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Unfailing Symptoms of a Severe Case of Love-Sickness.

It was an odor of roses about my nephew that led to the discovery of the glove. Up to his nineteenth birthday, which arrived a month ago, he had gone through life contemptuous of button-holes; and I was a little taken aback about that time when I ran against him at a corner with a Marshal Niel at his breast. He whipped it hurriedly into his pocket, and, being a kindly old gentleman, I prefended not to notice. But my faith in him was profoundly shaken. This was the boy who had refused pointblank to carry a bouquet down the street at a bribe of half a guinea. Soon I learned that he was conveying tasteful little button-holes into the house up his coat sleeve; and he blushed when he was asked about a tumbler in his bed-room. Then his mother found a six-button glove, size five and a half, in his pocket, which none of us could identify. For some days he had only had one glove himseli, which he carried spread out in his hand to look like two. We could not think that this was its long-lost com-

Pending investigations the glove was replaced in Albert's pocket in the nice little piece of tissue-paper which protect-Then we watched Albert. Hitherto ed it. he had a habit of leaving the room when the conversation took a feminine turn, but now a change came over him. sat on when his mother talked with his aunt over the relative merits of the waterfall back and the Norfolk blouse, and it was observed that though he pretended to be reading his book he was really drinking in the conversation. On me occasion he came out of his shell in a remarkable manner. The two ladies were asking each other what was the ther name for the waterfall back, and Others, carried away by his interest in he discussion, murmured "Redingote." His mother and his aunt looked at him in amazement, which made Albert turn both white and red. Not long afterward t leaked out that he knew what "sailor collars" were, and liked pale-pink ones.

Albert even began to take an interest in his sisters dresses. His sisters are much younger than himself, and there is a story in the family that about the time he was saving up for some coveted little treasurer he would not let them kiss him under six pence each. It was statistical information about his sisters that Albert now asked for in a casual sort of way that did not deceive his relatives. Once he was discovered trying to waist. Not being accustomed to those attentions, Gertrude liked them at first; latt it was soon borne in upon herthough she was only fourteen that her brother was experimenting on her for private reasons of his own. Albert was also curious to know what size in boots Gertrude required, and smiled to himself when told. Gertrude, who has known ace she was fourteen that she has large et, did not like this. It must, I think, ave been a week after the discovery of he glove in Albert's pocket that he ed his mother, with an artificial vawn, chether five and a half was not a small ices to sit on mychair day and night gasping for breath. My sufferings were beyond description, in despair I experimented on myself compound-ing routs and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE FOR ASTHOLA AND ize in gloves for a lady. Then his mother asked me to go delicately to work and find out what was Albert's condition, and

I thought I would leave it to Albert to tell me who she was, but I experimented on him to discover his condition. Nothing, I feel, could have been more delicate than the way I set about it. The glove became, so to speak, the means of communication between me and Albert First, I removed it from his pocket one day when Albert lay dreaming on the couch. I took the tissue paper off and then gently returned the naked glove to its slumbering owner. That evening Albert asked me for the key of the book. ase. This is because I have literary eanings and mediate writing a great book when I settle down and have time Albert, however, so seldom asks for the key to the book-case-indeed, it is rarely be found when wanted-that I invited his confidence as to what book he required. To my surprise he said "the large Shakespeare." This large Shake speare is a sore subject with me. It is in so many great volumes that the shelf it rests on frequently gives way. It is also gorgeously illustrated. Albert took away one of the volumes, and I sat pondering what he could want it for. Doubtless Albert's sudden devotion to Shakespeare had something to do with the glove, but where the connection came it was not evident. By and by Albert brought the colume back. When he had gone I ooked through it, but could discover nothing. Next morning Albert's mother puzzled me by remarking that she thought that I had taken the tissue paper off the glove. On being asked for an explanation, she said that she had looked to see, and that the glove was still in its wrapper. At this I went straight to the book-case and again took down that voltime of Shakespeare. It was as I suspected; Albert had torn out the tissue

caper protecting one of the illustrations the play scene in "Hamlet." The next experiment I tried was also a simple one. He carried the glove in an inside pocket, over the spot where Albert thought his heart was. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, I got at the coat nd changed the glove to another pocket. The next time I had an opportunity of Tel Citizens of Cambria County and all eeling for it, it was back in the old place rs wishing to purchase honest FURNIagain. This happened several times: TURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully Albert, who is a simple youth for all his unning, evidently thinking that he hade where, as we are confident that we can put the glove into the wrong pocket. Then I hazarded a bolder step. Again taking possession of the glove, I dropped meet every want and please every taste.

