

KILLED A MAN A MINUTE.

Private Fontaine of Mississippi Kept This Up for Sixty Minutes.

Lamar Fontaine, of Mississippi killed sixty men in sixty minutes during the war.

It was in the battle of Waterloo Bridge, just below Warrenton, Va., in August, 1862, and immediately before the second battle of Manassas, that General Lee witnessed Fontaine's feat of killing "sixty Yankees in sixty minutes."

Stonewall Jackson, under whom Fontaine served, was flanking Pope. The Confederate sharpshooters had possession of a long frame building, and were pouring death into Pope's ranks, when Lee rode up.

The General had heard of Fontaine's wonderful ability as a marksman, and paid him a visit. A Federal battery was then directed on the sharpshooters.

"Train your glass on No. 1, at gun No. 1," Fontaine said to General Lee, "and you will see him jump up in the air in a minute and another man will have to take his place."

Then he went on and killed sixty men, one after another, each in about a minute, until Lee told him to stop. "Doesn't your conscience ever hurt you when you do work of this kind?" inquired Lee.

"Why, General," replied Fontaine, "when I enlisted in the army it was with the understanding that I was to kill as many of the enemy as I could. If I had any conscientious scruples against it I would quit the army. Don't you expect us to kill?"

Fontaine served also with Generals Stewart and Johnston. He took part in twenty-seven pitched battles, fifty-eight skirmishes and over a hundred individual skirmishes. He was reputed the best marksman with rifle or revolver in either army.

Fontaine was wounded sixty-seven times and thirteen times his lungs were pierced. Twice his heart was grazed and these scratches caused that organ to be so enlarged that physicians who examine him to-day without knowing his history say that he is in danger of immediate death. But he feels well enough. So often has he been wounded that he cannot remember where he got such and such a scar without consulting the record.

The bloody and amazing incident of the "sixty men in sixty minutes" is very far from being the only astounding one in Fontaine's career. He has had more adventures and more perilous ones than any writer of romance, even Dumas, ever dared attribute to his hero.

He possesses the following startling testimonials from "Stonewall" Jackson:

"I believe that during his service with me as sharpshooter, Lamar Fontaine killed more of the enemy than any company in my command."

A Honeymoon at a Farm House. It is no longer fashionable for the bridal couples to go to large cities or on a trip to Europe for their wedding journey, says the Indianapolis Journal.

The sentimental period must be spent in some country place, a wayside inn or in some quiet old town. A couple who desired to go to a country place near by advertised in a paper that is distributed well over the state for just what they would like in the way of an ideal resort for their honeymoon.

Not more than a week or ten days after the advertisement appeared they received a dozen or more answers. Previous to the wedding the husband-to-be visited several of those whose letters read the most invitingly and selected the place he liked the best. The four weeks they spent there were more like a story book than a reality. The rooms were large and airy, the table was exquisite in its cleanliness and the viands that were spread before them were deliciously tempting. A horse and carriage were at their disposal, the river not more than a mile away, and scenery and loafing spots were so plentiful that a new one could be found every day.

An Unburied King. It will surprise most people to learn that the late King of Spain is not yet buried, but, covered with a winding sheet, lies on a marble slab in a vault of the Escorial. This is in accordance with a custom dating from the year 1700. The body will lie where it is until the present King dies. Then it will be deposited with great pomp beside the remains of his predecessors in the chapel of the Escorial.

"When I Was Abroad." I had once a great friend who had travelled all around the world. When almost on his deathbed he spoke to me on the subject for the first time with humorous pathos. "My dear fellow, you will do me the justice, when I am gone, to say that I never told you one word about it." But he was a noble exception.

Nouveau Riche—That big fellow with the trumpet did nothing half the time. Don't let it happen again. Bandmaster—Ah, yes, sare; but that was during the piccolo part. It was the trombone rest. Nouveau Riche—I pay men to work, not to rest!—Truth.

Fuddy—I understand that Wigley spends most of his evenings here at your house? Duddy—I had an impression that it was my evenings that he spends here.—New York Herald.

