

At this time I resided at Osceola, a small village six miles from Elkhart. The latter was then a thriving business town, about the size of the former village of Kingston. It was also a railroad junction, and the largest place in the county, consequently it possessed greater telegraphic facilities than any other place within a radius of twenty miles. Being somewhat anxious to learn the result that evening, I saddled my horse, and rode over to Elkhart. On arriving there, I found an excited crowd surrounding the telegraph office, commencing on the returns which had just begun to come in. There were three candidates running for Congress in this District, which fact was undoubtedly the principal cause of the uproar. I waited until one o'clock in the morning, and the figures obtained up to that time on the vote for Governor were so nearly equal that it was evident the official returns only would tell the tale.

There was just enough light to make darkness visible when I started for home. While on the road "I fell among thieves." I stopped at a little country tavern in the woods about two miles out, to get a cigar, for when a person is as hungry as I was just then, nothing except a good square meal will allay hunger like a cigar. Even at that late hour the bar-room was partially filled with a set of noisy roustabouts, and liquor was being dealt out to them with an unstinted hand. I entered, leaving my horse standing with several others in front of the tavern.

The cigar was purchased and I, and I turned to go out, when the proprietor of the "shebang," seeing that I had just come from Elkhart, asked me who was elected Governor according to the latest dispatches. I replied that the result was yet in doubt, when suddenly a thick set, rascally-looking fellow stepped up, shook his fist in my face, and informed me, in not very choice language, that I had, after picking himself up from the floor, drawn from one of his boots an enlarged edition of an Arkansas toothpick, and then this beauteous Hoosier "went for" me. As he had a "thick hand," I thought "herein lies the better part of valor," and passed—out of the door.

Hurtfully mounting my horse, I started off for home on a gallop, but not a moment too soon for the brother-thirsty man-carver threw himself on another horse and immediately pursued. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and in a very few minutes I found I was gradually gaining. While leaning over the neck of my pony, to keep from being brushed off my seat by projecting branches, I passed a small clearing, and there was not quite so dark, and was astonished to find that circumstances had made me a horse thief. The animal on which I was riding had a white face, while my own pony, which was probably carrying my pursuer, was a splendid sorrel.

However, I had an excellent trade, and although the half-crazy demon behind used his bowie in place of a spur to urge on his beast, he gained but little. I now discovered two pistols in the holsters on either side of the saddle, and quickly drawing them out, I fired twice at the ruffian, who was only about fifty yards behind. Owing to the darkness neither shot had any effect, except to bring out a whole broadside of useless profanity, and we still rode at the top of our speed.

In a little while we were "out of the woods," but it came near being in my case "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Just as I came to a turn in the road on the outskirts of the forest, from behind a low stone wall, directly in front, rose the strangely distinguishable forms of four men, with fire-arms. They immediately "drew bead" on me. I thought I would have to "go under," but endeavored to dash past, leaving over a La Comanche, as much as possible. A gentleman who was saved from drowning, after going down for the third time, once told me that, in the few seconds occupied in sinking, all the more prominent deeds of his life passed in quick succession before his mind.

At that moment I also seemed to be looking into a mirror of the past, yet I did not lose my self-possession. The very next instant (it felt as least five minutes to me) one of the mysterious four called out, "Don't fire! It's Jim! Don't you know the horse? Some one's after him!" I saw that as it was too dark for him to discover my identity, he recognized the horse, and supposed the rider was his comrade. So, imitating the Hoosier's coarse voice as well as I could, I grunted, "Stop that fellow behind!" and rode on as fast as possible, not desirous of waiting for the denouement which I knew must soon take place. All this occupied scarcely one-tenth of the time I have taken to relate it. It was a lucky mistake for me, for in another moment I heard the report of several rifles, but as no bullets whistled in my neighborhood, I rightly conjectured that the cold lead had been administered to "Jim." A snarling yell soon announced that this "Tragedy of Errors" had been discovered, but no further pursuit was made.

When I reached Osceola, I put "white face" in the stable and went to bed. Being a little excited over my peculiar horse-trade, I was of course, visited with a nightmare. In the morning I called at the office of the only justice of the peace which the village afforded, and stated the facts of the case as I have given them.

Before nine o'clock a large party visited the scene of the shooting. My poor pony was found dead, and having evidently been killed outright, and a profusion of blood on the leaves at the side of the road left no

doubt that "Jim" had been severely wounded. The entire gang had disappeared, no one could tell whether, carrying his disabled "pal" with them. They had long been well and unfavorably known in Pulaski and Cass counties as unmitigated scoundrels, cut-throats of the first water. They lived much in the same style as the celebrated Lowry gang in North Carolina. They had but lately lost one of their number in an unsuccessful night attack on a stage-coach, which event made matters unpleasantly warm in that region for the "gang agents."

As news of the "wrong horse" affair had spread from Elkhart, the office of the Sheriff of St. Joseph county, where "Jim" or any of his murderous crew may identify and claim them—if they think it expedient.

District Court of United States, in Bankruptcy, Western District of Pennsylvania. In the matter of Albert G. Fry, George Duerr and various others, Debtors. U. S. Marshal, for said District.

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R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF CURES THE WORST PAINS. In from One to Twenty Minutes. THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!! DR. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. DR. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. DR. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS. DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS. DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

WATERBURY'S FREE BLOOD. WATERBURY'S FREE BLOOD. WATERBURY'S FREE BLOOD.

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Schedule of Papers which will be Free of Stamps after Oct. 1st. An internal revenue circular now in preparation gives the following list of papers and documents on which stamp duties will be abolished after the 1st of October next.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!! DR. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. DR. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. DR. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

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1872. SPRING. 1872. I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS OF TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

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THOMAS CARLAND, WHOLESALE DEALER IN GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE. WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, STATIONERY AND NOTIONS, FISH SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS, BACON, FLOUR, FEED AND PROVISIONS.

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A Sensational Romance in Three Volumes. In a beautiful log-cabin in the mountains of old Virginia our tale unfolds. The lofty trees hung over their green canopies, and the high rocks, green with the gray mists of the morning, and melted in their rough bosoms, and melted in their rough bosoms, and melted in their rough bosoms.

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