

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

VOLUME XII.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. JACKSON'S BEST TOBACCO. THE CHAMPION.

HICKOK'S IMPROVED KEYSTONE. WINE MILL. \$20,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

W. W. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

CANCER. INSTITUTE—Office, No. 102 W. 4th St.

PRO BONO PUBLICO. I have an addition to pay my debts.

CHEAP VARIETY STORE. The best place to get cheap goods.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE. I have an addition to pay my debts.

ASSIGNMENT OF REAL ESTATE. I have an addition to pay my debts.

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MARGARET OF BURGUNDY. READ BEFORE THE PENNSYLVANIA EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AT EBERSBURG, PA., ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1878.

Four hundred years have passed since she... Margaret of Burgundy...

Among her traits, by Edward... Margaret of Burgundy...

Four hundred years have passed... Margaret of Burgundy...

About eight years ago, when I had... TALES OF THE TRACK.

THE MAN WITH THE RED EYE.

Well, everything passed off smoothly... TALES OF THE TRACK.

ADMINISTRATIVE NOTICE. I have an addition to pay my debts.



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

SPRING, 1878.

Ladies' & Misses' Suits. "Sacsques & Cloaks." "Underwear." Hosiery. Upholstery Goods. Blankets and Quilts. Trunks and Valises. Rubber Goods. Horse Covers. Men's & Boys' Clothing. Hats. Shoes.

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experiment proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

1—A uniform low price for everything throughout the House. 2—One Price and no partiality. 3—Politeness and Patience to rich and poor. 4—Cash Returned if buyers return goods even though Dress Patterns in reasonable time and unimpaired.

A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods always on hand, arranged on one floor with plenty of light to see them. A thousand people can easily be seated on one time.

Very respectfully, JOHN WANAMAKER, Thirteenth and Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

the agent he called me into the office, and told me that the specie was to go over the road the next day but one.

There was a slight sound at the door. If the depot hadn't been deserted by every one except us two, and the switch engine hadn't been up at the yard, where we could hear its incessant puffing, I don't believe we would have heard the sound at all.

"Is there a small package here for Isaac G. Van Senter?" he asked in a business-like way in answer to the inquiring glance of the agent.

"He'll and took a moment's time to think the matter over. I remembered my conversation with the express agent, which we feared had been overheard by the clerical appearing stranger, and could only come to the conclusion that the whole thing was a deliberate plan to murder me and gain possession of the \$80,000 in my charge.

I remembered that it was the intention of the attendant who had boarded the train to enter the car at Redwood, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing to the bodies; and I could not doubt that the three men intended to attack me after the train pulled out from the station, and rob the car before our arrival at the next stopping place.

I had no time for hesitation. Instant action was my only chance for safety. If I could not get away against an attack by the three men, I was safe—until we reached the next station, I felt that all would be well. In one instant I had decided upon a plan of action. As quietly as possible I lifted several heavy boxes of merchandise on top of the two coffins, and then I knew I was safe. Scarcely was this accomplished when we ran into the station.

I immediately found two or three officers. First the man in the coach was secured. He was highly indignant that he should be disturbed on such a solemn mission. But it was no go. He was handcuffed in less than two minutes and marched out on the platform.

It was an easy matter to secure the two quondam dead men. They were taken greatly at a disadvantage, and were deprived of all power to resist almost before they became aware how their nice little scheme had terminated. All three had been well armed.

Bond and guarded the three miscreants were taken to Redwood and lodged in the county jail. Before I left I took a look at them through the grated doors of their cells. When I paid my respects to the man with the red eye, he smiled a little and remarked patronizingly:

"I'm a pretty sharp young man. It takes a middling keen eye to outwit us." "Permit me to sympathize with you in your sorrow at the loss of your dear brother, just a little," I said, "and more for your failure to get the bodies home, and for the fact that they had been in less than a week, but not before one of them, the younger corpse, was recognized as the notorious Jesse James."

There is no doubt that it was the James boys or some of their crew who killed poor, honest, brave Paxon. The photograph has done many wonderful things, but it surprises even itself on a rainy night, at Irving Hall. Here, before the public, it has not only had a smoother showing, and the tone has had a nasal twang. But within the past week Mr. Edison has supplied a new instrument, which reproduces words in their natural tone and pitch of the person speaking.

