

hatteman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1889.

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NUMBER 14.

Long-Standing

the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

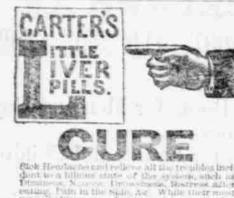
This medicine is an Alternitive, and enuses a radical phange in the system. The pro- in some cases, may not be quite sociated as in others; but, with penistane, the result is certain. "The two years I milliond from a no verse pain by my real sides and had other irestant care or by a torpid liver

and dyspersal latter giving several medicines a life transverbent a case of beyond in the Aven a Sursequeille. I was acquire something the first battle, and also take of the hoteless was completely cured. — John W. Bensen, 70 Lawrence at., Lawrett, Mass. Last May a long carbancle broke cut on my man. The usual vamedles had no effect and I was confined to my hed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sar aparilla. Less than three bettus healed the sere. In all my expe-

rieuce with medicine, I never saw more Wonderful Results. Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my - Mrs. Currie Adams, Holly

Springs, Texas. "I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and suster were similarly affected, I presume the minimaly is berefitary. Last winter, Dr. Tyren, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months. — T. E. Wiley, 1s6 Chambers at., New York City. "Last full and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grow worse until it become almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomtil 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 cared." - Mra. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverbill Man.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PHEPARED BY Dr. J. O. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 31 ; six betties, 65. Worth \$5 a bettle.



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HEAD

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Small Pil Small Boss Small Price. A. HOAG'S

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AGENTS WANTED IN COMP. SOME. Prices and A. F. JEERY WEST CHAZY, N. V.

FOUTZ'S I are desperted where or respect almost ground

> DAVID Z. FOUTS, Preprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.



W. DICK, ATTOENEY-AT-LAW N FIND THIS

this time to ward.

To Pour her your imper before you stop it, if etop

It you make. Toget but weak what do atherwise. — |

don't be a negligable will in too short. VOLUME XXIII. ierce's The Original

ellets PILLS.

ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS. Reing entirely vegetable, they op

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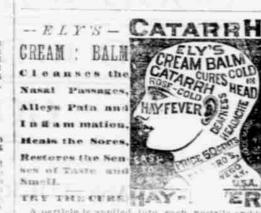
is offered by the manufactur-ers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Hemedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. SUMPTOMS OF CATARRIL-Dull

by headache, obstruction of the ansat suses, discharges falling from the head to the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenarious, nursus, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, backing or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scales from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a naval twang; the locath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of diziness, with mental depression, a hacking court and gencrai debuity. Only a few of the above-name symptoms are likely to be present in any on case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above gytoptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, noresteeptive and dangerous, or act understood by playsichars. By as mild, southing, and healing properties. Dr. Sareka Catenty. Dr. Supe's Catarch Remedy cures thet werst ruses of Catarch, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarchal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents

"Untold Agony from Catarrh." Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous measurest, f Rhace, N. Y., writes; "Some ten years ago suffered initoid agony from chronic misal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a had one, that every day, towards simset, my voice would become so bearse I could hardy speak above a whisper. In the morning my couphing and cleaning of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Bawking and Spitting." Thomas J. Rusning, Esq., 2003 Pine Street, St. Lenis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from eathers for three years. At times I could harry breather, and was constantly hawking and spuring, and for the last early greather and splitting, and for the list early would not he athe through the actro. I the actro the actro

Three Bottles Cure Catarris. Ett Bonnins, Rungen P. O., Columbia Ca., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarri when she was five years old, very badly. I saw De Sage a Catarrh Ecmely advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."



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DUEDIG MEDICAMBIL POOLI POP bure o mencantile cubers,

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giving age and references.

HOOPES, REO. & THOMAS,

WHERE IS HOME?

Where is home? Is it where the stately manusious rise With deciling splender toward the skies. The poor man's dream-the rich man's prize? Where is home: Where is home? is it in the cabin rude and cold, Where wind blows in through rafters old.

Where want hath trod with footsteps bold?

Where is home? Where is home? Want matter where my los may fall, Since storms and sunshine come to all, in lowly hat or ! Where is home?

Where is home? The humblest place beneath the skies, When viewed through love's devoted eyes, Becomes a perfect paralles? Thus to home? Where is home?

Tis where the heart's best treasure and For perfect love is perfect biss. Ivony me wealth, but give me this; Love is home I Leve is home? And when our carthly loves are o'er,

ad earthly minesons are no more, Forever, on the other shore, Heaven is home! -Rev. H. Lon, in Woman's Journal. ----

Solution of the Mystery of the Divided Bank-Note.

IN TWO HALVES.