That evening Albert came back from he office in a perturbed state of mind. watched him on his knees in the hall ooking for something, and when he saw me he pretended to be unlacing his Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent shoes. He wandered from room to room office and we can obtain patents in less time and was subsequently heard flinging him. shoes. He wandered from room to room, things about in his bedroom. He said not a word about his loss, however, to my one. Next morning I was surprised a see him bright and cheerful. I went into the drawing-room, and, behold, the the unsuspecting Albert was incresently putting his hand into that inside pocket. saw that there was once more a fiveand a-half glove in it. I had feared that Albert would treasure it somewhere else now, but no, he evidently thought that he had dropped it in the drawing room

accidentally perhaps after passionately But the awakening came when I concealed the little glove in a vase on the smoking-room mantelpiece. Albert ran it to earth in a day and a half without saving a word on the subject to anybody, inless possibly the housemaid. When next I felt for it in his pocket it was not there, From that time Albert and I were playing at hide-and-seek. When I was not looking for the glove he was, I found it inside the case of his cricket-bat ad dropped it behind the piano. Albert relied it out, and soon afterward I got under a corner of the carpet in his bedom. Then I hid it among some music, knowing that Albert would look there last. All this time I did not know if he suspected who it was that was playing

have never opened our mines on the

Albert did not find the glove among the music. When two days had passed I put it in an easier place, for Albert was bearing his disappointment bravely. Still he did not find it. Next I flung it on the floor of his bedroom, and Albert did not seem to see it. I laid it on his mantlepiece and he let it remain there. At last it struck me to look in Albert's pocket again. There was another glove in it; size six and a quarter, eight but-

Then I went to Albert's mother and told her he was cured.

JOHN'S COUNTRY CUSTOMER.

I John Harvey had been a clerk in a country store in Vermont since he was fifteen years old, and he was now over twenty. He had been reared and educated by his mother, who was no longer very young when John was born, and consequently entered upon the infirmities of old age when her boy had arrived at the age of manhood. Her husband was long since dead.

John was a handsome country lad, active, obliging and courteous. These malities attracted the attention of a New York merchant who was spending a summer month in Vermont, and he offered him a situation in his store.

Although John's mother knew how more than lonely she would be without her boy, she felt how valuable this change would prove to him, and gave her consent

to his going. "I know my boy will not forget his mother," she said. "And one thing, my child, let me impress upon you. You will be surrounded by giddy fellow clerks, many who will look with contempt on the humbly-clad people who come to buy, and only serve them with reluctance—perhaps rudeness. Never forget your mother, and that the humblest woman may be somebody's dear old nother. And remember, too, what you have read in the school reader, that 'appearances are often deceiving,' and that a well-filled purse may lie in the pocket of a rusty coat."

That was the mother's advice, and it turned out that John heeded it. The great iron dry goods shop in Broadway, with its white facade and its counters inside heaped high with marvellously beautiful fabrics, was indeed a change to John, and the richly and astonishingly dressed women in great contrast to the country dames in sunbonnets and ging-

ham gowns that he had been accustomed forserve. But now and then came customer from the country; there was no mistaking them. Their dresses had a homemade look, and their bonnets utterly lacked the peculiar audacity of city hats. They preferred their requests in a timid way, as if feeling lost and strange, and uncertain if they had any right in so grand a store. The clerks snubbed them were insolent. But to John the country faces were always pleasant, and he was invariably so noticeably kind to rural customers that his counter very soon became the centre of country custom. His fellow clerks would cry out when there was an appearance of "country cousins."-"Customers for you, Harvey!"

