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VOLUME XXIII.

SICK

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persistence, the result is certain.

"For two years I suffered from a se-

rety curved. - John W. Bensen, 70 vreums st., Lewell, Mass.

Last May a laves earbunele broke out

nor arm. The ultial remedies had no

effect and I was confined to my hed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try

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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 stom-

nch 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. Purbush,

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PREFARED BY

were pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver

Read these testimonials:

Dec. 14, 1816. - 4m.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1889.

thought finmediately of our conversa-

tion of the previous night, went back

to the spot, and took from the poor

mangled body the chain, the locket

and the image for Marie. The ghastly

horror of the task baffles description,

but for safety I put the chain round

my own neck and wore it there during

The Servo-Bulgarian campaign of

'85 and '86 terminated, as you know.

rather suddenly in the spring of the

latter year, and as my mother, the only

person interested in my movements,

had received continual news of me

through the editor of our paper and I

had no sweetheart longing for a sight

of me, before returning to America I

went to Paris and from there took the

train to Doual to perform the commis-

sion of poor little Maxime Durand. 1

arrived there on an exquisite spring

morning and on my way passed the

sign of "Larreze Bestaurateur." Here,

thought I, is where Maxime dined the

night he came to say good-bye. I went

in and while breakfasting engaged the

old Breton in conversation. Could be

direct me to the house of Nicholas

Sterelle, I asked. Certainly, but Nicho-

las was dead; his daughter, however,

Mme. Dufoure, lived next door to

where Nicholas Sterelle had died, and

no doubt I should like to see her. I

asked who she was. It seemed that

she had been engaged to a young

Parisian journalist, a war correspond-

ent, who had deserted her brutally.

He had run away and had not returned.

They did not know what paper he

served or they would have inquired

about him at its office. Meanwhile,

I rose and sought Marie and found,

as Maxime had told me, a little

narrow street, towards the top of

which the name of "Sterelle" was in-

scribed over a shop whose shutters

were closed. Next door to it a mil-

liner's store inscribed "Dufoure" was

brilliant with Paris novelties of two

seasons ago. I went in to buy some

cravates, and, whilst I was being served

by a brisk and certainly most attract-

Mme. Dufoure, nes Sterelle?" She

answered in the affirmative. "Your

name, Madame," said I, "has been

mentioned to me by M'slee Durand, whom I met recently in the rast."

She grew very white and a hard

look settled over her features as she

"Ah, you knew Maxime Durand,

who went out to the war. He has

"Have I the pleasure of addressing

ive little Freuchwoman, I said:

answered:

Marie Sterelle had married his cival.

the rest of the war.

NUMBER 9.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSTMINATION by Consumption waved my life. A. H. Downer, N. C., April 23, 1887. Cossumerros, Children take a without objection. By all druggists. Me. PISO'S CURE FOR A CONSUMPTION B. J. LYNCH.

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THE RELLER GROAN The state of the



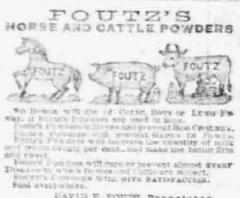
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THY THE CURE. PAY ..



CAN FIND THIS PAPER

THE BUILDER'S STORY.

hat a me we were wedded our prospect was high-at floor down the chimney-my Milly and I; ir muchbors below thought more happiness Thinks, not we said indeed up to becave when we mounted

Some richety furniture filled up the place; on the walls our two photographs hung face A square of old earnet-its pile had been lost; has trained between us-less sugar it cost. When the sunset was making for darknoss a and the jack plane and hand-saw I dropped for

How I of tered the house with a skip and a hop, And, two sleps at once, climbed the stairs to The tealettle sung a new song when I came; The fire, at my voice, showed a ruidier flame; And better than lamp-light to chase away The same of my Mully Blumined the room.

