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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1889.

## NUMBER 10.

## Best of All

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bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to incident weathers, shows itself by a very atmoving tickling sensurien in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which our of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

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"Six years ago I contracted a severe "Six years ago I contracted a service cold which satisfied on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a congit, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chost and sides, and was appresented as to be confused to my had most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectural. I took it, and the effect was marked. I weened and the effect was magical. I weetned to rally from the first close of this medicine, and, after using only thre bottles, am as well and sound as ever. —Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Lit. \*

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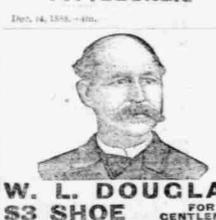
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REMINGTON BROS.

A SECRET.

A secret, friend? Oh, stay! Give it not me, I pruy-The uncanny thing! It loves the darkness best, And it carries a strange unrest Neath its vampire wing. Once when my wit was young,

Too young to restrain my tongue From carciesa words, (I doubt that 'twill e'er be sage Enough, howe'er old, to cage Such restless birds.) I accepted, with flattered pride, A secret to keep and hide For a trustful friend. But my pride turned to pained regret. Indeed 1 suffer it yet; With power of a flend Round its cage in my brain it flow,

Beat the bars till it broke them through, And, I own it with shame, Flew outo'er my silly tongue. Remember my wit was young Ere you harshly blame. And this is the pitiless end: I lost the regard of my friend

By betraying his trust!

So take the weird birdling hence; But I pray you take no offense-Refuse it I must.

-Mary Sweet Potter, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican. ----

LUCY'S PHYSIOLOGY; Or, How a Life Was Saved and a

Home Reformed.



UCE, put down that book and git to work. You're too lazy to live!" At the sound of her mother's querulous voice Lucy

Ross threw down her book and hurried into the kitchen. "I didn't think the dishwater was hot," she explained. "I forgot to put it on till after dinner."

"Yes, that's always the way. You never think of nuthin' when your nose is stuck in a book. If I'd a know'd what I do now, I'd never a sent you to school a day."

Lucy made no reply to this tirade; at her sensitive lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears which she strove in vain to repress.

Scenes like this were of daily occurrence in the Ross family; for the mother's natural irritability had been greatly increased by years of hard work and ill-health, and Lucy provoked her beyond measure by the growing listlessness with which she went about her household duties. The truth is that Lucy had become engrossed, heart and soul, in the pursuit of knowledge-it being the fixed purpose of her life to rise above the station of a mera tolling machine. Mrs. Ross, incapable of mental labor herself, was equally incapable of forming any conception of it. Drudgery was her ideal work. What wonder, then, that she mistook Lucy's preoccupation for indolence, and that she lost no opportunity in rating her

soundly for it. When the dishes had been washed and put away Lucy returned to where she had left her book, but to her surprise it was gone. She was not slow o conjecture what had happened. One the children had hidden it to tease her. Hardly a day passed that she was not made the victim of one or more of their pranks. Tim, the oldest, was four years her junior; and added to this difference in age was a yet greater difference in disposition. Lucy had, consequently, retired more and more within herself, and had gradually come to regard her brothers and sisters as so many necessary evils. They, on their part, looked on her quiet, studious manners as indications of duliness and stupidity, and thought it fine sport to anger her, or "wake

her up," as they termed it. On this occasion she was too much concerned for the fate of her missing book to feel angry.

"Mother," she called, as "she searched aimlessly about the room. omake the children give me back my physiology. They will get it soiled or torn, and then what will Kitty say?" Mrs. Ross usually sided with the

children against Lucy in their difficulties, but the knowledge that the book in question was a gift from Kitty Olwirt made her equally anxious for its safe restoration. Accordingly, she summoned the children, and tried first to persuade and then to frighten the guilty one into revealing its whereabouts. But all stoutly protested that they knew nothing about it; and coaxing, threats and flogging proved alike unavailing.

"I'm not going to Kitty's this evening without it!" declared Lucy, tear-

Kitty was her one friend and sympathizer. The only being in the world who truly understood and appreciated her. A warm intimncy had existed between them ever since, as children, they had played together at school. But Lucy's school days ended as soon as she grew old enough to be useful at home. She struggled bravely on in her studies, however, finding a little

benefactress in Kitty, who supplied her with books and assisted her in every possible way. The two friends met regularly three

times a week to discuss Lucy's selfassigned lessons, and the hours thus spent were the happiest of Lucy's The poor girl was almost beside herself over the disappearance of her

cherished physiology. It was pitiful to see her that afternoon, vainly peerngain and again into every crack and corner of the house and yard, where it seemed possible for a book to be secreted.

