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EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin, The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill: For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,

To wander alone on the wind beaten hill : But the day star attracted his eye's sad devotion For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean, Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion, He sung the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH!

Oh end is my fate; (said the heart broken stran

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can fly ; But I have no refuge from famine and danger, A home and a country remain not for me! Ah! never again in the green shady bowers, Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours;

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Erin my country, though sad and forsaken, In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore, But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no

Oh cruel fate! will thou never replace me In the mansion of peace where no peril can chase

Ah never again will my brothers embrace me, They died to defend me or live to deplore ! Where is my cabin that stood by the wild wood ! Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall ? Where is the mother that watch'd o'er my child-

And where is the bosom friend dearer than all? Ah, my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure! Why did it dost on a fast fading treasure? Tears like the rain drop, may fall without meas

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall !

Yet all its fond recollections suppressing. One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw ; Brin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessings, Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh! Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion:

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean; And thy harp stringing bards sing sloud with devotion.

Prin ma vorneen-Erin go bragh!

THE HARP OF TARA.

Tune .- " Gramochree." The berp that once through Tara's bells The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er. And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Tara swells. The chord alone, that breathes at night, Its tol of ruin tells.

Then freedom now so seldom wakes. The only throb she gives, Is when some heart indignant breaks. To know that still she lives.

Tales and Shetches.

From the Knickerbocker for February. TRANSCRIPTS

TROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY PREDERICK L. VULTE.

"Say, Mr. Sheriff," inquired 'Old Thison' of me, "be you good at figgers ?" "Good at figures ?" I asked, responsively "what do you mean by that question ?" and I

looked at the old man with astonishment. He seemed lost at the apparent harshness obscryable in my manner of addressing him ; and I gin him the lowest bow I could make. apprehensive that I was offended, asked my forgiveness, and deglared "he did n't mean no of-

"Oh ! as for that, Tise," I replied, "I am satisfied you meant nothing wrong. But why do you ask if I am good at figures ?"

"Because," and he primped up his mouth, and swelled out his cheeks, looking, for all the world, like an antiquated Cupid, (as he is,) and with a cunning and gay twinkle of his eyes, drawing me expressing my thoughts to him, less he might a figger; and I was then all ready to commence his hands from out of his side-pockets, and cov- haul in, and offer me less. ering one with the other, so as to make a hollow of them, he raised them up, gently at first, and was heard, "Because if you be, how much is Good-bye." twice five f"

are a pair of spectacles, ain't they, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Twice five is ten." "Dat's it, and dere dev be;" and he ceased the fore-finger and thumb of each hand. "They by, about de chain.

as Wall-street by old Trinty, when I see Mr. Wilton, the lawyer; and he bowed very purlitey to me ; and he comes up to me and says : " 'Good morning, Mr. Thison.' And I says : " Pooty well, I thank you." 'And then he says again :

ed men and boys, who are familiar with that bu- corner of de streets; (I think he must a knowed them have failed to serve it; and I almost now, horse at a good trot. in looking at it. scarcely recognize it as a thing of the present age, it looks so greasy and dirty. to think : and I said to myself, 'Tise ! old gen-Have you a mind to try it?"

" 'Try it,' said I looked at him in wonder : try it ? I never failed in nothing I go at right earnestly. Try it ?- guess I will. Who is the party, Mr. Wilton ?" said I.

" 'The plaintiff is a woman.'

"A woman ! and you know, Mr. Sheriff, how willin' I am to serve the women."

"Yes! but, Tise, Mr. Wilton did n't want you to sérve a woman.