There were beautiful views o'er the tin-covered Away from the sound of the street horses' With the air cool and pure at the height where we dwell, And the troubles of others unknown and unfelt

The love of my youth and the mate of my prime, The mother of buds that were blossoms in How she saved from my earnings what else had boom apent. And with much or with little was always con-So saving, so tolling, a few years swept by;

We descended at last from our lodg ags on high To a house of our own; if 'twere not of the test, It made for our fledglings a snug little nest. In building for others I built for myself, Gained long rows of houses and great store of Till at last, fortune crowning my labor and care, At a xtv I wrote myself down "millionaire. And now, in a mansion both lofty and wide,

I forth me ten Luckeys and pay them beside, Trend on triple-pilled curpets, on cushions re-And from silver and perceinin luxurious dine. Righ curtains of damest: at windows are found; selinira satin-covered in pariors abound; combers are furnished in eleganes all, and wriner and pictures are hing in the ball. And there is my library-gargeous indeed-The noffice to smoke in or journals to read The looks—a was friend has selected the best; The blutlings are handsome; respected they

There is all that conduces to ease and repose Yet something is lacking. What is it? Who There is nothing to lope for; the race has been And personal on breeds surfeit where striving is

And here, as we sit, both my Milly and I To our first year of wedlock look back with a When that garret of ours, so my Muly de clures, Was a Gorden of Eden up four pair of stairs, -Thomas Dunn Haglish, in Harper's Weekly.

____ DID HE DO RIGHT?

Trying Experience of an American War Correspondent.

I have all my life been accustomed to set upon my own judgment, but I am not going so much to tell you a story as to ask you whether I didwight

on one trying occasion. The life of a war correspondent is, as you follows very well know, in many respects a hard one, but the correspondent of a paper not unfrequently sees more of what is going on in a campaign than the soldier himself, and. being comparatively unattached and able at nearly all times to search a fruitful field for stirring incidents, his mind rapidly becomes stored with a vast collection of incidents, tragic and comic, humorous and serious, dramatic and insignificant, which too often crowd one another out of his mind and only recur to him when some special circumstance arises to suggest them. The campaign of the autumn and winter of 1885 in the Balkan Peninsala, though short, was not devoid of such incidents, and there was one which has branded it indelibly upon my mind. I had been in Paris when the war began and was engaged by a number of American newspapers

to go to the front as their correspondent We were a merry crew in the correspendent's tent, but there is something singularly callous about a correspondent after he has been through a campalgn or two-they seldom get killed, though the fate of Saint-Leger Herbert, Power and Donnovan, who fell at my side in the Soudan, are exemplifioatlons of the proverb that "the excention proves the rule." Still, when the day's fighting is over, when the curtain of night has fallen upon the drama of war and the treble of the infantry and the bass of the artiflery are at rest, it is not without a certain grim humor that the correspondents look

round for each other to count noses. Of all the bright, joyous little fellows that I ever met in the field or elsewhere, Maxime Durand was the brightest example. He was the spec- ing on before our eyes. Presently a Inl correspondent in the Balkan Peninsula of (let us say) the La France, his real name as also that of the paper for immediately afterwards three or four which he corresponded, together with certain other identificatory particu- branches of the tree in which I was lars, I have suppressed for reasons sitting. It occurred to me that this which will appear. He was the hap-pic-t fellow in our mess. He came from Donai, and on the most gloomy light a cigar, I let myself drap into my saddle and prepared to seek some days and in the most deadly snow he would sing to us snatches of his Breton so my intention to Maxime. He preolk songs, echoes of the Champs pared to follow my example, and as he Eyeses and reminiscences of the Fol- saw me light my eight he shouted: ies Rergeres. He and I had made Give me one; I have been trying to friends before we met any of the rest | light a cigarette all the morning, but of the boys. One night when we were | it is so windy I can't do it. I have encumped before Tirnova and I had wasted all my matches." been sitting up writing some letters I gave him a cigar and as I had a to leave at headquarters, for we expected a hot day on the morrow and it a scrap of tinder, I called him over to was just a "toss up" which of us me and handed him the apparatus. "boys" would be alive to dine on the following evening. I went to the adquarter lines and left my dispatches. and as I got back to the correspond-

Maxime Durand turned up to the moonlight "Cheer up," I said, thumping him on the shoulder, "you're lesing your beauty sleep and then what will all those damsels at Douai say when you gut back?"

ent's tent I saw a dark form standing

at its entrance and the pale face of

Instead of turning round and chaff-

usual, Maxime took me by the hand and said:

"Oh, Ned" (I had taught him to use the contraction of my name), "I feel that I shall never see Doual again."