When four o'clock came, which was the time appointed for a meeting with Kitty, she sought the children at their play, and, with tears in her eyes and voice, promised to do any thing in her power for the one who would tell her

where her book was. Her entreaties elicited a derisive laugh from Tim, in which the others joined, and with the words: "Crybaby! cry-baby!" ringing in her cars, she hastened away.

F Reaching a secluded spot in the orchard, she seated herself under a tree and gave full vent to her feelings. When she returned to the house her mother scolded her for not keeping her

appointment with Kitty. "You know the children'll give back yer book when they've had their fun over it!" she snapped. "And you could a' told Kitty you mislaid it!" Before Lucy could reply, her little sister came running in, calling excitedly to her to come and look in the rain barrel. "They's book in there!" said the

child. "Mebbe it's your'n! I'd a' brung it to you, but I couldn't reach Lucy hardly heard the last words as she ran to the rain barrel, closely

followed by her mother and sister. And there, sure enough, was her muchsought-for book, completely immersed in water. "Jist let me find out which one o' the young 'uns done that and I'll lar-

rup it within an inch of its life!" stormed Mrs. Ross, as she surveyed the dripping volume in Lucy's hands. The unhappy girl said nothing, but repaired with it, weeping, to the kitchen, where she spent the next half hour in thoroughly drying it over the stove. But, alas! her beautiful, new physiology was soiled and faded almost beyond recognition; the print being, in many places, blurred into illegibility.

While the family were at supper



THE UNHAPPY GIRL SAID NOTHING. Kitty Olwirt made her unexpected ap-"Here you are, you little truant!

I've come to look after you!" she said, playfully, as Lucy admitted her. Mrs. Ross, anxious to explain matters in her own way, interrupted the words that trembled on her daughter's

"Lucy's nigh about crazy, Miss Kitty. over what happened this afternoon to her physiology! I sent her to onkiver the rain-bar't, an' instid o' layin' her book down as she'd ort to she took it along; an', somehow, in workin aroun' there, she dropped it in!"

Lucy gave a start of painful surprise at this direct falsehood from her mother, and her pale, expressive face became pathetically agitated. The children stared blankly from one to another, but all remained silent. "Of course it got soakin' wet!" went on the conscienceless woman. 'Lucy dried it by the fire, but she

couldn't make it fit to look at. Git it, Lucy, and show it to her!" Lucy did as she was bidden, but shy gave her mother an appealing, reproachful look that would have melted a heart less hard.

Kitty saw the look and wondered "Don't feel badly about it, dear," she said, taking the book. You couldn't help it, and will have a new one tomorrow."

"Oh, don't get another one!" pleaded Lucy. "I never can take it." And then, completely overcome by a sense of the wrong her mother had done and of its injustice to herself, she abruptly left the room, sobbing convulsively.

Kitty, not a little bewildered, was on the point of following her. .... "I'd ruther you wouldn't say nothin' more to her to-night!" interposed Mrs. Ross. "She'll git over it quicker by herself."

"Very well." I will go home," raid Kitty, as she moved toward the door. "Don't be mad!" whimpered Mrs. Ross. "You don't know Lucy like I do. It always makes her cry worser to talk to her. Come back agin tomorra! She'll be all right by then."

Kitty passed out, without deigning a Mrs. Ross had always been proud of Kitty's friendship for Lucy, and, although infinitely below the Olwirts in social standing, she had often obtruded herself as a visitor in their home on the strength of her daugh-

ter's preferment. This evening she had tried, as was her wont, to make the best possible appearance before Kitty. But she discovered, when too late, that she had, to use her own expression, "overdone the thing."

"Ain't you a pretty thing!" she exclaimed, going into the bed-room where Lucy sat, a picture of the deepest dejection. "Kitty's gone home mad; an' it's your fault for leavin' her the way you did." "I couldn't help it, mother!" Lucy

answered, sorrowfully. "I couldn't stay and see her so deceived, and I couldn't tell on my own mother." "You'd better never tell, either!" was the threatening rejoinder. "I didn't do no harm, anyhow. If I'd a-told her one o' the children sp'ilt

yer book she'd a blamed me fer not

learnin' 'um better. But when I told

her you done it accidentally she thought nothin' uv it, an' I knowed she wouldn't." Lucy made no attempt to combat this characteristic logic, realizing that it would be useless. And her mother ended the conversation by reminding her that the supper dishes were yet to

Tim was unusually kind to Lucy during the remainder of the evening. But she took little notice of him, and retired with a very heavy heart.