"Now, why will you bother me, Mr. Sheriff? Why wen't you let me tell my story without stopping me?" "Well, well, go on! I only interrupted you

when I supposed you were off the track." "I was n't off de track ; I was going on at a good rate. Let me see; let me see; where was I ?- yes, I was always willing to oblige the wo-

"Well, Mr. Wilton says to me, says he: ment : and Kitty was in his service for two or | vants, waiters, and all, knowed me. three years at small wages ; and all went on very nicely when, one day, the cook, an Irish girl. told Kitty, my client, to go! that she did n't the cook said ; he had married her, and begged | rulous had he become. "What was it, Tise ?" Kitty to come again, and he would settle with wrote to him, and no answer was sent to me. I finally determined to sue him ; and you know of the difficulties I am laboring under to procure a service of the process upon him. His wife, who is fearful of an influence detrimental to her interests, which might be extressed in the making of the claim, he will pay her to the last fraction. But the difficulty, Mr. Thison, is to see him : it, if any one can accomplish a service, you are the gentleman.""

"Well, I could n't help, Mr. Sheriff, when he said I was the gentleman, taking my bat off:

" 'Well, what do you say, Mr. Thison,' said he, 'will you try it ?'

"Try it ? to be sure I will," said I.

"He do n't live far from here; only around I will give you ten dollars."

"Ten dollars !" said I.

"Massy me ! that's a round sum for a small

"Yes! ten dollars. You 've got to be cautious

"And he left me. Come de chain on me !"

gold ones they be, and gold ones they was. Yes! 'declaration,' agin' a man by the name of Bur- in' not so well done: and then I ris up strut, yes! twice five is ten," said he chuckling; "and rows, who bethered me a good deal; he shyed bekase my work was near done; and dropped half-eagles do n't roost on every tree, if whole me every where and every place; he had his dod- my basket; and I pulled out my paper and shook ones does fly above my head. Y'ain't 'fended, gers always 'bout him; and I never seed him myself, and then I handed it to him. But bless without he rid a horse, a black horse. When I you, Mr. Sheriff, you oughter seen him then. I "Heaven bless you, Tise, no! But how about went to the door of his house to see him, I'm thought he'd a cat me up, he was so put out : this affair ? I can't comprehend you; what blamed if he did n't go through to the stable in and he said sumthin' about an old man who de rear of his house, and git on, and ride pass ought to be ashamed of his elf, going round dres means this about the half-eagles and spectame in de front of his place, so I could see him. sin' hisself up as a female, imposin' on people "Well, you see, Mr. Sheriff," replied he, "I And when I went de next day, thinking dat I But I was so happy I did n't say nothin' to him was a-goin' down town yesterday, and got as far | would git him sure at the stable, blamed if he on'y dat de dignity of de office mus' be kep' up, didn't come right past me on dat old black horse and we could n't afford to let sich rabbits as he ag'in ; he got on at the front of the house this was, burrow as much he pleases, out-wit old time; he was too wide awake fer me; I tried foxes; and den I left him, wishin', him, as he this a good many times ; fust at de front door, at de basement, at de stable, in de rear, and at every p'int I thought I could make something at. But I was deceived; he was always burrowing " Mr. Thison, I'm werry glad to see you: 1 | jist like a rabbit, out of one hole into another .want you to serve a paper for me on a man who I could n't catch him ; I seed him, through, a lives not far from here, but who I've been trying | good many times on that black horse of his'n ; to serve for the last year; all of my clerks, from he knowed me jist as well as I knowed him; errand-boy to the confidential man, have tried it; and sometimes I thought it was werry aggerwaeven I myself have tried it ; I have also employ- tin' in him ; he used to stop wid his horse by de siness ; have lodged it in the sheriff's office ; and I was about ;) and den, when I kim up, thinking I believe the paper has been in the hands of eve- I had it all right, and was jist a going to --- blary one engaged in the office. I have also given med if he did n't pull off his hat, and 'wish me it to a score or more of constables; all, all of a werry good mornin'; and off went de old black

"Well, I stood at dat corner, and I began for tleman, this won't do : dat air feller must be come up to, if he does ride a horse. Now what shall I do ? what shall I do ? I can't keep pace wid this nag; and bless me, if I think I can wid his rider; 't won't do to be nonplushed this way.' And I was thinking some time, and wondering what I should do next : and I looked up. and den I seen him ag'in, still on dat black nag ; he passed me, and he said 'he wished me a werry pleasant time of it.' I could n't help it, but I cussed some, I tell you; and I shuck my finger at him ; and I hollered out to him that I'd cit him yet afore de Devil would, and he must make a note of that.

