

HANLEY'S BOLD RIDE

Brought a Recalcitrant Mule Back to Army Camp.

And by This Act of Gallantry Saved Maj. Reno's Column from Being Exterminated by Bloodthirsty Indian Fiends.

When some American mules in South Africa stamped with the British field guns and put the Englishmen in rather a bad plight in the face of the enemy people said that it was the American mules' way of showing sympathy with the Boer cause. The thing was spoken of and written about everywhere as being the first instance here the mule, though his back always has had to bear much obloquy, ever came within an ace of being responsible for the defeat of an army. People who wrote and talked about the affair evidently had never heard of how a Missouri mule came near being the cause of the wiping out of Reno's battalion on the Little Big Horn contemporaneously with the annihilation of Custer and his band a few miles beyond. An ugly, vicious, branded Missouri mule did his level best on that awful day to aid the Indians in exterminating the whites, and, what's more, if it hadn't been for an Irish sergeant, Richard J. Hanley, recently retired, the Missouri mule would have succeeded.

It was in the red month of June, 1876, says the Chicago Record-Herald, when Reno's column after separating from Custer struck the river of the Little Big Horn. The gallant major, whose valor in war was much greater, as subsequent events proved, than his discretion in love, was attacked by a tremendous force of Indians. There wasn't over an above much ammunition with Reno's outfit. As a sailor would say: "They had been flying light," and with the exception of what the men had in their belts the bulk of the bullet supply was on the back of an ornery Missouri mule, chosen for the job of carrying it because of his prodigious size and strength.

The long-eared ammunition bearer was with the pack train to the right



THROUGH A HAILSTORM OF SHOT.

and rear of the squadron which was lying facing the enemy along the edge of the wood. A Sioux bullet went over the head of the skirmishers, and with a far-reaching trajectory tore an ounce of flesh out of the pack mule's flank. It instantly snapped its tether, broke like a set of fours from right to rear, and clearing the obstacles of its rightful lords and masters to the front made straight on a wild gallop for the heart of the outlying masses of the Indians. When within about 100 yards of the place for which it was headed the mule struck a bit of bunch grass which was to its liking, and it then and there started to graze. On its back in the ammunition cases lay that which meant the safety of Reno's forces. To reach the animal any man of the command must cross an open plain swept by a thousand rifles. There was a moment of consultation among the officers, and a desperate plan for the recapture of the mule was being discussed, when one of the soldiers saw far over to the right, just above the grass, the slowly moving head of a white man who was crawling toward the stampeded animal. The word was passed along the line and volley after volley from the whites kept the attention of the enemy directed away from the mule and from that solitary soldier who was worming his way toward it. Discovering for him meant capture and death. On he went, while between shots the eyes of his every comrade sought him. He was within 25 yards of the mule. Then he stood straight up, dashed forward, vaulted onto the creature's back, and digging deep the spurs he started the animal back on a gallop as wild as that by which it had fled. There was a yell from the reds. A hundred rifles were emptied at the flying beast and its dauntless rider. Sgt. Richard J. Hanley, who was astride that gigantic Missouri mule, as he went through that hailstorm, got never a wound, though his chances of escaping unhurt were only one in a thousand. The mule was saved, but, as a trooper put it afterward, "the critter brought back as much lead in its hide as it did in its pack."

Perhaps Richard J. Hanley, sergeant, retired, is the only man on record who wears a medal of honor for riding a mule, though that operation even in peaceful times is not always devoid of danger.

Redeemed by Uncle Sam. In a pile of rubbish a resident of Rowdoinham, Me., found an old tin pan, on the bottom of which a five-dollar bill was pasted. He cut the bottom out of the pan, sent it to the United States treasury, and in a few days received a new five-dollar bill by mail.

Women Are Law-Abiding. Only six per cent. of the criminals in the United States are women.

NEW YORKER'S PORCARIUM.

Palace for Pigs at Summer Home of Wealthy Cottager at Elberon.

A wealthy New Yorker has for his pigs on the grounds of his seaside villa in Elberon a palatial home. This palace of the pigs is known as the porcarium, says the New York Herald.

The palatial porcarium in Elberon consists of a finely constructed house, with hardwood floors and fancy wall finishings. Within the home is a large shallow pool with a cement bottom. The porkers loll on beds of straw and inhale the ozone from the blue Atlantic.

It is said that during the fashionable bathing hour of the Elberon cottagers the porcarius pigs take to their private pools and bathe in luxurious ease. A skylight, open above the pool, lets down languent sunshine.

These noble pigs are not fed as many other of their less fortunate species. They have plenty of corn to eat—fine corn, which even the horse would be glad to get in the winter time, to warm the blood. Skimmed milk is served in great quantities, and of bran and middlings the porcarius pigs have their fill.

So the New Yorkers' "porkers" wax mightily corpulent and the porcarium is a wonderful show place. The pigs have curly hair and their careful breeding makes it soft and shiny.