It was pretty busy for an hour or more, and we had passed three or four stations before I had time to cast more than a casual glance toward the quiet passengers at the end of the car. But after a little, when I had more leisure, no more reliable wish took possession of me to look at the faces of the two dead men. It wasn't mere morbid curiosity, and I can't describe it in any way better than I say it was a sort of vague desire which I could not quiet without satisfying it.

I noticed that the lids were not fastened down. My next discovery was that the screws were gone. This struck me as strange, for I was sure I had noticed them when the coffin was lifted into the car. I remembered that I had given the attendants permission to arrange the casket to their own satisfaction, and that they had been a long time doing it. If they had removed the screws, no one would have noticed it, what possible object could they have had in doing so?

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE. A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

A correspondent writing to the Erie Dispatch says: Ever since Lake Erie has been navigated by civilized people, especially for the last century, has she swallowed up large numbers of human beings by shipwreck, by fire, and by other casualties, and while many bodies are recovered there are hundreds that are never found and many that float ashore that are never identified.

I proposed now to give an instance in which a human being was shipwrecked on Lake Erie, remained in the water five days and was finally rescued alive. In the Autumn of 1833 Capt. Gilmam Appleby, of the schooner, Ohio, was Captain and part owner of the schooner No. Connecticut. A steambark was then being built at Conneaut, (the North America), of which Capt. Appleby had charge, and for many years he was master. An aunt of his, residing at Black Rock, below Buffalo, was at Erie on a visit staying with a brother who was then a resident of the town. The sister, everything passed off quietly until a nephew to visit, who had come with a nephew to visit the schooner. After remaining for some time she became exceedingly anxious to get home. Capt. Appleby, who was busy with the steambark endeavored to dissuade his aunt from taking the home journey, and she should be going out with his vessel, when he would take her home. His efforts in that direction, however, were unavailing, and she had left on board the schooner to go to Buffalo in charge of the crew. The vessel being light and the time of the year August, the Captain had entire confidence in the ability of the crew to manage the craft and land his relative safe at her destination. Everything passed off quietly until after the vessel had passed Erie, when a sudden squall struck and rolled her over upon her side, when she nearly filled with water, but continued to float. The crew, hearing the vessel's yawl, jumped in, and pulled for the shore, leaving the woman in the cabin, as she supposed would take her home. His efforts in that direction, however, were unavailing, and she had left on board the schooner to go to Buffalo in charge of the crew. The vessel being light and the time of the year August, the Captain had entire confidence in the ability of the crew to manage the craft and land his relative safe at her destination.

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EATING COQUINS.—The Coquah Indians of Arizona do not eat pork, though they have acquired a taste for salt beef. They are very fond of fish, and will eat them at any time. The Mone Lake Indians of California, eat soap made of angle worms thickened with grass seed flour. They also gather the hairs from roasts and roasts them in hot ashes, without moving either feathers or entrails. Wasp nests are roasted and eaten; the more young they contain the better are they relished. The young Indians, in order to find the nests, capture a wasp, place a small straw in the abdomen, light it and let the insect go; they then watch its flight, follow it and secure the nest. The Coquah Indians were very fond of the yellow fish (Lilium caudata) which they eat in the fall, often two inches in diameter, are gathered. They taste very much like green corn. These Indians also eat very nutritious. They also eat Arapaho consider dog meat a superb dish, and when they wish to honor a guest especially they kill the fattest dog and roast it; great offense is given if the guest eat not bountifully of the chosen dish. They also eat poisonous water in the Buffalo country. The white men kill the buffalo for their hides, tallow, tongue, and tongues being a high price. The rest of the carcass is then poisoned with strychnine. The wolves eat the meat, and the intestines become inflated, producing death. The Indians remove the viscera and eat the remaining portions of the carcass. On Crow Creek, in Kansas, in 1868, I saw the carcasses of hundreds of wolves that had been thus eaten. The Washita and Comanche Indians will not eat fish that have scales; they are fond of those that have no scales; they catch both kinds, and sell those they do not like to the whites.—American Naturalist.

DRESSMAKERS always claim salvage.