JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"THE IS A PEREMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year. in advance.

VOLUME XXII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1888.

NUMBER 21.

PISO'S CURE FOR for Consumption saved my life, -A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Eden-ton, N. C., April 23, 1887. The BEST Cough Medine is Piso's Cure for By all druggists, 25c. CONSUMPTION

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS PE FOUTZ DAVID E. POUTE, Proprietor,

BALTIMOBE, MD. For sale at DAVISON'S Drug Store ONLY \$20.



ne from \$40 to \$40. A comnot of attractments with each marking. Also margan) a Roder. 13 DAYS TRIAL WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.

C. A. WOOD COMPANY, 17 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa-

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER REMINGTON BROS

WANTED YOUNG MEN & LEARN TELEGRAPHY.

SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, O PATENTS WASHINGTON, D. C.

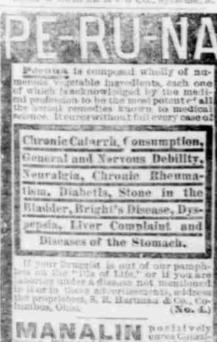
SEND FOR INVENTOR'S GUIDE. 44 IRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.



re COLD cleanses the Na-HEAD and Passages, Al-Halays Pain and Inas Heals the Sores, Restoresthe ER and Smell.



25 Per Cent. Cheaper than any other, all things considered,

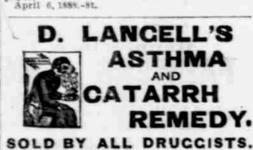


Absolutely Pure. The powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, single or phosphate powders. Sid short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sld only in cans. ROYAL BARING POWDER Co.,106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

NATURE'S RELIABLE REMEDY CURE FOR For Torpid Liver, Billous Headache, CONSTIPATION, Tarrant's Effervescent

Seltzer Aperient. It is certain in its effects It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palateable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by essisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives, your selves or allow your children to take them always. ren to take them, always

as for the right men. bond sataries and expenses paid weekly. Liber. al inducements to beginners. No previous ex-perience necessary. Outfit free. Write far terms, giving age. CitaRLES H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester N.Y. Mention this



Having struggled 20 years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by death with ASTHMA or PHTHISM, treated by eminent physicians, and receiving no benefit, I was compelled during the last 5 years of my III-ness to sit on my chair day and night gasping for breath. My sufferings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATAREH warranged to rejeave the most such

hat the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Please read the following condensed extracts from universe cent date:

Oliver V. R. Holmes, San Jose, Cal., writes: "I find the Eamedy all and even more than represented. I receive instantaneous relief."

E. M. Carson, A. M. Warren, Kan., writes: "Was treated by eminent physicians of this country and Germany; tried the climate of different States—nothing afforded relief like your prepara-

Lion."

L. B. Phelps, P. M. Griggs, Ohio, writes: "Suffered with Asthma 40 years. Your medicine in 3 minutes does more for me than the most eminent physicians did for me in three years."

H. C. Plimpton, Johet Hl., writes: "Send Catarrh Remedy at once. Cannot get along without it. I find it the most valuable medicine I have ever tried."

we have many other hearty testimonials of cure or relief, and in order that all sufferers from Asthmas, Catarrh, Hay Zever, and kindred diseases may have an opportunity of testing the value of the Remedy we will send to any address TRIAL PACKACE FREE OF CHARGE. If your druggist in its to keep it do not permit him to sell you some worthiess imitation by his representing it to be just as good, but send directly to us. Write your name and address plainly. rour name and address plainty.
Address, J. ZIMMERMAN & CO., Props., Wholesale Druggists, Wooster, Wayne Co., O

Full size Box by mail \$1.00.

B. J. LYNCH, UNDERTAKER. HOME AND CITY MADE "ammation, FURNITURE PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

Nemes of Taxte LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS TABLES CHAIRS, Mattresses, &c., 1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PENN'A Las Citizens of Cambria County and all thers wishing to purchase honest FURNI-TURE, &c., at bonest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying else where, as we are confident that we can

PATENTS

meet every want and please every taste.

tended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refere, here, to the Postmaster, the pt. of Money Order Div., and to the officers of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars advice, terms and references to actual agents in your own State write to

C.A. SNOW & FO.

Opp. Patent Office Washington, D. C. PIANO-FORTES.