But one day the country women missed the very obliging clerk, and upon inquiry were told that he had been transferred to the cloak department. Very well! one old lady who had a young girl with her, said she wanted to buy a cloak. So up-stairs they went-a quaint-looking pair that set the clerks in a giggle, and they slyly winked as they sent around the password: "Harvey's friends."

"Good luck to you, Harvey," laughed one. "Now's your chance to get rid of those last year's beaver sacques! Maybe they will go as high as ten dollars." But if the old lady and her niece had been dowager and princess, they could

not have been more courteously treated than they were by John. "She's somebody's dear old mother, I'll warrant," he said to himself, and then in a pleasant manner he asked the old lady what she would like to see.

"Velvet cloaks," she replied. John took from the hooks of the wardobes cloaks varying in price from fifty to three hundred dollars. The clerks kept up their fun at John's expense, but

did not care. After considerable delay in making up her mind, the old lady said she wanted o see how some furs would look over a velvet cloak valued at two hundred and fifty dollars. John readily gratified her with dressing up a lay figure with the cloak and a four hundred dollar set of furs. After a little his customer said they suited her, and asked how much all would be. John made a feint at counting up the figures, and said it was six hundred and fifty dollars.

"Very well; I will take them," she said, and drawing a rusty pocket-book from her petticoat proceeded to count out

As the bills were mostly fives and tens, they made a noble pile, and as John took them from her hand, he held them purposely so as to exaggerate their appearance and skipped around among the clerks with great gusto.

"Nearly seven hundred dollars from my rural friends," he exelted. "No last year beavers for them, if you please, and the girl is as sweet as the roses and pinks in my mother's garden."

That day's sale was a coup is bonhous for John Harvey. It gave him an im-portance in the eyes of his employers, who increased his salary and placed him at the head of his department.

Two years later he wooed and won the girl "sweet as the pinks and roses," who brought him, beside her sweetness and beauty, a snug little fortune, which seemed all the better from having been accumulated where the pinks and roses bloom. He then returned to Vermont to remain with his mother during her remaining years, not as a clerk in the old country store, but as its owner and pro-prietor, and which is today, because of its neatness and tasteful ordering, and abundant furnishing, noted the country round as the "best store in the State, The villagers, too, like John's wife, be cause of her simple and sweet way; and it was her annt-the old lady herselfwho told me the story of John's good fortune, which all grew out of well directed kindness to country people.

Excellent Domestic Wine. A housewife who makes excellent cherry wine does it after the following formula; Stone and mash the cherries and strain the juice. To one quart of juice add one or one and a half pants of water according to the richness of th jusce. Some juice will bear more dilution than others. To every gallon of the mixture add three pounds of sugar. Let stand in an open mouthed jar with musquito netting over it until it ceases to ferment, then bottle and cork.

What Is a Tramp Steamer? A tramp steamer is one that seeks a cargo wherever it may be found. Some kindhearted people are good enough to eall tramps travelers, but the effect would be lost if this gentleness were extended with him. I do not know now, for we to a steamer.

MIGHTY HUNTER. The Great Spirit Gave Him Life and the Great Spirit Took It Away."

AS HE HAD LIVED.

THE GRAND WIND-UP OF A

Day has finally broken, and there is a reddening of the eastern sky. The faint flushes deepen, the purple fades to gold, the gold turns to fire and the topmost

rino of the sun rises from the plain and burnishes the cross and parts of the Powder River Mountains as if preparing them for temples of worship. Five minutes later and a great contient is beamed upon by the full sun of a

glorious morning in Indian Summer. You have seen a grand old horse-almost blind-almost ready to die from old age, rise from his grassy bed of a sum ner morning? The morn seemed to put new life into him. There is fire in his eyes as he ffings his head about and miffs at the sunshine, and for the mo-

ment he is young and strong again. So on this morn, from his camp in the oot-hills, rises a grand old man, and, as he draws himself up to his full height and faces the glorious east, his eyes grow bright, his muscles quiver, and strength comes back to every limb. But it is not for long. The sun is scarcely a foot above the plain when the tall form stops, the limbs begin to weaken, and the fire dies out of the eyes and is re-

placed by a dull stare. It is the wreck of a man-a mighty hunter and fighter. These plains and mountains and valleys have been his home for a score of years. Face—chest limbs every-where about him, are sears of wounds dealt by savage or beast. The going down of the sun has found him alone; the dawn of day has found him solitary. Break a man's heart and he turns from the world and hates vice and virtue alike.

