

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 33.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITAKER, EDITORS.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat,
ARE POSITIVELY

CURABLE BY INHALATION.

Which conveys the remedies to the cavities in the lungs through the air passages, and coming in direct contact with the disease, neutralizes the tubercular matter, allays the cough, causes a free and easy expectoration, heals the lungs, purifies the blood, imparts renewed vitality to the nervous system, giving that tone and energy so indispensable to the cure of this disease. To be able to state confidently that Consumption is curable by inhalation, is to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. It is as much under the control of medical treatment as any other formidable disease; a mixture of every material, and in various cases can be cured in the first stages, and in ten percent in the second; but in the third stage it is impossible to save more than five per cent. For the lungs are so out of play by the disease as to bid defiance to medical aid. The first cause of the disease, in the last stages, Inhalation affords extraordinary relief to the suffering attendant this fearful scourge which annually destroys ninety-five thousand persons in the United States alone; and a correct exhibition of the present position of the world, eighty millions are destined to fill the Consumptive's graves.

Truly the quiver of death has no arrow so fatal as Consumption. In all ages it has been the great enemy of life, for it spares neither sex nor age, but sweeps of like the pestilence, and the gift of the Supreme Being from whom exists every good and perfect gift, I am enabled to offer to the afflicted a permanent and speedy cure in Consumption. The first cause of the disease is impure blood, and the immediate cause produced by their deposition in the lungs is to prevent the free admission of air into the air cells, which causes a weakened vitality through the entire system. Then surely it is more rational to expect greater good from medicines entering the cavities of the lungs than those administered through the stomach; the patient will always find the lungs free and the breathing easy, after inhaling remedies. Thus, Inhalation is a local remedy, never less acts constitutionally and with more power and certainty than remedies administered by the stomach. To prove the powerful and direct influence of this mode of administration, I have administered it entirely successfully in a few minutes, thereby restoring the entire nervous system, so that a limb may be amputated without the slightest pain; inhaling the ordinary burning gas will destroy life in a few hours.

The inhalation of ammonia will rouse the system when fainting or apparently dead. The odor of many of the medicines is perceptible in the skin a few minutes after being inhaled, and may be immediately detected in the blood. A convincing proof of the constitutional effects of inhalation, is the fact that sickness is always produced by breathing foul air—is not this positive evidence that proper remedies, carefully prepared and judiciously administered thro' the lungs should produce a permanent cure? I have practiced this mode of cure for over eighteen years' practice, many thousands suffering from diseases of the lungs and throat, have been under my care, and I have effected many remarkable cures, even after the sufferer had been pronounced in the last stages, which fully satisfies me that consumption is no longer a fatal disease. My treatment of consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of the disease, and the various stages, distinguish, readily, the various forms of disease that simulate consumption, and apply the proper remedies, rarely being mistaken even in a single case. This familiarity, in connection with certain pathological and microscopic discoveries enables me to relieve the lungs from the effects of contracted chests, to enlarge the chest, purify the blood, impart to it renewed vitality, giving energy and tone to the entire system.

Medicines with directions sent to any part of the United States and Canada by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. But the cure would be more certain if the patient should pay me a visit, which would give me an opportunity to examine the lungs and throat, and prescribe with much greater certainty, and then the cure could be effected without my seeing the patient again.

G. W. GRAHAM, M. D.,
OFFICE, 1131 FIFTH STREET, (Old No. 109.)
Below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
August 5, 1857-ly.

Cheapest "Job Printing" Office IN THE COUNTY.

We have now made such arrangements in our Job Office as will enable us to do all kinds of Job Printing at 20 per cent. cheaper rates than any Office in the County. Give us a call. If we don't give entire satisfaction, no charge at all will be made.

BLANKS!

A general assortment of Blanks of all descriptions, printed and for sale at the "Journal Office."

SECRET NOT

When a cure is guaranteed in all stages of SECRET DISEASES.