PRIMITIVE COOKING.

Crude Utensils Used by the Ancients in the Preparation of Their Food.

Prof. S. Trojanovic, of Belgrade, has for several months been making an investigation with the object of ascertaining the exact manner in which food was cooked in Europe in primitive times, and he has now arrived at the conclusion that the general practice was to place the food in a pot and to warm it by means of red hot stones, reports a London paper.

Such a pot was usually made of the bark of a tree, and two or three sticks ran across it for the purpose of holding the stones in proper position. When a meal was to be prepared the pot was partially filled with meat and water, and then in the vacant places were put the red-hot stones. The food was quickly warmed in this way, and it was eaten before it grew cold.

In various parts of Servia primitive pots of this kind are still used. In other parts of Europe, notably in Macedonia, pots formed of the bark of trees are also used, but the food in them, instead of being warmed by means of hot stones, is thoroughly cooked by a fire which is lighted over them.

Prof. Trojanovic has made a collection of these pots, and he regards them as of peculiar interest and value, since he is confident that in old days about every nation in Europe cooked its food in utensils of this kind, though he thinks it quite probable that a different method of heating the food prevailed in each country.

THE BEE AS A BAROMETER.

In All Well Regulated Colonies the Queen Has a Staff of Weather Prophets.

Such should be the title of these lines, for whoever observes these interesting insects finds it easy enough to foretell exactly the kind of weather to be expected. At least that is the opinion of many raisers of bees.

Generally the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy these busy workers do not leave their dwelling all at once. A few go out at first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater number remain on observation until the clouds begin to dissipate, and it is only then that the battalions entire rush out in search of their nectar. A bee never goes out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two fearsome, redoubtable enemies. We do not mean, however, that the bee is a meteorologist in the absolute sense of the word. Its cleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it possesses untiring vigilance. Often one may observe the sudden entrance of bees into the hive when a dense cloud hides the sun, and even though the rain is not in evidence.

The American Girl.

The charge made by a Chicago professor against the American girl that she takes all from father or brother, giving nothing in return, is likely to meet with some contradiction. The man of learning either forgets or never knew what a wealth of brightness and cheer the American girl dispenses on her way through life, how her sympathy and help are so often above any price. The inference to be drawn from the professor's remarks is that either he is entirely ignorant of women and their ways or he is suffering from a disappointment in love or indigestion.

Oldest Mail Carrier.

"Uncle Sam" Gibbons, who is now on the retired list, carried mail in Kentucky for 61 years and never lost a sack. He lives at Hodgenville, three miles from Lincoln's birthplace. He insists that but for the railroad he would still be in service.

TRIO OF IMPOSTORS.

How They Robbed and Fooled a Confiding Doctor.

A Rather Amusing Case in Which Hypnotism and Kleptomaniia Play Important Parts—The Plot Revealed.

The Paris correspondent of a London paper describes as anything but enviable the feelings of a worthy doctor settled in a very fashionable district of that city who, after attempting the cure of a young woman professedly afflicted with kleptomaniia, has himself fallen a victim to a clever but utterly unscrupulous trick. About a week ago he was sitting in his consulting room when the bell rang, and presently a man of gentlemanly appearance and a lady of mature age, accompanied by a pretty and fascinating girl, were ushered in. The male visitor introduced himself as a marquis dwelling at a certain number in a well-known avenue, and said that the elderly woman was his wife and the beautiful damsel their daughter. A few polite remarks on general topics were exchanged, and then the professing marquis drew the physician into a corner, and in low and discreet accents unfolded to him the following tale: His daughter, she explained, was a charming girl. She was lovely, as he could judge for himself, accomplished, amiable and when married she would have a very respectable dowry, as her parents were well endowed with this world's goods. Unfortunately there was a dark side to this otherwise bright picture. Although lavishly provided with pocket money and supplied with everything that she could possibly desire, the young woman was a confirmed kleptomaniac. She could not enter a shop without endeavoring to purloin some article, and even her friends' spoons and forks were not secure from her too enterprising fingers.

Then, coming to the point, the so-called marquis asked the doctor whether he would be willing to undertake the cure of this very distressing case. He would not be daunted by any expense, and in proof of this assertion he pulled out a



THE PATIENT WAS LOVELY.

bundle of bank notes and laid them on the table. The physician, considerably impressed by all this candor and by this practical method of transacting business, readily consented to take the young woman for a course of treatment into his own house, and the next day saw her installed there with a maid provided by her family in special attendance on her. The girl was to be cured of her thievish propensities through the medium of hypnotism, a will stronger than her own compelling her to return to honest ways. All went well for four or five days, much to the satisfaction of the good doctor, who had not missed a single article of his property, and who firmly believed that his course of treatment had been crowned with remarkable success. When, however, he returned from his round of visits the other evening he found, to his infinite bewilderment, that the birds had flown. As it had been expressly agreed that his fair patient should remain indoors for awhile, so as to be spared the temptation afforded by the spectacle of attractive shop windows, he was greatly annoyed. But this was nothing in comparison with his state of mind when an inspection of his premises revealed the painful fact that bank notes to the amount of nearly £1,000 had also disappeared, and with them jewelry and divers objects of great worth quite £400. He consoled himself with the reflection that he would in all probability recover his property at the residence of the young lady's noble father, and thither he proceeded in haste, to find, to his anguish, that the family in question, which he now beheld for the first time in the flesh, had been personated by a trio of audacious impostors. Then the poor doctor took his weary way to the office of the police commissary, with the old familiar tale. Detectives are hunting in every direction for the thieves, but so far they have failed to track them to their lair.

