

DESPERATE DEFENSE

Americans Killed One Hundred and Forty Bolomen.

OFFICERS OF COMPANY C SLAIN.

Further Particulars Regarding the Affair in Samar Show It to Have Been One of the Most Sanguinary Since American Occupation.

MANILA, Oct. 1.—General Hughes, from the island of Samar, reports the arrival of Sergeant Markley and one private at Tannan (7) from the fight at Balangiga, where more than forty men of Company C, Ninth Infantry, were killed by insurgents, who attacked the troops while at breakfast Saturday last.

The men who have reached Tannan say that the officers of the company, who were at first reported to have escaped, were killed with the majority of the company.

The troops were attacked while unprepared by 400 Bolomen, of whom the Americans killed about 140. Many of the soldiers were killed in their quarters before they had time to grasp their rifles.

General Hughes is going to the scene of the disaster and will personally command the troops.

Company C was a portion of the Ninth regiment of United States Infantry which went to China at the time of the Boxer outbreak and which there performed valiant service. Later the troops went to Manila and were engaged in provost duty in that city. During the past summer a battalion of the Ninth was sent to Samar.

The conditions at Tayantas (Tayabas) and Batangas are not reassuring. The worst form of guerrilla warfare prevails there. The insurgent forces are distributed under cover along every road and trail and wait in ambush for travelers. The insurgent leader Ca-



CAPTAIN THOMAS W. CONNELL, who formerly belonged to General Calles' command, but who refused to surrender with Calles, is retreating to the mountains. The main forces of the insurgents are scattered in hands over the province, where they dig up mines when there is an opportunity to use them.

Officers Also Killed. WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—A corrected copy of General Chaffee's cable dispatch from Manila in regard to the massacre of American soldiers in Samar was made public at the war department. By a mistake in translating he cipher the dispatch was first interpreted as saying that Captain Connell, Lieutenant Bumpus and Surgeon Griswold had escaped. The corrected copy shows that the cipher words mistaken or "have escaped" really meant "investigation will be made." The corrected copy does not show that the officers mentioned are safe.

Captain Connell a New Yorker. NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—According to the latest reports from Manila, Captain Connell of Company C, Ninth Infantry, perished in the disastrous fight at Balangiga, Samar. Captain Thomas W. Connell was a New Yorker, being a son of David J. Connell, who lives at 5 South William street, and a brother of Deputy Assistant District Attorney John J. Connell. Captain Connell entered the Military Academy Sept. 1, 1889, and graduated in 1894.

Kitchener Wants More Men. LONDON, Sept. 30.—The Daily Express publishes a report that Lord Kitchener has asked for 25,000 more seasoned men and for power to hang rebels, traitors and murderers without reference to the home government. "Immediately on his return from the continent," says the Daily News, "the king summoned a meeting of the council to consider Lord Kitchener's position. It is understood that his majesty assumed a very strong attitude and resolutely questioned ministers upon their proposals."

Jesusite's Last Day in France. PARIS, Oct. 1.—Under the law of associations yesterday was the final day for the Jesusites in France, and all their properties have been transferred to their owners or offered for sale. There were great meetings of the Jesusites, especially in Paris, prior to their exodus to other lands.

Money in Flowers. WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—The census bureau has announced its statistics of commercial floriculture in sixteen States, showing an aggregate value of \$1,000,000 of flowers and foliage plants raised in 1899, with 3,895 establishments and \$35,000,000 as the value of the lands and buildings.

Kruger's Son Dead. PRETORIA, Oct. 1.—Tjaardt Kruger, a son of the former president, who recently surrendered to the British, has just died after a short illness.

Tom Cornwiler's Tumble

By L. G. Bates.

"I BELIEVE that boy has climbed every tree in the township, leastwise the worst ones," said Mrs. Cornwiler.

"Deary me! I should be afraid he'd break his neck," said Mrs. Millwaite. "I don't see where he got it," said Mrs. Cornwiler.

"He got it from you, that's plain," said Mr. Cornwiler, boldly. "From me! Why, just climbing a fence makes me almost dizzy!"

"Your father was a sailor," said Cornwiler, "and his father was top-man in the navy under old Commodore Preble. Tom's inherited their climb from you."