Mrs. Portly Pompous: "do you understand how to cook properly?" Bridget: "Indade, mum, I do. The parletman who used to call on me in the last place was a regular sultan."

A DIFFERENCE.



He—Have you ever had your ears pierced? She—No; but I've often had them bored.

AN APT PUPIL.



Miss Thirdseason—I hate to see you going into society, darling. You are so young and sweet and good. Miss Budd—Never mind, I can learn.

PLENTY OF 'EM LEFT.



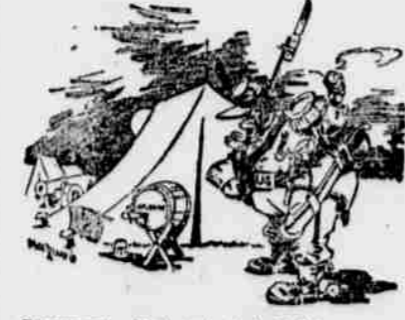
"Ah! Jamos, you've broken all the good resolutions you made last Thanksgiving." "Yes, sir; but I am thankful I can make others just as good."

A LUCID EXPLANATION.



He—Ah, I saw you on the street yesterday— She—Yes, I saw that you did; and you saw that I did not see you, did you not?—Truth.

DARKTOWN REGIMENT IN CAMP.



Sergeant—Put out dat light. Voice Within—Dat's the moon, sah-geant. Sergeant—Don't keer what it am; put it out.—New York Herald.

DIDN'T FORGET HIS MANNERS.



"If you'll excuse me, mum, I'll leave the table."—Harpers Weekly.

A NEW WESTERN IDEA.

Girls Who Give Gold Models of Their Little Fingers to Their Betrothed.

"Do the girls here give gold models of their little fingers to their fiancés?" asked the Western girl of the Gothamite.

"Heavens, no!" answered the Gothamite. "It seems to me that that is a rather growsome souvenir."

"Not at all," answered the Western girl. "It is decidedly dainty, and I'm a little surprised that New York is so far behind the times. The fad started in this way. When the daughter of one of our big Western politicians was six months old, he had a model of her little finger cast in gold. Around the little dimpled digit is a ring of turquoise, which is her birth stone, and it makes a lovely charm for her betrothed's watch chain. He valued it so much that it set other men to thinking, and the result is that as soon as the girl wraps one of these charms around her own little finger sufficiently for a proposal to follow, he immediately insists upon a gold facsimile of the flesh and blood original. It is a pretty conceit, and is being followed by every Westerner who is in subjection to somebody's little finger.—New York Sun.

Making an Artificial Skin.

A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use in wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibres are half-digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid a tissue is produced which takes the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

The Inquiring Mind.

Johnny—Say pa, I want to ask you a question. Mr. Sniff—Well, now, I don't know why the Spring doesn't always come in the Fall, or where the wind is when it doesn't blow, or whether, if the almanac makers should leave out the month of August, the corn crop would be ruined by September frosts. But go ahead.

Johnny—Why, pa, I only wanted to know how it comes that no one but children die in childhood?—New York Journal.

Stood Up for Him.

"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes; she stood up for you at dinner."

"Stood up for me? Was anybody saying anything about me?" "No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than to judge a man by his looks."—London Household Words.

Not Susceptible to Flattery.

Broken-Down Actor (with battered hat and frayed clothing)—Ah, good morning, me charming gazelle. May I inquire if you have at your disposal any cold turkey or other suitable viands with which a gentleman might assuage his hunger? Servant Girl (who has been there before)—I guess there's plenty o' cold vittles in the kitchen, if that's wot ye mane. But—er—where's the gentleman?—New York Truth.

His Theory.

"A great many women marry men for the purpose of reforming them," remarked the observant citizen. "I suppose so," replied the man who was reluctantly writing a check, "but sometimes they misjudge a man. Now that you remind me of it, I believe my wife unjustly suspected me of the habit of saving too much money."—Washington Star.

