

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
DAILY CONGREGATE AT THE

NEW CASH STORE

DAXTER, JONES & CO.

BEAR AWAY WITH THEM

AMPLE TESTIMONY

THAT THE

Great Eldorado

CHEAP GOODS

OF ALL KINDS

HAS BEEN FOUND AT LAST!

WHERE—

BETTER BARGAINS!

FOR CASH, AND CASH ONLY,

CAN BE HAD THAN AT

Other STORES in Northern Cambria.

—AND THE—

REASON WHY THIS IS TRUE

is that we have the largest stock

to be found in Ebensburg.

WE SELL YOU CASH AND CASH ONLY

—treating our customers all alike—

—and calculate no bad debts

—and pay for our goods

—and pay for our goods

—and pay for our goods

—and pay for our goods

—and pay for our goods

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

Where Advertising Contracts can be made

SETH THOMAS

CLOCKS

RUN WELL

AND

KEEP GOOD TIME

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$6.00

\$2500 A YEAR. AGENTS WANTED

150 DISTINCT BOOKS

GEORGE PAGE & CO.

A HOME AND FARM

OF YOUR OWN!

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE IT.

A Lucrative Business.

WANTED

Choice Flower and Garden Seeds.

STRAWBERRIES, PEACHES, ETC.

New Sorts, by Mail.

PLANTS of the newest and improved sorts.

WANTED

ACTIVE AGENTS, GENTLEMEN OR

Centennial Exposition!

OLD RELIABLE "ETNA"

Gen'l Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

ALL COLORS AND LENGTHS OF

WANTED—FARMS TO SELL.

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

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WANTED

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THE TRUE WIFE.

BY S. W. LOFER.

The times were hard, and honest John was

"The weary man could do

And though his trust in God was always

His weary heart was sometimes sad:

And few the comforts that he had.

One night he sat in thinking, dreary mood,

While by his side his wife was thoughtful

Watching the care-worn look he wore.

At last said she—true wife's words to hear,

And spoken in her own sweet way.

Striving his all-unburthened soul to cheer,

And all his anxious fancies allay—

"We have so many ways for money, John,

And you are earning little, too.

"I've been thinking to-day, while you were

Of something more that I might do."

He smiled for no more. With look of pride

His arm was quick around her throat;

Such wife, such love, was worth all else

No greater fortune could be known.

"My darling, noble wife! thy loving heart

Is always full of tender care.

And always striving with thy woman's art

To ease the burdens that we bear.

Q. A. I'm doing so, wife, as good as true.

In all our troubles never stroking through

The darkest or the saddest hour.

"And with thee and the little ones in health,

I will no longer complain.

For you are better far than compass wealth.

Of everything that wealth can gain."

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

A STORY OF FEMALE HEROISM.

There died in Detroit recently a woman

so little known, even to the people on the

bank in which she lived, that the exact

date of her death was forgotten.

She was the first of a long line of

heroines who have lived in the

A new hour awaited them as they entered

the cabin. The demons had already been

there. The oldest child was dead on the

floor, his head almost severed from the

body, and the youngest had been carried

away. The mother lay in the

house, making preparations to burn it.

She made a safe escape, but the other was

shot down by Mrs. Ebberts as he cleared

the doorway. There was no time to

remove the mangled bodies in the

forest. The Indians were at the

door almost before the dark body at the

step had ceased quivering.

It was a stout cabin, having more

strength than convenience. Logs and roof

were not yet seasoned enough to burn, and

the single window was protected by a heavy

blind. The red skins knew that there were

only two women in the house, and they

dashed at it and swarmed around it as

woes would surround a helpless dog.

"This is my wife, as pale as death and

her hand trembled as she looked at the

door, but her eyes were like fire and she

bit her lips until the blood came. I suppose

I was half-crazed, for I wanted to open the

door and fight the whole band."

