#### PATHWAY OF GOLD.

in the light of the maon, by the side of the water. As I sit on the sand and she on my knees

Ve watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter. My sweet little daughter Louise.

We wonder what city the pathway of glory, That broadens away to the limitless west, Leads up to she minds her of some pretty story And says: "To the city that mortals love

Then I say: "It must lead to the fara way city, The beautiful city of rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water, Stand two in the shadow of whispering

trees. And one loves my daughter, my beautiful

daughter, My womanly daughter Louise. She steps to the boat with the touch of his fin-

gers. And out on the diamond pathway they move: The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers. It waits, but I know that its coming will prove That it went to the walk of the wonderful

city, The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the

water, I wait for her coming from over the seas: I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter, To weep for my daughter Louise. The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,

Gleams bright like a way that an angel has

trod; I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender. Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod: But she rests at the end of the path, in the city Whose "builder and maker is God."

# CHUMMING WITH AN APACHE

Never go chumming with an Apache, says the San Francisco Argonaut. You smile at such strange advice? Well, I might have smiled at it once myself. But we are all creatures of circumstance, and I was a tend rfoot then, anyway. This is how I chummed in with my little Indian:

1 was swinging my red and blue clubs under the pepper tr e at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert. The lazy Moxicans and most of the Americans thereabouts had no ruddy glow on their faces. They were all sallow. What I wanted was a ruddy glow.

My red and blue clubs circled about very prettily that day, and the ruddy glow came; also a dripping epidermis and a big desire to sit down in the shade of the pepper tree and blow tobacco smoke. The tree was a small one. When the station tank ran over, which was not often, its roots received a little moisture.

So it grew, slowly. As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and as I turned about I saw a small brown head dart behind a cactus lined rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my seat, pulled my sombrero down over my race, and shammed sleep, with one half closed eye on the rock and the big cactus shrubs. No use. You can not get an Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise theory still bristling in my brain, I turned quickly, while in the midst of my club swinging, and saw the wide open eyes and gasping mouth of the cunningest little savage I had ever beheld. He sprang about and fled behind the rock, but not too quickly for me to read "XXX Family Flour" in large red letters on his back. His one short garment was a cotton sack, with holes cut through it for his head and arms.

Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!" And I jumped behind the rock, swinging and that did not grasp the flour sack as I had intended it should. Where was the wee savage!

away. In time he wore a narrow trail over to the huts. "Pitty vell," was what Tads would

grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-de-do?" Then he would shrug his should are in a way that wrinkled the three Xs into such bewildering folds that you could not have read them unless you had known what they were beforehand.

One day while he was meandering about the place, gruiting quietly to himself, he upset one of my battery j.rs. "Tads," I cried an rily, for the desert's

breath was hot upon me and was irritating enough, let alone spilled vitriol, "you're a little beast! Skip out of here, or I'll take a stick to you!

Then arose a great howl from Tads, and he kept on howling until an Apache woman came over the sands from wickiups and gathered him up in her arms. She was his mother. She eyed me sus-piciously and walked away with her highly demonstrative burden.

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little beggar back again. It was so lonely there on the desert. The wires wailed so heart brokenly, while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime. and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at night. How he hal crept into my heart, to be sure!

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tade wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather -I sometimes used a quill pen, be it remarked—and he wanted to speak with his finger. Well, I did manage to teach him a few letters from a railroad poster, and he learned to drawl out "T-a-d-s" in a droll way. With perseverance that was really startling, I afterward took him in an uncertain way through a page or two of "Can You See the Fat Ox," and so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be white mans, heap sure," he declared in his bullfrog voice, after he had accomplished this wonderful feat.

Great distress reached Tad's soul on the fatal day when the wickiups were taken down and the tribe mounted their mustangs to go over the hills. Apaches had to search all over the station to find Tads. At last they hauled him forth from under my bunk, screaming like mad. Of no avail were his screams; of no avail were his cry, "Me yanter to stay wid him; me yanter be w'ite ma...s!"

Apache papas are unbending and Apache mammas are inexorable. Away they whisked Tads, leaving behind hin. a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his. If we had a few more like him to put among them, the Apache question would settle itself, and we could set our soldiers to hoeing corn.