THE FIRST HALF. 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 colacting preparatory to go off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asked one of the crowd upon the platform. "I saw him in the but just after the me-quarter to eleven 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 the line to pick it up." And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a cor wicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it con-

A baby-a child half a dozen weeks "Where did you come across it?" asked one.

tain? Dirty clothes? What?

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it got it, and got to look after it, that's enough for me!"

The little mite's finen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snaplock bag-purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn-ticket and the half of a Bank of England note for

A new parson-Harrold Treffry-had come lately to Kirklington. He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old colege chum, who is spending Christmas

with him. "Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to thin thread of smoke which rose om some gaunt trees into the sullen intry air, "yonder is the house-if, ndeed, it deserves so grand a namethe hovel, rather, of one whose case is he hardest of all the hard ones in my rish. This man is a mere hedger ad ditcher, one who works for any aster, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the car around. He has a swarm of young ildren, and he has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prestrated; aghast probably at his atter incapacity to do is duty by his motherless little ones. wonder whether you could rouse im?. If you could only get him to make a sign, or cry, or laugh, or to take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him arough the children—that marvelous hunky-punky of yours, those surprising tricks; a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused he may warm a little, speak, perhaps approve, perhaps smile, and in the end

give in. Jack, will you try?" Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a wizard of the North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his audience

considerably by his power. They entered the miserable 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, little ones; do you see this gentleman? He's a conjuror. Know | if only for a moment. But how to get what a conjurer is, Tommy?" catching | it into his hands? He asked for a up a mite of four or five from the Soor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jakey"-and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gam-Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready in hand. The pretty boy had very soon left

the father at the fire and had come

over to join in the fun, going back,

however, to exhibit his share of the

shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder and said,

but without animation:
"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

had occurred. This and the repeated

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

While he was speaking be had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resum-

ing his seat began to turn the leaves "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?"

for £100.

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 proceed-

ed to explain some of the simple proc-

esses, hoping to enchaln 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 conjurer 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 Bank of England note

"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. Conjuror or no conjuror, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help if you can." up the basket from the 10:45 Liverpool

There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the edges, 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 crest was plainly two hammers crossed. was clustled out. What matter? I've | and the metter "I strike"-not a common crest-and he never remembered to have seen it hefore. And was that all?

> " 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 made 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 dine 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 hostess, when seated at dinner next to "Was it necessary? I should have

thought myself too insignificant." "They were talking at lunch of your conductual tricks in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient-when you played cards, for instance." "A charitable imputation; with

whom did it originate?" "Sir Lewis Mallaby," "Please point him out to me." He was shown a grave, scowling

ace upon the right of the hostess-a ace like a mask, the surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone with a baleful light, like corpsocandles in a sepulcher.

Jack 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 conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjurer made the conventional plum pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks and juggled on conscientiously right through his repertory. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face: he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored 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, watch-a dozen were offered. No one 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 disbols and were staring hard at their | tinetly refused to lead it. But so many visitors-the moment was propitious; earnest 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

to Jack Newbiggin. A curious, old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector-all jeweled spoll and describe voluminously what | and enameled, adorned with crest and | the doctor-book. -Burdette.

his watch off the chain and handed it

inscription-an heirloom, 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-concealed sat-

isfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of posheavy; if you do it can be only a sible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property. Another watch, however, was pound-

ed 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 ho has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he can not have learned 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

exhibition." 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 coat. "A pocket-book."

"Bah! Every one carries a pocketbook in his pocket." "But do you?" asked several of the bystanders, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it-an ordinary mo-Dan then described how he had picked | rocco leather purse and pocket-book, all in one.

> " Are you prepared to go on?" the Baronet, haughtily, to Jack. "Certainly." "What does this pocket-book con-

"Evidence." "Evidence of what?" "Of facts that must, sooner or later, come to light." "What ridiculous nonsense! I give

you my word this pocket-book contains nothing-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 half!" And as he spoke he took the pocketbook from the hands of the really stupefied Baronet and exhibited for inspection-the half of a Bank of En-

gland note for one hundred pounds. There was much applause at this harmless and successful denouement of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, 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 humorous. "That other half was given to-

shall I say, Sir Lewis?" Sir Lewis nodded indifferently. "It was given to one Hester Corrigan, an old nurse, six years ago." "Silence! Say no more," cried Sir

