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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE—Front Room, Over Postoffice.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE AGENT,

OFFICE Room No. 2, COLUMBIAN building.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Jan. 20th 1888, tf.

N. U. FUNK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BLOOMSBURG, PA

Office in Ent's Building.

JOHN M. CLARK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

BLOOMSBURG, PA

Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark Building.

Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL

—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor, third room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,

Attorney-at-Law.

Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Third floor.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Office in Wirts' Building, 2nd floor.

may 1-tf

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN.

KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,

Attorneys-at-Law.

Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.

☞ *Pensions and Bounties Collected.*

F. P. BILLMEYER,

(DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

☞ Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30.86.

W. H. RHAWN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Catawissa, Pa.

Office, corner of Third and Main Streets

GRANT HERRING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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Office over Rawling's Meat Market.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY,

Conveyancer, Collector of Claims.

—AND—

LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES, &c.

☞ Office in Dentler's building with F. P. Billmeyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, 2nd floor Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-9-86.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS,

Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov26 88 1y.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

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DR. J. C. RUTTER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office, North Market street, Bloomsburg, Pa

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Treatment of Chronic Diseases made a

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Office, Third Street,

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Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, Having opened a dental office in

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corner of Main and Centre streets,

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ETHER, GAS, AND LOCAL ANAESTHETICS administered for the painless extraction of teeth free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED.

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	Assets
Ætna Fire Ins. Co., of Hartford,..	$ 9,528,388.97
Hartford of Hartford................	5,288,609.97
Phoenix of Hartford..............	4,778,469.13
Springfield of Springfield...........	3,099,903.98
Fire Association, Philadelphia......	4,512,782.29
Guardian of London..................	20,603,322.71
Phoenix, of London..................	6,924,563.48
Lancashire of England (U. S. branch)	1,642,195.00
Royal of England " "	4,853,564.00
Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. of Newark, N. J	41,379,228.33

Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.

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IMPERIAL of London,	$9,658,479.00
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Jan 1, 1888, tf.

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So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer.

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CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

sept 28-'88-1y

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Pyrmont, Ohio, writes:—"I feel that I can not recommend Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer too highly. Would not be without it.

Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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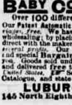

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We make the largest variety of Adjustable, Reclining, Physicians' and Surgeons' Operating, Invalid Rolling, Hammock, Office, Library, Fancy Carpet Folding, Reed and Rattan CHAIRS and ROCKERS BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, VELOCIPEDES and SELF PROPELLERS.

ALL KINDS OF APPLIANCES FOR INVALIDS.

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Over 100 different designs.

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KNOW THYSELF.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND THE UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation.

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For the treatment of Youthful Imprudence, Loss of Vigor, Nervous Debility and Special [illegible] Consultation by mail free of charge. Book Sent Free. [illegible] A.M. to 3 P.M. [illegible]

May 11-P-&-Co.1y

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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath room hot and cold water; and all modern conveniences

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Exchange Hotel,

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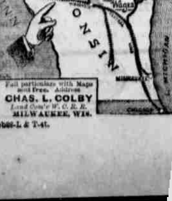
The undersigned has leased this well-known house, and is prepared to accommodate the public with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel.

ap'87 LEMUEL DRAKE, Proprietor



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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Feb22-L & T-4t.

The Colum

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 18

A NEW DEPARTURE.

SAID Uncle Sam: "I will be wise,
And thus the Indian civilize:
Instead of guns that kill a mile,
Tobacco, lead and liquor vile,
Instead of serving out a meal,
Or sending Agents out to steal,
I'll give, domestic arts to teach,
A cake of 'IVORY SOAP' to each.
Before it flies the guilty stain,
The grease and dirt no more remain;
'Twill change their nature day by day,
And wash their darkest blots away.
They'll turn their bows to fishing-rods,
And bury hatchets under sods,
In wisdom and in worth increase,
And ever smoke the pipe of peace;
For ignorance can never cope
With such a foe as 'IVORY SOAP.'"

