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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1889.

NUMBER 2.



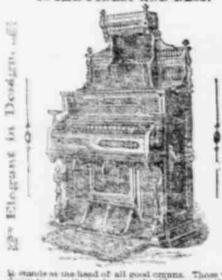
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Sarsaparilla. This medicine is an Alterative, and suses a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with ersistance, the result is certain. Read these testimonials : -

"For two years I suffered from a se-vere pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I and after taking five bottles I was com-pletely cured." - John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass. Last May a large carbancle broke out

effect and I was confined to my bed for ight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results. Another marked effect of the use of .his medicine was the strengthening of my sight."-Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly

Springs, Texas. I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly, and, as my brother and suffered terribly, and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the mulady is hereditary. Last winter, Ir. Tyron, (of Fernandins, Fla.) recommended me to take Ayer's commended me to take Ayer's saparilla, and continue it for a year. for five months I took it daily. I have not had a blomish upon my body for the last three months."— T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers at., New York City. " Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain

disappeared and I was completely cured." - Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED ST Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prios \$1; alk bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle. A Row-H & Co. 10 Sures her York can be I to he can be be to be to

WHERE IS HOME? Where is home? . It where the stately mansions rise to the desking spiender toward the skies.

Where a home? Where is home? Is it in the cabin rude and cold, here wind blows in through rafters old. Where want bath trod with footsteps bold?

Where is home? Where is home? What matter where my lot may fall, non alo ms and sunsume come to all,

In lowly hut or lofty hal Where is bome? Where is home? The humblest place beneath the skies, When ve wed through love's devoted eyes,

Becomes a perfect parad sel Where is home? Tis where the heart's best treasure is, For perfect love a perfect blass.

Deny me wealth, but g ve me this; Love is home! Love is home! and when our earthly I wer are o'er, and earthly mansions are no more, Ferever, on the other shore, Heaven is home?

- Rev. II. Les, in Woman's Journal. IN TWO HALVES.

Solution of the Mystery of the Divided Bank-Note.

THE PIRST RALF. Wet and dreary. It is midwinter; the scene is Kirklington, on the London & Northwestern; the time onequarter to eleven; just after the night mail had flashed through without stopping-bound for Liverpool and the north. The railway officials are collecting preparatory to go off duty for the night.

crowd upon the platform. " I saw him in the hut just after the one-nun ter to cleven went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely?" "No: he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down

"Where's Dan?" asked one of the

the line to pick it up." And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white wieker basket, with a lid fastened by a string. What did it contain? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby-a child haif a dozen weeks old, no more. "Where did you come across it?"

usked one. "Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've get it, and got to look after it, that's

enough for mel" The little mite's linen was white and of fine unterial, but he fay upon an old showl and a few bits of diety flannot. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snaplock bag-purse of fades brown leather. Inside was a ruse thimble, a pawn-ticket and the half of a Bank of England note for

£103 A new purson-Harrold Treffry-had some lately to Kirklington. He have paying a round of parechini visits, accompanied by an old collegs chain, who is spending Christmas

With alm. "Youder," said Treffry, pointing to thin thread of smoke which rose trose some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry at , "yonder is the house-if, raleod, it deserves sp grand a namethe hove, rather, of one whose case is he hardest of all the hard ones in my parish. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, bot who is never certain of a job all the your around. He has a swarm of young hildren, and he has just lost his wife. ite is absolutely prostrated; aghast probably at his utter incapacity to de his duty by his motherless little ones. I wonder whether you could rouse him? If you could only get him to make a sign, or cry, or faugh, or to take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children-that marvelous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricket a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father soos them interested and minused he

prove, p chaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?" Jack Newbiggin was by p ofession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a wizard of he North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eya nd the facile wrist he had the rarer ilits of the snave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his nudience

may warm a little, speak, permaps ap-

considerably by his power. They entered the miscrable dwelling together. The children - eight of them-were all skirmishing over the floor, except one, a child of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least-were not nature's vagaries well known-likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, who stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors and was crouching

low over the scanty fire. The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, fittle ones; do you see this gentleman? He's a conjuror. Know. what a conjurer is, Tommy?" catching up a mite of four or five from the "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jakey"-and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols and were staring hard at their visitors—the moment was promitious; Jack Newmagin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his ap-

paratus ready in hand. The pretty boy had very seen left the father at the fire and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what

had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder and said, but without animation:

The poor man's dream-the rich man's prize? "It is very good of you, sir, surely; very good for you to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, but it ain't much as they've had to make 'em lately."

"It is good for all of us now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting and going towards him, the children gradually collecting in a far off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do it can be only a sham. While he was speaking be had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resum-

ing his seat began to turn the leaves over. "I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only

tricks; ain t it so?" Here was indeed a hopeful symptom. He was roused then to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All tricks, of course; it all comes of practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir. or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjuror many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully-folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible, "do you see this?" It was half a Bunk of England note fer £190.

"How, sir, could any conjurer help me to the other half?" "How did you come by it?" asked

Jack at once. "I'll tell you, sir, short as I can make it. Conjurar or no conjurer, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help if you can." Dun then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10:45 Liverpool rocco leather purse and pocket-book, al.

express. "Thore was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the eages, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H. L. M., and the crost was plannly two hammers crossed. and the motte: "I strike "-not a comuson crest-and he never remembered to have seen it hefore.

And was that ali? " Cept the bank note. That was in a poor old purse with a pawn-ticket and a thimble. I kept them all." Like a true detective Jack examined every article minutely. The purse

bore the name Hester Gorrigan, in rude letters inside, and the pawn-ticket was toade out in the same name. THE SECOND HALF. When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them

both to sine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish. "I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell, the host-

ess, when seated at dinner next to "Was it necessary? I should have

thought myself too insignificant." "They were talking at lunch of your wonderful tricks in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might provo inconvenient-when you played cords, for instance."

"A charitable imputation; with whom dld it originate?" "Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me." > He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the histoss-a face like a mask, the surface cough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone with a baleful light, like corpsecandles in a sepulcher.

Juck let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purpose as a clairvoyant, and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged he piled her with artless questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparations that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjuror are performed.

When the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room after dinner a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceel his contempt

and disgust. The conjuror made the conventional plum podding in a bat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks and juggled on conscientiously right through his reportory. There was never a smile on Sir Lowis' face; he succred unmietakably. Finally, with an estentation that savered of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it and

unmistakably yawned. Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable. if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a of these would do. It must be a good

watch-a repeater. Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinetly refused to lend it. But so many carnest entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse.

With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin. A curious, eld-fashloned watch it

was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector-all jeweled and enumeled, adorned with crest and | text-books free.

inscription-an helricom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively; then, suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure, to be risked in any conjuring trick. An ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with Ill-conceased satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was poundad into a jelly and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room. "Oh, but it is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say, quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest chariatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon

beforehand by artificial means." "Try him, Sir Lewis, try him yourself," cried several voices. "I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly or encourage so pitiable an

the face of it he can not have learned

axhibition.' But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would be in Jack's favor; so he said: "Can you tell what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his cost. "A packet-book." "

"Buh! Every one carries a pocketbook in his pocket." " But do you?" asked several of the bystanders, all of whom were grow-

ing deeply interested in this strange Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it -an ordinary mo-

in one. "Are you prepared to go on?" said the Baronet, haughtily, to Jack. "Certainly." "What does this pocket-book coa-

"Evidence." "Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must, sooner or later. some to light." "What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word this pocket-book contains sothing-absolutely nothing-but a

Bank of England note for one hundred pounds. "Stay!" said Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so-you know it-it is only the haif!"

book from the hands of the really stupedied Baronet and exhibited for inspection-the half of a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds. There was much appliante at this and articular roused in her maiharmless and successful denonement of

And as he spoke he took the pocket-

what threatened at one stage to lead to altereation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied. "As you have dared me to do my worst," said he, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be

found " "So much the better for me," said the Baronet, with an effort to appear homorous.