Electric Tornado Alarms.

A cyclone or a tornado will rush suddenly upon a township and leave it in ruins a few minutes later. This fact has resulted in the invention of a barometer, built on such lines that, a few minutes before the arrival of a violent atmospheric disturbance, the mercury, being agitated, rings an electric alarm and gives fair warning.

Tame Enough.

Tourist (in Jersey, apprehensively)—How about the Jersey mosquitoes? Don't you find them pretty vicious creatures? Jersey Native (Indifferently)—Not at all! Not at all! Why, they'll eat right out of your hand!—Puck.

Nothing to Tell.

Mother: "What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?" Innocent: "Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma?" Mother: "Certainly." Innocent: "Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mamma."

His Yearn.

"Shay, m' (hic) frien!" said Lushington, after vainly fumbling with his latch-key for twenty minutes. "Well?" returned the passer-by. "Have you (hic) got such a shing as a spare key (hic) hole about you?"—Judge.

Not a Judge.

"Is it true, Nezer, that stolen chickens are the sweetest?" "Dunno, boss, 'deed I don'. I nobber tasted de yudder kind."—Typographical Journal.

Miss Passe. Oh, Reginald. Do some brave and heroic deed and prove your love for me. Reginald. Haven't I offered to marry you?

THORN SENTENCED TO ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Murder of Guldensuppe Hears His Fate Without Betraying Any Emotion.

Martin Thorn, convicted last week of the murder of William Guldensuppe, was on Friday sentenced to be electrocuted in the week beginning January 10, 1898.

When Thorn was taken into court in Long Island City he stepped as briskly, walking between two officers, as he had done on the days when he was on trial. He preserved the same calm imperturbable expression of countenance that he had at every crisis in the working out of his fate during the trial and when, as preliminary to the passing of sentence of death, Justice Maddox put the customary questions to him, he responded promptly, collectedly and without outward evidence of emotion.

"My true name," said the murderer, "is Torceswisky. I was born in Germany and am thirty-three years old. I was a barber and have never been in prison before. I was brought up in the religious belief of the Roman Catholic church. I can read and write. My father is living. I am not married."

Then Judge Maddox proceeded to pass sentence solemnly and impressively. He said:

"Thorn, you were indicted charged with having premeditated and deliberately designed and caused the death of William Guldensuppe. You have had a fair trial, in the course of which you were defended by the ablest and most astute counsel. They could not have done more for you. Every effort was made by them to save you. After that the jury found you guilty of murder in the first degree and the punishment for that is death.

"The judgment of the court is that you shall be taken hence to the state prison at Sing Sing, within a reasonable time, and that there you shall be executed in the form prescribed by law in the week beginning January 10, 1898."

Thorn listened without moving a muscle and when the judge had finished he inclined his head slightly forward as if bowing to the court. The prisoner's lawyers then handed up their affidavit applying for an appeal. Justice Maddox took the affidavit and will pass on it later.

Best Way to Make Lemonade.

The best lemonade is made by boiling sugar and water together and adding the lemon juice after it is cold. Use one pound of sugar to each quart of water; add the juice of six lemons and the desired quantity of water at serving time. Pineapple lemonade may be made by boiling together one quart of water, one pound of sugar and the grated rind of one lemon for five minutes. Strain; when cold, add the juice of six lemons, one pineapple pared and picked into very small particles, and either a quart of water or a quart of Appollinaris water.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Turn the X ray on yourself occasionally and see if you are as near perfect as you would like your neighbor to be.

Cheerful Winter Outlook.

Railroad's Increasing Business Crowds Car Shops With Work.

Thousands of workmen are jubilant over the bright prospects for work this winter. It is expected to be the busiest winter in the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for years. All departments will be run steadily, and, in order to keep up with the demands, night work will be necessary. An order has been placed with the car shops for 500 new freight cars. This is the largest order since 1893. Work will commence immediately, and the employment of several hundred additional men will be necessary, in order to get the work out.

