Iccepildale Coressondence Solicited


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##  <br> 

## in a mountainer distric saic Capt Mellunic, sation had turned <br> sation had turneed wThere are many ple

thent we forget, put an ant
remains with us. The

haired man, a genume nat
kansaw,Pocket-bok. He eyed me n
for a moment and then asked;
"Whar mout yer be goin'?"He looked at at mew
ness an uneasiness of
could not understand, and sai
"I reekin youlll find it rite
and
appracheded , stoon again teeling mor
than ever an interest in him, and ask
ed him if he had ever
White Oak mountains.
chances in my favor in regard to you
toes.' Isaid in facetious attempt."Man, then, TVe bean thar!'you puzzle me. I I have askedeses you so
il answers, but yon are
I can get no satisfactic
"TTalk Latin, I rekin".
"My knowledge of tatin is simited
"It's what they call a dead tal
"Yes, it is a dead language.
"Then yer mout need itmeaning is as dead to me as the lan
guage in
world.
reckin' yer
in'an' it
m
see, but it don't speakbeen doin', we put lim down as a grin-
"By this time the train was slackingwas standing on the plattorm.
next business to
hire a horse, whic
erable trouble. Just av 1 mounted
and started aecross the rugged country,