Self-Abuse, Nervous Debility, Strictures, Gleet, Gravel, Diabetes, Diseases of the Kidney and Bladder, Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula, Pains in the Bones and Ankles, Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Nose and Ears, Ulcers upon the Body or Limbs, Cancers, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, St. Vita's Dance, and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Sexual Organs.

Such as Nervous Tremblings, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, General Debility, Diseases of Vision, with peculiar spots appearing before the eyes, Loss of Sight, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Eruptions upon the Face, Pain in the back and head, Female Irregularities, and all Impure discharges from both sexes. It matters not from what cause the disease originated, however long standing or obstinate the case, recovery is certain, and in a shorter time than a permanent cure can be effected by any other treatment. Secrecy is maintained, and the skill of eminent physicians and resisted all their means of cure. The medicines are pleasant without odor, causing no sickness and free from mercury or balsam. During twenty years of practice, I have resumed from the jaws of Death many thousands, who, in the last stages of the above mentioned diseases had been given up by their physicians to die, which warrants me in promising to the afflicted, who may place themselves under my care, a perfect and most speedy cure. Secrecy is observed as the greatest enemies to health, as they are the first cause of Consumption, Scrofula and many other diseases, and should be a terror to the human family. As a permanent cure is scarcely ever effected, a majority of the cases are talking to the hands of incompetent persons, who not only fail to cure the diseases but ruin the constitution, filling the system with mercury, which with the disease, hastens the sufferer into a rapid Consumption.

But should the disease and the treatment not cause death speedily and the victim marries, the disease is entailed upon the children, who are born with feeble constitutions, and the current of life corrupted by a virus which betrays itself in Scrofula, Tetter, Ulcers, Eruptions, and other affections of the skin. Eyes, Throat and Lungs, entailing upon them a brief existence of suffering and consigning them to an early grave.

Self-abuse is another formidable enemy to health, for nothing else in the dread catalogue of human diseases causes so destructive a drain upon the system, drawing thousands of victims through a few years of suffering down to an untimely grave. It destroys the Nervous system, rapidly wastes away the energies of life, causes mental derangement, prevents the proper development of the system, disqualifies for mar-

riage, society, business, and all earthly happiness, and leaves the sufferer wrecked in body and mind, predisposed to consumption and a train of evils more to be dreaded than death itself. With the fullest confidence I assure the unfortunate victims of Self-Abuse that a speedy and permanent cure can be effected, and with the abandonment of noxious practices my patients can be restored to robust, vigorous health.

The afflicted are cautioned against the use of Patent Medicines, for there are so many ingenious snares in the columns of the public prints to catch and rob the unwary sufferers that millions have their constitutions ruined by the vile compounds of quack doctors, or the equally poisonous nostrums vended as "Patent Medicines." I have carefully analyzed many of the so-called Patent Medicines and find that nearly all of them contain Corrosive Sublimates, which is one of the strongest preparations of mercury and a deadly poison, which instead of curing the disease disables the system for life.

Three-fourths of the patent medicines now in use are put up by unprincipled and ignorant persons, who do not understand even the alphabet of materia medica, and are equally as destitute of any knowledge of the human system, having only one object in view, and that to make money regardless of consequences.

Irregularities and all diseases of males and females treated on principles established by twenty years of practice, and sanctioned by thousands of the most remarkable cures. Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States and Canada, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. Business correspondence strictly confidential. Address
J. S. SUMMERVILLE, M. D.,
OFFICE, No. 1131 FIFTH ST., (Old No. 109.)
Below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA.
Aug. 5, 1857-ly.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

25 WITNESSES;

OR THE

FORGER CONVICTED.

John S. Dye, Author.

Who has had 10 years experience as a Banker and Publisher, and author of "A Series of Lectures at the Broadway Tabernacle," and "A Series of Lectures," over 50,000 people greeted him with raptures of applause, while he exhibited the manner in which Counterfeiters execute their frauds, and the surest and shortest means of detecting them!