Then I took up the restless life of a city man, and a big and busy railroad office claimed a good share of my attention for the next 10 years. Yes, it was fully that long before I again set foot upon the desert. Our train stopped at the old station. How the pepper tree had grown. to be sure! In its shade sat a cavalry sergeant with a half dozen of his men about him, and in their midst were three Indian prisoners who were being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were fierce looking fellows, those three savages. There was one, the youngest, who was a perfect demon, the soldiers said.

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday." said the sergeant to me, "just after of them had given him his breakfast, too. He is a young one, not more than 17, 1 should say, but he's the worst red devil 1 ever saw.

## THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Telegraphic Notes of Interest Briefly Told.

#### HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Small but Nutritious-The News of the World From Pole to Pole Carefully Culled and Bolled Down for Busy Readers Throughout the Country.

#### Thursday, Nov. 19.

The Farmers' National Congress met at Sedalia, Mo., on Wednesday.

Farmer Barrett, living near Lincoln, Neb., is in jail for killing a book agent.

The Massachusetts Board of Trade will have its annual dinner at Boston December 15.

Garza, who led the recent revolutionary movement in Mexico, has fled to Central America.

The flour mill of McMannes & Arnold at Findlay, Ohio, was burned on Wednesday. Loss \$50,000.

The lepers at Vancouver have been released and are now at large. There is talk of their crossing the American line.

The World's Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was opened on Wednesday at Boston.

Washington county, Tex., was de-vastated by a tornado Sunday, many houses being demolished and several people injured.

Consul Sewall, of Samoa, now at Bath, Me., states that the treaty with those islands has brought about most of the results desired.

At the annual meeting of the Man-hattan Elevated Railroad Company in New York the year's gross earnings were reported at \$10,103, -97.

New York and Boston capitalists have agreed with the Omaha Board of Trade to invest \$1,000,000 in beet sugar factories in and near Omaha.

Fears are entertained that Thomas Hendry, formerly manager of the Hudson Bay Company, of Victoria, has been murdered near Los Angeles.

School Commissioner John B. Merrill, of Ozone Park, L. L. was hanged in effigy shortly before midnight Tuesday by a mob of anti-incorporation shouters.

Henry Higgins and Joseph Eveland and their wives were arrested at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Wednesday after-noon charged with the murder of two old farmers named Kester in 1886.

George R. Lawrence, a prominent lawyer of Pittsburg, Pa., committed suicide in the Everett House, New York, Tuesday night, by shooting. He is said to have lost considerable money in a gambling resort.

Train 8, a fast express on the Erie Railway, jumped the track at Adrian, N. Y., between Hornellsville and Elmira, at 12.50 Wednesday afternoon. Engineer James Stickney was killed, and three or four passengers were slightly injured.

A movement is said to be on foot among the Chicago National Banks to forfeit their national charters, believing that the credit of National Banks has been impaired by the lack of supervision manifested in the Keystone and Maverick affairs.

H. W. Stearns of New York city was buncoed out of \$500 by two confidence men on the train which reached West Superior, Wis., Wednesday morning.

# CHEATING HORSE BLANKETS THE "PEOPLE'S STORE," DANVILLE'S GIANT SHOPPING MART. DANVILLE'S GIANT SHOPPING MART.

Nearly every pattern of 5/A Horse Blanket is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it hasn't the warp threads, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that 5/A Horse Blankets are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD. and every buyer should see that the \$A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.



at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us. Ask for the 5/a Book. You can get it without charge. WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.



The Summer is gone, but we still keep ice cream of several flavors daily.

Oysters are now in season, to \$8.50 each. and they are served in any style desired.

Regular meals served to transient or permanent guests.

The Café is open, and the kitchen is in charge of an experienced cook. Catering for parties, lodges, weddings, etc., a specialty.

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NOVEL DRESS GOODS.