"That other half was given toshall I say, Sir Lewis?" Sir Lawis nodded indifferently. "It was given to one Hester Corri-

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir

gan, an old nurse, six years ago."

Lewis, in horror. Sir Lowis had been a younger son; the edest inherited the family title. but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in aboyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the first information of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concected in advance. A girl was obtained in a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mailaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice. Hester Corrigan, who was bribed with £10), half down, in the shape of a half-note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. It ocourred to Mrs. Corrigan in her transit between London and Liverpool that though £100 would be acceptable on her arrival the child would be only

the backet containing him out of the window, forgetting that in it she had for safety deposited her purso. It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mullaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the same erest-two hammers crossed, with the motto: "I strike" - n was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockitt picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. From these facts and what he had been told by Mrs. Sitwell, Jack rapidly drew his conclusions, and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen. Lewis Mallaby's confession, combined with that of Mrs. Co rigan, watch-a dozen were offered. No one | who was found by the police, soon reinstated the rightful beir, and Dan Blocki t. in after years, had no reason to regret the generosity which had promoted him to give the little fondling the shelter of his rude home .-

an incumbrance. She therefore threw

London Tid-Bits. -It is a singular fact that if there are five thousand gray nairs in a man's beard and only fifty black ones, he can't shut his oves and pull out a hair at random without getting one of the black ones - Drake's Magazine.

-Pupils in the public schools at Waterbury, Conn., age furnished with PRUDENCE IN ITALY.

an Italian Family.

It was just sixteen years ago since she had first entered the hill town of St. Francis. She had not entered it alone, but in the company of a handsome bridegroom, Antonio Gundagni by name, and so happy was she that every thing had seemed to her enchanting-these same steep streets with their ancient dwellings, the same dirt, the same yellowness, the came continnous leisure and causeless beatitude. And when her Tonio took her through the town and up this second ascent to the squalid little house, where, staring and laughing and crowding nearer to took at her, she found his family assembled, innumerable children (they seemed innumerable then), a bed-ridden grandam, a disreputable old uncle (who began to compliment her), even this did not appear a burden, though of course it was a surprise. For Tonia alone in the world." It had been one of the reasons why she had wished to marry him-that she might make a

home for so desolate a man. The home was already made, and it was somewhat full. Desolate Tonio explained, with shouts of laughter, in which all the assemblage joined, that seven of the children were his, the eighth being an orphan nephew left to his care; his wife had died eight months before, and this was her grandmother-on the bed there; this her good old uncle, a very accomplished man who had written souncts. Mrs. Guadagni number two had excellent powers of vision, but she was never able to discover the goodness of this accomplished uncle; it was a quality which, like the beneficence of angels, ene is obliged to take on trust.

She was forty-five, a New England woman, with some small savings, whe had come to Italy as companion and attendant to a distant cousin, an invalid with money. The consin had died suddenly at Perugia, and Prudence had allowed the chance of rer to Ledham with her offects to pass by unnoticed-a remarkable lapse of the quality of which her first name was the exponent, regarding which her whole life hitherto had been one sharply outlined example. This lapse was due to her having already become the captive of this handsome, this irresistible, this wholly unexpected Tonio, who was serving as waiter in the Perugian inn. Diviaing her savings, and seeing with his own eyes her wonderful strength and energy, this good-natured reprobate had made love to her a little in the facile Italian way, and the poor, plain. simple-hearted spinster, to whom no one had over spoken a word of gallantry in all her life before, had been completel; swept off her balance by the novelty of it, and by the thronging new sonsations which his few English words, his speaking dark eyes, and den brand. It was her one moment of mindness (who has not had one?). She married him, marveling a little inwardly when he required her to walk to Assist, but content to walk to China if that should be his pleasure. When she eached the squalid house on the height and saw its crowds of occupants, when her own money was demanded to send down to Assisi to purchase the