"Now you see, Mr. Sheriff, that last part was the aggerwatinist of all, to wish me a werry pleasant time; and I wowed then, as my danger was riz, of I could get him by any means, I would ; my feelin's was hurt ; and I thought if he burrowed, I would burrow too. Well, I was deter-" Do you think, Mr. Thison, you can serve mined, after that, to catch him; and I went to Doolittle, my client, was house-keeper for Mr. ble, at day-break, at sun-set. He had gone out: Greenhope, and old gentleman, a retired grocer he had gone in ; I was never in time ; I was beand widower, who, becoming old, was subject to fore him; I was after him; he was in his castle Greenhope lived; and I got on de stoop; and I that, like a transparent well hung over the face of they had tracked his course, and he found himrheumatics, or gout, or some other similar ail- and I was denied admittance, as all of his ser- stood a bit : and I heard de blinds in de win- beauty; enveloped its green luxuriance, we ob- self surrounded by a burning circle of fire. But

Bimeby, a thought struck me, if it could only be, thought L"

"What was it, Tise ?" By this time, bee want her any more about the house; that she ling fairly interested, I could not resist the inclihad married Mr. Greenhope, and had become, by nation to check the old nan in his very particu- I spect be got particular anxious; and all at onst tion returning to their homes. As soon as the weakened and emaciated by such severe hardthe law of the land, the mistress of the house lar and close narration of every incident, and I feel something strike my hat and bounce off, Chippeways saw the Sioux, they knew from their ships and fatigue, his resolute spirit sustained herself ; that Mr. Greenhope told Kitty it was as | yet I wanted him co close it up speedily, so gar-

"Well. I begin to think," continued he, "after har. Well, Kitty left the house at once ; and, going a good many times bout de house where after a few days, went to see Mr. Greenhope to de man lived, dat if I could on'y catch a boy, or get a settlement with him, but she was denied a man or a woman, or any body, who went for admittance. She went again, and again, and al- to carry semething reg'lar to the house, I might ways was refused admission into the house; and succeed. I seed a butcher-boy, a good many she never could see the old gentleman; his wife times, so to de door in de basement; and I tried would not permit her to come in and see him .- | to get him once to let me carry in the most and At length, after repeated efforts to see him, she marketing, so as to git in the house; but he came to me, and told me of her affairs. I talked shy at me, at put his thumb and fingers to his nose; and as he moved them backards and forwards, he said :

" Gammon ain't what we deals in ; nothin but de best of beef comes from our stall.

"And he shved at me ag'in. Well, I went ag'in at night; and after staying 'bout an hour of his last will and testament, prevents the ad- or so, I seed a woman, a great big tall woman, mission of any one into the house, and keeps going up de stoop with a big clothes-basket. the old man a prisoner, in fact. There, you have | 'Hallo !' said I to myself, 'here's my chance.'the whole story ; and my client, Kitty, although | And I waited for her to come out ; and when she attachment as a 'concealed debtor,' will not al- I got out of the way of bein' seen, I walked up dow, and dat it was fortunate I was so near to Sioux though taken by surprise and thrown off low me to do so, as she says it would give too to her, and asked her if she did washing. She pick them up; and if she would on'y allow me their guard turned in pursuit of the Chippeways. much publicity to the matter; and beside, it said yes. And I got from her the name and to hand de spees to de old gentleman hisself I who fled for their lives, determined to avenge the would be exposing the old gentleman to too much | number of de street where she lived, and told | would be so happy." pain, in case he should see his name in print as her I might call on her one of dese days. And as concealed debtor. And yet again, Kitty knows | den I asked her if she washed for de gentleman that the moment Mr. Greenhope is made aware in de house where she come out of; and she told any opprobrious or consorious epithet to my old fainting with terror to the cabin; mothers were could n't staying talking with me just then ; she mentary allusion to his politeness. "You are and nurse scolding-all dreading instant massaand yet I believe, although so many have tried had some other places to call at ; and that she would have to stop ag'in when she came back at lady let you in at once ?" the gentleman's for the dirty clothes; and she said 'good bye' to me, and left me.