Marvels in Mixed Woolens, Plaids, Fancy Stripes and such, at 50c per yard, that are our pride and your delight. Gay indeed for the children, neater and more subdued for older members; you can't go astray on these. Here's everything you can possibly want and more too. In light class dress goods, we believe our assortment gives wider scope to all fancies than any collection to be found elsewhere in Danville, or within a radius of 40 miles; every style, plain or fancy, is here for your inspection. Our line of Plaids and Camels Hair Dots which are so popular, will be found extensive and at the same time exclusive. You can be assured that we are particular not to handle more than one or at the utmost, two of any pronounced dress goods pattern; prices, considering the quality, the lowest you can find-search Danville through.

#### OUR COAT DEPARTMENT

is spreading out of all bounds. It is packed full of the choicest New Goods, upon which we have placed very small figures for their actual worth. The latest arrival is a complete assortment of Ladies' Copes in Seal Plush, Russian Lynx, Black Hare, Wool Seal, Beaver Astrachan, Alaska Seal, Black Marten, Krimmer; &c. Prices Ten to Thirty Dollars. These are the very Cream of the newest fashions. They'll make the Winter a joy to you. We make no charge for altering either Ladies' or Misses' Coats, Jackets, Fur Garments or Capes.

#### COMFORTABLES AND QUILTS.

We are showing an elegant assortment of Eider Down Comfortables, embroidered or plain coverings in Silk Olive and figured French Sateens, all colors, ranging in price from \$3.00

Special values in cotton comfortables in Turkey Red and chintz coverings, all full sizes, and pure white cotton filling, 85c to \$2.75 each.

Marseilles and Honeycomb Quilts in every size and Quality. 75c to \$4.00 each.

#### CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Trade is very brisk here and why should'nt it be. We are offering men's fine business suits in fancy mixtures, Scotch tweeds, cassimers and corkscrews at \$8.50, \$10.00 and \$12.00. Fresh bread and cakes daily Also men's genuine all wool Slater and other fine blue and black flannel sack suits, single and double breasted and lined with double warp serge. at \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00. We are also showing our complete Fall and Winter line of fine ready made overcoats for men, youths and boys in plain black, blue and fancy checks; prices the lowest.

### PERFUMES AND TOILET WATERS.

We have just added to our perfumery department a line of ARMANT'S Triple and Quadruple extracts, that will surely delight the heart of every live visitor. Triple extracts, 35c an ounce, in the following odors : Heliotrope, Jockey Club, Frangi-panni, White Lilac, Wild Olive, New Mown Hay. White Rose, Stephanotis, White Heliotrope, Musk, Violet, Lily of the Valley, May Blossom, Trailing Arbutus, and Ylang Ylang

Quadruple Extracts, 50c an ounce in the following odors : Trailing Arbutus, Lillita, White Lilac, Frangipanni, May Blossom and Musk.

We know the goods are right. We want you to know it. We furnish the bottles. The "People's Store," W. C. FRICK & CO., MILL & CENTRE STS., DANVILLE, PA. Entrance on both Streets.

Like a lizard he had darted from sight somewhere in that little patch of rocks and cactus, though there did not appear to be cover enough there to conceal a jack rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," I thought as I looked at the prickly cactus ; but I did not know then how Apaches put up with such small irritations. Not wanting to give the boy unnecessary torture I went back to my clubs. Throwing my eyes about again I caught another fleeting glimpse of the brown head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed next day, for there was no club swinging under the pepper tree. The duties of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon me, and the sun lay too heavily upon the desert. I saw Tad steal away from his lair about two hours after my usual exercise time and walk down the sand drifts with a dejected air, his one garment flapping in the hot wind.

A wild nature like his was proof against such snares as the toothsome confection. the golden orange, or the mealy peanut. I found that out by trial in the course of the next week. But an old jackknife won him over. That was something his Apache mind could grasp. It was a greater delight to him than the red and blue clubs. Sworn friends from that day were Tads and I. His talk was a ridiculous mixture of English, Spanish, and Apache, and his voice was very throaty. But I understood him.

Indian like, he said little. It was, therefore, easy to get along with him. He would sit for hours on a high stool, listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk" of my sounder. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it squelched his imagination; but he solved the problem at last. A man away off over the mountain spoke with his finger to me and I spoke back to him. That was his idea of it, and it was not such a bad one, either. The hummings of the wires overhead were the voices of people with ponderous fingers, but they were not of this world.

How the cowboys laughed when they saw Tads and me in the station!