. Touch. Workmanship & Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CO

AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE There never had been a time apparently when he had not been "old" Brent. But in point of fact, he was not so old even

still bore an appearance of middle-aged But Gaspar Brent had always shunned that contact with men and life which conduces to healthful vigor. A recluse and scholar, a kindly, shy, absent-minded man he had ever been, and-

until recently, at least, one would so have s id-ever would remain., His all th beat figure and his mild blue eyes in the clear-cut, clean-shaven face were familiar to all the children in the village, who liked him for the sundry small "tips" he was wont to bestow up n them, and whose mothers would observe that, being such a good man and so fond of children, it was a pity old Brent had never married. At these remarks Mrs. Daly, his house-

keeper, would screw up her nose in con-"It's just him that's thinkin' of marrain'! And who's he to marry? Some meddlin' widow that would be for rulin' him around at his time of life? Or some highty-tighty girl'that 'ud lead him a dance, a-racketin' him about. I gue-s

"Well," remarked one of Mrs. Daly's cronies one day, he's goin' to Letson's pretty often, and there's the niece there now, the one they call by that outlandish name - Venatia - Vination - or some-

And true it was that Gaspar Brent was going to Letson's very often of late; and also true, though he himself, poor man, had been a long time in finding it out, that what he went for was a sight of Venetia Letson's sweet, flower-'ike young face and her pensive violet eyes. When he did make the discovery the

experience was an extraordinary one to Brent. And that which made it extraordinary was that it was the first of its In the begin ing he felt as though it were a most a sacrilege for him to be going there with this unacknowledged feeling for the young girl in his heart, But Venetia had come to count upon

his visits and his gentle kindness made a

little sunshine for her, poor child! For the Letsons, though worthy enough reople in their way, were perhaps a little hard on this young daughter of a brother who had always been improvident and uplucky, and had died at last, leaving nothing behind him but this pale-faced slip of a girl for them to care for. And so for months Gaspar Brent had

walked over to the Letson place almost every day, sometimes with a book for the cirl, sometimes with a little bunch of west-smelling flowers. And she would generally be waiting for him with a glad smile of welcome on her lips, which repaid him for everything. In the self-abnegation of his honest, reverent heart, Gasper Brent would have been content to hold this place of an old, tri-d,

and kind friend towards the young girl to the end of the chapter, and doubtless would so have done, had he not, on coming upon her suddenly one day, found her in Venetia had tried to conceal her emo tion quickly, but it was too late, and at sight of Gaspar Brent's kind questioning

eyes she had broken down again, and sobbed out the story of her trials. It was nothing very definite perhaps, but Brent knew that this delicate young plant was pining away for the lack of sun shine and a fostering care. And it seemed premediable, as she had no other friends

except in one way. At the thought of this one way Gaspar Brent's heart beat quickly. He cast a glance at the young creature who sat beside him, with her hands clasped listlessly in her lap and the eyes seeming to look out into a joyless future, and quite

audienly he spoke. He could give her a comfortable home, and care, and-sh, now much love!-at

When, a couple of hours later, he walked homewards towards the pretty house which Mrs. Daly's care kept in a state of order which could only be adequately described by her own term of "apple-pie, it seemed to Gaspar Brent as though all the world were changed.

Surely the sky was very blue that day: he never remembered to have seen it so blue, and the sunshine was certainly unusually brilliant, and what happy faces people had as they passed him! When he got home Mrs. Daly was waiting for him, in a clean cap. He passed in and then looking into the broad expanse of her hard, honest countenance with a amile that lit up all his mild thin feat-

ures, he said: "You must congratulate me, Mrs. Daly, You've been faithful to my service many years, and you'll like to know, I'm sure, Miss Letson is going to be my wife."

At the time Mrs. Daly found nothing to say but "Good Heavens!" which exclamation she delivered herself of with considerable force. And it was just as well that her breath

falled her after this, for the next outburst

would assuredly have been: "Well, I hope you won't have no cause to rue the day nor the deed:" Considering the disparity in years, it

did seem to Mrs. Daly that this result could not fail to come about.

She continued in a frame of mind for the rest of that day which could not by any stretch of imagination have been designated as amiable. To look forward to being asked to abdicate from a position of authority in an easy-going bachelor's household after many years of devoted service is that which, perhaps, no Mrr. Daly, however worthy, could be expected to do without some natural pang. But, after all, the old woman's attach-

ment to her master was too sincere to allow selfish considerations to triumph When it was all settled, and Venetia, by Gaspar Brent's wish, had come to the solitary old house in order to see if there were any changes she would wish made in it, ere she became its mistress, Mrs.

Daly took her by the hand, and looking into the fair lily-like face, observed: "Well, you look like a good one, and I'm going to hope that you are. The man you are goin' to marry ain't jest as young as another, maybe, but you kin get down on your knees every night, and thank God fur givin' you such a good husband. There aln't another such man outside o'

" concluded Mrs. Daly. "Yes, I know he is very, very good," said Venetia softly and gratefully.
"And I hope you're properly fond of him," added Mrs. Daly with a keen look of inquiry.

And Venetia, opening wide her violet eres, that were like a child's for candor

and innocence, replied with a certain "On, yes! Of course I am fond of Mr. The eyes filled with tears, "He has been my kindest friend," The two then, a friendly relation being thus established, went over the house to-

"She's a good modest girl, I'm thinking," was Mrs. Daly's mental comment, when Venetia's slim young figure had tripped down the garden-walk. "I hope it'll last. If ever any man deserved a good wife, he does."

. Meantime Venetia had reached the gate.