The Bank Note Engravers all say that he is the greatest Judge of Paper Money Living. His Greatest discovery of the present century for detecting Counterfeit Bank Notes. Describing every genuine bill in existence, and exhibiting at a glance every counterfeit in circulation!

JOHN S. DYE, BROOKLYN, Publisher & Proprietor, 70 Wall Street, New York.

One Dollar a Year. Circulation over 100,000 Weekly.

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Select Poetry.

[Published by Request.]

MAGGIE BY MY SIDE.

The land of my home is fitting,
Fitting from my view,
A gale in the sails is sitting,
Toils the merry crew.
Here let my home be,
O'er the waters wide;
I roam with a proud heart,
Maggie's by my side.

My own love, Maggie dear,
Sitting by my side,
Maggie dear, my own love,
Sitting by my side.

The wind howling o'er the billow,
From the distant sea;
The storm raging round my pillow,
Brings no care to me.

Roll on, ye dark waves,
O'er the troubled tide,
I heed not your anger,
Maggie's by my side.

My own love, Maggie dear, &c.
Storms can appal me never,
While her brow is clear;
Fair weather lingers ever
Where her smiles appear.

When sorrow's breakers
Round my heart shall bide,
Still may I find her
Sitting by my side.

My own love, Maggie dear, &c.

Select Story.

GUSTUS KARL, THE WABASH ROBBER.

In the summer of 1852, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health, and partly to accommodate one who had been a noble friend to me and who had purchased a good deal of government land. At Logansport, he was taken sick and after watching him a week I thought he would not recover, and as the physician said he would not probably be able to move under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack horses to carry our baggage, and I soon found that I lost nothing by waiting for my companions. They were going on to St. Joseph's where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber during the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logansport, we reached Wabon's settlement on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the log-built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter—for ere we had fairly got under the shelter, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly too. And more still, I had to be thankful for! My horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle I found that his foot pained him much, as I could tell from the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the host to bathe it with cold water, and went into the house where we found a good substantial supper and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable for that section and time.

About ten o'clock just after I had retired and just as I was falling into a graceful dose, I was startled by the shouts of men and the barking of dogs directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose and threw on my clothes, and went down.

"What is it?" I asked of the landlord who stood in the entry way.

"Ah—don't you know, stranger?" the host returned. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him—the most reckless, daring and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him but he's got us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out of the bark, fired at us and killed one of our horses; and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but we lost him."

"And you've come back bottomless," I replied.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of the head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll leave these huntings, or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?"
"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He's small—not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oh! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided was drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed, and this time I slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten breakfast and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining nearly all night.

The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered at once the name; and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible!

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so helpless—with so many friends and fond relatives in his far off home—and taken down to die in a strange land? I told the man I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate some breakfast and then resumed his journey being as far up as the Pottawatomie border.

I settled up my bill, and then went for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me, I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step on it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in a muddy mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot the night before by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk without great pain. I could not use him, I was in great despair.

"Look, said mine host, as I began to despair 'can't ye manage a canoe?"

"Yes, very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and with a stroke of the paddle 'twould take ye along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it at Logansport for as much."

I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw that it was a good one.

"If ye aren't shoot the Rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe and pack it round. 'Tis't far."

I found the boat to be well fashioned 'dug out,' large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the other his price—ten dollars—and then had my baggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour, but not all turbulent and I soon made up my mind that this was far better than riding on horse-back. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at some of the boldest 'varments'; but I had no time to waste, so I kept on.

Only one thing was wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to a broad basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and I found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the rotary current; but in so doing I ran myself up on the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found my bark thus surely moored I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a foot-fall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at the side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and thirty; and seemed to be a hunter.

He wore a wolf skin shirt, leggings of red leather, and a bearskin cap.

"Which way ye bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasant tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied as pleasantly.

"That's fortunate, I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking your second paddle and keeping you company?"

"I should like it," I told him frankly, "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs thro' the deep forest."