Her elastic spirits could not long be depressed, however, and the next morning she was again her bright, happy self. It was in vain that she tried to reflect sadly over the occurrences of the previous day. Her mother had not meant to do wrong, she reasoned, and the children were young and thoughtless. She would go to Kitty as soon as her morning's work was done, she told herself, and apolo- is, as we term it, 'tripped' in the

gize for leaving her. When she came in from milking, shortly after breakfast, she found the household in great commotion. Tim had cut his foot to the bone while out

chopping wood. "I never seen any thing bleed like it does!" said Mrs. Ross, as the blood trickled through the thick bandage she had applied. "I wish pap was that gathers from fraying of textile hyer to go fer the doctor. But he won't git back frum 'tendin' that trial before to-morra, an' he's got both the out, soused in scalding lye and

promptly. "It's only three miles. I can walk. But let me see first if I can't stop the blood. I know a way." "Well, be quick!" replied the anxious mother. Lucy then assisted her in placing Tim on the bed; and, while removing

"I'll go, mother," announced Lucy,

the blood-soaked bandage, her mother, under her directon, made a pad of cioth. This pad Lucy pressed firmly on the wound, securing it by means of a tight bandage. She then elevated the foot upon pillows, and, without waiting to learn the result, hurriedly

"Lie still, just as you are, till I fetch the doctor!" was her parting injunction to Tim. And for once he willingly obeyed her, though he found the hours of waiting

started on her errand.

very long and tiresome. To Lucy they seemed like so many ages, as she sat anxious and expectant in the doctor's little office. He had been called some distance

into the country, and it was after noon when he returned. He was the only physician the village afforded, so she had no alternative but to await his leisure. "We have not a minute to lose," he said, when he had heard Lucy's account of the case. "If your brother

This statement so alarmed Lucy that she quite forgot the attempt she had made to stop the bleeding, and prepared for the worst. When they reached the house they were surprised to find Tim laughing

has cut an artery, as I fear he has, I

may be too late to render assistance."

heartily over a story which Kitty Olwirt had just told for his amuse-"You have had a narrow escape, my boy," observed the doctor, when he

had attended to the injury. Then turning to Mrs. Ross he added: "You displayed no little wisdom in your method of dressing the cut." "It wusn't her. Lucy done it," put

"Where did you learn so much, lit-



WHERE DID YOU LEARN SO MUCH. LITTLE PUSS?"

tle puss?" inquired the doctor, looking admiringly at Lucy. "From my physiology," she answered, modestly. "It says that is the way to do when an artery is cut, and Tim's foot bled so I thought maybe he

had cut one." "You thought right," responded the doctor. "He would have bled to death before my arrival but for you. Tim, you ought to think a great deal of that physiology. It has been the means of

saving your life." "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wailed Tim. "I went an' put it in the rain-bar'l yisterday an' ruined it." Mrs. Ross here flushed crimson and dropped her eyes before Kitty's look

of astonishment and reproach. "Luce, I'll never do nuthin' mean to you agin, an' I won't let none o' the rest run over you!" went on the remorseful boy. "I'll git you another book with the money I made a pickin" berries, and do without skeets this winter."

gy!" said Kitty, producing the book and handing it to Lucy. The girl received it in silence, but her eyes were eloquent with gratitude. "Oh, Miss Kitty, I wanted to get it

"I've brought her a new physiolo-

myself!" exclaimed Tim, disappoint-"Well, Tim, if it will make you feel better you may pay for it," Kitty returned, kindly. Tim brightened at this, and nothing would do but his mother must then and

there bring forth his little savings,

from which he triumphantly extracted the price of the book and gave it to Kitty. The lesson which Tim thus learned bids fair to have a lasting effect not only on his life but on the lives of the entire family. The loving respect that he has ever since shown to Lucy soon reflected itself in the conduct of the younger children, and he now leads them in good and generous acts as in the old careless days he led them in mischievous and often cruel ones.

This happy change brought Lucy

out of herself and caused her to take a new and active interest in her home and its duties. 10-129/496-01 Her mother no longer questions the value of education. There is never so

much to do now but that Lucy can be

spared when there is school to go to.

\* BARBARA WHITSON. ---SLEEPING-CAR TALK.