Lewis, in horror.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son: the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance 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 concocted in advance. A girl was obtained in a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby'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 £100, 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 occurred to Mrs. Corrigan in her transit between London and Liverpool that though £100 would be acceptable on her arrival the child would be only an incumbrance. She therefore throw the basket containing him out of the window, forgetting that in it she had for safety deposited her purse.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the same crest-two hammers crossed, with the motto: "I strike" - which 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, com-

bined with that of Mrs. Corrigan, who was found by the police, so instated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockitt, in after years, had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little fondling the shelter of his rude home .-London Tid-Bits. -An eminent physician, "the sands of whose life" have been running six-

ty-eight years, declares that abstinence

from food for a period of from twenty-

four to forty-eight hours will alleviate

any common complaint or illness. We

will bet him a place in the Cabinet

that it won't alleviate hunger, and

there isn't a commoner complaint in

PRUDENCE IN ITALY. Humorous Picture of a Yankee Wife with

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 Guadagni 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 look at her, she found his inmity assembled, innumerable children (they seemed innumerable then), a bed-ridden grandam, a disreputable old ancle (who began to compliment her), even this did not appear a burden, though of course it was a surprise. For Tonio had told her, sadly, that he was "all 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 sonnets. Mrs. Gundagni 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, one is obliged to take on trust.

She was forty-five, a New England woman, with some small savings, who had come to Italy as companion and attendant to a distant cousin, an invalid with money. The cousin had died suddenly at Perugia, and Prudence had allowed the chance of returning to Ledham with her effects 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 hand some, this irresistible, this wholly unexpected Tonio, who was serving as waiter in the Perugian inn. Divining 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-boarted spinster, to whom n one had ever spoken a word of gallantry in all her life before, had been completely swopt off her balance by the novelty of it, and by the thronging new sensations which his few English words, his speaking dark eyes, and ardent entreaties roused in her maiden breast. It was her one moment of madness (who has not had one?). Sho married him, marveling a little inwardly when he required her to walk to Assisi, but content to walk to China if that should be his pleasure. When she reached 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 clse. 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 mourned for him with all her heart, was left to face the world with the eight children, 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 work eight hours; on every day that had followed through all these years the hours had been on an average fourteen; sometimes more.-From Miss Woolson's story, "The Front Yard," in Harper's Magazine

Boys and Girls in Holland.

A letter from a lady traveling . Holland tells how they distinguish the boys from the girls in that country They are all dressed alike in dark, full skirts and gay bodices. All had long hair and long, thick bangs, trained to stand out under their tight caps, like little visors to shade their eyes. We began to wonder why they were all girls, when suddenly the guide seized one, saying: "Do you think this is a boy or a girl?" When she said "girl" he whisked the child around and pointed to a little red and white crown-piece on the back of its cap. "No," he said, "girl caps are plain. Until the children are eight years old you can't tell a boy from a girl, except from the backs of their heads." By asking the children their names we found the guide was right, and we all wondered what Young America would say if he were obliged to dress like his sister till he was eight years old .- Chicago Mail

-There are now 101 geographical societies in the world. France comes first with twenty-nine, Germany next with twenty-two, and Great Britain third with nine societies.
—Sausages, fried apples, buckwheat

cakes and baked potatoes is a homely bill of fare for breakfast-but it's good. - President Carter, of Williams College, has raised \$600,000 for that institution during his management.

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Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation. or society, and communications designed to call after tion to any matter of limited or individual interesnust be paid ton as advertised

we crowded to the yet dying horse,

Jon l'aintine of all kinds neatly and expedi-ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forge

THE GIRL HERSELF.

Twas not her bonnet, it is true, Twis not her bonnet, n co and new, That summer day, as she passed by. I can not 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 Greener folds, and closest fit, Or furbelows aderning it. It may have been of flugsy wear; I do not know. I do not ex-For all my thoughts that wandered wide Were centered on the gurl inside,

O, she was sweet from head to feet! The prettiest girl upon the street; Depending not an outward dress To emphasize her levelineas. Though many another maiden owns I Her chief attraction to her ciothes, This one, though well supplied with petr. Would have no rival to herself.

If you should meet this maid by chance You'd give her more than pussing glanes And note, perhaps, with some surprise Your heart micage its bounds as yet; I'm going to marry her myself -Josephine Polland, in N. Y. Ledger,

A DAKOTA MIRAGE.