In vain I expostulated with him, walking up and down in the snow; in vain I pointed out to him the fact that throughout the campaign no correspondent had been so much as touched; for answer he took me to the top of a mound and showed me the lights of Tirnova in the distance and said: "There is a ball waiting for me be-

hind those walls; it will come to find me to-morrow," In vain I reasoned, in vain I chaffed,

and at last I thought it best to humor

him and then he said to me: "Ned, you are my most intimate friend among the boys here. I want you to do something for me when I have fallen in the snow. I wenr around my neck a gold chain with a portrait suspended to it, and a little

golden image of 'La Madonna.' The portrait is that of the daughter of old Nicholas Sterelle, of Douai. If I had not been her should have been married to her by now. When I am dead I want you to take this chain, this locket, this image to her, and say that Maxime died thinking only of her, praying with his last breath for her in the hope of seeing her hereafter. Listen a moment; we parted terribly. The war, as you know, broke out suddenly; and I was ordered by telegraph to the front without having a moment in which to write to Marie. It happened thus: I was at Arjenton when received the telegram and I rushed the same evening to Doual to say goodbye to her. I arrived tired and ill, and before taking myself to see her I entered the restaurant of Pierre Larrez, totake a bite to eat. There I met Pierre Dufoure, who has for years been endeavoring to supplant me in the esteem of Marie. He asked me how it was that I was there and I told

him that I had been ordered to the war and that I had come to say "goodto-Marie. He would not belie it and I took out of my pocket the telegram I had received from Paris to show him. At the same time I accidentally took out her last letter to me; as he saw it, a look of jenlousy came over his face, but he said nothing, and presently rose and went out. My meal at an end, I started for the home of my sweetheart, but just as I turned up a narrow street which I always used as a short cut in going to her, I felt a

violent blow upon the head and re-

"When I came to myself the little

money I had in my pecket, my watch

egram and Mario's letter, had been

stolen -- doubtless the thief, having

noticed that my clothes were of the

seated in the corner of a smoking-car

in a train going in the direction of I

knew not where. It was an hour or

more before the train stopped. Then,

feeling sick and giddy, I asked how it

ing. The guard said that a fall, fair

man had carried me in his arms into

to Paris, towards which the train was

now hastening, and put me under the

care of the guard, saying that it was important that I should be in Paris in

the morning, but that I had been hurt

in some drunken brawl. I was too

stupefied to say any thing. I arrived

at Paris and botook myself imme-

diately to the office of La France, re-

ceived my instructions and my baggage

and half an hour later was on my way

to Nisch. Two hours after that you

"I have written to Marie since I

have been in the field, but I can not

tell whether my letters have got

through the Servinn lines. I could

not, as you American correspondents

do, send them to be posted by the edit-

or of my paper. Promise me that

you will carry my message, my friend,

and now let us go in and try to sleep."

Early next day they began to bom-

bard us from Tirnova. A war corre-

spondent's first duty is to his paper,

he is its property, and therefore he

has no right to waste himself unneces-

sarily; discretion is, therefore, the

better part of valor, and speaking for

myself, whenever the plan is feasible,

I get into a tree and behind a good

thick limb I had done this to-day

and my horse stood underneath, his

foot as it swung from my perch.

Maxime Durand had followed my ex-

ample and sat in the fork of a tree

about twenty yards away, chanting

some little French song or other as he

made notes of the action that was go-

shell soured over my head at a dis-

rifle bullets whistled through the

spring-flint-wheel and steel and used

As the flint-wheel revolved and pro-

duced a light shower of sparks, my

horse reared and danced away about

half a dozen yards, and there I stayed

waiting until Maxime got a light. As

he did so, the white cloud which ac-

long cavalry bridle hitched over my

met me and that is all.

membered no more. "

stayed there, I understand." "Yes," I replied, "he has stayed I found some difficulty in inducing her to permit me to talk about Maxime at all. When I said that he had and all my papers, including the telonce spoke to me of her it seemed only to anger her the more. Finally I

said, with American bluntness: 'You latest Parisian cut, imagined that I did not return Maxime's regard, his was worth robbing. I came to myself affection-" "I do not know," she interrupted. "whether he is a friend of yours, but for four years, M'sieu, I was devoted to that man; he was to have married me when his position on his paper, was I came there and where I was goof which I do not know even the name (for he never told me about himself). would justify him in doing so, but the station, had taken for me a ticket when his position became a good one and would have enabled him to marry me, he flung me aside like an old