"After she had left me, Mr. Sheriff, I knowed I had to work sharp and quick, if I intended to them to Mr. Greenhope." carry out my plan, bekase the washer-woman would be back afore long; so that, without waitin' a minute, I run into a second-hand clothing- out by the chain, but I knowed that I had that women and children, all talking at once in their shop, in an avenue clus by, and I bought a wo- in me that would loosen de chain. Why, you different dialects, all intent upon seeing the novel the corner; and if you succeed in serving him, man's hat; and then I run to a grocery-store know, Mr. Sheriff, I allers look like an innocent fight. and got a big basket; and I put some things in | child; no body would think any wrong of me; the basket and kivered it up with a red handker- and then I asked her ag'in if she would allow me cher : and I put on the bonnet, and with my de pleasure of presenting the specs to Mr Green- their motion. But see! one stops something job like that, I thought. But you did't catch old black cloak on, I think I made somewhat of hope hisself."

operations. "See, Mr. Sheriff, I never failed to serve a pa- blamed if my customer hisself did n't come out game, come up then, could read it for him." and be continued holding them as before; "and per in my life but once, and I 'll tell you of that of a room; and seein' me, he called me Nancy; "What did she say to that hit you gave her, I airned them with a pair of spectables; and another time. But I'll tell you once I had a and he begin for to complain about his linen be- Tise?" said 1.

did me once, 'a werry pleasant time.' "Now do n't you think, Mr. Sheriff, that was

werry good for me ? was n't it well done ?"

"Very good, Tise! Better than good," said I. "It was superlative; nothing could be better .-But how did you feel when you where going up stairs without any plan or excuse in your head? | a slight reference that, in that respect, I was freshould you be discovered, and your disguise penetrated, what would you have done then, ch?-Come, tdl me, Tise !"

"Public justice! hem!! I don't know nothing better nor public justice." And the old man kept repeating public justice, rabbits, foxes, burrowings cunning, dignity, washer-woman, bonnet, foxes, baskets, gigling and laughing the while, and between the exclamations smoothing and mouth, evidently coaxing himself into the luxury of fanoying himself the chief of spotters.

the best at the game of burrowing. "Now, Tise, as you 've got through this little interruption of the incident of the half cagles and spectacles, let me hear about the service of the paper you had against old Mr. Greenhope; and let it be very short, for I want you to accompany me on an expedition of a very dificult character, which is now in process of preparation by the attorney, in which all your natural and acquired faculties of archness and perception will be called into requisition. You will be ready to go with, won't you ?

"Go! bless you, yes! nay time, and all times; you know, Mr. Sheriff, I sever refuse you. But what is this business ? what is de writ ?"

"Ne exeat!" I replied, solemnly. "No exout!" echord he, sententiously and

"Now about the spectacles, Tise."

"Yes, bout de spectacles. Well, Mr. Sheriff, flopper, as if some body was looking out to see who it was as had come on de stoop; and I looked up, and it was an old man; he was looking troo de blinds at me, right above my head : and knowed I had it all right, and that the old man was mine."

"That was a capital hit, Tise."

