

ONE NIGHT OF MY LIFE.

A KEEN-TOE FORGOTTEN EXPERIENCE WITH A MADMAN.

My darling Alice—I will try and be with you to night. My business takes me to a small town about twenty miles from your house, and I could not bear to be so near you without looking into your sweet eyes and hearing you say that you are true to me, so I shall ride over in the afternoon, and God willing, shall hold you in my arms to-night.

Having despatched my day's business and sent this letter to my sweetheart I, the Jack therein mentioned, hastened to hire a horse for the purpose of riding the twenty miles which separated me from Alice, my betrothed bride. As my business—which was that of traveling agent for a prosperous home—obliged me to be often away from home a chance like this to see Alice was very precious to me.

It was six o'clock in the evening when I started out on my horse from the door of the inn where I had been stopping. In vain was it that the landlord tried to dissuade me; his account of the lovely and desirable Alice, and of the frightful things which had happened on it, of the murders and midnight horrors which hung over it, could not turn me from my purpose.

Even the thought that I must pass by the haunted rock, and that I should have no hope of aid, should I require it, that I must ride through passes which the village legends peopled with spirits and ghosts of the departed travelers, could not deter me. I spurred onward amid the dark forebodings of those assembled to witness my mad departure, my landlord's prophecy of a sudden and violent storm ringing in my ears as I went. I treated these superstitious tales as merely the inventions of ignorant villagers, and the sounds which were reported to issue from the haunted rock, as at best coming from the throat of some human enemy, against whom a pistol would be most effective.

There were still two hours of daylight before me, and as I rode along I was lost in thought of my sweetheart. I seemed to see her standing on the vine-covered porch, ready to welcome me with her bright smile. The dainty figure, with its blue eyes and waving hair, rose before my eyes, and so vivid was the vision that I spoke her name half aloud. The sound of my own voice startled me, and, looking up for the first time, I saw that the sky was growing black, the wind was howling and rumbling, distant thunder was in the air.

Consciousness was almost gone, when the pressure was slowly, steadily relaxed, and the maniac's features glared down upon me once more. I breathed again; he had spared me; the rash of joyful feeling overcame me. He marked the expression of my face, and chuckling, drew the nose again, and exclaiming to watch my face purple and my eyes protrude. Twenty times I thought my death agony at hand, and twenty times, with a maniac's cunning, he restored my breath and prolonged my torture. How he chuckled and muttered to himself, wagging his fenshish head, and oh! my God, how, when I struggled to get free, wrestling in agony with death and torture, he uttered insane, cutting laugh.

How I longed and prayed for death; how I hoped the madman would once draw the nose so tight that, when released, my breath would still refuse to come. Suddenly his brain seemed possessed with some new plan. Slowly he drew off the rope and with one backward glance left the room. At first I dared not hope for life, but when the time went by and still he came not, I began to think that he was gone entirely and that my life might be saved. I struggled to free myself once more; struggled and writhed until my heart nearly burst through my body, but in vain. Just then a new sound caught my ear, filling it with unutterable dread. A work of light shot up. Yes, it was true, the maniac had set fire to the hotel. And now I saw his face grinning at me through the window. Making one last superhuman effort I uttered a fearful shriek. The madman leaped at the window and at the same instant another form followed him. Some one seized me. I knew no one.

When consciousness returned I was lying upon a bed in my sweetheart's own pretty room, and she with tears in her gentle eyes, was watching my slow return to life. I learned afterwards, when my strength returned, that the madman had escaped from an asylum in the neighborhood, and being misled, his keeper, attracted by the sight of the flames, arrived just in time to save me from the horrible fate which seemed to await me. I had fallen into a raging fever, and during my ravings enough was learned to send me to the house which had been my destination when I started out the previous night. As soon as I was well again Alice and I were married, and were surely happier than that it falls to the lot of mortals to be; but never while I live shall I forget the agonies of that one night of my life.

A Measure of Indians.