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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HOP PLASTER

QUICKEST REMEDY KNOWN

For backache, and all sudden, sharp, or long-standing pains or weaknesses of every kind. Virtues of fresh hops, hemlock and pine balsam combined. It is wonderfully SOOTHING, PAIN-KILLING, CURATIVE and STRENGTHENING.

MY BACK!

OH! for one of those HOP PLASTERS.

It satisfies every time. TRY ONE NOW.

25 Cts. 5 for $1.00.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for price.

Ask for signature of the proprietors, HOP PLASTER CO., BOSTON, on the genuine goods.

GREED

TAKE HEED from the Ass. He feasts to-day, may want to-morrow. In buying Clothing don't let your greed for cheapness shut your eyes to quality. We guarantee our Clothing to give satisfaction or money refunded.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND CHILDREN.

A. C. YATES & CO.

LEDGER BUILDING,

SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PHILADELPHIA.

LOTHING! CLOTHING

—:0:—

G. W. BERTSCH,

THE MERCHANT TAILOR.

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Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Suits made to order at short notice and a fit always guaranteed or no sale. Call and examine the largest and best selected stock of goods ever shown in Columbia county.

Store—next door to First National Bank

MAIN STREET,

Bloomsburg Pa.

WILLIAM HART

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.,

AGENT FOR THE

KEYSTONE DYNAMITE POWDER CO.

manufactruers of the celebrated Keystone Dynamite. This explosive is giving universal satisfaction. Quotations cheerfully given. 1Aug 1'87

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538 NORTH FOURTH STREET, below Green, Philadelphia, Pa. Regular graduated and registered physician, and surgeon, the only genuine leading specialist (no matter what others may claim) 25 years Practical and European Hospital Experience as diploma and certificates prove, for

SPECIAL DISEASES AND BLOOD POISON,

BOTH SEX. Important cases recent or old, ERUPTIONS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, OBSTINATE ULCERS, Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Decay, obstructions, Inflammation of Kidney, Bladder and other organs; Throat Effections, Melancholy Shyness and Aversion to Society, Brights Disease of the Kidney, Piles, bleeding or itching. Dyspepsia, Abuse of quacks, poisonous drugs, safe, sure and speedily cured. Recent cases, 4-10 days. Relief at once. The most stubborn cases solicited. Dr. Theel studied Allopathic, Homœopathic Eclectic and Botanic systems of medicine, and by combining the same in practice he cures where others fail. Dr. Theel warns sufferers against compound pills, vegetable mixtures, blood purifiers and such preparations as such do not cure. Diseases are different in nature and progress and hence requires scientific treatment, send stamp for book Truth the only reliable medical treatise on Special and Nervous Diseases, andexposing the numerous medical swindlers in the form of advertisements, books, pamphlets, circulars, distributed by Museums, Agencies Companies, Institutes, and so-called Rev. Gentlemen, etc, in which they describe diseases in the most exaggerated and horrible forms, thus giving the poor sufferers false ideas depriving them of all hope making them victims of dangerous melancholy or insanity. Dr. Theel has no equal and has proven by facts that his ability is worth more to sufferers than all the free consultations, guarantees and promises which are daily offered but seldom kept. Strictly confidential. Write or call. Thousands of testimonials in the office. Hours, 9 to 3 and 6 to 9. Wed. Eve'gs. till 10. Sat. from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M. Sunday, till 1.

ugust 17 '88 1y.

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Nov 16-r-4W.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES

RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.

N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts.

☞ ders will receive prompt attention

DAY'S HORSE POWDER

Prevents Lung Fever!

Cures Distemper, Heaves, Glanders, Loss of Appetite, Founder, Fevers, &c. 1 lb. in each package. Sold by all dealers.

DR. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

Cures Dysentery, and Diarrhœa.

Cures Wind Colic, &c.

Relieves Griping and Summer Complaint.

Facilitates Teething! Regulates the Bowels!

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

25¢ A BOTTLE

SALVATION OIL

KILLS PAIN

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

"THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY"

For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of Consumptive persons. For Sale by all druggists. 25 cents.

