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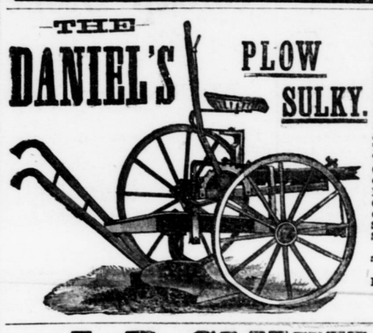
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TREATMENT.—One Month, $3. Two Mos. $5. Three, $7
HARRIS REMEDY CO., MFG CHEMISTS, 306½ N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.
RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliance. Ask for Terms!

Tom Hemper's Escape.

The wonderful providence that saved old Tom Hemper from the vengeance of the Comache Indians fifteen or sixteen years ago has been discussed in many a western fort and around many a hunter's camp fire. That his adventures were true in every particular can be vouched for by a dozen living persons to-day, though old Tom himself was wiped out a dozen years ago. He was a scout, hunter and guide, and he took a party of amateur hunters and sportsmen from Santa Fe down the Canadian river into Texas and the land of the Comaches. The party numbered twenty-two men, some of them being English tourists, and they were undisturbed for two weeks after getting down to what is called the great elbow of the Canadian. Then Indian signs became very fresh, and one morning old Tom started out on a scout. Two other old hunters with the party remained in camp.

The Canadian runs alongside of a mountain range for several hundred miles, and this range is broken with many small valleys and creeks. Tom went to the east as he left camp, keeping between the foot hills and the river. He was on foot and alert, but after a walk of an hour he discovered no signs, and had to conclude that the Indians had approached from the other direction. Just as he was on the point of turning back he found a spring of ice cold water, and had to lie down on his stomach to reach it and satisfy his thirst. He was drinking when something alighted on his back. He first thought it was a panther, but the next instant he saw the legging of a red skin and knew that he was a prisoner. When pulled to his feet he found himself in the presence of three Comanches, who were out after game. His great surprise seemed to please them immensely, but they offered him no violence whatever. He was first disarmed, his hands then tied behind his back, and the Indians gave him to understand that he was to accompany them to their village. While there was no Indian war at that time, the savages were hostile to any and all white men who invaded their domain, and old Tom swiftly realized that he was in a bad scrape. He could speak and understood the Comanche dialect with perfect ease, but this fact he kept to himself. As they moved away one of his captors said:

"He is an old hunter, and we shall have a good time burning him. He is probably the leader of the party below."

"We went out after deer and captured a white man," laughed the one addressed. "Keep your eye on him, for he is evidently as brave as a bear and as strong as a horse."

The prisoner was conducted about three miles up the river and a mile to the east, at which point a Comanche village was located. It was in a valley about three miles long and wide, and contained sixty or seventy lodges. Nearly all the warriors of the village were away watching the white party, but as soon as the prisoner entered the village a messenger was dispatched to bring them in. Before noon all had returned, and there was great rejoicing over the capture of the hunter. The head chief of the tribe was expected at the camp on the morrow, and it was decided not to do anything with the prisoner until his arrival.

Tom was shoved into a lodge and three warriors placed on guard over him. While they evidently feared him they at the same time wanted to keep him fresh and strong for the "fun" next day, and they therefore gave him plenty to eat and drink and did not even tie his hands. He realized what was in store for him if he could not make his escape, but any attempt to take French leave with three warriors on guard would have been his death. Every five or six minutes one of them looked into the lodge, and until a late hour of the night the whole populace were on the move and helping to keep watch. All thoughts of attacking the party below were given up for the time being, and every one looked forward for a fine entertainment on the morrow. Tom heard the fiend discussing in what ways they should torture him. One of the guards said that he had seen a white man hung up to a limb with a stick thrust through the bones of his leg, as the farmer hangs up a slaughtered hog, and that he lived for half a day. One wanted to skin him alive, another believed in a slow fire, and almost every one who came up had a suggestion to make. It was concluded that he would die game, and that his equal had not been captured for years.

"Seeing there was no chance of escape just then," said Old Tom, "I made up my mind there was no use fretting over the case, and I took things easy. I ate heartily, and about 10 o'clock at night turned in and slept like a brick until after daylight. I intended to take advantage of the very first opening, and I knew that would not come before I was led out in the morning. Where they set out to have a regular holiday over a prisoner, running the gauntlet is always the first thing in order, and it offers the only opportunity to bolt."

It was nine o'clock next morning before the big chief and his staff arrived, and an hour later the prisoner was brought out. The warriors had arranged themselves in two lines, and were armed with clubs and switches. Old Tom was taken to the head of the lines, and a warrior who could speak a little English made him understand that he was to run to the foot of the line and return, and that if he ran fast and strong he would be set at liberty on his return. This was all stuff, of course, but it is always given out to every prisoner to encourage him. The chief called out to the men not to hit the prisoner too hard, and all was ready for the start. Tom intended to wheel square about and make a run for the river. There was not one shance in a thousand for him, but he preferred death by the bullet to death by torture. He was even bracing himself for his run when there were shouts of alarm all around him, and he saw two Indian boys coming down the valley on horseback, making signs as they came. Tom was hurried back to the lodge, the village was all excitement, and in five minutes fifty warriors were riding up the valley. Tom figured that some of his party were scouting around to learn his fate, and that they had come into the valley and had been seen by the village sentinels. This, as was afterwards ascertained, was the correct supposition.