HORRIBLE CASES OF SOME OF THE WHITE SETTLEMENTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Paxton church is about three miles east of Harrisburg, and is an edifice of small, rough blocks of limestone, joined by the lime which that stone makes when burned, and over the doors and windows are limestone arches holding out wonderfully well. The church is perhaps sixty feet long by thirty-five or forty feet wide, and only one story high, with a slate roof, recently added, and with two chimneys down at the bottom of the slope on each side of the roof, showing that it must have been warmed on the inside by iron fireplaces or old-fashioned stoves with their long pipes. The South Mountain, which has come down to be a mere rolling succession of hills, draws very near this church, and therefore the North Irish of Scotch extraction who live in the neighborhood setled thereabout, for they were a people of the hills. They had learned in Ireland, when individual retaliating habits, and when they found themselves in Pennsylvania they soon began to take both the Quakers of English stock and the new Dutch. Some years before the American revolution they resolved to kill the Christian Indians on the east side of the Susquehanna river, chiefly because they were Indians, and some other Indians, acting under the stimulus of the civilized states of Europe, like France, had come into that region and killed some white people. Taking the view now generally accepted by village folks that all negroes are black, and therefore of the same moral condition, and that all Indians are of the same family, and that one deserves to die for another, these men of the Paxton meeting who prayed to God and asked for mercy resolved to go and kill the Indians at the mouth of the Conestoga creek, which runs into the Susquehanna below Lancaster. They went there and killed all the Indians they could find—children, women and men. The Pennsylvania authorities had a shilliboth regarding Indians and with a view to removing these Indians to Lancaster jail. Thereupon the Paxton youths resolved to go down to Lancaster and kill the Indians in the jail. The preacher at Paxton church came out with his horse and tried in vain to make these young people stay at home. They were stopped and a crowd gathered, and he told them to get out of the road anyway or they might shoot him. So they went down to Lancaster and sent in some spies to get into the jail and find what Indians were there. The next morning Sunday, while the people were going to church in Lancaster, these lads broke into the prison and there, in cold blood, dispatched all these poor Indians, who were calling upon the name of Jesus. They were tomahawked, shot or clubbed to death, without any questioning or scruple. When the province arose in indignation, Philadelphia being its capital, Paxton men resolved to march upon that city, which they understood to be inhabited chiefly by Quakers, who did not fight and who thought they would take the town and bring a new era into the world. They did actually march to the very environs of the city, which is about one hundred miles distant from Harrisburg. There, between persuasion and a show of opposition, they were stopped and a crowd gathered. At this happened about 1757, twenty years before the battle of Brandywine, which happened on the soil of Pennsylvania.

What Ails You? Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, nervous and indolent? Do you suffer from indigestion, headache, dizziness, or other ailments? This medicine is the best for all these ailments.

Cures All Humors. From a common humor, of eruption, to the most violent humors, this medicine is the best. It cures all humors, whether they be of the skin, or of the blood, or of the bowels.

Consumption. This medicine is the best for consumption, whether it be of the lungs, or of the bowels, or of the stomach. It cures all consumption, whether it be of the lungs, or of the bowels, or of the stomach.

Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For all ailments of the liver, blood, and lungs, this medicine is the best. It cures all ailments of the liver, blood, and lungs, whether they be of the liver, blood, or of the lungs.

Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the American Congress, 1887. Mrs. Dart's Triplets were the best babies at the American Congress, 1887.

THEY DID IT.

What? Cured among others the following: Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc. These ailments are cured by the use of the medicine.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, Bloomsburg Division. Includes stations like Scranton, Binghamton, and Elmira.

Table with columns for Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia and Erie R.R. Division, and Northern Central Railway. Includes stations like Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and York.

THE STATE MAIL SERVICE.

Figures appeared in the Postoffice Department report that the postal service in this State is the best in the country. The total length of all mail routes is 15,168 miles, and to operate this immense system costs \$1,198,290.10 a year.

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The Burial of a Dog.

The burial of a dog in a \$200 lot in Woodland Cemetery, New York, has raised a rumpus among the other lot owners, who insist that the cemetery shall be restricted to the burial of human bodies alone. Jay Gould, C. P. Huntington and other wealthy New Yorkers own lots in this cemetery, where are buried many persons who were prominent before their death.

GRAPE CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. Speer, of New Jersey, whose wines have such a wide market and who are exported to all parts of the world, and Europe, for their age and excellent properties in cases of sickness, and are so famous for their curative properties, is about to build a large Hotel or Grape Cure Establishment on corner of his vineyard. The House will accommodate five or six hundred guests who are to have the privilege of roaming among the vines, in the morning to pluck the ripe grapes and breakfast on them while the cool dew is yet on.

The First Liar Issues Chances.

In the early days Kline's ranch, in south western Colorado, was a famous stopping place for the stage coaches, and there was always a goodly and somewhat diversified assemblage of travelers around the fireside every evening. One evening a tourist, who had been devoting the summer to hunting-fishing in the Cimarron, was telling some very good sized fish stories to a long-haired frontiersman, who, while listening, was evidently studying how he might "see" the tourist and "raise him" on the size of his yarn. The tourist ended. The frontiersman shifted his quid of tobacco to the other cheek, and said: "Well, mister, there was pretty good sized trout ye caught, but Lord ye should ha' bin with me up at the mouth of the Columby, in Oregon. Why, we used to catch salmon there every mornin' that would run all the way ninety to a hundred and fifty pounds."