He is old and his strength has waned. Death has been long in coming, but it has drawn night at last. The chill of death drives some men back to the world, to die with tender hands about them. Others defy the grim monster to the last, and they die alone, unwept, uncared for. "It is my last day on earth!" So says

the grand old man as he slowly turns on his heel to look about him. The vision that could once discern a moving buffalo half a score of miles away can now scarcely make out the ragged trees across the little valley. The arms which could have once lifted the most powerful warrior high in air for a dash to death, can now scarcely bring the rifle to an sim. He has run his race and his time

The sun climbs up and up, and the day bursts forth into full strength. The mountains stand out with such ruggedness and grandness as never before. The valleys and hillsides never held the sunshine as to-lay. Nature is to give the old man a grand funeral.

And the sun climbs higher, and it is And how should he die one whose namers and winters - whose months and years -have been passed in the sunshine of the sterile plains-in the shadows of the rugged mountains-with the growl of the grizzly and the shout of the red warrior in his ears? In the dramas of the stage men die as they have lived;

why not in real life? The old man is ready. Rifle in handhis grizzly locks half hidden by his fur cap-his strength coming back as if he had been born again, he seats himself upon a great rock and scans the winding valley at his feet. God gives him back his sight once more, and no creeping thing escapes his vision. To the right all is well. To the left-wait He half rises for a better look.

Enemies - warriors Have they got the word that to-day is the old man's last day on earth, and are they to sit in front and applaud as the curtain goes down? It is well. That long rifle has sent more than one warrior to his death. That great frame, now so rapidly wasting, bears the scar of bullet and tomahawk and knife.

A dozen warriors-a war party bent on rapine and murder—come galioping swiftly up the valley. The old fighter grows young in years as he watches the advance. The thrill of excitement brought the blood to his cheek-the whisper of danger strings every nerve. Fate has been kind to him; as he has lived so shall he die. Would you have the hero of a score of battles die in his bed, alone and unseen, or in front of his foes, fighting gallantly to the last, and his death applanded even by those who slew him? Ah! they have caught sight of him. The gaunt figure outlined against the sky is a familiar one. It has been feared for its strength, hated for the destruction it has wrought. Escape is cut off to the right-to the left-in front. The background is rugged hillside, on which the warriors are more at home than the

hunter. And so shouts of defiance and exultation till the air as the warriors disunt and advance. Make ready now! The drama of life is near its close. The life and strength which excitement brought are beginning to die away. Their shouts come faintly to his ear; there is a blur before his eyes; the hands which hold the rifle tremble with weakness. Death is sweeping up from the valley in its war plumes leath is creeping down from the hill-

side with swift step but invisible form. And now the shouts of the warriors are nearer and louder, and their rifles are blazing death at the hunter, and he turns his face to heaven and pleads:

"A few last seconds of strength and sight and I am ready to go."

They are given him—his eyes clearhis form grows erect -he is the grand old fighter once more. Up comes the rifle up-up his eye covers the sights-the weapon is held as firm as a rock, and when the red flame leans out a chief

flings up his arms and utters his death The drama has ended and the curtain has gone down. The warriors creep nearer and nearer. They wonder and are mystified. They finally reach the rock to find the old man lying dead, his face upturned to the sun, whose rising will see him no more. There is no blood -no wound. They gather about him like children about a mystery, and they whisper to each other:

"It was not for us to slay him. Great Spirit gave him his life, and the Great Spirit took it away!"-M. Quad.

Children of the City.

Let any one visit one of our rural districts, for example, of New Jersey, and take notice of the strong, healthy, good natured children he sees upon either hand, and landing at any one of our down town ferries, on his return, let him observe the little, pale, slender, weezel faced youngsters that crowd our sidewalks, looking as if it were an effort requiring all their strength to live, and he will need no argument or strong array of statistics to convince him that something should be done, and that too, at once, toward improving the physical condition of this minerous growing population. Good air, clean water and healthy food, and enough of them, are cheaper in the end than pest houses, infirmaries and insame asylums. -Hall's Journal of Hallh. | place, is 95.

