

CHASED BY WOLVES.

SOME forty years ago the northern part of the State of New York was very sparsely settled. In one of the remote counties, which, for name's sake, we will call Macy County, a stout-hearted settler named Devins posted himself beyond the borders of civilization and hewed for his little family a home in the heart of a forest that extended all the way from Lake Champlain to Lake Ontario.

It was a splendid place to live in. In summer the eye ranged from the slope where the sturdy pioneer had built his house over miles and miles of waving beech and maple woods, away to the dark lines of vines on the high ground that formed the horizon. In the valley below, Otter Creek, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, wound its sparkling way northward.

Mr. Devins' first attack on the stubborn forest had been over the brow of the hill, some four miles near Owenton, but his house was burned down before he had taken his family there from Albany. He had regretted that he had not "pitched his tent" on the slope of Otter Creek; so now he began with renewed energy his second home, in which the closing in of the winter of 1839 found him. He had sixty acres of rich soil under cultivation at the time of which we are to speak, his right-hand man being his son Allen—a rugged, handsome, intelligent boy of sixteen.

The winter of '39 was a terrible one; snow set in before the end of November, and, even in the open country, lay upon the ground until the beginning of April, while in the recesses of the forest it was found as late as the middle of June. There was great distress among the settlers outside of the bounds of civilization, to whom the snow was an impassable barrier. The Devinses neither saw nor heard from their nearest neighbors from the first of December till near the beginning of February, when a crust was formed upon the snow sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man, and a friendly Cayuga Indian brought them news of how badly their neighbors fared.

Mr. Devins was especially touched by the bad case of his friend Will Inman, whose wife was dead and temporarily buried, until her body could be removed to the cemetery in Owenton, and all the care of the family devolved upon Esther, his daughter, fourteen years old. After a short consultation, the next morning breaking bright and clear, though very cold, it was determined to allow Allan to go over the hill to Inman's, bearing medicine, tea and other little necessities for the family. He was impressively warned to begin his return at so early an hour that he might reach home before the danger of wild animals. The severity of the winter had made the wolves more venturesome and dangerous than they had been for many years. Mr. Devins had lost several sheep and hogs, and deemed it unsafe for any of his family to be caught far from the house at night.

Allan armed himself with his light rifle, put some biscuits and cold meat in a pouch strapped to his waist, mounted one of the strong farm-horses, and set out on his journey. The road through the forest was better than he expected to find it, as the snow had been drifted off, but at the turns, and in the thickest part of the wood, his horse floundered through drifts more than breast high; and more than once Allan had to dismount and beat a path ahead. Therefore, he did not reach Inman's till two o'clock and, by the time he had helped Esther about her work, assisted her young brother to get in a good supply of wood and made things more comfortable for the invalid, it was almost sundown. He stoutly refused to stay for supper, declaring that the luncheon still in his pouch would serve, and started just as the short twilight came on. He was a brave lad, and, with no thought of peril, went off, kissing his hand gayly to Esther.

It took him an hour to traverse the first three miles, and then he came to a stretch of comparatively bare ground leading through his father's old clearing, almost to the top of the hill back of Mr. Devins' house. He was just urging Bob into a trot, when a long, clear howl broke upon his ear; then another and another answered from east and south. He knew what that meant. It was the cry of the advance guard of a pack of wolves.

The howling sounded near, and came swiftly nearer, as though the wolves had found his tracks and scented their prey. Old Bob trembled in every limb, and seemed powerless to move. Allan

realized that he could not, before dark, reach home through the drifts ahead, and the increasing cold of the advancing night would render a refuge in a tree-top probably as deadly as an encounter with the pack.

Presently there came a cry, shriller and sharper than before, and Allan, looking back, saw a great, lean, hungry gray wolf burst from the underbrush into the road, followed by dozens more; and in a moment the road behind him was full of wolves, open-mouthed and keen in chase. Their yell now seemed notes of exultation, for the leader of the pack—the strongest, fleetest, hungriest one among them—was within a dozen yards of Allan, who was now riding faster than old Bob had ever gone before or ever would again. Excitement made the lad's blood boil in his veins, and he determined to show fight. The moon had risen, and the scene was almost as light as day. Now he could count the crowding host of his enemies, and, just as he broke from the forest road into the clearing, he turned in his saddle and fired. The foremost of the pack rolled over and over; the rest gathered around and tore their leader in pieces.