In addition to the order for cars an order has been placed for a number of class H engines, said to be the most powerful ever built. They will be built for the Pennsylvania Railroad division and for several Western roads.

Actors, Singers, Speakers

Thousands of actors, public entertainers, singers, lecturers, preachers and readers are tormented with throat weakness. These delicate organs being overtaxed become susceptible to head colds, influenza, hoarseness, tickling in the throat, sneezing, drooping in the throat, pain over the eyes, dry throat, etc.; all these are fore-runners of Catarrh. Dr. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER is powerful, painless, harmless and quick-acting, and will cure all such troubles—relieves in 10 minutes.

"I can but proclaim Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a wonderful medicine, particularly for singers and public speakers. Myself and wife were both subjects of Catarrh and Catarrh, and never found anything to equal the great relief and quick action and curative qualities—It is a wonder worker. I heartily recommend it to my brother professionals." Al. Emmert Postell, Actor, New York City.— Sold by C. A. Klein.

Walter Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA. Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious. Costs Less than One Cent a Cup. DORCHESTER, MASS. ...By... WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. SOLE AGENTS FOR Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY. SOLE AGENTS FOR F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco. Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars: Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash, Bloomsburg Pa.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S. 2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

Company Stores Under Fire. The Attorney General to Hear Complainants From Cambria County.

The following sworn statement, signed by Frank Price, William Fetters, S. W. Long and Alexander Robb, was received last week by Attorney General McCormick: "To the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, Henry C. McCormick: We, the undersigned citizens of Portage township and vicinity, in the county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, do solemnly swear that at Ben's Creek, in the said county, there is and has been for some time past a store known as the McElhoes & Co. Store, which store is operated in conjunction with the mine operated by the Somnan Coal Mining Company, known also as the Loyal-Hanna Coal Company, and which said mining company compels the employes employed in and about their mines to deal with the said McElhoes & Co's. store. Men declining to deal in said store are deprived of their share of employment, and are compelled to draw certain amounts, viz.: Married men must take coupons to the amount of \$6 each, and single men the amount of \$3 each semi-monthly, contrary to the Act of Assembly approved June 9, 1891."

The Attorney General has fixed a hearing in the case for December 21. DOVER, N. H., Oct. 31, 1896. MESSRS. ELY BROS.—The Balm reached me safely and in so short a time the effect is surprising. My son's first application gave decided relief. I have a shelf filled with "Catarrh Cures." To-morrow the stove shall receive them and Ely's Cream Balm will reign supreme. Respectfully, MRS. FRANKLIN FREEMAN. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

November Internal Revenue Report. The internal revenue report for November in this district shows a falling off in receipts of about \$100 as compared with those for the preceding month. For the past month they were \$37,847.93; made up as follows: From the sale of beer stamps, \$18,644; cigar stamps, \$19,523.56, and tobacco, \$680.37. This is an increase of \$1,600 as compared with the corresponding month last year. Stamp Clerk Becker reports that the new month starts out exceedingly well, as he received mail orders for \$1,500 in stamps Wednesday morning by the first mail.

STOP THAT HEAD COLD IN 10 MINUTES—or it will develop into chronic catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder stops cold in the head in 10 minutes, and relieves most acute and deep seated catarrh after one application. Cures quickly and permanently. "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder with best results. It is a great remedy, and I never cease recommending it."—John E. Dell, Paulding, O.—46. Sold by C. A. Klein.

PILL-AGE—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 10 cents a vial, are planned after the most modern in medical science. They are as great an improvement over the 50 years old strong dose pill formulas as a bicycle is over an ox-cart in travel. They never gripe and they never fail.—40 doses, 10 cents.—48. Sold by C. A. Klein.

Will you sell me some fast cruisers quick, with quick firing guns to scare the United States? says Spain to a canny British shipbuilder. "You do us honor," replies the British builder. "Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to sell you cruisers to whip our brother of the United States; terms, spot cash, please." But Spain has not the cash and cannot get it. The deal falls through. Try the COLUMBIAN a year.