It was late summer, and she and Gaspar Brent were to be married in the autumn. There was a brilliant sunset in the west, and Vesetia, in whose nature there was an instructive thirst for beauty in every now. Many a man beyond him in years form, terned her head to look in that di-

In this way she ran against a stalwart masculle figure, which, at that instant, approached the gate.

She started back and glanced up into a pair of nerry, handsome blue eyes, bent in some surprise upon her. The ower of the eyes stepped aside and raised hishat in ready courtesy, and Venetia, with slight inclination of the head,

parsed on. She wated home very straight. Her cheeks wee warm, though she was not conscious cit. Just befre entering the house she paused, an glancing backward, mur-

mured to heself:

"I wonder tho that young man could have been!" The young ian in question had, on his side, looked my unreservedly after Venetia's youngfigure as it passed up the long village reet. And his comment upon the meetig had proved much more

outspoken andefinite than hers. "By Jove! Wader how so much youthful bloom and aliant beauty came to be issuing from ir venerable old uncle's abode. The prefest creature I have seen for an age. I'll ive to look into this. I declare, there's he old fellow this mo-ment, as I'm a Hig sinner!'

He started forard, Gaspar Brent, coming towards by, stopped and stared. "Well, uncle, faotten me quite, have you?" laughed theoung man.

Charley-Charl Brent! Bless my soul! Welcome, bo welcome! Come in, come in!" and a mute later the young fellow was being prented to Mrs. Daly, "My dead brother son, Mrs. Daly," said Gaspar Brent, Wh a certain gentle solemnity. "I was ty fond of Brother Charles. He was thundsomest of the family, and," with a title smile lighting up all his mild face, "scems to me that Charley has taken aftuim!" Charley laughed goo umoredly.

"And now tell meannele, who the young lady is with who I had the pleas are of an encounter at t gate jut now. She is as fair as the moreg, and has eyes like blue violets." Before Gaspar Brent ald make any reply, Mrs. Daly broke in rtly: "That was Miss Venetia-tson, as is to

marry your uncle, sir. Exec the liberty

"The deuce!" Charley exemed within himself. Gaspar Brent smiled a littlebyly. "I'm much too old to be inking of

marrying so young a girl, I apose you are thinking, my boy; but it see she hasn't many friends, and I'll to make the child happy." "And indeed you ain't too ole marry

anybody," cried Mrs. Daly with lignant "Never mind, Mrs. Daly, that H do." remonstrated Gaspar Brent, a Mrs. Daly, taking the mild reproof levently than it had been administered, meed

from the room. "I don't i ke the looks o' that waper snapper," she confided to berselihen outside. "He'lt make trouble yet ith his curly hair and his big shoulde the swagger of him. And Mr. Brito be apologizing to him or the likes it. because he's to marry the girl be's chos-And Mrs. Daly's soliloguy ended .. sniff.

As the shorter Fall days came over land, there was much hurrying to and

there, which were being made to insure islands in the l'enobscot river between her comfort and happiness. Oldtown and Lincoln, a distance of "Seems as though he couldn't do enough hirty-five miles. These islands are 146 for the girl. And she ain't been ever a number, with an aggregate area of made much of at home, Venetia Letson bout 4,500 acres -quite enough room for

ain't. It'il all be new to her, I guess, Well, old Brent's a good man-no better "All the same Venetia ain't looking very happy," remarked the ancient dame, shaking her head. "I see her yesterday.

She was as white as chalk. I thought she looked very down." Gaspar Brent, happily unconscious of such comments as the last, was wending

his way towards the Letson house. As he walked, the tall slight figure bent forward a little, less from the weakness of age than from the habit centracted during many years spent in solitary poring over books, the mild fine eyes fixed upon the ground; he was meditating whether there were still any little things which Venetia might like of which he had not thought.

This had been his sole preoccupation for weeks. God had been very kind to him. He had thrown this beautiful young girl in his path for him to love. He accepted the boon reverently, with a sort of fear. The feeling of the disparity in his years and hers was always before him. All his efforts were concentrated on a perpetual striving to atone to her, as it

were, for this difference. So lost in thought was he as he neared the strip of ground that surrounded Venatia's home, that he at first did not notice the sound of voices coming in suppressed tones from behind the high hedge that screened those within the garden

from the gaze of the passers-by. But he stopped very suddenly, for he thought all at once that he heard Venetic speak, and was it possible? yes, she wan

"No, no, don't plead with me, please," the young girl was saying in a low agonized whisper. "Go-please, go. It is of no use. I must not listen to you. I owe him everything-everything!" "You don't owe him the mere form of an allegiance when your heart is given to

someone else, darling. Venetia dearest," the pleading passionate voice rang out, you do love me-you cannot deny it. Then you belong to me, not to him. What had come over the world in this one short minute? The sunshine scemed to have been blotted out, and a cold wind sprang up and lifted the dead leaves that strewed the road and swept them up into little heaps. Gaspar Brent stirred blindly. He

touched his forehead with his hand once or twice and turned back whence he had come. He did not quite realize at first just what had happened. He knew afterwards that he had been dazed there for a while. He repeated to himself once or twice slowly:

she loves him. How could they help it? It is natural-natural. I ought to have known this before!" I cught to have known this before!" "Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Daly when she saw his face. "What has happened?" "Nothing - nothing!" And yet he seemed to have grown quite old-really old-since he had left the house an hour