The Laborious Routine Gone Through with After Every Trip. "Every car, as soon as it is emptied of its passengers at a terminal point yard," says a railroad man. "The carpets are taken up, carried out, caten and aired. The seats and the backs are taken out, and thoroughly cleaned in like manner. The mattresses, blankets and berth curtains are also whipped, aired, and, if the weather permits, sunned. The spring

beds are freed from the 'bed dust' fragments, by brushing and wiping in all parts. All utensils are carried scrubbed. The pillows are beaten and sunned like the mattresses. The floors and oil-cloths in the saloons are scrubbed, and all the wood-work, having been scoured thoroughly clean with soap, brushes, hot water and

drying cloths, is gone over with fur-

niture polish. "About once a week the vencering of painted canvas, constituting the ceiling, is carefully scoured, to cleanse from accumulations of smoke and clinging dust. The windows are cleansed and rubbed bright. All brass and silver mountings are polished. Dust and stains are carefully washed from the outside of the car as from inside. To do the work we keep one hundred cleaners steadily at work here in New York, and numbers at other points in proportion to

the work required. 34 - 34 "While all this has been going on, every shred or textile fabrics that should be washed-sheets, pillowcases, towels, napkins and cushionovers-has been sent to the laundry and replaced by a clean stock of articles. Each car has two complete outfits of these things, which are used alternately, one being laundried, aired and packed while the other is on the road.

"Then, when the process is complete, the car has to be retrimmed, by the relaying of curpets and oil cloths; putting in place of the springs, mattresses, sents and backs; stowing away of pillows, linen and curtains, and, last of all, the thorough washing out of the water-tanks, and refilling them with fresh water and ice. The last thing is never done until the final moment when the car is about to be drawn from the yard to take its place in the

outgoing train. "While all this has been going on the railroad people, who are responsible for the care of the running gear of the car, inspect the trucks, test the orakes, sound every wheel, see that the boxes are tightly packed, and, as far as foresight can go, make sure accidents can be averted.

"That is the regular routing scrupulously followed every day upon every car that comes in. No housewife, even in Holland, ever dreamed of such a thorough house-cleaning process as this is. In addition thereto, the blankets are steam-scoured twice a year, which is at least double the attention they get in most hotels. The berth curtains are treated so once a year."-N. Y. Mail and Express.

## Wanted Locks of His Hair.

A venerable, white-haired clergyman in one of the city churches recently preached in Norristown. He had hardly got home from the church before the door-bell rang, and a charming girl of eighteen asked to see him. He received her. They talked about the sermon and other things, until she asked, diffidently: "Oh, won't you please give me a lock of your hair?" "Certainly, my child," said the old gentleman, flattered at the request. "I'll send it to you to-morrow." And he did. On his return to the city he had five more requests of the same kind, and he proudly boasted to his wife that he was glad to see that he had not yet lost his power to please. He declared his trip had been most charming, and all went well until his wife received

this note: . "MY DEAR Mus. X .: Won't you please ask your good husband to send me just a little look of his bair? We have all been taking lessons in making hair flowers. So many of the other ciris asked bur and he sent it to thom, but I thought I would rather ask you to got it for me. New, won't you please do this for met it's so hard to get white hair for thes of the valley."

This was a terrible blow, and the less now said about locks of hair in the good old gentleman's presence the

### better.-Philadelphia Press. Value of Spirfls of Turpentine.

This is one of the most enviable articles a family, and when it has once obained a footbold in a house, it is really a necessity, and could ill be dispensed with. Its medicinal qualities are very numerous, for burns it is a quick application and gives immediate relief; for obsters on the hand it is of priceless value, searing down the skin and preventing sor ness; for come on the toes it is useful; and good for rheumatism and sore throats, and it is the mickest remedy for convulsions or fits. Then it is a sure preventive against moths; by just dropping a tride in the bottom of drawers, chests and cupboards, it will render the garments secure from njury during the summer. It will keep rooms by putting a few drops in the corn ers, and upon the shelves; it is sure de struction to hed bugs, and will effectually lrive them away from their haunts, it thoroughly applied to the joints of the pedstead in the spring cleaning time, and injures neither furniture nor clothing; its pungent odor is retained for a long time, and no family ought to be entirely out of a supply at any time of the year.

Sunday-School Teacher (touching her bosom)-"Johnny, don't you foe bad in here when you have been doing wrong?" Johnny (bashfully)-"No'm ma uses the back of a brush and taker me over her knes."