"That tenderfoot's a queer one," they sa'd of me.

The despised Apache could not crawl into their hearts-no, not even if he were a 6 year old.

"He'll steal everything the tender loot's got," they pleasantly averred. But he did not.

When Tads left the station of an evening his little brown feet pattered straight over the road to the wickiups, a half mile

Gazing at the boy captive, a strange feeling stole over me. The stolid face was oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said the sergeant; "what do you call yourself, young one?" he asked, giving him a not too delicate poke with the toe of his boot. "Me? Why my name's Tads!" grunted the boy.

"Talks pretty good English for a wild devil who has been over the Mexican border so long, doesn't he?" asked the sergeant, turning to me. But I said nothing.

Might Make a Small Beginning.

He was a big, blustering fellow, and when he stepped into the store the pro-prietor hurried to wait on him. His purchases amounted to about two dollars and a half, and when they were all wrapped up he said :

"Charge it to me. I'll drop in to-morrow and settle it."

"No." said the little proprietor. "What!" cried the big man. "Don't you know who I am? I'm---'

"I know that," said the the proprietor, "But that is all I know about you. I can't charge it.

"You can't? Why, I can buy your blamed store.

"Yes," acquiesced the little man mildly.

"Including the building and lot."

Yes. "And you won't charge it then to me?"

"No.

The big man seemed to swell up with wrath.

"Look here," he cried. "I'll buy your whole outfit. I'll show you whether I am good for two dollars and a haif or not. Just you begin to figure on the price and I'll come in to-morrow and take the shop. I'll show you what I am worth."

"You might begin now," said the little man. "What?"

"You might begin to-day. You might buy that package now and you won't have so much on your mind for to-morrow. I'm willing to knock off the interest on the two dollars and a half for a day."

Then the people had to come in from the street to prevent a disturbance.

A MORE ACCOMPLIANED ENITTER.

Ere woman was emancipate She knit with care his socks, but now, Exalted to her higher state. She khits with care his manly brow. —Detroit Free Press.

Stearns sat up all night to save sleeping car fare, and was accosted by the strangers, who proposed a game of cards

A suit was begun Wednesday in the United States Circuit Court against John Hoey, ex-president of the Adams Express Company, his wife and son, on behalf of the company from whose management he was recently deposed, to recover 10,000 shares of the company's stock.

Dr. Charles A. Barnes, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., was arrested in Bing-hampton Wednesday morning for abduction. He has been married six times, and is said to have three wives living. He is charged with having stolen the child of the last woman he married, after separating from her.

Hiram Chase, a full-blooded Indian of the Omaha tribe, was admitted to practice in the Federal Court, at Omaha, Tuesday. He was educated at the Indian schools in the East, and graduated last year from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania.

Walton J. Osborne, a prominent lumber dealer and leading Prohibi-tionists, of Rochester, N. Y., has fied to Canada under a serious cloud, and many unpaid executions are recorded against him. It is stated that he is \$1,000 short in his accounts as treasurer of the Spencer Ripley Memorial Church.

Early Wednesday morning the prisoners in the Morrow county jail, at Mount Gilead, Ohio, picked the lock, and, overpowering the sheriff, made a break for liberty. Every prisoner es-caped, and none has so far been re-taken. Among them were the Rev. Mr. Gano, a wife murdorer, and two burglars, who are thought to be dangerous crooks.

gerous crooks. Special Treasury Agent Charles S. Wilbur and his detectives have un-earthed a big case of oplum smug-gling in New York. Large quantities of oplum have been brought in con-cealed in logs. The detectives have already arrested a man who signed his name as Thomas S. Chase, of Providence. Several New York par-ties will probably be arrested.

Friday, Nov. 13.

A suburb of Tampa, Fla., was burned Thursday morning, causing a loss of \$300,000.

A consolidation of the twenty-seven breweries in Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, is now said to be agreed upon by all but two of the breweries in the entire cities.

We repair Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Threshers, Harvesters. Mowers and all kinds of machinery.

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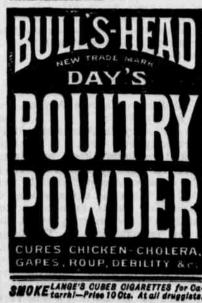
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