By the time they resumed the chase Allan was a hundred yards ahead with rifle loaded. He determined to make a running fight of it to the hill, where he was sure of meeting his father, or could take a tree and shoot until help came. This had hardly flashed through his brain when, right ahead of him, a detachment of the pack sprang into the road and answered with double yells the cries of the rest coming up behind. The horse wheeled suddenly, almost unseating Allan, and dashed across the clearing toward the wood; but he had not taken a dozen bounds when a wolf sprang upon him. Old Bob reared and fell, pitching Allan nearly twenty feet ahead, and was covered with wolves before he could regain his footing. That was the last of poor old Bob.

But Allan! What of him? When he recovered from the effects of the shock he found himself over head and ears in snow. He had no idea where he was, but struggled and plunged in vain endeavors to extricate himself, until at last he broke into a space that was clear of snow, but dark as Erebus, damp and close. Feeling about him, he discovered over his head logs resting slanting against the upper edge of a pit, and then he knew he was in the cellar of the old house his father had built, and which had been burned down nine years before! The cellar was full of snow, except at the corner roofed over by the fallen logs, and Allan, bursting through into the empty corner, was as secure from the wolves as though seated by his father's fireside. It was not nearly as cold in there as outside, and he found a dry spot upon which he lay down to think.

He was in no danger of freezing to death, his food would keep him from starvation a week at least, and Allan concluded that, with the first glimpse of dawn, his father would be in search of him, and, following the tracks, find old Bob's bones, and quickly rescue him from his predicament. He reasoned wisely enough, but the elements were against him. Before sunrise a furious storm of wind and snow had completely obliterated every trace of horse, rider and wolves.

At home, as the night wore on, the anxiety of the family had increased. While they were watching the gathering storm they heard the long, dismal howl of the wolves coming over the hill. The chill of fear that they should never see the boy again settled down upon all their hearts, until the house was as weary within as the winter waste and gloomy forest were without.

Meanwhile the brave youth was sound asleep, dreaming as peacefully as though snugly resting with his brother in his warm bed at home. He slumbered on unconscious of the raging storm without, and did not awake until late the next forenoon. It took him several seconds to realize where he was and how he came there, but gradually he remembered his ride for life, and the falling of his horse, his struggle in the snow, and his breaking into the protected space where he lay.

The storm lasted all day and far into the succeeding night. Allan ate slightly, quenched his thirst with a few drops of water obtained by melting snow in the palm of his hand and began casting about for means to get out. He soon found that to dig his way up through the mass of snow that filled the cellar was beyond his powers. If he could have made a succession of footholds, the task would have been easy; but all his efforts only tended to fill his retreat, without bringing him nearer the air. As soon as he saw this he gave himself up to calmly waiting for help from without.

The second morning of his imprisonment broke clear and cheerful, and Mr. Devins set out to search for traces of his boy. He visited the Inmans and learned the particulars of Allan's stay and departure, then mournfully turned

his face homeward, his heart filled with despair. When he emerged from the forest into the clearing he met the Indian who had visited him a few days before, and he told the red man of Allan's loss. The Indian stood a moment in deep thought, and then asked:

"No horse, no boy back there?" pointing to the road just traversed by Mr. Devins.

"No, I have looked carefully, and if there had been a trace left by the recent storm I should have detected it."

"Ugh! Well, me come over the hill nothing that way either; then they here."

"Why do you think so?"

"Ah! me know wolves. When Allan come to the place they ahead; horse turn; wolves caught 'em this side woods; we look there," and Tayenathonto pointed to the very course taken by the horse and rider.

It so happened when Allan was thrown from the horse's back that his rifle flew from his hand and struck, muzzle down, in a hollow stump, where, imbedded in the snow, it stood like a sign to mark the scene of the last struggle of the lost boy. The snow had whitened all its hither side. When the Indian came abreast of it he cried:

"Told you so! See! Allan's gun! And here rest of 'em," pointing to a little heap over the ruins of the old cabin.

Kicking the snow hastily aside, the Indian examined the ground carefully a moment, and then said:

"No, only horse; Allan further on."

The Indian, with head bent down, walked quietly forward, threw up his arms, and disappeared. He had stepped over the clean edge of the cellar, and sunk exactly as Allan had. A few desperate plunges sufficed to take the strong Indian through the intervening snow and into the cellar, where Allan, just rousing from his second sleep, sat bolt upright. The Indian's coming disturbed the snow so that a glimmer of light penetrated into the dark space. Allan supposed a wolf had found its way down there, and hastily drew his large knife, bracing himself for an encounter.

The Indian sputtered, thrashed about to clean himself from the snow, and in so doing rapped his head smartly against the low ceiling of logs.

"Waugh! waugh!" exclaimed he. "Too much low; Indian break 'em head; look out."

Allan instantly recognized the voice of the Indian, his comrade on many a fishing and hunting tour.

"Tayenathonto!" he cried, dear old fellow, who would thought of you finding me!"