An Amazing Adventure With a Tiger.

I was in charge of a party making a survey for a railroad line between Nag-poor and Hyderabad, India (said Major White), and as there was no hurry about the work our party was as much a hunting as a surveying party. We numbered about 38 people, ten of whom were white men. Owing to the difficulties of int country we had no saddle horses, but took along six or eight pack animals, and each native also had a pack to bear. The very distributes in the way of building a line made the country a sportsman's paradise. Twenty years ago there was more wild and savage game to the acrein that district than elsewhere south of Lucknow, but the march of civilization has doubtless driven the big wild game

away by this time. We were traveling along the north branch of the Gadavey River-sometimes upon its bank and again a couple of miles from the water, sometimes travelling five or six miles a day, and again halting for a couple of days to fish or shoot-when a most singular incident befell me indi-vidually. I had left camp at an early hour in the morning to fish. While I carried my rifle with me, I had no intention of going out of my way to find game, On the previous afternoon I had observed what seemed to be a capital fishing spot in a bend of the river, and it was to this place I hastened as I left camp. Some of the native servants were astir and saw me set out, but I did not want their services. It was pretty thick jungle between the camp and the bend, but at the bend there was a clear spot an acre in extent, with a heavy forest growth and a ledge of rocks for a background. As I took a look around before sitting down on the bank to my sport I remarked that it was a good spot for wild beasts, but as there was nothing moving I went right to work with my fishing tackle. Catching a frog for bait, I flung in the hook, and it wasn't five minutes before I was meeting with such luck that all thoughts of tigers, snakes, and hyenas were driven out of

I had landed half a dozen good-sized fish, and was just then playing a larger one; when a slight noise startled me, and looked around to see such a sight as has seldom come to the eyes of a sportsman. A full-grown tiger was within five feet of me, playing with one of the fish. It was the last fish pulled out, and in its dying agonies it was jumping about on the grass. Every time it moved the tiger would reach out a paw in a playful way, and once or twice he struck hard enough to move the fish three or four feet. I cll you I was a badly frightened and all I could do was to sit there with mouth and eyes open. The tiger had crept down from the bluffs, and why he hadn't attacked me was a mystery. He went from fish to fish, turning them over with his paw, and time and again brushing me with his tail as he moved about. My rifle was ten feet away, leaning against a bush, and I might have been idiot enough to try to reach it but for a warning. My personal servant had fol-lowed me, to see what luck I had. He came into the neighborhood while the tiger was playing with the fish, and softly climbing a tree, he uttered the call of a bird to attract my attention, and then sang out:

"Do nothing to provoke the tiger, master. He is a hiloweele, and if you do

not cross him he will go away." He meant that the spirit of a good native had been transformed, and it was clearly the common-sense way to follow his advice. As the beast gave me no attention, I turned to the fish tugging at my line and landed him. He was of good size and full of vitality, and the tiger waited in a playful way until I removed the hook and threw the fish on the grass. Then he sprang for it as a kitten would for a ball of varn, and he played with it in the same way. It was laughable, in spite of the circumstances, to witness his actions. He would run around in circles, as you have seen a young dog do sometimes almost leaping over me, and then again he would become the cat and creep softly forward to bounce upon one of the fish. Each one as caught was flung to him, and it was a full half hour before he grew tired of the sport. I expected he would turn to me sooner or later, but the native saw the change of demeanor first and called:

"Master, the hillowelee is going to play with you! Be as clay in his power.' The tiger suddenly left the last fish landed, and came stalking up to me, purring like a cat and acting very play ful. His first move was to worm his head under my left arm, and, I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that . smoothed down his fur as if he had been a favorite dog. I had on a big straw hat, and this he got hold of in his teeth, and played with for ten minutes, or until he had torn it all to pieces. I had no more bait to fish with, and drew in the line. and sat there waiting for the tiger's next move. When he had finished the hat, came over and rubbed against me and purred in a pleased way, and I rubbed him with my hand from nose to tail. I gradualy got over my scare, but was vet very anxious to know how the affair would end. The sun was getting well up and very hot, and the beast would soon be seeking his lair. In about thirty minutes from the time he appeared the tiger began to show a change of demcanor. He acted nervous and uneasy, and vals. I judged that he had got the scent of my servant, and such proved to be the

I dared not rise to my feet, but I made up my mind that if the tiger attacked me I should make a spring off the bank into the river. It was infested with crocodiles, but there was not much choice between being eaten by beast or saurian. Once the tiger glared at me and growled, but next moment whined as if afraid and edged up toward me as if for protec-The servant had been keeping a watchful eye on my strange playmate, and he now believed the time had comfor de isive action. He therefore fired his pistol and shouted at the top of his The effect was immediate. beast dropped his tail, uttered a louzdrawn whine, and with a sort of farewell glance at me he bolted for the forest and disappeared. I had looked him over pretty well, and had noticed, among other hings, that he had a broken claw on the

We did not break camp that day. Just before sunset, as we sat in groups smoking our pipes, a tiger charged boldty in among the servants and seized one and attempted to make off. We rallied to prevent, and the beast knocked two other men over before he was despatched. When we came to examine the body l had not the slightest difficulty in identifying it as that oy my playmate of the morning.

THE CITY of New York will soon be lighted throughout by electricity. Con tracts covering all streets were let last week. The lowest price named wis about 20 cents per lamp per night. The order pair of twins reported this season are Mrs. Hepsibah Everett and Mrs. Sally Cole, of Dedham, Mass., who were 90 years old Lst May. Their sister, Mrs. Nabby Smith, of the same

4.5

A STAMPEDE.

Did you ever see a stampede of buffa-Not Well, the man who has seen ac, and lived to tell of it, has witnessed a spectacle to be vividly remembered all his days.

A stampede was a common occurrence the life of every western hunter enty years ago; but no one will ever ok upon one again. The hide hunters have not left a store of the animals alive. What creates a stampede " Nothinganything. While the buffalo is born in a wild tate, and ought to get accustomed storms, the sight of wolves, and all

nds of noises, he is the most timid animai on earth. I have seen the coming up of a dark cloud stamped eten thousand faloes. I have known the howl of a olf to set a big herd in motion. A flash to scare their half to death, although you and argue that they would get used to And once started nothing but a mtain could turn the great wave aside and only exhaustion would bring them back to their senses. After a herd had fairly started, terror seemed to take comlete possession of them, and it was the levil selze the last one. Then it was woe to the pioneer or hunter who happened be in their path without a grove to shelter them.

4 saw, in 1867, on the Loup Fork of the Platte River, an emigrant camp which ed been run over by a stampede. There had been seven wagons and 24 people, with about 30 head of horses and 'cattle The rushing, terror-stricken herd struck the camp just at daybreak and was 15 or 20 minutes passing. Only one human eing escaped - a man who was carried oif on the back of a buffalo, and left at a spot 10 miles away. Not an animal was left, not a vehicle escaped destruetion. I saw the site of the camp about noon of that day, and there wasn't a piece of any of the heavy wagons which could not have carried off under my arm. The people had been tramped into the earth-annihilated-wiped out. The remains could scarcely be recognized as those of human beings. But as to my own adventure. There

were four hunters of us in the locality spoken of, killing various kinds of game and doing a little trapping, and though pients of relisking were in that country, ney did not get on to us for a week. We had a camp on a small run or creek, with a grove of about a dozen trees for shelter, | above ground, and about two miles to the north was a

pring and another grove. The indians hadn't got hold of Winresters and knew nothing of revolvers in those days, and a war party of less that something was in the wind. The bulls joining the herds, and almost every butfalo ceased feeding and acted anxiously and ill at ease.

That meant indians, Curious as you may think it the presence of an indian will disturb the buffaloes sooner than that of the white man. We couldn't say whether it was a war party hanging around to attack us, or a hunting party hovering on the flanks of the great herd, but we made all preparations that night

to defend ourseives.