> And though the little woman's bosom heaved with rage, the tremer of her lip told me that she was not so callous about it as she would have me believe. I asked her if I might be so indiscreet as to ask her the history of this event, as I had met M'sieu Durand and did not wish to have a felse opinion of him. She told me that when Maxime had been ordered to the front he had come over from Arjenton, where he was then staying, and, instead of coming to see her, had engaged himself in a drunken brawl in the cabaret of Pere Larroze, that Pierre Dufoure had been present and had seen him exhibit and read aloud her last love-letters to him. There was no doubt about this, for M. Dufoure, whom she had since married, had quoted to her long passages therefrom, which left no room for doubt. He had never written to her or made any sign, and she had crushed him out of her heart and married M. Dufoure. True, M. Dufonre was rather old, and he himself, unfortunately, played part in the drunken brawl with which Maxime Durand had celebrated his farewell to Douai. This was his one fault, excepting, perhaps, a certain moroseness of temper. But she was his wite now, and it was not for a few days, a few weeks, a few months, a few years, but for all her life, and so she had sufficient seif-respect to make the best of it. Yes, she admitted that she had loved Durand, but he had treated her shamefully, and she would

At this moment a sour-looking, blackhalved man entered the shop and said In sharp, coarse tones: "Madame Dufoure. I beg that you will attend to the business of the shop instead of standing chattering with strangers of whom you know nothing."

not let the thought of him spoil her

So this was her husband! The poor little woman, cowed by his manner, returned to her comptoir and I looked at the husband, to whom I remarked that I had finished my purchases. I thought for a moment-this is her husband, and she is doing her best to steer the frail bark of her happiness through the quicksands of a terrible future. Shall I leave her thus, strengthened in her attempt to do her luty by her belief in a dead man's perldy, or shall I render her life one long dull regret by telling her the truth and turn her respect for her husband into hatred by a recital of what has evidently been his heilish treachery? I thought for an instant, and then I

companies a shell appeared over our came away.

I took the next train to Paris, where heads. I shouted to him: "Sheil!" and ducked immediately behind my I sought out his sister, his only surhorse, but he did not. The report viving relative, the wife of a jeweler came, and as my horse turned sharp in the Palais Royal. To her, under and fled I saw poor Maxime struck fully in the chest by a fragment of the | the seal of secrecy for these reasons. shell. His horse fell at the same time, which she as a sensible woman aping me in execrable Breton slang as | and poor little Durand was dead. 1 | preciated, I confided the story and the |

ewels, and Euphrasie Dufoure never knew-she never knew. -Tell me, did I do right or wrong?-Philadelphia Press.

THE FUTILE STRUGGLE.

How the Thin Grow Thinner and the Fat Accumulate More Weight. There is no struggle in this world greater than that of a fat man trying to get thin, or a thin man trying to gain flesh. The fat man exercises and takes Russian baths to pull himself down; and when he stops for a week, he is stouter than ever.

The thin man furnishes himself with arinaceous food, and doesn't gain an ounce. He also abandons the luxury of tobacco, without the desired result. He takes Turkish baths that the reaction may build him up; but he has to give this practice up for lack of The fat man dlets for a month and

oses a pound; but by this time he feels so weak that he can not help indulging n two or three days' high living. At he end of the third day he is about two pounds heavier than when he began fasting.

In the morning he takes a pair of six-pound bells and whirls them about fifteen seconds, and believes he has been using them for five minutes. Then he works on a rowing-machine for awhile, which gives him an appetite for breakfast that puts more on him than the exercise has taken off. He reads all sorts of articles and follows all sorts of rules on the reduction of flesh; but he can no more grow thin than the thin man can grow fat. When the fat man and the thin man

meet, they envy each other. "Oh, if I only had forty pounds of our flesh!" says the thin man, who

ooks like a pair of shears. "How happy I'd be with about half your thinness?" replies the fat man, who loses his wind looking at the thin

The city fat man would wisk twenty miles a day, he says, if he only lived in the country. He would wander wn shady byways in the fresh open air, and revel in the beauty of his surroundings. He can't walk in the city, because it is so noisy and monotonous, and the streets are so

crowded; and there is nothing to see, any how.