Terrible Experience on the Track-

less 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 mirage-an eye-witness, in fact? No. and if you have been entired far catastrophe. The horse stood on the imity of cool, inviting waters, you will and peered into the black pit. Nothdoubtless look back upon that day with | ing could be discerned; all was pitchy a shudder of awful dread. It must be darkness. I seized a large rock and first understood that Dakota is not the hurled it to the bottom. Presently I phenomenon is seen. Its appearance into the very bowels of the earth. Europe, but very rare, and a Dakota | though terribly unexpected, and no mirage is the grandest and most m nificent in the world. Eastern tourists, new settlers and the unsophisticated element of this Territory are the ones who as a rule fall victims to its banoful influence, and many tales of suffering and distress could be related. Of course the older residents are cognizant another and another, and still the of this prairie freak of nature, but waters kept daucing and glistening in they too are oftentimes deluded into the sunlight an apparently short disfollowing it for many days with parched tance ahead. We continued the tedious grand but terrible sightle

The recollection of an autumn week

last 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 dethen 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 eager to scour the grand, boundless prairies in search of the toothsome duck or hen, antelope, or perhaps a stray buffalo, which are now very scarce. 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 wandored 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 themselves, and in our frenzied wanderings the truth dawned upon us that we were lost. Lost! Lost, indeed, upon a scorching prairie that seemed to have no outlet, no trees, no 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 so 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 gauntly staring us in the face. How we managed to drag through the hours of that awful night I can never relate, but we awoke next morning hoping to find the grass ladened with the welcome dew. But no. The blades were dry as ever, and a groun of abject distress issued from our parched throats. It was well onto noon before we considered ourselves sufficiently rested to resume the hunt for a sign of civilization. The sun's burning rays seemed to be hotter and more relentless than ever. We soon stopped, as we were too 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. Harry Hale suddenly sprung upon his feet, grabbed his shot-gun, placed the muzzle to his brain, and would have pulled the trigger and ended his earthly troubles but for my timely interference. There was a wild, flemoniacal glow in his eye, and I saw at meat. - American Agriculturist. once that his reason was quickly fleeing. My feeble strength was nothing compared with his aimost superhuman power, and in a twinkle he wrested the gun from my hands. He then rushed to one of the horses and shot it dead. Hardly had the animal fallenbefore Hale, with cuildish glee, pounced upon the prestrate body, slashed its throat with his hunting knife, and applied his mouth to the hot, gushing blood, drinking It down with a gluttonous appetite. Hale had accomplished a deed which we also contemplated doing, but it was left as a last resort, for we knew that if deprived 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

roughly pushed Hale aside, and engerly 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 upon 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 neither 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 sweeve 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 precipiee. Still the horse 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 bottomless pit. To say that we were or unfortunate as to witness a Dakota | horrified would be putting it rather mild. We hastoned to the scene of the away towards its mystic shores by edge, trembling in terror from head to the alluring and apparently close prox- foot. I carefully approached the brink only clime where this strange prairie | heard a faint sound-deep, deep, down is sometimes noted in the States and in Poor Halo's death came very easy,

without death ensuing half-way down. 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 far away as on the start. Another hour, lips and lolling tongue. Ah, it is a trip, and happening to look up we discovered to our dismay that the supposed lake had entirely vanished. But a more welcome sight greeted us. Not many miles to the east the city from which we started loomed up. Ah, something strange about this. We sert the body for a painful second and could see the streets, familiar buildings, and even recognize men walking up and down-literally photographed and traveled, but it was impossible to approach the town. Then, as if by I was numbered in company with a magic, the whole scene disappeared quartet of sport-loving young fellows from view. We were mystifled 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 weak to follow them. Death's awful presence was now almost felt, and with a prover upon our lips we reeled to the ground and hoped that the grim destroyer would soon come and relieve us Well, he did not come, or I would never have written this sketch. While in a comptose condition I was shaken gently and friendly hands applied a cooling flask to my heated lips. This same office was also administered to my suffering companions. Our good samaritan, 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 rewful 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 Chi cago Times.

Hints About Butchering.

If the hogs to be slaughtered are ed within twelve hours of their killing, the food is wasted, the meat will e more disposed to sour, and it will tended intestines and take from them the lard. Nor is it well to allow the swine to drink on the morning of the day they are killed. Hogs can not be killed too quickly. The more rapidout of them, the better. A welldirected blow on the head, between and just in front of the cars, 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 killing can not be recommended. The ise of the shot-gun is no better. The tile is the weapon to use-a ball on to line from the base of the car to the opposite eye produces instant death, and does not cause the waste of any

-General Prejevalsky, who died recently at Tashkend, was a hero of geographical science. He discovered the sources of the Yangtse-Kiang and the Hoang-ho and was the revealer of inner Asia, and in his journeyings, aggregating 20,000 miles, in which he crossed Central Asia in all directions, he did far more than any other man to make known that region of lofty plateaus, great mountain ranges, and vast desorts. Like many other great travelers, he died in the harness, having started for Thibet on his fifth series

of explorations. "-"What a pity it is," says a St. Louis clergyman, "that there are so many sweet sinners and sour saints."