I have spoken of the second grove. It was composed of a few stunted cottonods, and was in no sense a shelter, Now this is what happened during the night. A war party of about 35 Indians took up their position in this little grove, calculating to sweep down on us at daybreak and carry our camp by storm, Along toward daylight they mounted and rode softly down to within a quarter of a mile of us, and there waited for day to break. They would be observed by the sentinel, but would make a rush and carry the camp. Well, it was just coming day, and five minutes more would have discovered them to the sentinel, when the big herd, which had been gathering to the north of us, began a stampede. The sentinel heard them at the first start off, and roused us up, and by the time we had our guns in hand we could see the indian war party. They knew what was up better than we did, but they were caught between two fires, and the chief was too slow-witted for the occasion. His policy should have been to charge us. He might have lost six or eight men, but the shelter of the grove would have saved the rest and given them our scalps to boot. He might not have known our strength, and so, after spending the valuable minutes in reflection, he ordered the party off to the left. The only hope they could have was in riding across the face of the herd, but that was out of the question. The front covered, as we afterward knew a distance of seven miles, and the indians had barely get started when the first buffaloes were

in sigh. They came chicker than bees, their heads down, horns rubbing, and feet making a great clatter, and while we coked we saw the war party swallowed up in that great heaving sea of animal life. A moment later an old bull dashed into and through the grove, and every man sprang for a tree. As I was climbing up my feet struck a buffalo on the back, and before I was secure only the five largest trees in the grove were standing. All others had been uprooted by contact, and three crippled animals were ing on the ground beneath me. Our horses, camp, everything, went in two minutes. The noise was 10 times more denfening than a hurricane at sea, and the terror of the animals was something ap-I have told you that the front of the

herd was seven miles across. You can judge what the depth must have been when I tell you that they were three hours in passing. Every animal was running for his life, and his pace could not have been less than 10 miles an hour, shouldn't hesitate to make affidavit that the herd was a good 30 miles deep The anima's ran, as we afterward knew, fully 40 miles before they slowed down at all. When the last one had passed us the country about us was a sight to be hold. There were at least 150 dead or crippled animals in sight, and there was a swath seven miles wide, which had cut the very life out of the prairie. Of all our camp equipage we could not find one solitary article of wood, or iron, or leather. All our horses had been trampled under within less than a mile of the grove, and their bodies were sights no one could look at twice. We spread out to see what fate had befallen the Indians. and we did not have to go far. They had en knocked down and stamped by the earth. A member of the same tribe, with whom I talked a year later, told me that not one survived, and the loss had almost demoralized the tribe.

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STANISH FUNERALS.

Queer Scenes in the Burial of the Old and Young.

I will describe two funerals, says a prespondent of the London Referce, that I witnessed in one day at the great semetery at Seville. Four little barenoted boys arrive at the cemetery gates. Between them they carry a little blue and white coffin. They jog along, chatting and laughing, up the long avenue of trees. Presently they see something which attracts their attention-a bird in a tree. Down they drop the coffin by the roadside, and off they scamper across the grass to the tree. They pick up stones and begin to throw at the bird, in the process they quarrel about some-thing and two of the boys have a fight.

In the meantime the coffin lies in the roadway. I walk up to it, and through the glass set into the fal I see the dead child's face. It had been dead perhaps 12 hours, so the features are unchanged, and it appears to be calmly sleeping Several people passine; no one takes any notice of the collin on the road. One old sentleman nearly tumbles over it and swears. It is evidently nothing anusual, Presently these ragged boys have arpick up the coffin. Two of them have chied cigarettes. They carry their burlen right across the cemetery to a little sonse, where two or three men with rass numbers on their caps are smoking igarettes. Here they show a paper, and one of the men, picking up a spade, tells the boys to follow him. Off they go, jogging the coffin now this way now that,

and I follow them. We come to a long line of brick vaults. Some are empty; some are filled up to the top with what I presume to be mold. The grave digger facus over the loose earth with his spade, and strikes a coffin here and there. It is too full. He moves on to another bricked square, pushes his spade in, and says there is just room. He digs a little hole and lays the coffin flush with the top of the brick work. Then he throws a few spadefuls of earth from a mound close by, and the ceremony is over. There are thousands of these bricked squares in the cemetery and each contains a score of cottins. There is no stone over the top, only the loose brown earth. Some of them are so full that the earth has to be piled up to cover the coffin and thus the coffin is actually