FATE AND LACE WORK. Of course I loved him. (One, two, three, And slip the fourth.) Dear fellow, yes, He fairly worshiped me. (Now look; This time you take two stitches less.) Duite tall, well built; his eyes were gray-

Two loops.) A dimple in his chin, The sweetest hair. (My dear, observe.) He was a poet. (This begins The second row, and makes the curve.)
I'm sure you'd like to read the rhymes
He wrote me. (Round the edge, three times.) Poor boy! His fate was very sad;

(You pull that thread the other way,

He died quite young. (Another one, But not so tight.) It broke my heart. (There, that is very nicely done.) He was my first love, and-my last, (Be careful, dear; don't go too fast.) My husband? Oh, the kindest soul! I met him (now, the pattern shows!)
In Europe. We were married there; And—ob, well, yes!—as marriage goes, I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight,

Or it will tangle.) Such is fute!
-Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck. ----RIDING FOR DEAR LIFE An Adventure in the Early Days

A Thrilling Experience-John Neumann's Narrow Escape from Being Lynched by Vigilantes-How His Innocence Was Established.

of California.

In the primitive days of California juries and courts of justice fell into disrepute among the people for the lax methods employed in the administration of justice upon captured criminals and outlaws. At the time of the organization of the vigilantes affairs had reached a crisis, and young and old, including many of the best citizens of San Francisco, leagued themselves together and formed what is even now remembered in the Golden State as ganization of the kind ever known. It soon grew to enormous proportions, and its labors extended over a great portion of the State outside the city. The most binding oaths of secreey were exacted and they were always religiously kept. At first there were those who wanted to suppress the order. but these soon learned for their ow and, finally, the vigilantes became so bold that prisoners were carried without molestation from jails, crowded court-houses and other places.

It was early in 1858, in the palmi-John Neumann, now a gray-haired veteran of about seventy, had the adventure that he loves so well new to talk about. There had been a series Francisco, and the favorite prey of the robbers seemed to be the Sacramento overland. This stage had been stopped no less than six times in as many weeks by three robbers, and all signal failure. Vigilantes, armed to the teeth, accompanied the stage on each trip, but every time they were compelled either to hold up their hands or to fight while under cover of the highwaymen's weapons. On the fifth day after the last robbery had occurred, it became known that a leave Sacramento for San Francisco,

and a double guard was placed on the On the morning following the day on which the coach left, at just about daybreak, three men with masks drawn over their faces and mounted upon handsome and well-trained animals, appeared directly in front of the conch, and the cry of "Halt!" greeted the ears of the half-slumbering guards. The driver, seeing three rifles aimed directly at him, pulled the horses back, and the coach was brought to a stop. One of the guards raised a rifle to his shoulder, but, before he could pull the trigger, he fell | granted. It was that a fair trial be back with a bullet through his heart. Then a terrific fusillade of firing began, which lasted for several moments. The guards won the day; one of the robbers was killed, and the other two were beaten off. The driver of the ceach and one of the guards

were killed, and another guard was badly wounded. One of the vigilantes jumped to the ground, tore the mask from the robber's face, and to his great astonishment recognized him as a prominent and respected citizen of San Francisco. This explained in great part why it had been impossible to locate the robber, for the robberies had doubtless all been committed by persons of this character. One of the other robbers rode a white horse, the third rode a sorrel. Both wore wide-brimmed slouch hats and black clothes. A pasonger volunteered to drive the coach, and the horses sped to the nearest stage station, about four miles distent, where relays of herses were kept. Two of the guards mounted fresh animals and started off as rapidly as possible for San Francisco.

About two hours later they reached the city and reported the case at headquarters. Fifty mounted vigilantes were dispatched in all directions in nearly as many minutes with orders to bring back the robbers dead or alive. The news of the attempted robbery and the fight spread like wildfire throughout the city. Some one said that John Neumann, wearing a dark suit of clothes and a slouch hat, had left the city on the morning of the preceding day mounted on a white horse, and that he had returned only about an hour previously. The statement was verified by several persons, and the vigilantes determined to institute a chase for him. Neumann had stood on the edge of

the crowd which gathered to talk about the crime and heard his name mentioned as being connected with it. He had been absent from home at the time of the affair and had returned that morning. It was a remarkable coincidence, and he was in a bad predicament. He knew that in a court of justice he would be able to establish his innocence, but there was little hope of doing so before a tribunal of the vigilantes. He had no time to spare. and in another moment he was running at full speed in the direction of his home. He entered hastily, strapped