He went into his room and locked the A little later he came out and asked whether young Brent had returned. The latter, who had just come in heard the

inquiry and stepped forward. "I wanted to see you, sir," the young man said. "I have—I got a letter this morning which-which will compel me to leave you sooner than I thought. In fact, I think of going home to-morrow morn-

Gaspar Brent bent a long look on the young man's face. It was very pale and "Bless her!" thought he who indeed

was now an old man. "She was faithful, poor child!" Then there was a pause, and then he said, very quietly and kindly: "No need for you to go, Charley. I know the reason for your wanting to leave

per, my boy, but I overheard some words you and Venetia spoke to-day in the grounds down by the Letsons'." "You - you heard," stammered the young man, reddening furiously.
"And I want you to stay, Charley. Do you understand? If Venetia loves you—

here. I did not mean to be an eavesdrop-

that is enough." "Uncle! May God bless you for this! I -I don't know what to say." And so it was settled, very quickly, very quietly. Gaspar Brent would not have the original wedding-day put off-would not alter any of the original dispositions he had made for that event. Everything

was to be another. Never once did he break down. When Venetia, bursting into tears, cried: "You are too good to me. I do not deserve so much. I deserve nothing from you but contempt," he hurriedly whis-

was to be the same-only the bridegroom

pered. "Hush, hush, child! Never say that. It is better so-far better. Youth loves youth-it is natural. I should have known you could not love an old fellow like me, dear. It was just an old man's romanceover now. And you and Charley must be

That was the day before the wedding. The next, Gaspar Brent stood upon his doorstep, with a smile upon his face, and saw the young people drive off. When the honeymoon was over they

must return, he had said, and his home was to be theirs. "A little young life about us will do us both good, Mrs. Daiy," he told the faithful old woman who had stood by and witnessed all the e changes with a furious face. Nor was it less furious now.

'If you live to see it," she said within herself grimly. But she knew not that her soul would rove so good a prophet. One night, a few days before Charles Brent and his wife were expected back

she was summoned to his bedside. The doctor shook his head. He was afraid there was nothing to be done. All through the hours of the night they watched. Toward dawn Gaspar Brent opened his

eyes, groped feebly with his hands and armured: "Venetia!" A moment later Mrs. Daly raised a pit-"Oh, doctor, he was the kindest gentlest soul that ever lived, and now he is dead!"

PENOBSCOT INDIANS. The Tarratine Tribe and Their Reservation in Maine.

According to a Bangor (Me.) correspondent, the l'enobscot, or more proper-ly, the Tarratine Indians, have dwindled greatly in numbers during the past few decades, and there remains to-day but a sorry remnant of the powerful tribe who in early colonial times were such a powin "old Brent's" quiet house, now qui erful factor in the interesting squabbles of this region, and who were the only All was being put in readiness for tl red-men of the Eastern country able to young bride, and the neighbors found a wallop the Mohawks. But what few exhaustless topic of conversation in ap there are left seem to get along very propriate discussions of the wall-paper well, and they are an interesting lot, and new furniture, and changes here and Their reservation consists of all the

> (0) Tarratines who still linger in the d of their lathers. ie principal settlement is the village didtown island, the lowermost of the 's pos-essions, where, besides numerneat frame dwellings, they have a appointed chapel and schools. The

are all Catholics, and a good priest, ar Trudelle, looks carefully after Musky fock, while three Sisters of My-Gabriel, Margaret and Christina the schools and look generally a moral and domestic condition Tarratines maintain a tribal form of anment, electing annually a tiovernind Lieutenant-Governor, and a dele to the State Legislature, which

they allowed. Politically they are dividute two parties-the "old," or Constive, and the "New," or Progressive. st of the men find employment in the ds or upon the drives, and expert i drivers they are, as a rale, There are attention paid to agriculture, anme few of the men make their living biloting sportsmen through the Nota wilds to the tavorite haunts of trout deer. For hey of workmanship and

unique in, none of the fancy goods generall) died out during the holiday senson e the dainty basketwork of the squar this tribe, and their pretty creation (ch bark, bows and arrows, and mose). Some of the baskets are marvels of stie handiwork and color. They are Cry conceivable shape and of all sizes in to a baby basket that just holds a. To make these tancy things from one of ash requires, besides skill, attence of Joh. All the year round keep a big store in Oldtown, stock the baskets and the other articles for

The Sailer ie Arthem.

People who kndry little about a certain subject off ceed in explaining it more clearly those who know all about it. An oor had heard in church a fine an which greatly pleased him. He descanting at least who after length upon it to a tate, who, after "I say, Bill, what's them ?" "Yes, of course. Charley loves her and "What?" replied them?" to say that you do you mean banthem is?"