The next funeral arrived as I was leaving the equetery. A car, driven by a man smoking a cigarette, came up. It was followed by a cale, from which four hunters. We kept our eyes open, gate of the "depository," a little house in however, and one was on the watch | the ground's arranged for the reception of while the other three slept. We had I the people who have elied too late to be been in camp nine or ten days, and con- buried that day. The guardian of the stantly surrounded by buffaloes, when, | house, eigenstie in mouth, flings open the one afternoon, just before sunset, it was | doors, speaks to the gentleman, and then apparent from the actions of the animals | calls some one to come; A man with a detachments were consolidating, all stray | He and the car-driver lift out the coffin and carry it and the house and lay it on the trestles. They then figure a smalle at he beat and foot, and come out and shirt the door,

On drives the car, the man lighting another cigarette, and the centleman to whom the corpse belongs strolls across the constery with the grave-diager to choose "his place." The grave-digger turns up a little earth in one brick square and then in another. "Too full," says the gentleman, pulling his cigarette. He goes from square to square and pokes at the loose earth with his cane. At last he settles on a square which is only half full, "That will do," he says, and then he returns to his cab and drives away,

Marvelous Horsemanship.

A St. Petersburg correspondent, writing

to the London Standard says; "This morning I witnessed a wonderful lisplay of horsemanship. It took place in the Petroffsky Park. Here, in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and most of the foreign officers and guests, the regiment of Cossack Guards went through an extraordinary series of exercises which threw the most daring tire regiment passed at full gallop, in loose order, with many of the men standing upright in their saddles, others upon their heads with legs in the air, many esping upon the ground and then into the saddle again at full speed, some springing over their horse's heads, and picking up stones from the ground, and yet resaining their seat. While perorming these feats all were brandish their sabres and tiring pistols, throwing their carbines into the air and catching them again, and yelling like manlace, Some men went past in pairs, standing with a leg on each other's horses-one wild fellow carried off another dressed as a woman. The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as the whole regiment had gone mad. pon a signal being given, the regiment divided into two parts. One rode off; then halted and made their horses lie lown on the ground beside them, waitng as in war the approach of the enemy, charged down, and in an instant every horce was on his feet, every rider in his saddle, and with a wide yell they rode at their supposed enemy. When the man-evres were over the regiment rode past inging, and uncommonly well together, a military chorus. Altogether, it was a marvelous exhibition of daring horsemanship, and one hardly knew whether steeds or the skill and courage of the riders. All the foreign officers and guests were no less astonished than de-

A Queer Pardon Story.

Queer things happen in this pardon usiness. Historian L. B. B. Proctor, author of "Bench and Bar" and several other standard works, was telling me the other day of a peculiar pardon case under Governor Seward. Mr. Proctor was a student in Governer Seward's law office in Auburn when Judge Samuel Blatchford was a partner of Seward. A man and his wife had been convicted of a crime, and both were sent to State Prison. He was sent to Anisorn, and she was serving a term in Sing Sing. Sympathy had been aroused for the woman, and a petition signed by many influential names was presented to Governor Seward for her pardon. After mature considera-tion he decided to grant it, and on his way to New York one day stopped at Sing Sing and delivered the pardon papers himself -- an unusual thing. The woman's name was Frances and her husband's name was Francis She was handed the pardon and walked out. Seeing that the masculine form "Francis," appeared in the pardon, she took a train at once for Auburn and presented the pardon to the Warden, with the statement that she had just been pardoned by Governor Seward, and been allowed to bring ber husband's pardon in person. The Warden looked at it. It called for the release of the man, and he was brought out, handed the pardon, and allowed to go free. When Governor Seward found out the mistake he thought it better to say nothing about it, and the prisoner was never only hatchin' teeth."