For a moment the tourist was silent, then, looking sadly at the triumphant frontiersman he said: "My friend, I don't doubt your story in the least. On the contrary, I believe it fully and implicitly, but only remain silent because my experience has taught me that in Colorado the man who tells the first story has a darned poor show."

LoG CABINS were in the Harrison-Tippencan campaign of 1840 erected in the large cities and villages, and used for holding political meetings.

Barrels of hard cider were placed in front of the cabins, and the Log Cabin hard-cider campaign of '40 has gone into history as the most enthusiastic of our political contests. Log Cabins have for this reason a permanent place in American history. Warner's Log Cabin Cider and Buchu Remedies and "Tippencan" tonics have been secured a permanent place because of their excellence.

Never Too Late.

THE RECEPTION TO A BRIDAL PARTY AND HOW IT TERMINATED. Everybody in B's Hotel was in a state of anticipation and excitement. The landlord had inadvertently remarked that morning that a bridal party was expected on the afternoon train, and the best rooms in the house were being put in the most perfect order.

A Rare Business Chance.

Confidential correspondence with reliable party in this section, who has invested one thousand dollars in a new and profitable business, and is now making several hundred dollars a month. This is a rare business chance, and one that is not to be missed. Write to us at once for full particulars, which will be sent free. Address: J. S. Snow & Co., Portland, Maine.

Patents.

Patents and Trade Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. We have no sub-agencies, all PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all PATENT OFFICE.

Sea Wonders.

Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of a reliable and safe means of transportation, should call on us for full particulars, which will be sent free. Address: J. S. Snow & Co., Portland, Maine.

A Letter From "Buffalo Bill"

TO POND'S EXTRACT CO. DEAR SIRS.—I give me much pleasure to state that I consider POND'S EXTRACT an invaluable remedy. I have used it, and I attribute its great success to the fact that it does all that you claim for it. I have never found its equal, and it would be impossible for me to over-estimate its value. Yours truly, W. F. CODY, New York, Dec. 9, 1886. Buffalo Bill, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Bobby had reluctantly kissed his sister good night and was off for bed.

"Don't you go to bed rather early, Bobby?" inquired young Mr. Sampson, "it's but a little past 8."

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.

In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proponents tell plainly what it has done, and submit proofs from scores of unquestioned, reliable, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

Lady, angrily, to tramp at back door.

"You can't get anything to eat here. Tramp, politely—I beg your pardon, madame, I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of your neighbor, but if you could give me a small cup of coffee and a cigarette you would please me under many obligations."

12 Pounds of Tumor.

A hideous thing to have attached to a human form, the tumor of the liver, is a disease which is not to be despised. It is a disease which is not to be despised. It is a disease which is not to be despised. It is a disease which is not to be despised.

BROWN'S Sarsaparilla.

Not genuine unless made by A. A. Warren & Co., Bangor, Me. In its original form, it is a powerful purgative, and is used for the treatment of various ailments.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the world. In its original form, it is a powerful purgative, and is used for the treatment of various ailments.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.

Political History of the U. S. from 1776 to 1886. A comprehensive history of the United States, covering the political events of the period.

A Rare Business Chance.

Confidential correspondence with reliable party in this section, who has invested one thousand dollars in a new and profitable business, and is now making several hundred dollars a month. This is a rare business chance, and one that is not to be missed.

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PERRINE'S PURE MALT WHISKEY.

Whiskey from selected barley malt and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. It is a powerful purgative, and is used for the treatment of various ailments.



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AND JOBBER IN CIGARS.

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A Good Double Reed Organ, War-painted, for \$65.00 and Upwards.

A magnificent upright or square piano for \$250.00 and upwards.



Among the Pianos we handle are the IVERS & POND, C. C. BRIGGS, BAUS & CO., SCHOMACKER Gold String and Opera Pianos.

Our leading Organs are the celebrated ESTEY, MILLER, UNITED STATES and other makes.

Our leading Sewing Machines are the celebrated WHITE, NEW DAVIS, NEW DOMESTIC, NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD, ROYAL, ST. JOHN and STAND-ARD ROTARY Sewing Machine, the finest and best Rotary Sewing Machine in the world.

Before purchasing write for Catalogues to J. SALTZER'S PALACE OF MUSIC AND GREAT SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

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Do your own dyeing at home with Peerless Dyes. These dyes are of the highest quality and produce beautiful results. They are easy to use and do not require special equipment.

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This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.

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