle Tom sold some of the hens for a lamb. The lamb became a sheep, and the mother of many sheep, until the sheep were sold for a cow. So, year by year, while Aunt Sarah's baby grew older and prettier, her property grew larger and more valuable, until, on her wedding day Uncle Tom, took home to her in a line, like the procession going into the ark, first a flock of hens, then a drove of sheep, and following after, a herd of cows—a handsome dowry, and only the rightful income from her first copper,

A Sound African.

The return of Cadet Henry Flipper to his home at Atlanta, Georgia, was the occasion of much rejoicing among his friends. He has been appointed second lieutenant of the Tenth Cavalry, a colored regiment on the frontier of Texas, and will proceed to join his company at the close of his present furlough. His career in the Military Academy at West Point is said to have been the roughest experience that any cadet has undergone