Bogus Money in Poker.

A jury in the United States court at Indianapolis, Ind., returned a verdict, in which it was held that it is no violation of law to use a counterfeit coin in opening a "jackpot" in a poker game. The case was that of Jesse Page, of Elora, who was charged with passing a counterfeit dollar while he was playing poker. A "jackpot" was the object for which the players were striving. Page "broke the pot" for a dollar, and tossed the coin on the table with the chips that were already there. The pot was raked in by a man who was a witness for the government in the case.

Unlucky Day for Hubby.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am going to turn over a new leaf." "In what connection?" "I'm going to stop being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday." "Yes, it is very silly of you." "Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?" "Y-yes." "Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday, just to show I'm not afraid."—Tit-Bits.

Citing a Comparison.

"This is a good deal like marriage," remarked Fogg, as he stood at the steps of a street car waiting for the exodus which usually happens upon such occasions.

"In what way, pray?" asked Fender-son, who always has to have things explained to him.

"Why, don't you see? The people who are in are more anxious to get out than those who are out are to get in."—Boston Transcript.

Not a Success.

"I warn you," he said, threateningly, "to keep away from Miss Bilton. I've been making love to her myself." "Have you really?" replied his rival.

"Well, she'll be glad to have the matter cleared up." "Cleared up! What do you mean?" "Why, she said she thought that what you'd been trying to do, but she wasn't sure."—Chicago Post.

Noblesse Oblige.

"Beg your pardon, kind lady," began the polite beggar, "but I'm badly in need of money."

"I wonder if you deserve help," said the kind lady, suspiciously. "If I were to give you a penny, what would you do with it?" "Your generosity would overwhelm me, ma'am; I'd buy a post card and write you a note of thanks."—Tit-Bits.

The Darned Socks.

The hospital nurse leaned over the form of the prostrate sufferer. "Your feet are torn and bleeding," she said; "you must have had a terrible journey."

"It was my wife's fault. She insisted"—a sudden look of anguish came over the face of the patient—"on darn-ning those socks herself."—Leslie's Weekly.

Observing the Proprieties.

Mrs. Wilton—I don't see much difference in your friend Barnes since he joined the church.

Mr. Wilton—O, but there's a great difference. When he goes fishing on Sundays now he goes around to the back door when he comes home with his string of fish.—Boston Transcript.

Did the Best She Could.

Louise (in surprise)—You don't mean to say Grace Pretty married a millionaire old enough to be her father? Good gracious! Why did she do such a thing?

Muriel—Why, she couldn't catch one old enough to be her grandfather.—Brooklyn Life.

Afraid of Their Lives.

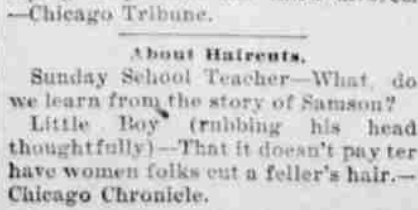
Yeast—Do the robins come and pick the bread crumbs from your lawn? Crimzonbeak—They used to, but they don't any more.

"How do you account for that?" "My wife makes her own bread."—Yonkers Statesman.

Love That Makes No Return.

For love he forfeited his friends. For love he turned away from honors such as men are glad to strive for night and day; For love he lost what robbers men would be most loath to lose. And had no recompense, because 'Twas all for love of booze. —Chicago Record-Herald.

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Queen Victoria's Donkeys.

By order of King Edward VII., the two white donkeys used by the late Queen Victoria to draw her small carriage about the grounds of her various residences have been placed in the royal paddocks at Hampton court.

Swimmers in German Army.

To be acceptable as a soldier in the German army a man must be able to swim. The best swimmers are able to cross a stream of several hundred yards' width even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

Candidates for Statehood.

No new states were admitted between 1896 and 1900. New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma are now the territorial candidates for statehood.

THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: CORRECTED WEEKLY and RETAIL PRICES. Lists various goods like Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Beef, etc. with their respective prices.

The girls who say they wouldn't marry the best man in the world sometimes end by marrying the worst. I've was the first woman to complain that she didn't have anything to wear. WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY MEN and women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary \$750 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 353 Caxton Bldg., Chicago. 4-25-161. The man who has the greatest confidence in himself has the least in other people's. CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of [Signature]

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