"Not me." "Not me. "Well, then I'll tell If I was to say to yer, "Ere, Bill, he that and-spike, that wouldn't in them. But was I to say, 'Bill—Bill—Bill—giv—giv giv—give me, giv me the giv—giv giv me that hand, gill, give me, handspike, spike—spik handspike, spike spint that—that hand—hands handspike-spike, spik ke, ahspike, ah-men! why, thandspike-hanthem." hanthem.

360

AMONG MOONSHINERS.

When, a few years ago, a United States marshal was murdered by moonshiners in the mountains of North Georgia, a New York newspaper said that another notch was cut in the big poplar that guards the entrance to Sleepy Cove, the retreat of the outlaws, making five in all, each significant of the death at the hands of the illicit whiskey makers, of a revenue officer. That fourth notch was cut for me. I saw it done, with death staring me in the face. Is it possible that the

outlaws still believe my bones are bleaching on the damp ground in Smoky Hole? When notch No. 3 was cut there was a great stir in North Georgia. We laid the murder of W --- at the door of the notorious Cap Hawkins, the daring leader of a fearless band of outlaws in the Cohutta Mountains, and as soon as possible we were on his trail with a good pack of bloodhounds. The scent was cold, and when we had penetrated some eight miles into the range the dogs became disheartened. After cireling round us time and again in search of the trail they gave it up, and we were forced to retreat without having accomplished anything.

It was dusk when we got out of the deep woods, and we began to look about for a place to stay for the night. A log cabin of two rooms was not inviting, but the old crone who came to the door said that she could provide for one

of the party. While I atc she smoked a clay pipe, sitting in the chimney corner with her legs crossed and her foot swinging incessantly. When she spoke to me, which she did oftener than I liked, I could not help feeling that she was trying to pump me. When the old woman had shown me to

room and my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and wandered nimlessly over the open ceiling, I saw something about the size of the bed hanging directly over me. It seemed to swing slowly back and forth. I stood up and touched it, examned it as minutely as possible, and again laid down. It was nothing but there or four hed quilts stretched across two boards supported at the ends by short ropes. If it grew colder in the night I would reach up to them for more cover, I intended to stay awake, but must have been nearly aslesp when a creaking noise aroused me. The next moment it was repeated, and the quiits above me deed rapidly. It flashed upon me that I was in a trap.

Drawing my weapon, I attempted to pring out of bed, determined to sell my life dearly, but as I straightened up the quilts covered me, and before I could throw them off strong hands were at the

With a frantic struggle I cocked my pistol and placing the muzzle close gainst the quilt pulled the trigger. I fired at random, trusting that fate might guide the ball into the heart or hand of some one of my cowardly assailants. The concussion was awful in that narrow space. The smoke filled my eyes, nose space. The smoke filled my eyes, nose and cars; the shot rang through my brain: I feit that my last hour had come. My God, how I suffered! I remember a derisive laugh that seemed to come from another world, then something heavy struck me on the head.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on my back in a jolding wagon, with my hands and feet securely bound. The pair blue of the sky above me and the hazy outlines of the tree-tops reaching overhead told me that day was breaking.

"Wal, Kurnel, air ye come roan" all

"Wal, Kurnel, air ye come roan' all right?" said a deep voice at my head, Taising myeyes I saw over methe grizzly lace of the outlaw, Cap Hawkins. He broke into a wild laugh at my look of

'Didn't 'spect fer see me this mornin', "Didn't spect ter see me this mornin', did ye, Kurnel?" he said tauntingly, "Whar fir yer dogs?—he! ha!-an' yer horses?—he! he!-an' yer-haw! haw! ho!-an' yer repytation? Aw, Lordy! Say, Kurnel, whar air ye a-takin me this mornin'? Air ye a-goin' ter lock old Cap Hawkins up agin?"

I determined to assume a bold air and affect a summer indifference to a surrous ect a supreme indifference to my fate,

affect a subrems indifference to my late, whatever that was to be, "Oh, Cap, dry up." I began, winking alyly at him. "Don't frighten the revenue men: they'll be after you again."

Again he roared as if he would split his sides over the joke. He was immensely righted. tickled. "Say your prayers, Cap," I continued,
"It'll be a long time before you see day-'What air ye drivin' at Kurnel !" he

taked, seriously, casting his eyes about him. My shot had missed, but I kept "Well, you see, Hawkins, now that I've got you in my power I'm going to put you away for good. You come along with me to the Cove. There's a warm hole in the side of the mountain in which you can spend the winter, board and ledging free.

Come, brace up, Cap; when you see how confortable it is in there you'll want to lease the place for life."

The outlaw made no response to my random talk, nor did he laugh as before. Something seemed to work him. Something seemed to worry him, for he fidgeted about, scratched his uncombed head and ran his bony fingers through his grizzled, tangled beard.
"Look a hyar, Kurnel," said the moon-shiner, leading close to me and boring into me with his black eyes, "air ye ever "Thera? Where, Cap ?"