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or society, and communications designed to coil after tion to any matter of limited or individual interes must be paid for as advertisements. Jos Printing of all kinds neatly and expedi-ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you lorge

his pistol case around him, slung a rifle ever his shoulder and rushed to the stable, where he threw the saddle on the back of his favorite horse, a large and powerful bay animal, and

started off for the hills beyond the

He had escaped none too soon, for hardly had the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance when six mounted men drew rein in front of the house, half of them alighted, and, entering unceremoniously, made a hasty but thorough search. The stable was visited. It held but one horse and Neumann was known to have two. Nothing now remained but to catch him and being him back; so away dashed the six bersemen toward the

hills beyond the city. The pursued man had the advantage of nearly half an hour's start and a superior animal; the pursuers had the advantage of superior numbers, such power as was vested in them by their own organization, and the knowledge that there was practically but one exit from the city for a

mounted fugitive. At noon on the following day Neumann was traveling along a rude roadway on an open plain. Presently he heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turning in his saddle, saw two mounted men at a considerable distance behind, riding rapidly toward him. He started his horse off at a gallop, and then a desperate race began. His animal was in fair form despite his ride of the preceding day, and he was thus able to keep well ahead of his pursuers, though he

seemed unable to gain on them. For more than an hour the race continued and the hunted man was unthe strongest and most powerful or- able to distance his pursuers. The vigilantes had changed their animals since starting, and slowly but surely they kept gaining on Neumann. He was almost on the crest of a mound in the road when a rifle ball whizzed past him. He drew rein, turned around, and fired at one of the vigilante's horses. The ball struck the animal, which fell, carrying hi health's sake to hold their peace, rider with him. Then Neumann

started off again. The other vigilante raised his weapon and fired a shot, but it missed. It was evident that he could not hit his mark while his horse was traveling at est days of the vigilantes' sway, that | such a speed, so, relaing in his animal, he took alm and fired just as Noumann was disappearing over the crest of a mound. His faithful animal stumblod; then with a cry of pain sunk to of stage robberies all around San the earth. Neumann jumped to his feet and, running back to where he could get a good aim at his remaining mounted pursuer, he fired again, and once more horse and rider rolled in the

efforts to capture them had met with | It was now useless to attempt to escape. There were but two things for Neumann to do-either to kill his pursuers or to give himself up. He did not care to shed human blood if he could avoid it, and the fact that his pursuers had thus far spared his life led to the hope that, after all, the vigliantes had some doubt of his guilt. large quantity of gold-dust was to He lay upon the ground and waited until the foremost man had approached to within about two hundred yards' distance, when he suddenly arose and, with folded arms, stood looking calmly athls pursuer. Quickly raising the rifle to his shoulder, the vigilante took deliberate aim at Neu-

mann, then held the weapon there as if besitnting. Neumann did not move. The vigilante ordered him to surrender, and the other replied that he would do so: only on one condition. Again the demand for an unconditional surrender was made and refused. The third time the condition was named and given Neumann before a tribunal of the

in a few feet of him recognized an old friend whom he had not seen for years. The men were delighted to see each other, and Neumann told the story of his disappearance on that fatal day, and the other promised to aid At the time the trio entered the city, two days later, two human forms were dangling from a limb of a tree a few mlles away. They were the two robbers. They had been captured, had

The man advanced, and when with-

confessed the crime at the last moment, and had pleaded in vain for mercy. Neumann, however, had to be tried, and he established his innocence beyond question. The vigilantes made every reparation in their power for the wrong done him, and in less than a week Neumann was sworn in as a member of the order.

## Architecture of the Ancients.

Dr. Dorpfeld, principal of the German Archmological Institution at Athens, recently delivered an important address on the results of recent excavations in Greece as bearing on the history of ancient act. He said that a special study of the discoveries at Mycenie, Tiryns and Orchomenos revenied an unmistakable resemblance between them and ancient Asiatic architecture. He hold that the ancient Greeks borrowed their different styles from Egypt, and from several of the ancient peoples of Asia. The builders of the Mycenian period were, he be-Heved, Phoenicians. The remains of edifices at Mycenæ and Tiryns bore a wonderful resemblance to the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem. - N. Y. Post.

-Butler (after the "Queen's Mate has been rendered four times and repent)-"Ere's a dollar, an' th' mafor says would you kindly move hon? o's hill? Leader Schwanenflugel -"Dot vost a square mans, fellers. Vo him blay der Det March in Sauls. oud ouf combliments."-Puck. -Benevolent old gent-"How my

heart bounds when I see the happy aces of childhood. Note the beaming smile of the little boy now approaching. Heaven itself seems to have illuminated those little features. ] will speak to him. One moment, little boy. Why are you so happy?" Lit