wedding dinner, then she understood why they had walked. But she never understood any thing else. She never permitted herself to understand. Tonio, plump and idle, enjoyed a year of paradistacal opulence under her ministrations (and in spite of some of them) he was eighteen years younger than she was; it was natural that he should wish to enjoy on a larger scale than hers so he told her. At the end of twelve months a fever carried him off, and his widow. who mou ned for him with all her beart, was left to face the world with the eight chi dren, the grandmother, the good old uncle, and whatever courage she was able to muster after counting over and over the eighty-five dollars that alone remained to her of the six

hundred she had brought him. Of course she could have gone back to her own country, but that idea never once occurred to her; she had married Tonio for better or worse; she could not in honor desert the worst now that it had come. It had come in force; on the very day of the funeral she had been obliged to wirk eight hours; on every day that had followed through all these years the hours had been on an average fourteen; sometimes more. - Prom Mis: Woodson's clory, "The Front Yard," in Harper's Majuzine.

Hints About Butchering.

If the hogs to be slaughtered are fed within twelve hours of their killing, the food is wasted, the meat will be more disposed to sour, and it will be more difficult to remove the distended intestines and take from them the land. Nor is it well to allow the swine to drink on the morning of the day they are killed. Hogs can not be kitled too quickly. The more rapidly the are killed and the blood got out of them, the better. A welldirected blow on the head, between and just in front of the effect will make the animal unconscious; but the chances for a mis-stroke are so many, and as the stroke makes unfit for use considerable meat, this method of kill ing can not be recommended. The ling. My feeble strength was nothing use of the shot-gun is no better. The compared with his almost superhuman rists is the weapon to use-a ball on a line from the buse of the car to the opposite eye produces instant death. and does not cause the waste of my ment .- American Agriculturest .

-"I tell you." said a traveling man to companion on the train, "you'll never catch me playing seven-up sgain with Bill Seriveu." "Why unt?" "Because I saw him turn up a jack off the bottom of the deck." "Well, I'd rather play with him than I would with Jerry Spader." "Why?" "Because when Jerry turns a jack off the bottom you can't see thim do it. -

Humorous Picture of a Yankee Wife with

THE GIRL HERSELF. Twas not her bonnet, it is true, Twas not her bonnet, n se and new, That fixed my idly roving eye That summer day, as she passed by, I can of tell you how 'twas made, I can not tell the ribbon's shade, Nor just the color of the wreath-I only saw the face beneath. I noticed not her dress the while, If it were made in latest style, With Greenan folds, and closest fit,

Or furbelows adorning it. it may have been of firmsy wear; I do not know, I do not care; For all my thoughts that wandered wid. Were contered on the girl inside. O, she was sweet from bead to feet! The prettiest girl upon the street! Depending not on outward dress To emphasize her leveltness. Though many another maiden owes

Her chief attraction to her clothes, This one, though well supplied with pett. Would have no rival to horself. Iryou should meet this maid by chance You'd g we her more that passing glance, And note, perhaps, with some surprise But oh! I warn you not to let Your neart escape its bounds as yet: She's spoken for-the charming oil!

I'm going to marry her myself -Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ladger. A DAKOTA MIRAGE.

Terrible Experience on the Trackless Plains.