While this discussion was going on indoors Tom was going off outdoors. Mrs. Millwaite's visit gave him a chance to go fishing. He put a hook and line in his pocket, intending to cut a fishpole on the way, and trusting to find fat, white bait grubs in old logs. He owned a sharp one-hand hatchet, which he thrust under his buckskin belt.

A quarter of a mile from the river he came to a familiar tree-stub. It had been a forest giant, but some storm had broken off its top, leaving its great trunk 30 feet high. Forest fires had consumed the fallen top and deeply charred the huge trunk. Tom struck it with his hatchet head. To his surprise it sounded hollow—a mere shell. He was immediately curious to know if it was hollow all the way up, and the only way to ascertain was to climb it.

A more uninviting stub to climb could not be found. It was very grimy, and too smooth and large to be clasped by either arms or legs; but Tom sought a thicket and cut the largest tough with he could find. He wrapped this about the stub and fastened its two ends securely to his belt with strips of strong bark, making a hoop somewhat larger than the tree. Leaning well back, he walked his moccasined toes right up, raising the hoop by quick jerks.

The tree was hollow. Tom sat on the edge, with his feet dangling outside, as steady of nerve as if upon the ground. When his curiosity was satisfied he slipped off the hoop to retie it more to suit him. An incautious movement broke a bit of the edge and disturbed his balance. He made a violent move to recover himself. More edge crumbled inward, and down he went inside, head and heels together, like a shut jackknife. One hand held to the hoop, pulling it after him. Head, back, hips and legs scraped down the long tube, carrying fragments of rotten wood and a dusty cloud.

Tom struck on a deep, soft pile of debris, into which his doubled-up body plunged breast and knee-deep. The concussion shocked him breathless and set his nose bleeding copiously and the dust and blood hindered the recovery of his breath. Although he was not quite unconscious, it was long before he stirred. The back of his head had been severely raked and rotten wood was ground into all his lacerations.

When at last he began to try to move he found himself wedged in. Vainly he wiggled; he could hardly stir, and could neither lift himself nor get his legs down. His hips, back and all the muscles of his legs ached and prickled intolerably from strain and checked circulation.

He could not resist crying; but, being a lad of good courage, endurance and resource, he soon began a systematic effort for release, packing the loose debris down as firmly as he could with his hands, at the same time pressing it away all around with his body. This exertion caused greater ache, but he persisted resolutely. By and by he got his hatchet out of his belt, and struck it, after a dozen efforts, so firmly into the wooden wall that he could hang his weight to it with one hand while he worked the debris under him with the other. He gradually enlarged his space sufficiently to allow the bending of his knees. After that he was not long in getting his body up and feet down, so as to sit cramped on one hip, with both feet nearly level.

Exertion, pain and the pressure of returning circulation made his pulses throb and his head swim, and he lapsed into semiconsciousness. How long this lasted he knew not, but when he began to struggle again he was in black darkness. A few stars shone calmly down his wooden well, but he could work only by feeling about with his hands. He felt exhausted, hungry and weak, but he kept on working until he managed to stand erect. Then, after feebly kicking and pushing debris to fill up the hole where he had been, he curled himself as comfortably as he could and slept a blessed though troubled sleep.

After a long time he stretched out. His sore heels hit one wall, his sore head the other. This time the pain roused him to a renewed sense of his situation. He sat up, stiff, lame all over, weak, gnawed by hunger and thirst, but still undismayed and resourceful. A little thought and a trial convinced him that, weak and sore as he was, it would be a vain waste of strength to try to climb up the difficult inside of his prison.

"There's always more than one way to skin a cat," he reflected. "I've got to get out of this somehow; that's all there is to it." He ran a thumb over the edge of his hatchet. "Pretty sharp yet. Too light to chop easy,

and no room to swing it, but it'll cut a hole, give it time."

Scraping away the rotten wood, he selected a place where the wall seemed thin, and began hacking. Progress was slow. At first his stiff muscles and sore body hurt acutely, but this pain wore away as he went on. The wood, charred outside and very dry, was hard and tough. Although it was a sunny day and his eyes had adjusted their vision to the dimness of his pit, he could hardly see where to strike. He dared not pry out large slivers, for if the edge or handle of his hatchet should break he might never get out. His awkward position and the one-hand work tired him rapidly, and he suffered occasional cramps.