"That that hole ye air a-goin' on about?"
"Why, of course; don't I know every
hole and crag in the Cabuttas?"
"Then that settles it, Kurnel. I 'lowed
ye war jokin'. Waw Patsy, waw Suck, wawp."

He reined in his horses and stopped the wagon. Taking up an axe he handed it to some person on the ground, and said a few words which I did not understand. At the first sound of the axe Cap Haw-

kins put his arm under my back and forced me to sit upright. "Cobe air a-cuttin' per tombstone, Kur-nel, nn' 'lowed ye'd like ter git a last leek," To the right of the wagon stood a ginnt poplar lifting its shaggy top 300 feet above the road. In its trunk were three gaping wounds, and a moonshiner in broa and big boots was cutting a fourth. other ill-looking men stood near, their guns in their hands.
"Kurnell," continued my guard, "do ye want ter write verepertaph ?! The men laughed at their chief. "Them other three Revies did'nt git nary chance ter write theirn. Boys, air any o' ye got a Too well I knew the meaning of that

notch from which the sappy chips were flying. My heart quivered as the axe ate its way into the soft wood. My face must have reflected my thought, for the outlaw, iving mea gentle push, sent me on my oack. "Lay down, Kurnel an' don't git so allfired skeered," he said. "That air a mighty comf'table hole up in the hills— board and lodgin' free." And quoting my own words my own words, he fairly made the welkin ring with his coarse laughter. Surely you don't intend to murder me,

"That air jes about it, I reckon, Kurepertaph air done been writ."

Before I could say more his three companions climbed into the wagon beside me. Clucking to his borses he drove on at a text threads. at a trot through the pass, and as the sun rose over the mountain we entered the precincts of Sleepy Cove. It must have been after 10 o'clock, yet into that lonesome spot the sun was beginning to pour his rays. By 2 P. M. he would disappear behind the jagged cliff that formed the western boundary of the retreat, and the long twilight would set in with its spectral sandows chasing each other in the dark

Suddenly the wagon stopped, and the four men threw themselves into attitudes of attention, grasping their guns and casting furtive glances at each other. Straining my ear I thought I heard the

faint yelp of a bound. Cap Hawkins lashed his horses into a gallop, and we sped on through the woods for half a mile, stopping again in the shadow of a cliff. At their leader's order two of the men lifted me out of the wagon, and half dragged me to a spot where the earth formed a kind of homb waller the rock. formed a kind of bench against the rock Placing me on the ground they began

prying at a boulder which gradually yield-ing to their hand sticks, rolled over on its side, expessing a hoje in the cliff. Into this they dragged me for some twenty feet, and tossed me on a bed of leaves. Then one of the men brought in some food, and another water and another wood.

I turned to the outlaw leader and asked how long he intended to keep me prise He laughed at the question, but made

I begged him to shoot me, cut my throat, hang me-anything but leave me there to starve. But he paid no attention

"Ef ye air 'live when I git back, Kurnel —cf I git back," he said, 'why, me an' the boys mought put a leetle lead in yer carcass. Ye may hev comp'ny 'fore night, enyhows. The Revies air arter us holter 'n deninition blazes. They air done 'cross the dead line. Hyar the mossic, Kurnel?" "I hope they'll give you ail' you deserve, you cold blooded murderer." I said, wishing that I could throttile the villain.

"Now, Kurnel, den't git out o' sorts. It air mighty comf'table in hyer—board an' lodgin' free. Boys, air ye ready? Them bounds air plexin' us up. Light the fire, Cobe. Kurnel, hyer air a knife ter cut yer losso arter we leave ye. Don't ter out yer losso arter we leave ye. Don't git skeered o' the ghosts, an' 'member ye air mighty comf'table, mighty comf'table —board an' lodgin' free, an' yer epertaple

all down on the big poplar. Good by, Kurnel." Kurnel."
The outlaws were already placing the boulder in position, and when Cap Hawkins had squeezed his way out the rock was rolled into the opening. With a crunching sound it settled into place, and I was a prisoner in Smoky Hole.

I listened for the baying of the bounds, hoping that they had tracked matto the cay, but not a sound penetrated the door

cave, but not a sound penetrated the do-of my prison. The fire turned briskl-and Smoky Hole glowed in the light of the blazing plue knots. It was the work of a few minutes to cut my bonds with the knife the outlaw had given me, and then I took an inventory of the contents of the

The place had evidently been fitted up for the illicit manufacture of "mount dew" and "tanglefoot" and "red rye," there were the wormout copper still, the worm, the mash tub, jugs and flasks and other apparatus of the moonshiner. The cave was about the size of a railroad box car, except that the roof was higher and ery square foot of the wall of solid rock. In a value made effort to roll the boulder from the entrance i drew the blood from my shoulder. It was all of no use. Unless belocance to me from without roll of the control of the contr

out my doon was scaled.