A Small Party of Hunters Lose Their Way and Almost Perish-Deceptive Visions of Cities and Lakes. Has the reader ever been so fortunate er unfortunate as to witness a Dakota

mirage-an eye-witness, in fact? No. and if you have been entired far away towards its mystic shores by the alluring and apparently close proximity of cool, inviting waters, you will doubtiess look back upon that day with a shudder of awful dread. It must be first understood that Dakota is not the only clime where this strange prairie phenomeuon is seen. Its appearance is sometimes noted in the States and in Europe, but very rare, and a Dakots mirage is the grandest and most magnificent in the world. Eastern tourists, element of this Torritory are the ones who as a rule fall victims to its baneful influence, and many tales of suffering and distress could be related. Of course the older residents are cognizant of this prairie freak of nature, but they too are oftentimes deluded into following it for many days with parched lips and lolling tongue. Ab, it is a grand but terrible sight!

The recollection of an autumn wook

tast year will last till my dying hours,

and even now as I write the cold shiv-

ers course up and down through my

veins; the blood seems to entirely de-

sert the body for a painful second and then rushes back into its countless intricate channels, mounting to the head and stopping there as if clamoring for egress into the outside world. It was one of those calm, sunshiny days, and I was numbered in company with a quartet of sport-loving young fellows eager to scour the grand, boundless prairies in search of the toothsome duck or hen, antelope, or perhaps : stray buffa o, which are now very scurce. The antelope, however, still plentifully abounds, and the local markets in winter are overstocked with its palatable carcass. We started out without taking the precaution of preparing for any emergencies whatever, as we placed explicit confidence in our ability as good sportsmen to supply the needs of the body. We sorely regretted not doing so the next day. That whole day we wandered aimlessly about over the endless prairies, and not so much as an insignificant gopher made its appearance to fall before our shot-guns. The cravings of hunger and thirst now began to assert themse ves, and in our frenzied wand-rings the truth dawned upon us that we were lost. Lost! Lost, indeed, upon a scorching prairie that seemed to have no outlet, no trees, ne water, no green grass, and not a fowl or animal in sight. The situation was horrible to contemplate. Our faithful horses' tongues were lolling from their mouths, and we were sa weak from hunger that it was with great difficulty we remained in the saddles. Two days without water is harder on a human being than going without food for a week, and we saw starvation and death gaunty staring us in the face. How we managed to drag the which hours of that awful night I can never relate, but we awoke next morning hoping to find the gross indened with the welcome dew. In ho. The blades were dry as even and a grean of abject distress issued has one parched throats. It was will onto noon before we considered our elves sufficiently rested to resume the hunt for a sign of civilization. The sun's burning rave seemed to be hotter and more relentless than ever. We soon stopped, as we were soo fatigued to proceed any farther. Simultaneously it dawned upon us all that this was to be our last day upon earth, and, with a brotherly shake of the hand, we lay prone upon the ground awaiting the now welcome coming of death. Herry Halo suddenly sprung upen

the muzzle to his brain, and would have palled the trigger and ended his earth y transies but for my timely interference. There was a wild, demominent glow in his eye, and I saw at once that his reason was quickly fiedthe gun from my hands. He then rushed to one of the horses and shot it dead. Hardly had the animal failer before Hale, with childish glee, ppunced upon the prestrate body, shashed its throat with his buntinghatie, and appared his mouth to the with a gluttonous appetite. Hale had accomplished a deed which we also contourplated doing, but it was left as a last lood t, for we knew that if de-

prived of one of our horses we would

be left in a more sorry plight than

ever. The sight of flowing blood nerved us to almost desperation, and

his fact, grabbed his shot-gun, placed

s 'l year....'s emonths...
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we crowded to the yet dying horse roughly pushed Hale sside, and eagerly sucked the ebbing life's blood. I believe to this day that nothing has ever tasted better in my life. Our existence was prolonged now for at least a short period, and our lips moved in grateful prayer. A wild, maniacal shout from Hale attracted my attention. Great heavens! The madman was mounted on one of