During one of his frequent rests he heard Ban barking loudly outside. "Good dog! I'm coming!" he shouted.

When Tom did not appear for supper, Mrs. Cornwiler began to fret, but not much, for he was often late. After supper, with Tom to do the chores, Mr. Cornwiler grumbled, but did them himself, saying:

"Come, now, wife, the boy probably has a good excuse. He's pretty regular, considering."

By bedtime Mrs. Cornwiler was anxious. "I'm sure he's lying hurt somewhere in the woods, fallen from a tree; or maybe he's got lost."

"Pshaw, now, Edith! Tom couldn't lose himself anywhere in this county the darkest night that ever was; and he doesn't know how to fall from a tree. He'll be home all right pretty soon. Likely he's hindered by something he thinks important."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Cornwiler was insistent and Cornwiler less confident. He proposed to take the dog and search.

Ban, being told to "Go find Tom!" set off joyfully, wagging his tail. He led Cornwiler straight to the charred stub and barked, leaping against it. Cornwiler looked the stub all over. There were no signs of Tom. He called, and fired his rifle. There was no reply. He supposed the stub solid, but thumped it. Unfortunately the blow struck where the shell was thick and where Tom had packed the debris hardest inside. It sounded solid. Mr. Cornwiler thought that Ban had foolishly tracked a squirrel up it, or perhaps a coon and been there and gone. He dragged the dog away, ordering him again to "Find Tom!" Ban instantly ran back to the stub and whined and scratched, but Mr. Cornwiler pulled him away.

Mr. Cornwiler searched a long time, but found no trace of Tom, and Ban seemed puzzled and not much interested. After midnight Cornwiler began a terribly anxious inquiry, rousing neighbor after neighbor. No one had any tidings. Mr. Millwaite dressed, took his rifle and accompanied Cornwiler. Mrs. Millwaite, notwithstanding her depreciation of Tom, went to cheer and comfort his mother all she could.

Millwaite suggested going first to the charred stub. "You know Tom's been there," he said, "and it's the right point to start from." As soon as they arrived Ban began whining and scratching about the stub. Cornwiler sternly ordered him off, and the poor dog, probably supposing it was all right, reluctantly obeyed. Both men believed the stub solid, and that Tom had merely come and gone. The news of the lost boy spread, and by sunrise a dozen men and boys were scouring the woods.

After getting breakfast and doing the housework, Clara Millwaite, who had been thinking, concluded that Tom must, after all, be at or near the charred stub. "A dog never mistakes in such matters; men do," the sensible girl reasoned. She would go and take a look for herself.

"If Tom is there he'll be hungry and thirsty," she thought, so she put a generous breakfast and a bottle of new milk in a bark basket.

Thinking Ban of no service, Cornwiler left him at the house, and the dog immediately returned to the stub and resumed his barking. Clara heard him and hurried to reach the spot and judge for herself of the dog's behavior. She arrived just as Tom dove a long sliver through, and put out his fingers for Ban to lick.

In a few moments more he had the aperture sufficiently enlarged for Clara to pass in the bottle and slices of food. Tom drank first—a long, thirsty pull. Then how he did eat! With the appetite of a starved wolf and the gratitude of a generous-minded boy. Clara bade him give her the hatchet, and while he ate she hacked with the skill and strength of a pioneer girl. As the wall was now pierced they could chop the edges of the shell and make faster progress. In half an hour Tom was able to squeeze through.

What an object he was! Bloody, grimy and covered with rotten wood from head to heels! Even his hair was plastered with gore and dust. Clara gathered leaves and helped him clean it off as well as he could, but it would require several severe scrub baths and a week's healing to make him presentable.

While they walked home she rallied him about his appearance, suggesting that half the township, especially the ladies, would be on hand to meet him. But Tom said he guessed that as long as she had seen him in this condition, he could stand being looked at by the other ladies.

As for Ban, he was so absorbed that evening with the unusually large bone given him that he quite failed to hear Mr. Cornwiler's compliment. "I allow," said Mr. Cornwiler, "that when it comes to woodcraft, I haven't got half the sense of that dog!"—Yonkers Companion.