"Well, it was, Mr. Sheriff; that is, it was a ed out a ha! ha! ha! at his capital hit.

fastened on de inside of de door-post and de in- view the result. side of de door; and den I knowed about de I put on the innocentest look I could, and told filled the sir with its murderous echo, in an inher I was passing by de house, and de old gentle- stant each rifle brought down a foe. Three of the

"You old ---," interrupted I, at which he the soul and body of politeness. Of course the crefrom their near proximity to the Indians .-

tight, and werry particular; and den she asked the captain for "permitting murder," others me to gin her the specs, and she would take watching with breathless engerness the flying

"But you did n't do it ?"

"Well, she opened de door at last, with a good deal of reluctance, and down come de chain, and "So I hobbled up the stoop; and I ringed the in I went; and when I got in, I seed do ole genand cunning,' said he, 'and look out that Mrs. bell ; and I stooped a little, so as not to appear theman standin' on de first landin' of de stairs, on then quickly, gayly, swaying them to and fro be- Greenhope do n't come the chain on you. Let too big for the washer-woman, though she was a de fust flight; and I went up and told him it taneous shriek and the words "He is shot! he fore my eyes and ears; a jingling, chinking sound me hear from you, Thison, to-day or to-morrow. large woman; and I cursheyed to the gal who was werry lucky dat I happened to pick dem up; opened the door and let me in ; and widout my and I give him the spectacles, and he thanked sayin' a word nor nothin', she told me to git a- me a good deal : and then I took the paper out of what did he mean, said I; and I was dumb- long up stairs as quick as I could; she didn't my pocket and handed it to him; and I told him trate, shot through the heart, foundered : I was in a fog : and I could n't tell know me from de woman ; an' I went up stairs; ag'in thad it was werry lucky I found his specs, the movement of his hands at the instant he what he did mean; but I found out afterward, and I did n't know what to do; and I was wen- as he could n't see to read de paper widout 'em, showed me two half-eagles, which he held between when I tried the service; and I 'll tell you, bime derin' what I should do; and when I got to the 'onless,' and I said onless werry loud; 'this here landing above, and was thinkin' what next, I 'm lady,' and his wife, the woman of the chain-

said I was an old sinner, and de like: and she way dripping with the still warm blood, fastened didn't suspect my innercent looks, and so on; to the girdle of the Sieux. Raising the war yet she looked more'n she said."

ding the spectacles; it procured your admission into the house," said I to him.

"Yes! yes!! it was lucky," replied he drawlogly ; " but dat didn't do it."

"Well, what was it, then?" I asked. "My purliteness," said he, gravely, and making a very graceful bow, with his hand placed that added steam should be put to the boat? there across his breast. "Yes! yes! my purliteness done de business :" and he smirked archly .-- distance ahead and he thought he might save the She couldn't resist me ; I knew I was captiwa- fugitives by getting them on board the Otto.

tin' then, werry captiwatin'." "Yes, Tise," said I, "I know you were on a captivating expedition just then."

And then old Tise rumbled out a vigorous ha! ah! ha! he! he! he! hi! hi! hi! and ending with and dissonant noises of the wast machinery, quently in the same boat with him. "And dat's de way bout the spectacles and

the half-eagles; but gracious me, Mr. Sheriff, wasn't dat a lucky hit ?" "Yes it was: and I suppose Mr. Wilton thought

it was very surprising, didn't he?" "To be sure he did; and more'n 'at, he told me it wasn't more'n three or four hours after he give the paper to me, his client had got all her money; could see far across the prairie and in the disand rubbing, and playing, and feeling his cheeks and I got two half-eagles for that job, and plenty tance could trace one Chippeway, like a deer flycompliments, too.

> and I am always rejoiced to see and hear that aptness, such as yours, is well rewarded."

A PRAIRIE FIGHT.

BY MRS. B. P. SWIFT.