SMOKE LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh! Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

CROWN ACME

THE BEST BURNING OIL THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

It gives a brilliant light.
It will not smoke the chimneys.
It will not char the wick.
It has a high fire test.
It will not explode.
It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON

With any other illuminating oil made.

We Stake Our Reputation,

As refiners, upon the statement that it is

THE BEST OIL IN THE WORLD.

Ask your dealer for

ACME OIL COMPANY.

DANVILLE PA.

Trade for Bloomsburg and Vicinity Supplied by

MOYER BROS.,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

sept-1y.

LOVE LIGHTED.

The silver days, the golden days,
  The days of sunny weather,
With amber on the mountain line
  And violet on the heather,
Are but remembered days, love,
  Far fled from thee and me;
The lost delight is out of sight,
And lorn and lone are we.

Yet the gray days, the dreary days,
  With gusty storms blown hither,
And cloud rack smitten of the blast
  And driven any whither—
Through sob and moan and anguish
  These days of muffled gloom
Their coronal of glory wear,
  Which deathless stars illume.

For in the mingled brightness
  Of other years a tether,
Too strong to break in any stress,
  Bound our two souls together;
And better pain with thee, love,
  With thee, true heart to heart,
Than all the vanished sunshine,
  And thou and I apart.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE AGENT'S STORY.

It was a hot afternoon—some of you may know how hot it can be on the prairie when there is no wind.

I was sitting in the little ticket office of the railroad station at which I was agent. From the window I could see the hot air rising from the sunburned buffalo grass, giving to the lonely ranch buildings scattered here and there in the distance an unstable, wavering appearance, as though they might at any moment blow away.

Presently out of the silence there came the foot falls of a horse's hoofs, stopping at the platform, and followed by a queer "pegging" sound over the planks and into the waiting room. I looked up and saw a boy of about 14 standing in the doorway. His right leg was amputated above the knee, and he supported himself on a pair of light crutches, which had sling straps like an army carbine.

He handed me an express order for a package to Col. Reed, a prominent cattleman, whose ranch buildings were about a mile south of the track.

"Are you the colonel's son?" I asked as I handed out the package.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Charles Reed is my name."

Then he turned and looked curiously in at the telegraphic instruments. He had such a bright, healthy and wide awake air, that I invited him to walk in and examine them, if he wished.

His eyes brightened immediately.

"I'd like to, if you don't mind. The other agent was cross, and I was afraid to ask him."

Seeing that he was interested in them, I explained briefly the working of the key and sounder, and tried to give him some idea how a message was sent and received. He listened attentively and seemed to comprehend pretty well.

"Yes," he said, as I concluded, "I know something about it, though only through what I have read. Would you mind writing out the alphabet for me?"

I wrote out the characters on a slip of paper, which he tucked carefully away in his pocketbook, and then, finding I was a stranger to that part of the west, he volunteered some information about the country, including a remarkably accurate description of the game birds and their habits, which, as a sportsman, I found very interesting. Before he left he told me that he had lost his leg during an Indian raid about four years ago, before the railroad was built. His father's ranch had been attacked without any warning. He was only 10 years old at the time, and being out of doors, he had slipped away unobserved, and hidden in the corral, and while there was hit by a stray rifle ball in the knee.

I accompanied him to the door when he was ready to go, and was surprised to see how thoroughly at home he was on his pony. With his crutches slung behind him, he swung nimbly into the saddle, and started off toward home on a brisk gallop.

One afternoon, about a week later, he dropped in again, having meanwhile learned the telegraphic alphabet so that he could repeat all the characters easily, and next day the colonel himself stopped in on his way to town. He was a brisk, genial man, who had a habit of shaking hands with every one. He was a typical frontier ranchman.

"See here, Mr. Agent," he said, "that boy of mine has a hankering to learn your business. He's kind of lonesome, you see—he can't play with the other boys on account of his leg—and now if you don't mind havin' him around, and will teach him what you can—he's pretty bright, and can learn most anything—why, I'll make it worth your while. What's your charge?"