The country fat men says he would walk twenty miles a day if he only lived in the city. He would live in Harlem, and walk down-town and back every day and never take a one. He would also walk after dinner; because he could walk alone, and yel enjoy a sense of society and comanionship on the sidewalks that are dways in good condition. He could look at pictures and other interesting bjects in shop windows, and if he became weary he could board a car. But the country! He can not walk there without walking alone and going crazy. If he goes out at night he is likely to trip and drive himself headfirst into a ditch; and even in daylight he is apt to go into the mud

to his whiskers, because there are no walks. So the city man doesn't walk because he doesn't live in the country, and the country man doesn't walk because he doesn't live in the city, And so they continue, in spite of all their theories and practice, to grow fat gracefully.-Puck.

ELIZABETH PEABODY.

The Woman Who Brought the Kinder-Miss Elizabeth Palmer Penbody b the oldest of the notable women of Boston. She was born in the State of Massachusetts in 1804, was educated in Salem, and in 1822 went to Boston as a teacher. Miss Peabody's has been a life of quiet, useful activity. She does not rank with the leaders in literature, but has contributed to the Dial Journal of Education and other publications, and is the author of "Records of at School" and a "Chronological History of the United States.' She was the sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife, and was interested in the evolution of the Concord philosophy from the rise of the system. Miss Peabody was one of the few persons interested in the "Fruitlands" experiment, where Emerson and Alcott and thers did farm work and lived on fruits. regetables, high thoughts and such

Her life work has been however. unique and quite apart from that of a majority of her friends. It was she who first brought to this country from Germany the Kindergarton system or teaching children, and to perfecting it. and other educational schemes. Miss Peabody has applied herself continually since her girlhood. She has done great good, and her advice and experience are respected by many of the earnest, younger generation. In matters of literature, however, Miss Peabody is still devoted to the favorites of her youth. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To Get Rid of Warts.

I removed a formidable wart from my daughter's hand by the application of simple lemon juice, which is an infallible cure. The wart requires saturating with the julce once or twice a day for three or four days, or about a week in some cases. The wart dimin-Ishes gradually, and disappears altogether, without pain, and leaving no mark, and without incurring any of the risks mentioned in connection with professional process. Another equally efficacious and harmless method is to saturate the wart with potato water daily for about a week; or, better still, with the froth to be obtained from the water while the potatoes are being boiled .- Good Housekeeping.

-She-"Mamma has given \$25,000 to establish an old man's home. Isn't that nice, Charlie?" He (yearnfully) - "Very nice, but not so nice as if she would give that much to establish a young man's home, Fannie."-Washington Post. '

-Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

COQUETTE. t toye her set

The arder of my passion. Though she's divine, Such love as mine Is sadly out of fashion.

She does not know

She is so sweet! But though discreet, She's playful as a letten,

And I can see

If she knew how I'm smitten. She'd laugh at me Uplainly sea, For love is out of fashion

She's fancy free, And only plays with passion. Yet, after all, On earth's round ball -There's no one ranks above her, I want her sof

By Jovel I'll go And tell her how I love her! -Lou sville Courier-Journal. A BRAVE RUN FOR LIFE.

How John Colter Escaped a Terrible Death.

He Travels Naked for Seven Days Pursued by a Bloody and Relentless Foe and at Last Reaches a Place of Safety.

What is known as Lewis and Clarke's expedition to explore the Missouri river took place in the year 1805. It was manned by Captain Merriwether Clarke, three sergeants and seven soldiers of the United States array, accompanied by twenty-six other persons, among whom were a number of Frenchmen. Their adventures and discoveries are not of so much importance as the fact that John Colter and John Potts were members of the expedition. These two men were either discharged from the command, or after the expedition had returned to its starting place, went back into the Indian country on their own hook. This point, as well as the exact location of their adventures, appears to be clouded in doubt although their encounter is fully nuthenticated. They fore trapping beaver near the confluence of the Madison river with the Jefferson fork. The Blackfeet Indians. were in that region and one of them had been killed by Lewis. Aware of the bitterness of Indian hostility Colter and Potts set their traps at night, drew them in each morning and lay concealed during the day.