The Indian quietly replied:

"Tayenathonto no find; come like waterfall; couldn't help his sell."

A very few minutes sufficed to put both on the surface again, where Allan was received "like one come from the dead," and closely folded in his father's arms, the joy of that embrace! The past grief and suffering were forgotten in the bliss of that moment.

The Indian had to return with the happy father and son to their home, where he was hailed as Allan's rescuer, and enjoyed to the full a share of the festivities.

In after years Allan married Esther Inman, and now, by the fireside in winter, he tells his grandchildren of his escape from the wolves, and the little ones never tire of putting their faithful old Tayenathonto.

A Conscientious Catholic.

NEAR Fortress Monroe there is a little Catholic church, concerning which the following story is told:

While McClellan's campaign on the Peninsula was in progress, the Contrabands flocked down around Fortress Monroe by thousands for food and protection.

One night a party of them, who had never seen a Catholic church, entered the building, admiring the altar and its equipments, and one, more bold than the rest, put on the priest's robes which were hanging in the closet. He stood before his fellows to receive their admiration, when there was a sound like the breaking of a window-glass, and he fell dead on the floor. The superstitious negroes, thinking he had been stricken down by a bolt from outraged heaven, left the church in a tumult, and when the man was found there in the morning with a bullet in his heart, there was no explanation. The man was buried and the incident forgotten.

Months afterward a message came from the fort that a soldier lay dying in the hospital and wanted to see the priest. The holy father answered the summons and went to the bedside of the dying man, who said he carried a great crime on his soul, and wanted to confess. The priest then heard the explanation of the mysterious tragedy in the church. The soldier said that he was doing guard duty at the fort one night, and, looking into the window of the church, he saw a crowd of negroes surrounding one of

their number who had sacrilegiously assumed the sacred robes. His musket was at his shoulder, and, being a true Catholic, he took careful aim and shot the negro through the heart.

"That was a terrible crime to carry on your soul so long," said the priest. "It is an awful thing to kill a fellow being, although, through ignorance, he was doing wrong."

"It wasn't killing the nager that lay on me sowl, your riverence," said the soldier; "it was so unceremoniously putting a bullet through the holy vestments."

How Potter Palmer Raised a Man's Salary.

CHICAGO exchange tells this: Potter Palmer is a busy man, and that he now and then confounds things that are dissimilar, or fails to associate those that are alike, is not to be wondered at. In the multiplicity of his duties he is often called upon to act promptly and with decision. Sometimes he is a little too prompt, as the case in point will show.

A few days ago, in one of his rounds through his palatial hotel, he entered a room suddenly and discovered a window washer leisurely engaged in reading a newspaper. Being very active himself he has no use for a lazy man, or one who slights his work. He discharged the washer on the spot and ordered him to go to the office for his pay. The man obeyed, got his money, went to his room on the upper floor, arrayed himself in his Sunday suit, packed up his duds and descended to the servants' apartment to take leave of his former associates.

About this time Mr. Palmer entered, but did not recognize his quondam employe in his store clothes.

"Here, my man, you look as though there was good work in you; do you want a job?"

The ex-washer, somewhat surprised, admitted that he stood in need of one.

"Can you wash windows?"

The man allowed that he could.

"Well," said Mr. Palmer, "I've just discharged a man who has been doing that sort of work. I paid him only \$20 a month, but if you take the place and go right to work I'll pay you \$22."

The proposition was quietly accepted, and in half an hour the discharged employe was scrubbing away in the same old room.

The Fate of a Flirt.

RATHER a good-looking couple from the country boarded a train here the day before the Exposition closed, and with a number of others went to Pittsburg.

Arriving, the girl met an old acquaintance, with whom she soon became uncomfortable for (the other chap) friendly. She and her Pittsburg friend strolled like wax all day, viewing the sights, apparently oblivious of the fact that her escort was around. When the hour came for starting home she went with her Pittsburg friend to the depot, and hung upon his arm until just before the train started, her escort, the while, looking very much displeased. They boarded the train, she taking a seat just behind him. The conductor tapped her on the shoulder for tickets. She leaned timidly forward and said:

"Tickets, John."

"Tickets be darned!" said John. "Get your ticket from the fellow you trolloped around with all day."

This was followed by loud laughing from a number sitting near, some of whom had been watching the girl's movements during the day, and she had to go down into her pocket for the necessary wealth to pay her fare home.

A Question Worth Considering.

"Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?"

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting a while, he replied:

"Not one. I have seen many men become rich as by magic, and win golden opinions; when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder and suicide are common crimes with those who make haste to be rich, regardless of the means."

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost—I know it."

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