"Why, colonel," I replied, laughing at his businesslike manner, "I shall be glad to have him around—I am lonesome here—so we won't draw up any contract."

Charley was an apt pupil. In about a month he could send and receive a message, though of course not very rapidly. His father was so delighted with his progress that he made me a present of a riding pony; and shortly after, when Charley got it into his head that it would be a fine thing to have a private line from the ranch to the station, the colonel had me order two instruments and a coil of wire from Chicago.

Under my direction the cowboys put it up, and though it wasn't stretched very tight, and the poles were only fence posts spliced together, it worked as well as the main line. The instrument on my end of the line I did not care to have in the office, for fear that officious gentleman, the lineman, would object, and so I set it up on one side of the big, empty freight room.

The autumn was now well advanced, and I found that my duties, instead of increasing, grew lighter. There were but two freight trains every other day, and the daily mail and express, east and west, went through between the hours of 1 and 4 in the morning, so that I had a great deal of time on my hands. I spent much of it shooting chickens with Charley—he was an excellent shot from the saddle, though he told me he had a time of it training his pony to stand fire—and the rest of the time I either read or rode out over the trails in the delicious Indian summer weather.

One night, about the middle of October, we had a terrific thunder and wind storm, with a blinding fall of rain and hail. It came up after the west bound train had left, and about an hour before the eastern train was due. I was awakened by the noise, and got up to look out. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind shook the building, while the lightning flashed incessantly.

I was still looking out, watching the furious storm, when an unusually bright flash revealed for an instant the figures of a group of horsemen loping across the prairie toward the station. I stood still to catch another glimpse of them, if possible, but without success; they had probably turned off to the left.

Shortly afterward I heard them at the other end of the building, where they stopped, I supposed, to seek shelter from the storm; or possibly they were going to take the train. It was not unusual for passengers to come around an hour before train time, so I thought little of it at the time.

However, before I left the window, I heard them tramping around the platform to the door, and drawing back to one side, I waited to see them pass. Between trains I always kept a lamp burning, but turned down low and it shone out now through the window; and as the men stepped into the faint bar of light, I got quite a distinct view of them.

They were all heavily built. Each one wore a yellow "slicker" coat and had his slouch hat pulled down close to keep off the rain, and around each one's face, just below the eyes, was tied a red "harvester's" handkerchief. This struck me as unusual, and I was puzzled for a moment until it occurred to me that perhaps they were worn as a pro-

bian.

89.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXIII, NO 15
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LII, NO 69

tection against the ball.

A moment later they were pounding at the door for admittance. Now, as a rule, I did not like to admit any one so long before train time. I sometimes had express money packages on hand, with no safe to put them in. I once carried a package of $2,000 in my pocket three days before the owner called for it, and so I was somewhat apprehensive at times for my safety.

That night, however, I had only a few dollars of my own and an almost empty mail pouch, but before opening the door, I sang out, "Who's there and what do you want?"

"Passengers for the train," came the answer. "We're all wet, an' wanter get in out o' the rain."

I unlocked the door and they crowded into the room. In the brighter light indoors the handkerchiefs that concealed their faces looked so much like an attempt at disguise—and a pretty good one at that—that for a moment I was startled, and made a hasty step toward the ticket office. Before I could take another, however, one of the men struck me with his fist, and though the blow was not a hard one it was so unexpected that it knocked me completely off my feet. Then two of them seized me while I was down, turned me on my face and held me, while the others bound my hands firmly behind me. They next bound my feet, and then rolled me over again on my back.

"Now, my chicken," said one, who appeared to be the leader, "we ain't got nothin' agin you an' won't hurt you as long as you keep quiet; but sure as you yell or make a noise, there'll be some shootin'."

They seemed to be familiar with the office and its surroundings and probably had been there before. Two of them picked me up and carried me toward the freight room, while another went ahead with the lamp and opened the door. Here they looked around for a moment, then laid me down against the side of the building, with an old coat under my head for a pillow, and, bidding me keep "mum," returned to the waiting room.