It was that most delicious season of the year, the "Indian summer," when scated by some travelling companions on the deck of the steamer Otto, bound for the Upper Mississippi, we per- he finally reached his village. ceived three Indians in carnest parley with the captain of the boat. They were fine specimens to the assertion made by the Chippeways, their of their nation; tall and straight, with propor- village had been attacked by this Sioux party. tions of exact symmetry. Their keen dark eyes A boy stationed upon the bluffs that surrounded glittering with excitement, and, with their rifles | their dwellings, seeing their approach, had given in their hands, and each one foot advanced, they | instant alarm, so that by the time the Sioux had appeared as if preparing to spring overboard into reached the village, it was deserted and bars .the deep and turbid waters of the river.

With furious gestures they pointed to the prairie, that lay stretched out before the view until | er. took de writ from Mr. Wilton ; and I on'y had it seemed to meet the glowing sky. Covered with a little way to ge, jist behind de big stores on de rich grass and wild flowers-lonely and wild- sorely beset by his enemies ; for days and nights corner of Broadway and Rector-street; and I it looked like a vast extent of silence and solitude. he had neither rest nor sleep. Once only he went along, and I come up to de house where Mr. But as we gazed through the skimmering mist stopped to breathe amongst some bushes; but dows of the second-story of his house go flipper- served far in the distance a party of Indians, his courage and perseverance did not forsake him moving in single file at a rapid rate.

They were Sioux, whose tribe at that time were in deadly feud with the Chippeways. The thrice wounded by chance shots, he had cluded Indians on board the Otto were chiefs of that na- their direful vengeance, and while his body was and den it fell on de pavement; and I picked it mode of travelling that they had been on a war his exertions until retreat was practicable, and un, and it was a pair of goold spectacles; and expedition to some of their villages; hence their he also returned to his people in safety. den I felt good ; and I run up on de stoop ag in ; impassioned gestures and pleadings to the capand I nelled de bell good and strong, for den I tain to be set on shore. They said they would persons still living who witnessed "The Prairie take their scalps from their foes, and rejoin the Fight." boat some distance ahead.

After urging their request for some time, the captain of the Otto complied with it, and they hit on my caput, as de lawyers say, and that were landed, and soon in quick pursuit of their means a capital hit." And the old fellow scream- enemies. At the solicitations of many of the passengers, backed by the potent influence of "Well, den, de door was opened on'y a little, sundry odd dollars, which found their way into bout six inches, or so; and I heerd a clankin' of the rough hands of the captain, he consented to chains; and I'm blessed if dere was n't a chain the boat's slackening her speed, that we might

chain-game; and de door could n't be opened along the shore concealing themselves in the any furder; and a woman stuck her face troo de | brushwood that lined the banks of the river until openin'; and she looked awful savage at me; they came near enough to the Sioux, and then and she wanted to know my business; and then with a spring like a panther's and a whoop that I might commence proceedings against him under | did come, I follered her a little way ; and when | man up stairs dropt his spectacles out of de win- | Sionx fell dead upon the prairie. In return the death of their fallen companions.

The intense excitement on board the steamer started : and I hesitated. No I could not apply was beyond description. Ladies were borne half me she did ; dat she was in a great hurry, and assistant; and I lapsed down into a compli- screaming for their children; children crying Men gathered in groups on the deck ; some bet-"Not sactly right away; she look at me pooty ting high on the result of the fight; some blaming fors, expressing enmost desire for their victory or defeat. It was a perfect Babel of languages "No! no! she might keep me and other folks | the steerage passengers crowded the lower deck,

The three Chippeways ran swiftly : their feet scarce seemed to touch the sward, so rapid was their motion. But see! one steps—something so ambiguous, that it certainly must have puz-impedes his steps; 'tis for a second's space—he zied other parties to guess at its meaning; but in throws away his meccasins, and as he does so, the present case it seemed to be invested with casts a quick glance behind him, is in the act of Nopoleon, I advise you to shut your hopper! levelling his rifle—a flash and a report. The clegantly retorted the young lady,

Mr. Stout proceeded to inquire if Mr. Rustle shot!" are heard on every side. But no, he bounds forward with increased velocity. A moment more, and he staggers, reels and falls pros-

Then commenced a scence in Indian warfare so fleadish and blood-thirsty that my pen can scarcely record it. While the body was still heaving with the last struggle of life, with a scream wild and unearthly, the Sioux bent over it with his glittering knife.