The Indians did not return until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 6 old Tom was brought out again, and this time he was tied to a stake. For some reason the redskins had decided to spare him the gauntlet. This was from no feeling of mercy, of course, but their long ride had probably tired them out.

"There was no possible show for me to make a break," said the old man. "I was backed up to the stout stake, my hands and feet tied to it by strips of green hide, and then they were ready to begin business. I saw them getting their knives and tomahawks ready to throw at me, and in my desperation and despair I railed out at them speaking the first words since my capture. I reviled and cursed them and dared them to do their worst, and while I was speaking the sub-chief, who was the head of the village and whose name was Spotted Horse, threw up his arms and fell back dead."

The chief was no doubt predisposed to heart disease. He had been in the saddle for six or seven hours, laboring under a keen excitement all the time, and it needed only the increased excitement brought on by the hunter's denunciation to precipitate the fatal stroke. That the Indians considered it an act of divine vengeance was plain in a moment. It was scarcely known that he was dead before Tom was untied and conducted back to the lodge, and the village at once went into mourning.

"It was two days before they buried him," said Tom, "and meanwhile I was well treated but closely guarded. On the third day I was taken out again. I had heard the reds discussing the matter from all standpoints. Some contended that I was an evil spirit, and if not permitted to depart would work them some terrible calamity, while others argued that I must be burned and my ashes scattered to the winds to propitiate the evil one. Those who held to the latter opinion were in the majority. I was not to be tortured, but burned alive."

He was tied to the same stake, and the faggots heaped around him, but just as they were being lighted he broke out in fierce railery again. His words affected the whole crowd, but he would no doubt have perished had not nature come to his aid. The hush which had fallen upon the village was broken by a far off roar, and a moment later a cyclone swept into the valley from the east like a raging lion. It came and was gone in sixty seconds, and a sad wreck was left behind. Every lodge was down and many carried away, while many of the people were hurt, and two children killed out right by falling limbs and flying debris.

"I never saw Indians lose their heads as those chaps did," said old Tom. "I was left quite alone for the next quarter of an hour, while those who had escaped unhurt were running about in a childish way. It was just growing dusk when an Indian pony was led up to the stake by the head chief in person. I was cut loose by a warrior, lifted upon the pony by two others, and told by the chief that I was at liberty to go. I was too dazed to understand, but they gave the horse a slap and away we went. For the next ten minutes I was no better than an idiot or a crazy man, but my sense finally returned and I saw through it. They regarded me as an evil spirit and wanted to get rid of me. My rifle was strapped to the saddle, as was every other article they had taken from me, and they had given me one of their best horses. Inside of two hours I was back at our camp, but only to find the party gone. They had become alarmed and moved about thirty miles up the stream, where I found them the next day."

Tom not only had the Comanche outfit to prove the truth of what he said, but the next year, when the chiefs of the tribe held a powwow with a government commission, the entire story was told anew by the Indians, and many inquiries were made as to what had become of the white man's devil. —New York Sun.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S EYE.

The Horrible Malignant Expression Seen by the Microscope.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think until a few days ago, when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage, and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better, and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend, who told me this, is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost dead. What say the scientists?

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes, it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one when he is cold in death, you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature of so dreadful appearance as the eye of the rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals, but men with nightmare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand it for more than a moment.

Persons who drown kittens and puppies in order to be rid of them, would do well to thus sink their little troubles into themselves, instead of hanging them into other people's ears and hearts to dry and to flutter.—*Pomeroy.*

Politics are but waves chasing each other, to break in disappointment and run back into the sea, leaving here and there good laws that endure as lighthouses for generations, but more generally lining the shore with driftwood which people are forced to climb over or remove.—*Pomeroy.*

TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany "State Register." He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the higher courts of New York:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

'Now, Emily,' said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, 'I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?'

'I don't know what you mean' was the simple answer.

'There, your honor,' said the counsel, addressing the court, 'is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath.'

'Let us see,' said the judge. 'Come here, my daughter.'

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly up into his face with a calm, clear eye, and with a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

'Did you ever take an oath?' inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered:

'No, sir.'

She thought that he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

'I do not mean that,' said the judge, who saw her mistake; 'I mean were you ever a witness before?'

'No, I never was in court before,' was the answer.

'He handed her the Bible, open:

'Do you know that book, my daughter?'

She looked at it and answered 'Yes, sir; it is the Bible.'

'Do you ever read it?' he asked.

'Yes, sir, every evening.'