Thus left alone in the dark, I began to think and pretty fast, too, for I was thoroughly excited.

Their scheme was evident enough—to waylay the train there and rob the express and mail cars. The express messenger always had money in the safe on the east run, and not infrequently gold bullion from the mines further west, so, in case they were successful, they would secure a large sum. There had been several like attempts throughout the country lately, and I felt sure that this was their object.

By taking the train men by surprise they might easily overpower them, then separating the mail and express cars from the rest of the train, run them a mile or two further east with the engine and plunder them at their leisure. This plan had been successfully carried out on another road a short time before, and there was no reason why it should not be again successful, unless in some manner I could prevent it.

I tried to loosen my hands, but they were tied too securely—so tightly that the cords almost cut the flesh. Then I reflected that even if I were loose, I should be unable to get out and flag the train, for both freight doors were padlocked and the key was in the ticket office drawer.

About this time the door leading to the waiting room was opened and one of the roughs looked in.

"Say, young feller, are you alive yet?" he asked.

"Yes," I responded.

"Well, we wanter know if there's anything you've got to do to this here telegraph machine so they won't suspect nothin'—any report to make?"

This was pretty cool, and for a moment I thought I might still have an opportunity to warn the dispatcher, and was on the point of saying "Yes" when another voice cut me short.

"You let him get his claws on that machine an' he'll have 'em stop the train. Don't be a fool; come out an' shut the door."

The door slammed and once more I was left in the dark.

I was now beginning to suffer from my constrained position and the cutting of the cords, so I began to cast about me for relief; and then suddenly I remembered a reaper blade that had been left at the station a few days ago by the express. It was loose from the board and I had placed it in a corner so that no one could be hurt by it accidentally. Accordingly I rolled over and over until my feet touched the opposite wall, and then sitting up with my back toward the corner, I felt for the blade with my hands.

To my great satisfaction I found it, got the cord across one of the teeth and carefully sawed it back and forth.

In a moment my hands were free and then I loosened my feet. I then took off my shoes. This done I was able to move about without making any noise.

Still I was unable to accomplish anything, for it was impossible to get out, and I was on the point of composing myself in my old position, to avoid another knock down, should the roughs look in, when a slight "spiz-z-z," followed by a bright sparkle, attracted my attention to the south side of the room. It was the instrument on the private line, affected by the lightning—a common occurrence in all offices during thunderstorms.

I stepped up to it quickly and tried the circuit. It was all right, though the rain made such a noise on the roof that I could hardly hear the sounder. It was not probable that I could get an answer from Charley at that time of night, but as my only resource it was worth trying. So I started in, making his call, "Ch."

"C-h—c-h—c-h!" I rattled; and presently, to my surprise, the circuit was opened and the response came:

"I-i—c-h."

Then I "talked" to him—in my excitement a great deal faster than he could take, and he interrupted me with "slower."

"I-i," I said, "call your father."

"Not home," came the answer; "all hands gone out to round up a bunch of cattle stampeded by the storm."

"I-i—i-i—i-i," I answered, stopping to reflect. Then I went ahead again:

"Can you ride over to the west cut and signal the train to stop?"

"Yes; what for?"

"Get a lantern and put a piece of thin red flannel around it if you can. Swing it across the track when you see the headlight and keep it up till they stop. Tell conductor there are eight men here waiting to rob his train. Be quick about it."

"O. K. By George!" This last by way of expressing his surprise, I suppose, and then the ticking stopped.

I now began to feel that the roughs would be foiled, though of course it all depended on Charley. But it was something that just suited his nature. I could imagine him on his pony, lantern in hand, tearing across the prairie as though a band of Comanches was after him.

Meanwhile I thought it best to take my old position against the wall, to avoid any suspicion, should the robbers grow inquisitive. So I lay there and waited and waited—the time seemed fairly to drag along—until I felt certain that the train was due. But it did not come, though the movements of the roughs convinced me that I had guessed aright—it was probably a little overdue by this time and they were getting restless. Presently one of them opened the door and looked in.