Why Not?

Mr. Crimsoak—When a man applies for a license to run a boat he has to prove that he can manage her, doesn't he?

Mrs. Crimsoak—Certainly.

"Well, why the mischief doesn't he have to do the same thing when he applies for a license to marry a woman?" —Yonkers Statesman.

Objectionable in Either Case.

"Why did she break the engagement?"

"He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed."

"What of it?"

"Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case."—Chicago Post.

The Watchword of Women.

Modesty is woman's watchword. Whatever threatens her delicate sense of modesty, frightens her. For this reason many a woman permits diseases of the delicate womanly organs to become aggravated because she cannot bring herself to submit to the ordeal of unpleasant questioning, offensive examinations, and obnoxious local treatments, which some physicians find necessary. Doubtless thousands of the women who have taken advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter, have been led to do so by the escape thus offered from a treatment repugnant to modesty. Any sick woman may write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., in perfect confidence; all letters being treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers being sent in plain envelopes with no advertising or other printing upon them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been long hailed as "a God-send to women." It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

Do not despise humble occupations. Even the hod carrier climbs to the top of the ladder.

STRONG WORDS BY A NEW YORK SPECIALIST.—After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails."

Sold by C. A. Klein.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF character and good reputation in each State (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Manager, 316 Caxton Bldg., Chicago. (61926)

Some people would rather take medicine than advice.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

RAILROAD NOTES. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. REDUCED RATES TO THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, UNION VETERAN LEGION, AT GETTYSBURG, PA.—On account of the National Encampment, Union Veteran Legion, at Gettysburg, Pa., October 9 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets at the rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line to Gettysburg. Tickets will be sold and good going October 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, returning, 10 to October 16, inclusive.

BLOOMSBURG FAIR. Account Bloomsburg Fair, October 8th to 11th, inclusive, the Philadelphia & Reading Railway will sell special excursion tickets to Bloomsburg and return at rate of single fare for the round trip, with a minimum of 25 cents, from Williamsport, Tamaqua and intermediate ticket stations, on direct line via Catawissa Branch, also from Mahanoy City, Ashland and principal intermediate stations.

Tickets will be sold and good going October 8th to 11th, inclusive, and will be good to return until Saturday, October 12th, inclusive.

SPECIAL TRAINS THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10TH AND 11TH.

RATES OF FARE AND SCHEDULE OF TRAINS.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Fare, Lvs. A. M., Trns. M. Includes destinations like Newberry, Williamsport, Montoursville, Hall's, Sully, Montgomery, Altoona, White Deer, New Columbia, Milton, West Milton, Potsgrove, Mooresburg, Bloom Street, Danville, Bloomsburg.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Round Trip Fare, Trns. M. Includes destinations like Ashland, Girardville, Mahanoy City, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, J. E. M. Junction, Quakake, Loxley, Girard Manor, Brandonville, McAuley, Mainville, Catawissa, Bloomsburg.

Returning: Special train leave Bloomsburg 6:10 p. m. for Milton and Williamsport, stopping at intermediate ticket stations and at Bloom Street.

Advertisement for Ely's Ointment for Catarrh, Hay-Fever, and Colds in Head. Includes illustration of a person holding their head in pain.

The October "New" Lippincott.

Jealous rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents, or 100 pills, 25c.

Sold by C. A. Klein.

A woman never quarrels with herself unless as a last resource.

Kindly take notice that Ely's Liquid Cream Balm is of great benefit to those suffering from nasal catarrh who cannot inhale freely through the nose, but must treat themselves by spraying. Liquid Cream Balm differs in form, but not medicinally from the Cream Balm that has stood for years at the head of remedies for catarrh. It may be used in any nasal atomizer. The price, including a spraying tube, is 75c. Sold by druggists and mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

A woman may be hard of hearing and still not be deaf to flattery.

DEAFNESS OF 12 YEARS' STANDING.—Protra ted catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.

Sold by C. A. Klein.

Unpleasant remarks are by no means remarkable.