A dull, heavy feeling came over me and I sat down near the fire. The confined air was getting close. Suddenly, on looking up, I was eppalled at the discovery of a new danger. The roof of the cavera was no longer visible. The dense, black smoke of the pitch pine, unable to escape, was banked above me like an ominous clond, ever an authorization and backer and delike a veritable shadow of theath Already the asphysiating goes were mished by brain to whith I crowled to he fire and stamped upon the blazing ing make. I could be it ascending, not

ling flat upon the ground I saturated

Falling flat upon the ground I saturated my cost seeve with the water the outlaws had left me, and placing it against my mouth meached a lew full breaths of strained gas. But they gave me fittle respite. The high pressure of the atmosphere made my yeins swell atmost to oursting, my hands and feet were benumbed, and I was soon made to move a muscle. Then I longed for death.

Suddenly there was a hand explosion, followed by a falling of loose earth and rock and a rush of air. A faint my of light appeared in the corner of the cavern over the sill, growing brander and stronger. over the sill, growing brander and stronger as the stocks cleared away. With life and strength renewed I made my way to the opening, where I drank in the fresh air with a swelling heart and a lighter conscience than I had ever hoped to possess. The explosion had torn away some rough masoury with which the moonshiners had stopped up a fissure in the rock. I had found the chimney, and it was my determination to use it to advantage. In a moment, forgetful of rains over thosell, growing brander and stre tage. In a moment, forgetful of pains and oraises, I was climbing for freedom.

Soon the rocky sides of the chimney gave place to wood, and the opening changed from flat to round. Still I climbed on, But the opening grew tightee and tighter like an inverted translation. and tighter, like an inverted tunnel as still the top seemed a long way off must have climbed some thirty feet in when I stopped to rest, propping my f against a knot-like projection, which sud-denly breaking off left a hole through which the daylight streamed. Then, for the first-time it flashed upon no that I was in a hollow tree. A glance through the knot-hole proved this to be the case for there was the granted to for for there was the ground ten fast below me—the beach of earth I had noticed when the outlaws were making ready for my incare exticu.

Escape now seemed certain. The wall

of my prison was only two inches thick and though the wood was dry and hard from age and exposure to sunch and he my knife was soon at work anlarating t knothele. As this inced the cave, I can keep a lookout for the moonshiners, a stop cutting at the first suspicious fields.

Night soon set in and I hoped to turn my back on Sleepy Cave are the dawn of another day. But when the sun rose my task section not nearly fone. The kidde was dulled, and my strength had slowly chiefled away.

ebbed away. The baying of a bound reached me. I was repeated, and in a moment the tiril ling music of the pack waked again am again the steeping colors of Sleep; Cov Nearer and nearer it came, until a doze ing again, they sped on the cold trail of

"Dan, here Dan, down, sir!" I shouled to the leader with all my might. The obedient brute, recognizing my voice, dropped to the ground. I called him to me, and soon the entire pack was backing playfully at the roots of my novel prison. Hearing a well-known signed in the woods I answered it, and one by one five of my friends crept cauticusty up to the cave, carbines in hand. When I apoke to them from my porchole, there was a broad smile on every face. An axe was procured, and, while four of the men guarded against surprise, the fifth cut a window to my jail, through which I rawied, having been a prisoner for nearly

When we reached the big poplar that guards the pass to Sleepy Cove. I fastened in the fourth notch a piece of paper bear-"Cap Hawkins, beware. The Colonel is truil. Go look for his bones in Hole. EURANLEE." Smoky Hole.

Astronomical Intelligence.

Andge Peterby-"Light is something wento. Yerger-"What is there so wonderful Well, for Instance, the rapidity with which it travels. It travels at the rate of 0,000 miles a second." "I den t know much about science, but 'remember very well when I was a boy my teacher said that light traveled at the rate of 6,000 miles a second,"

"Only 6,000 miles a second!"

"That's all, and he was not the kind of man to tell a lie," I don't mean to say your teacher lied. He told the truth. It was about forty years ago when he told you that, wasn't it?" Just about." "I thought so. At that time the traveling facilities were very poor, and light may not have traveled more than 6,000 miles a second, but in these days of steam and rapid

transfe we make better time. That's wh

a second. Sec?

ight travels now at the rate of 20,000 miles

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-nera Furgman commonds it to the favorable con-sideration of advertisers, whose invors will bela-serted at the following low rates:

Advertising Rates.

l inch, S times.

1 " S months

1 " 6 months

1 " 1 year.

2 " 6 months

2 " 1 year.

3 " 6 months

3 " 1 year. Business items, first insertion 10c, per line; each subsequent insertion 5c, per line, Administrator s and Executor's Netless.... 250

Stray and similar Notices.... Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to can eiter tion to any matter of insited or individual interest must be paint for as advertisements.

Joh Phinting of all kinds nearly and expedit ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forgo

TALE WITH A BENDER.