"Say, operator, is that train on time?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "they were on time the last I heard them reported—about 2 o'clock."

He retired again, and for about ten minutes all was still. Then above the noise of the storm a far away whistle sounded faintly. Next there was a hurried movement in the outer room—the roughs were crowding out upon the platform.

I sprang to my feet and stood against the side of the building next the track, and by putting my ear against the boards I could hear the distant rumble of the train, now fast nearing the station. I tried to imagine where the roughs had placed themselves. Probably around the corner of the building, ready to rush out, revolvers in hand.

The train was now quite near, and presently it drew up to the station with a rumble and roar and hissing of air brakes. Almost instantly I heard the shouted command, "Hands up!" followed by the reports of four or five revolvers and the sound of scuffling on the planks, which, however, was soon ended, and then a veritable babel of voices and the noise of many feet on the platform.

I dashed out through the waiting room to see how things had gone and soon found the conductor.

"Hallo, Leith, is that you? We have prevented that robbery this time, thanks to your warning. I borrowed half a dozen revolvers from the passengers and called for volunteers, so when we pulled in there were twelve men on the platforms ready for business. We've got the robbers in the baggage car—come along and see 'em."

They were a hard looking set of men. Two of them lay on the floor wounded, though not seriously.

About this time Charley made his appearance on his crutches, clad only in a pair of trousers and a red flannel shirt, one sleeve of which he had torn off to draw over the lantern. He was wet through, his hat was gone, and altogether he looked so forlorn, that the passengers, who were profuse in their sympathy and praise, began to make up a purse for him.

After the train had left, I found him in the waiting room and here we discussed the affair, and tried to think how much we should charge the express company for the use of our private line. A few days later, more as a joke than anything else, we sent in a bill for $50, which was paid promptly, with many thanks for what they called our "prompt action."—George Leith in Youth's Companion.

How the Arabs Make Tea.

The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near the point of boiling she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream was then poured, the ladle put in requisition again, and after a time the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half pint wooden mugs were handed around and the tea ladled into them, this tea forming meat and drink and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.—Eastern Travels.

Phosphorus Not a Disinfectant.

Surgeon General Hamilton has had one of his expert assistants, Surgeon Kinyoun, carry on a series of experiments as to the effectiveness of new disinfectants. Phosphorus was the one taken for the chemical tests, with litmus paper and micro organisms, and the conclusions arrived at were, "First, that phosphoric pentoxide is a disinfectant to surfaces only; second, it has no penetrating power, and is altogether unfit for fumigation of anything where penetration of the agent is desirable." So perishes the hope that the fumes of phosphoric pentoxide would be useful in extirpating the bacteria of disease.—Science.

Significant Figures.

Speaking of western farm mortgages, an inquiring mind has developed the following from the town and county records of Phelps county, Neb.: 1. That the number of farms in the county at the beginning of the present year was 1,459, and the number of mortgages in force Dec. 1 was 2,051. 2. That the assessed value of the land was $596,542, and the amount of mortgages was $1,091,929. Were ever figures so significant as these?—Maine Industrial Journal.

Indian Relics from Florida.

Dr. Thomas Featherstonhaugh, a grandson of the famous pioneer geologist, returned from a visit to Florida, and brought back an interesting collection of aboriginal remains. He thoroughly examined a mound of damp sand on the shore of Lake Apopka, about the geographical center of the state, and farther south than any previous researches of the kind. The mound was fifty feet in diameter and fourteen feet high, and was covered with a dense growth of palmetto and other trees. It was found to be full of fragmentary bones and pottery, so numerous that Dr. Featherstonhaugh estimates that there could have been no less than 400 bodies deposited there. A few Venetian beads near the top indicated intrusive burials, but below four feet there were no evidences of any intercourse with whites. Four shapely hatchets were recovered, also a charm stone, and numerous specimens of decorated pottery. The whole find was presented to Maj. Powell, and by him turned over to the museum.—Science.