Running sores, the outcome of neglect, or bad blood, have a never-failing balm in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Will heal the most stubborn cases. Soothes irritation almost instantly after first application. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. It cures piles in 3 to 5 nights.

Sold by C. A. Klein.

When a woman gets mad she always wishes she were a man and could swear.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

DR. T. C. HARTER, Pres. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. N. YOST, Treas. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE KEYSTONE COPPER MINING CO., Capital Stock, \$1,000,000. Divided into 200,000 Shares of Par Value of \$5.00 Each.

FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

We call special attention to the fact that one share of this Company, whose entire Capital Stock consists of only 200,000 shares of the par value of Five Dollars each, secures an interest in its property equal to 5 shares in a Company of One Million Shares of the par value of only One Dollar each, as is the case with nearly all Mining Companies offering shares at a price seemingly lower than the present price of the shares of this Company, but in reality much higher.

Property of Company.

This is very extensive, consisting of four mining properties, each over one mile in length, on a great copper vein over 100 feet in width, pronounced by Copper experts as among the widest and richest copper veins known, lacking only the necessary development to place same in the front rank of the greatest dividend and copper producing properties.

It is on the same great Copper Mineral Belt upon which are located the world's present greatest copper mines, each paying many millions of dollars annually in dividends and developed to the depth of from 1000 to 2000 feet, thus fully establishing the fact that the veins are not alone inexhaustible, but wide and become even more profitable with depth.

The great vein on this property is of such unusual width and so prolific in copper ore from surface that only moderate developments are needed to begin the production of ore on a scale to insure large dividends on the shares of this Company.

The Company is sinking a shaft now nearly 100 feet in depth on the vein of one of its four properties, the "Pay Roll." This shaft is entirely in ore, which, by tests, gave values at the surface of from 3 to 4 per cent. copper; at the depth of fifty feet tests gave values of from 8 to 10 per cent. copper; at the depth of seventy feet tests gave values of from 12 to 14 per cent in copper, while selected samples show values as high as 22 per cent. copper and nearly \$15 in gold and silver per ton.

The value of the gold per ton will enable the Company to produce copper at very low cost.

As showing that this great vein is not alone of unusual width, but also of rare richness in ore as compared with some of the richest copper mines, we refer to the great "Anacanda Mine," paying over \$5,000,000 annually in dividends from ore averaging less than five per cent in copper; or to the "Boston and Montana" paying over \$6,000,000 annually from ore averaging less than six per cent in copper; or to the "Great Verde," paying nearly \$5,000,000 annually in dividends from ore averaging less than six per cent in copper.

To give an approximate idea of the amount of ore and its value, that can be opened by a moderate development in only a small part of such a vein, the following estimates are given: Estimating pay ore vein at only 25 feet in width, depth of shaft, 500 feet, length of levels, 500 feet, would open up 6,250,000 cubic feet of ore, or over Five Hundred Thousand Tons.

Estimating the net Profits at Twenty Dollars per ton, would give total net profits of Ten Million Dollars, or Ten Times the Amount of the Par Value of the entire Capital Stock of the Company, and sufficient to insure dividends to amount of Ten Dollars for each share of the stock. As the length of the vein on this one property, the "Pay Roll," is over one-quarter mile in length, and the depth to which same can be worked many thousands of feet, it will be seen that as a copper investment the shares of this Company offer an unusual opportunity.

The property of the Company is situated in Rio Arriba County, in the northern part of New Mexico (only 40 miles from the southern boundary line of Colorado), convenient to Railroad Station and in a section heavily timbered and one of the healthiest in the United States.

The Company has no debts or mortgages. Its property is free and clear and its management is under able mining experience.

One-quarter of the entire Capital Stock of the Company being 50,000 Shares of the par value of \$250.00 has been placed in the Treasury of this Company as a working capital, of which a limited amount is offered for sale at

\$1.00 PER SHARE Until October 1st, when the price will be advanced to \$1.50 per share.

As there are only 200,000 shares in this Company it will require net earnings of only \$200,000 to pay dividends at rate of \$1.00 yearly upon each share. This will require only a moderate development.

Those wishing to purchase shares can make remittance, by check or otherwise, to The Keystone Copper Mining Co., Harter Building, 208 Main St., BLOOMSBURG, PEN'A.