the horses and tearing away. He was glancing back and pointing ahead and screaming at the top of his lungs: "Water! Water!" One of us must be left behind. One horse was dead and three persons could not ride pon the two animals, who were now very weak. I looked in the direction of Hale, and, sure enough, what appeared to be water was seen in the distance. I hastened to acquaint my companions of the joyful discovery. Hale kept galloping madly on, looking noither way, but furiously lashing his horse. A steep precipice loomed before the rider, but he heeded it not and spurred his exhausted animal to still greater speed. The poor horse attempted to swerve from its course and avoid the yawning chasm, but Hale noticed nothing but the fascinating dance of water on the horizon. They were now but a few rods from the precipice. Still the borse was spurred on. He neighed piteously, plunged forward, and just at its brink stopped stock-still and the rider flew over his head into the bottomiess pit. To say that we were borrifled would be putting it rather mild. We hastened to the scene of the catastrophe. The horse stood on the edge, trembling in terror from head to foot. I carefully approached the brink and peered into the black pit. Nothing could be discerned; all was pitchy darkness. I solzed a large rock and hurled it to the bottom. Presently I beard a faint sound -deep, deep, down into the very bowels of the earth. Poor Hale's death came very easy, though terribly unexpected, and ne human being could make that descent

With heavy hearts we once more saddled our tired horses and followed the alluring lake. An hour passed, but it seemed as if we were just as for away as on the start. Another hour. another and another, and still the waters kept dancing and glistoning is the sunlight an apparently short distance ahead. We continued the tedicus trip, and happening to look up we discovered to our dismay that the supposed lake had entirely vanished. But a more welcome sight greated us. Not mony miles to the east the city from which we started loomed up. Ah, something strange about this. We could see the stroots, familiar buildings, and even recognize men walking up and down-literally photographed before our startled vision. We travoled and traveled, but it was impossible to approach the town. Then, as if be magic, the whole scene disappeared from view. We were mystified beyond comprehension and unable to solve the problem. The tired, faithful steeds refused to budge an inch and lay down.

and we rolled off and sank by their sides exhausted. The pangs of hunger knew no bounds. so I resolved to slay another horse. I got up and to my horror the animals had strayed away, probably in search of fodder. My companions groaned feebly, but we were all too week to follow them. Death's awful presence was now almost felt, and with a prayer upon our lips we reoled to the ground and hoped that the grim destroyes would soon come and relieve ne. Well, he did not come, or I would never have written this sketch. While in a comatose condition I was shaken gently and friendly hands applied a cooling flask to my heated lina. This same office was also administered to my suffering companions. Our good camaritan, who proved to be a farmer, took us in his wagon and bundled us off to his house, where we were closely

confined for two long weeks. As I write I can not help thinking of poor Hale's mangled remains reposing in the depths of that awfu! abyes. I afterward learned that our course when lost on the prairie was one continued circle. I tremble for the luckless traveler who follows a prairie mirage .- Joe F. Miller, in Cha.

sago Times. Good Words from Good Books.

Poverty saves a thousand times more Poverty is one of the best tests of

human quality in existence. No woman without piety in her heart is fit to be the companion of any A young man is not fit for life until

he is clean-clean and healthy, body There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age and unmarried, who can afford to be rich. God makes men, and men make blacksmiths, tailors, farmers, horse jockeys, tradesmen of all sorte, gov-

ernors, judges, etc. A daily prayer from the heart of a pure and plous wife, for a husband engrossed in the pursuits of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that link his name every day with the name of God .- J. G. Holland.

Parchment Axle-Box Bearings.

It is said that experiments have recently been made on Prussian railways with axla-boxes fitted with bearings of vegetable parchment in place of brass. The parchment is strongly compressed before being used, and it is thorough y dried to prevent subsequent shrinkage. An emulsion of water and oil, any of the mineral oils. is used as lubricant. The parchment soon becomes impregnated with oil. and is able to go a long time without a menewal of lubrication. It is between the oody of the journal and the thin edge of the parchment segments that friction takes pace. The claim is made that the compressed paper bearlogs make a tough material that is superior to metal. N. P. Post.



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