They were examining their traps early one morning, in a oreek which they were ascending in a canoo, when they suddenly heard a great helse, resembling the trampling of animals. But they could not ascertain the fact, as the high, perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounce it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted the noise was occasioned by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts | Big Horn branch of the Yellowstore were removed by the appearance of river.—N. Y. Graphic about five or six hundred Indians on both sides of the creek, who beckened them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the cance to the shere. At the moment of its touching an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts. But Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it and handed it to Potts, who remained in the cance, and upon receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried remonstrated with him on the felly of ttempting to escape and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly leveled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the

This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of undness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound enough reasoning; for if taken alive he must have expected to have been tertured to death, according to the Indian custom. And in this re poet the Indians of this region excelled all others in the ingenuity they displayed in torturing their prisoners to a Tran

He was instantly pierced with arrows, so namer us that, to use the fanguage of Colter, "he was made a

They now solved Colter, stripped him entirely naked and began to con salt on the manner in which he shoul be put to death. They were liest in clined to set him up as a mask to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, selzing him by the shoulder, asked him it he could run fast. Colter, who had been some time among the Kec Katsa, or Crow Indians, had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed Indians. He therefore canningly replied that he was a very bad sunner, although, in truth, he was considered by the hun-

ters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Cotter out to the prairie three or four hundred yards and released him to save himself if he could. At that instant the war-whoop sounded in the ears of the prickly pear, on which he every instant was treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much seattered and that he had guined ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred

yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter. He derived confidence from the belief that escape

was within the bounds of possibility. But the confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river. when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. He again turned his head and saw the savage

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not twenty yards behind him. ? Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned around and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised at the suddenness of the action and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but, exhausted with running, he fell while attempting to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned the Indian to the earth, and then continued his flight

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped until others came up to join them, and then gave a hideous yel. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter. who, although falming and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of cottonwood trees on the borders of the fork, to which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him a littie below this place was an Island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had ledged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts got his head above water. among the trunks of trees covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the river, sereeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many At vils."

They were frequently on the raft during the day and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose land they might set read on fire. e remained until night, when hearag no more from the Indians, he dived om under the raft and swam instanty down the river to a considerable distance, when he handed and traveled all night. Although happy in having secaped from the Indians, his situaion was still dreadful. He was complotoly naked under a barning sun, the oles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hangey red had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance second him and was at a great distance from the near st settlement. Almost any man bin an American hunter would have despaired under such cir-cumstances. The fertitude of Colter vanalmed mushaken. After seven days f sore travel, during which he had no other sust nance than roots, he at length arrived at Lisa's Fort on the

MONTE CARLO SUICIDES. Gamblers There Bo Not Risk Such Big

An American who has just returned from France says that the day he visited Monte Carlo imprened to be the the shareholders occurred, and that after the meeting governi gloom pervaded the entire surrounding atmosphere. It seems that the profit and loss account showed a profit indeed. out: "Colter, I am wounded." Colter but a profit very me h less than had been the case in preceding years. After paying the expenses of the establishment only £250,000, or \$1,250, 000, were left for those who held stock in the company. A few years ago the pacific were double this sum. The change is owing, so it is said, to a growing conservatism among the gamblers, both men and women, who frequent this famous resort. There is just as much gambling as there ever was, but the gambling for enormously high suckes is not so frequent. Men ands women now wager five-france pieces instead of louis and bank-notes. One interesting fact is that the suicides are not as numerous as they used to be. There were nineteen suleides during the past year, men and women both driven to the taking away of their own lives because of despair over losing various divisions of the £250,000 profits of Monte Carlo. The previous year when the profits were £300,000 the safeides numbered twenty-five. The number of suicides and the profits of the establishment main-

> means, of course, a corresponding amount of loss to the patrons. A study of the interesting fluctuation of these suicides to correspond with the gambling-house profits would certainly have delighted Mr. Buckle --N. Y. Mail and Express.

> tain a ratio, or seem to do so, from

year to year. The proportion is about

one suicide to every £12,000 profit to

the gambling establishment, which

Crab-Apple Preserves.

Crab-apple preserve is a pretty dish for either luncheon or the tex-table. To obtain it in perfection the following method is recommended: Pick the appies over carefully, leaving the stems on.
Wipe them carefully mel weigh them.
To each pound of fruit allow three-quarters of granulated sugar. Put them into
a preserving ketile with meanly enough poor Colter, who, urged with the water to cover them. When the skin is hope of preserving life, ran with a tender and easily pieces the apples are speed at which he himself was sur- taken out and a syrup made with the prised. He proceeded towards Jeter-son Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with abounding with allowed to simmer until the apples are uniformly clear.

-A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: 'I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the law school adjoined the jail, the medical college was next the comotory, and the divinity school was on the road to the

poorhouse." A see 7. -----"Another lie nalled," said a clerk as he nailed a "Selling Out at Cost sign on the door. - Life."