Thus says the survivor, whose story of

the massacre is as full of interest and

horror. The excitement was too great for

the women to plan a defense, but both

understood that the Indians must be

driven off. There were two loopholes in the

door and others in the walls. With the

savages were in the doorway, the women

were badly wounded within, and some

thereof were killed from a loophole in

the wall. Discovering that they had

no other means of escape, the women

took cover behind logs, stumps and

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

A dozen—journalists, hunters, Indian-

fighters and miners—sat around a camp-

fire on the trail to Deadwood. Soft flakes

of snow sailed in eccentric courses through

the night air, and finally settled down into

the sparkling fire or upon the gold-dust.

There were other men on the trail before

and behind. Men rush wherever the

precious metal is discovered. There were

broken wagons, dead horses and human

skeletons along every mile of the trail, and

hundreds of dead men lay in the snow.

The dozen gathered closer as darkness

shut down and the snow flakes came faster,

and by and by an old man with grizzled

locks and piercing eye said, as if speaking

to himself:

"Custer went in to kill. It was an awful

thing to do—to rush three hundred men

down upon five thousand reds—but he did

it, and meant to win. No other man will

ever take such chances.

"But you mean by who meant to

take greater chances. So, entailed was his

step that he had almost entered camp

before the sentinels saw him. He was a

giant in size, and as he halted where the

light of the fire shone full in his face, three

or four men started up in surprise and

horror. There was blood on the stranger's

face—blood on his great rough hands—

blood over his clothing clear down to his

boots. It was a terrible sight, and yet, as

if something further was needed, the

stranger took out a pocket watch and

showed that an attempt had been made to

kill him. "Water—food!" he whispered

looked from face to face.

Both were given him, and after drinking

a full quart of water he gnawed a loaf

of bread, and then, with a look of

content, he said: "I have done my

share, and now I will go to rest."

By and by, when his hunger had been

somewhat appeased, he said:

"It happened on this way, night or

day, I lost the trail somehow, and the

Indians were sleeping at noon today.

The old woman and five children were

in the wagon. There were forty or fifty

reds, and it wasn't three minutes before

the full family was dead—all but me!"

His eyes blazed with fury; he seemed

to glow in his anger, and he said:

"Think of the old woman having her

babies beaten on by the fiends! Think

of the children being hauled out in a

wagon and scalped and strangled and

thrown in a cauldron! Come on—come

with me!"

He leaped over the fire and bounded

away into the darkness, but presently

returned and said in a calmer voice:

"I'll be of use. It was which for who,

but I was fifty to one against me, and

my rifle, but they were too many. They

shot and stabbed me; they ran me to

the hills; they have hunted me all the

afternoon."

He bent troubled like a leaf, and the

fresh wind from his woods at the

left led down in red paths over his

cheeks and clothing. The leader of the

party tried to soothe him, promising aid

as soon as daylight came, but the

stranger waved his arms and cried out:

"What can you do? The wolves are

feeding on my wife and children to

night; their scalps are back in the

hills with the Indians! Can you bring

me a gun and an ax?"

Dead Eyes that Bear Witness.

There is a well worn story of the

conviction of a murderer having been

attained by the circumstance that a

recognizable image or likeness was

found impressed upon the victim's

eye after death. The story has been

variously told. One version

places the occurrence in Lyons, France;

another, in England. It was probably

invented about the time that

daguerotypes came into use; and was

permeated by the fact that a small

picture of the eye is looking at the

center of the eye and is plainly

visible to other eyes. As the story is

told in one way, a daguerotype was

taken of the victim, and the image of

the murderer was a faint picture

of the murderer, and thus the

fact was formed in the eye of the

murderer. The notion that such an

image in the eye could remain fixed

after death seemed plausible to

romancers, or they would not have

run so many changes through the

hands of so many writers. The

most readers dismissed it from their

minds as a fable.

But the conceptions of fancy in one

age often become the facts of

discovery in another. Within a few

weeks a patient German oculist

has published certain experiments

that bring the eye-pictorial story

fully within the limits of

possibility. Dr. W. Kuhn, professor

of physiology in the university of

Heidelberg, has been carefully

reviewing and extending a

discovery of Dr. Hall, now of Rome.

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