A Serpentine Temale Tells How She Acunived and Retains Her Suppleness. The other day I called on a bender, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gasette, a lady, not a gentleman, who is well known as a most serpentine contortionist. I wished to ask Mile. Venarea few questions about her art, with a view of throwing some light on the training of little boys and

girls for the profession. The lady was sitting before the fire with her sister, who has abandoned bending herself and exhibits a troupe of highly educated poodles. A huge wicker basket contained her dress and other stage habits. From its depths she produced a bundle of photographs of herself tied and knotted into all manner of curious folds. That is the business of a bender. The body is thrown into a score of unnatural postures, which appear to the nudience to se achieved by dislocating every joint in the human frame, and to be effected at great risk to limb and life. Artists are generally enthusiastic about their callings, and I must say that Miss Vonare declared that she would rather be a bender than a queen, or something to that effect. She began at 4; at 514 she was be-

fore the public, and remains a bender "My father saw a contertionist one night on the stage, and asked himself why he should not teach me, aged 4. I was put into training at once, and enjoyed the fun as a child will enjoy anything new. Was I besten? Was Latarved? No. I seemed to take to it like a little duck takes to water, You see, we were a family of athletes, and, besides, I was a daughter and not an apprentice. If the father is the trainer he may not spare the rod, but he is cruel only to be kind. My experience is that less rod and more kindness is the best plan-Father used to bribe us into doing the different tricks.

"To be successful means years of hard work, practice and performance. I am dineteen now, and my performance keeps se la capital training. "In the business of contortion the first lesson is the back ward bend, first with the arms, then without. You stand on a long mattress, so that there is no danger, and at first your teacher controls your move-

ments with a belt-"It is much the same with other forms of probable work, and the er takes the ferm of taking away the mattress, which creates a sort of panis in the "If he has really tried his test and

failed, he is so terrified that he is almost certain to fail unless he has a great deal of plack. If he has only been sulking it. may bring him to his bearings. Of course children are often stubborn, and try the patience of the teacher to its utmost "The art of contertion," continued Miss Vonare, "in learned by degrees. First the backward bend, then the disjointion." then the 'splits,' and so on. What we call

'closeness' distinguishes the best bending. To the audience fending seems most diffiult. The I experience no discomfort or The lady bender was certainly most healthy and cheerful, stout in body and

raddy la complexion, and she strongly mailutains that all women would be greatly benellied if they took to benefing, "It is quite a mistake to think that we put our limbs out of joint or that we suffer from the curlous nature of our performance. Of course, after one or more difficult positions one may suffer a little pain, but it goes in no time. In some attitudes I can only remain for twenty seconds, as the breathing becomes difficult. But these are triffing inconveniences.

I practice a few minutes every day to keep myself loose here in my room, and that is about all I need do."

MACHINE-MADE WIND. . A New Contrivance That Saves the Sturdy Lungs of the Glass Blower-A German Invention.

"Window glass is now made by machinery," said a dealer recently to a re-Porter "For a long time various schemes have been suggested to assist the glass blower, whose occupation is a very unhealthy one. The machine that is now in use in

Germany, not only assists the blower, but alulishes the cylinder blowing altogether by tuents of a rolling process. in being able to roll the glass thin enough so as to save material and avoid expense in grinding it down to the desired thickness. At the Besson works a series of rollers have been placed between the tank, furnace un the annealing lens and leers. Through these, in a way similar to that in which sheet iron is rolled, the molten glass is conducted into a cooling table by means of a slulee or canal from the furthrough sheet rolls, and after being rolled to the desired thickness the sheet is conveyed on rollers between two large cylin-

ders and our into the required size."

A CLEVER PRAUD. How It Was Providend and How Exposed. Petween fifteen and twenty years ago a Bovery (New York) photographer named Musumler was in the localt of distributing so called spirit pletures at renumerative prices among surviving relatives and

He had a society man in his employ who

extracted the photographs of deceased

relatives from drawing room albums and

serveyed them to the photographer, who, icr securing caples, returned them to in agent. He put them back where he originally found them. The agent would of course mention subsequently to the family the fact that this photographer was a medium and capable of giving them pictures of departed sisters, consins, and aunts, and on visiting

the photographer's rooms the spirit pictures were produced with consider He had fixed up the bath, through which photographs were then passed at one stage d their manufacture in a very ingenious way, and several leading photographers

in the city were unable for a long time to It was finally discovered, however, and the sensational exposure came,

Won His Wife by a Beautiful Prayer. Y "An anat of my husband had quite a singular experience," said a lady to the "She was devotedly in love with a young gentleman, but the minister ad-

dressed her. She was very religious, and

LOVE AND DEVOTION.

thought that it was her duty to marry the clergyman, who was the rector of the "At last she happened to be at a prayer meeting, when the one she loved was called upon to pray. To her surprise he made such a beautiful prayer that she decided it he could pray that well, he was good enough for her. She accepted him, and sched the clergyman to perform the

"He did so, but no sooner was the knot tled than he turned upon his heel and leit, without even compathining the bride,"