A Passion for Clothes Pins.

A Wauwecus hill farmer has a cat that has developed the same interest in clothes pins that an ordinary cat takes in mouse catching, and she parades with her captures with just as much pride. She has long devoted herself to collecting lost clothes pins, and not a few pins that were not lost. Strange to say, she never touches the clothes pins belonging to her owner, but is death on clothes pins which belong to the neighbors. In the past three months she has brought home over twenty-eight dozen clothes pins, and inquiry shows that the cat keeps her eye on the place where the clothes pins are kept. One neighbor kept a basket full of pins on a tin roof, and the cat had to pass over two or three roofs to get them, but she succeeded in taking three dozen from the basket before she was discovered.—Norwich Bulletin.

He Never Thought of It.

A man in Ansonia, Conn., owns and lives in a house that overlooks a large clock. Unfortunately, however, the man thinks he cannot see the clock from his chamber window, as a brick chimney intervenes. To obviate this and have the pleasure of looking to see the time of day or night while in bed (for the clock has an illuminated dial) he one day bored a hole through the walls of his bedroom, close to the head of his bed, inserted a piece of two inch gas pipe with a glass in the outer end, and now all he has to do is to place his eye at the inner opening and he has a focus upon the clock without leaving his bed. His friends asked him when this was completed why he did not have a clock in his room instead of going to so much trouble. And for the first time it dawned upon him that it would have been as well.—Chicago Times.

WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise

WARNERS LOG CABIN SARSAPARILLA, "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

CLERKS AND THEIR PAY.

A CHICAGO MAN SAYS THEY ARE SUBJECT TO ECONOMIC LAW.

Merchants Prefer Three Clerks to Two for the Same Outlay—Disproportionate Increase in the Number of Distributors. Supply and Demand.

Clerks constitute one of the most numerous classes of a great city's population, and their types, manner of life, duties and temptations make an ever interesting subject for study. Thousands of men and women are today penned in behind the counters of innumerable establishments in Chicago weighing, measuring, answering sensible and senseless questions, and cultivating habits of courteous address for their own and their employers' interest—and the majority of them for a pittance wholly disproportionate, it is said, to the duties required and the services rendered. The connection between clerk hire and crime and immorality, the responsibility of employers for the hardships and slips of their employes, the physical, mental and moral consequences of what clerks as a class have to undergo, are thus matters of vital importance to the students of social science. Said a gentleman yesterday in reference to this phase of city life:

SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

"Most of what people term the abnormal features of social development find their explanation in private motives, in the innate desires of individual citizens; and I hold that clerks themselves are primarily responsible for what are commonly set forth as wrongs and hardships. The wages for services are not essentially different from the price of commodities. Supply and demand regulate both. An abundant supply or an unusually strong demand means invariably a rise in wages, and the reverse means a fall.

"Now let me give you a few facts. From all appearances there is little or no difference between the present decade of our history, in respect to popular sentiment, and the decade preceding. Hence, the facts of the one period are approximately true for the other. From 1870 to 1880 the gross increase of the population of the United States was 30.08 per cent. During this same period agriculturists increased in almost exactly the same ratio as the general increase. Manufacturers and miners increased in number 42 per cent., while professional men and those engaged in personal service show an increase of 52 per cent. Our farmers, manufacturers and miners are practically our only wealth producers, and we find their average percentage of increase to be 36. Thus we have a 52 per cent. increase of wealth distributors merely handling the products of a 36 per cent. increase of wealth producers for a 30 per cent. general increase of population.

"These figures, I think, are very significant. What is more, they only tell half the story. During the last decade—and the present will yield equally surprising results when the census of 1890 is taken—farm laborers increased only 15 per cent., in the face of a 30 per cent. general increase, and domestic servants only 10 per cent., while general clerks and copyists show a 315 per cent. increase, clerks in hotels and restaurants a 107 per cent. increase, waiters and porters a 230 per cent. increase, and laborers about stores and warehouses an 813 per cent. increase. Now, from the very nature of things, what must be the inevitable result of such a state of affairs upon a vast number of the population of cities? Simply small wages, irregular employment, and often privation and consequent wrongdoing.