'Can you tell me what the Bible is?' inquired the judge.

'It is the word of the great God,' she answered.

'Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;' and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

'Now,' said the judge. 'you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?'

'I shall be shut up in the State prison,' answered the child.

'Anything else?' asked the judge.

'I shall never go to heaven,' she replied.

'How do you know this?' asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' 'I learned that before I could read.'

'Has anyone talked with you about your being a witness here against this man? inquired the judge.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it were before Him. And when I came up with my father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said.'

'Do you believe this?' asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

'Yes, sir,' said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

'God bless you, my child,' said the judge; you have a good mother. This witness is competent, he continued. Were I on trial for my life and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray to God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined.

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with indefinite and ingenious questioning but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by the little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceeded her. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor and a villain had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony it was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom the mother had prayed for strength to be given to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured witnesses.

Perseverance Rewarded.

He boarded the train at Rochester and came to the only vacant seat in the car, beside a young lady.

'This seat taken, ma'am?'

'No.'

'Well, then, I guess I'll sit down.'

Two minutes' silence.

'Have some peanuts, ma'am?'

'No, I thank you.'

'Jiminy, don't you like peanuts. Just like my wife. My great holt is peanuts and bananers. Perhaps you'd like a banaer, ma'am?'

'No, nothing, thank you.'

'Live up in Buffalo, ma'am?'

'Yes.'

'P'rhaps you know my friend Cap'n Jack Sloan, lives down in Elk street.'

'No, I don't know where Elk street is.'

'By gol! and you live in Buffalo. Why, I've sold butter on Elk street market nigh onto twenty years. My name is Johnson. Your name ain't Jones, is it?'

'No.'

'Tain't Williams, or anything of that kind?'

'No.'

'That's what I thought. I don't s'pose now it's Brown or any o' them colors?'

'No.'

'Been far?'

'Not far.'

'Syracuse, mebber; or Albany, eh?'

'No.'

'No? gol! Hain't been to New York?'

'Yes.'

'Jiminy, I've never been there, though I saw a pertty slick feller from there once. Them New Yorks is regular goers, ain't they? Any relations there?'

'Few.'

'Gosh! Wonder if they know my cousin Jake. He's getting $10 a week jest to walk round a store and look slick. Your folks ever speak of Jake?'

'No.'

'Jake and me bought some land out West last year. Ever buy any?'

'No.'

'Don't. Jake and me lost $300. It was way at the bottom of the river. Ever been West?'

'Chicago.'

'Jee, you hev traveled, ain't you? Father and mother living?'

Father.'

'Live in Buffalo?'

'No.'

'Our folks live together down to Rochester. My father and mother have been dead long time. My wife's mother lived with us. Her name's Martin. That ain't your name, eh?'

'No.'

'I was jest thing you looked like a man I know in Buffalo named Waters. He ain't your brother?'

'No.'

'We must be comin' pretty near Buffalo. That there lot of tracks looks like it. You don't happen to live on Main street?'

'No.'

'Then your name ain't Robinson?'

'No.'

'You must have a curious kind of a name. Sure it ain't Sanders?'

'Sure.'

'Wal, here we be; can I help you gittin' off?'

'No, thank you.'

'Oh, is there a door-plate on your house?'

'Yes.'

'Name on it?'

'Yes.'

'P'rhaps you wouldn't mind tellin' what the name on the plate is?'

'Smith.'

'Gol!'—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Wealthy Crank.

There is a lodger at one of the uptown hotels, a venerable bachelor, who has occupied a small hall on the top floor for the past twenty years without being absent a night says the New York *Times*. He is worth between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000, chiefly inherited real estate, and probably never spends a tenth of his princely income, the only extravagance he ever permits himself being a fine pair of horses, which he drives every afternoon on the road in solitary and melancholy style. He is an encyclopedia of local genealogy and data, and in early life made a prolonged tour of the globe and his reminiscences of foreign localities is as expensive as his city reminiscences. He devotes himself to attending his vast interests and steadily increasing his accumulations. He owns three contiguous blocks of unimproved property in the upper part of the city. While living in such economical manner in one of the cheapest and plainest rooms in the hotels, he owns by inheritance from a bachelor brother a handsome residence on Fifth avenue and a magnificent county seat on Staten Island, which he keeps open with the retinue of servants by the late master, but which he enters but once a month to pay the wages. Asked why he never occupied one of these residences he replied that he felt more at home in his little room, and stated that he kept the two places the same as in his brother's lifetime, although the expense is great and needless under the circumstances, out of respect to his brother's memory, as he always took great pride in the estates.

Who, Oh Who is Jim.

He had his photograph taken one day when he was at the beach with the boys. It was not a good picture, for he was not exactly in condition for taking a good one. But he thought he would have a joke with his wife about it, so when he reached home he handed it to her saying:

"There is a picture of a man who loves you."

She looked at it, and a deep blush overspread her face as she said:

"It is like Jim. Where did you see him?"

He would give a good deal to know now who Jim is.