I involuntarily closed my eyes, and when I

"Oh! nothin' out of de way werry hash; she looked again, I saw the gory scalp of the Chippewhoop, that echood from shore to shore, like the "That was a lucky incident, Tise, of your fin- | yell of some demon, he hurried on after the oth-

The two remaining Chippeways were fast distancing their pursuers : and we could see them for miles along the prairie, running in a line from the shore, the Sioux still in hot pursuit, like welves after their prey. The captain commanded was a bluff where the river made a bend, a short

And steam was put on The raging and cracking of the fire, as it roared amidst its frail barriers, the surging and mad speed of the boat as she churned the waters into foam, the groans sounding like the cries of a soul in agony-all were unheard of forgotten in our breathless intensity of vision. The chase was for human life that a few moments before had lived and breathed

In a short space we came to the bend of the river; here the shore was thickly covered with scrub pine and wild creepers, and our view intercepted. As we rounded the point, however, wa ing from the huntsman, still pursued by the mad-"And you deserved all you got, my old friend; dened Sloux. A crash was heard among the branches, and his companion came leaping from the high bluff that overhung the river. The poor fellow had outrun his implacable foes, and seeing the best had made an attempt to reach it as his only chance of life. But instead of falling into the water, he came heavily upon the ground and broke his leg. Before his enemics found his trail he was safely landed on board the steamer. A physician being on board, his limb was set, and

> It was afterwards discovered that, according They set fire to it, and were returning when seen by the three Indians on board the steam-

> The Chippeway that fled across the prairie was even amid such deadly peril. With a bound he cleared the flaming brushwood, and though

Cant Phrases.

There is no greater mark of ill-breeding and culvarity than the use of slang phrases. These forms of speech have heretofore been regarded as the distinctive characteristics of bar-room loafers. sporting rowdies, thieves and pickpockets,

Of late; however, the unseemly habit of interlarding the discourse with cant phrases has extended among young men -and women, too -of rea-The Chippeways crept stealthy but swiftly pectability and good standing in the community. and has become a crying ovil. Low ideas are always attached to caut phrases which must inevitably exercise a degrading influence upon the nind. Low conceptions are as detrimental to improvement as wet and heavy plumage to a bird that would take a lofty flight.

To show the extent to which the habit of using cant phrases is sometimes carried, the following conversation which transpired in the Stout fara-

Rustle is making up to our Josephine!" said Mrs. Stout after the gentleman referred to had passed the previous evening at their house staying to a later hour than usual.

"I declare to goodness! I realey think Mr.

"Yo'nd better believe it," rejoined the young "You may bet high on that," added Napoleon,

who was in the act of lighting a real Havana. "How do you like the cut of his jib, Timothy?" esumed Mrs. Stout, turning to her husband.

"I don't greatly like his rig, but Josephine thinks ho's 'some,' " was the reply. "Whether you like him or not, it's my opin-

on he'll make a 'tip-top' husband," continued the mother. " Put her through mother," said Josephina,

blushing. "Go in lemons !" suggested Napoleon, smoking through his nose; a remark, by the way,

was a man of property, and was assured by his better-half that he had a " pocket full of rocks." The father and husband then remarked to the effect that he had been more favorably impressed with Mr. Goodwin, a young farmer in the neigh-borhood, than with the gentleman under consideration. Mrs. Stout manifested a different opinion on the subject emphatically declaring that he

"couldn't come in."
"He is over that way," said his brother, ma-king a gesture, over his shoulder with his thumb. The above, we are inclined to believe, is not a fancy sketch. It shows the extent to which the practice of using cant phrases, when once acquire ed, may be carried.