"Come on," I said, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles, and told me that he was ready when I was. So we pushed off and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me that his name was Adams and that his father lived in Columbus. He was out now on a mere hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions, who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, had lost his horse in the bargain. He said that he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest alone.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business; and by a quiet and unassuming course of remarks he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe and he was about midships, and facing me. He was not a large man nor was he tall. His hair was of a light flaxen hue, and it hung in curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome, and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one would call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color and had the brilliancy of glacial ice. Their light was intense, but bold and glittering like a rattle-snake's. When I thought of his age, I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran thro' my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as my life—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gus Karl, the Wabash Robber! For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew that I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in good order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon when I thought of firing at some game. They were in the breast pocket of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at an instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said it would be convenient that they were both together, for we could run all night, for one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile, "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss of meeting my friend for worlds."

"Oh—you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

Ah—he spoke that with too much meaning. I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon me as he spoke, and then seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part

were not studied, not even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length, night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a view told me that had better believe as though I tho' him an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and having moved further forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, spreading my cloak in the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I laid down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and beneath the cover of a coughed it out. Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly with my finger upon the guard I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me, the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl. I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams. I'll have you farther on your way than you think ere you wake again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself as I lowered my head and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time, I could see he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long regularly drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Ah—there was before me a shadowy form in my mind that might shoot the wrong man; but it was now gone. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard his mutter.

"Oh, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and I'll take your traps to pay your passage to Heaven."

I think these words were the very ones. At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought his hand back he had a huge bow-knife in it, I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch approached me—Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and I saw his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could feel the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was at my side, and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with! Every nerve in my body was now strong, and my heart stood still as death. Of course my snoring ceased; and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up! The muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was past. I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report and as I sprang up and back I heard a fierce yell, and at the same moment the robber fell forward, his head striking my feet as it came down.

Weak and faint I sunk back, but a sudden tipping of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and I saw it quiver, only a spasmodic movement, and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that

Gustus Karl was dead. He had fallen with his knife true to his aim, for it had struck very near the spot my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I had told them my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put into it, and tendered to me. I took the simple thanks of the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found poor Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctor had shut him up in a room, where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water! Water! In God's name give me water!" he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the window, sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it, when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me 'twould kill the sick man. But I forced him back, Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke again his skin was moist, and his fever was turned. In eight days from that time he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Wabon's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping, the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

Extraordinary Beehives.

The Portland Argus states that the inmates of one of the largest mansions in that place were lately surprised to find a large number of bees flying about in one of the upper rooms. As the little fellows were sent for to investigate the matter. On entering one of the rooms he exclaimed—"You have honey somewhere here!" and proceeded to search for it. On removing the fireboard he discovered that one flue of the chimney was full of honey-comb, which was hanging down into the fire-place, and the honey dripping from it; proceeding to the top of the flue to sound the chimney, he found the flue full of the comb to the top, and the bees still at work. In the other room he found it the same; one flue of the chimney was full, and the bees were industriously at work there also. These flues of the chimney have never been used; they were perfectly dark, a stone having been placed on the top of each flue. The bees had descended the adjoining flues and found small holes about ten inches from the top of the chimney, leading into the closed flues, and through these holes they had made their way in and out. They have as is supposed, occupied these places for three years, having been kept warm in the winter by the heat from the adjoining flues. On removing the fire board, the bees seeing the great light which had broken in upon them, descended to the room and gathered on the windows until they were covered to the thickness of three inches. It is estimated that there are in the two flues from 40,000 to 50,000 bees, and from two to three thousand pounds of honey.

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who is so busied, so unweary, bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave and think of the past; it seems an amber covered pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered about the sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of all her goodness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead. The dead head that has so often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untriflingly, are faded, white cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulders now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh, it is too sad!" There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to greet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watch the shadows gathering upon the sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side; an angel presence,—cherish those emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you, and been tender of her memory.