PREFERENCE FOR CITY LIFE.

"For the multitude it is proverbially true that city life is more desirable than country life, and it is equally true that the work of clerks, despite its annoyances, is less laborious and more agreeable than that of laborers. Hence, to be with the crowd and have genteel work have grown to be little short of a national evil. That employers are often criminally negligent of the health and welfare of their help is true, and this is an evil not easy to correct, for, however bad the conditions of a place are, competition and necessity will bring somebody to fill it. The main point is, however, purely a business one. When the supply of those who are anxious to get genteel employment is so abundant—often far in excess of the demand—employers need not and will not pay high wages, and it is a question whether the cupidity of employers or the foolishness of employes is more to blame for existing circumstances.

"As a rule, the storekeeper finds it more to his interest to have three clerks at $1 a day each than two clerks at $1.50, and when they're to be had, as they invariably are in cities like Chicago, he will take the three clerks, irrespective of whether they receive sufficient wages to eke out a decent living. Further, when, as is usually the case in big cities, there are numbers of people out of employment, it is a question whether it is not good public policy as well as private interest that a large number of clerks should be employed at a small wage than a smaller number at better pay. Thus many factors come into the consideration of every social and economical question and make its solution difficult.

"As I look at the matter, many if not most of the evils experienced by clerks and people similarly employed spring from the senseless passion of the masses to forsake small towns and rural districts for the metropolitan communities. 'A year and a crust in Chicago is better than a lifetime and roast beef on the sand heaps of Hammond,' seems to be the prevailing notion. Hence, moral responsibility aside—and moral responsibility cuts a small figure in such matters—Chicago employers feel little necessity of catering to the needs or desires of employes or of offering high inducements in point of wages. The whole thing practically comes to this: 'There is the place—so many hours a day, so much pay. If you want it, take it; if you don't, somebody will be glad to get it.' Personally I think the clerk's position anything but easy, and his pay anything but adequate, but till we have less disparity in the numbers of wealth producers and wealth distributors matters will not be much better."—Chicago News.

Various Kinds of Kings.

The most powerful king on earth is working; the laziest, shir-king; a very doubtful king, smo-king; the most commonplace king, jo-king; the leanest one, thin-king; the thirstiest one, drin-king; the slyest, win-king; and the most garrulous one, tal-king.

A Hunter's Curious Mishap.

Luellen Haley, of Ocala, a lover of hunting, was taking his favorite recreation in the fields northeast of Ocala and filling his game bag with quail, when an accident happened to him that came within a hair's breadth of ending his existence. His dog had set a quail and he shot it, and was in the act of drawing the trigger on another when a strange dog came rushing towards him from the rear, ran under his legs and upset the young sportsman, while his gun was hurled from his grasp. The butt hit a stump, causing the weapon to discharge, and the charge struck Haley in the left side, tearing away every particle of clothing and blackening his flesh.—Savannah News.

Gas in Bedrooms.

Sanitation has proved that its use in bedrooms is unwise, as it consumes by far too much oxygen; if, therefore, it is lighted before the occupants retire, they will find the atmosphere vitiated when they retire. It is a great mistake to believe that the amount of vitiation is of no consequence because the flame is small, perhaps barely visible, until wanted.

A Sister's Right.

She—George, dear, I don't quite like the way you go on with Ethel White. And she is as familiar as a sister would be.

He—Yes, darling, that relationship was established last June at Saratoga.—New York Sun.

Bright's Disease Lost its Victim.

Under date of July 18th, Mrs. Laura Kempton, of West Rutland, Vermont, writes; "We are certain that only for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., our little ten year-old daughter would have been dead from Brights Disease. We had tried in vain other means, but the Favorite Remedy came just in time to save her life." mar 29 4t