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away, behind the hill, an' the wind

blowin' half a gale in t'other direction.

but o' course there wan't nothin' to be

discussed the situation as to what

should be done. Meantime Yumez

had hung his gun on the pegs and

" Wonder if Yumez seed any Injun

after ye did,' said Bill. 'I'll ax him.'

"That gave me another suspfcion,

to l'arn that Yumez had left the hut

shortly after I did. What for? An'

why did he pretend he'd heard the

rifle-shot an' come out afterwards to

see what it meant? I got up an' went

to the pegsan' examined the Mexican's

rifle. I didn't see the result, for the

seein' what I was doin', he look'd

guilty as a thief, an' then I know'd

"I wos on the p'int o' denouncin' the

villain to oncest an' I scarcely onder-

stood why I didn't. It was a drefful

mistake not to do it, fer mebbe if I

had matters would hev been diff'rent,

an' the awful thing what happened

might never have come to pass. I

have allus been sorry I didn't shoot

the traitor on the spot. But I reasoned

that bein' warned I could easily sar-

cumvent his deviltry. But he was

"I decided not to tell Bill about it,

but when the next mornin' we diskiv-

ered some o' our best traps gone an'

that the Mexican had vamoosed also,

I think if Bill had been a swearing

man the air 'ud a smelt o' brimstone

sartin, for the old fellow was bilin'

mad cl'ar through. We skirmished

round all day, an' not an Injun sign

could we see, which satisfied us that it

was all the work o' that thievin' Mex-

ican. We should miss the traps o'

course, but so far as actooal value was

concerned, the scamp's share of the

pelts made that good, an' we was glad

to be shut o' him. But we didn't

onderstand what a reg'lar coyote the

feller was, for a snake was a fool com-

about three weeks an' we was quite

forgettin' the Mexican, when one day

Bill went off to visit a creek sev'ral

miles distant whar we had been

thinkin' of settin' a few traps, leavin'

me at home, for I had been quite

seedy for several days with chills,

"Wall, after Bill left I got a royal

big b'ar skin an' toted it out on the

grass in front o' the hut, an', spread-

in' it out, I lay down, the hot rays o'

the sun feelin' very grateful to my

chilled limbs, an' bimeby I went off

"After awhile I woke up with a

start, feelin' half smothered, an' found

myself on the bare ground with the

big b'ar skin on top entirely coverin'

me up. I also heard voices an' felt

that I was bein' held down by several

pairs o' hands. I struggled as well as

I could to throw off the b'ar skin, but

found that I was really helpless, my

feet bein' caught in the noose o' a

dragged off, and I saw several Injuns

who fell upon me an' tied my hands

in a jiffy, an' I found myself a fast

prisoner in the clutches o' a half

dozen redskins. But this wasn't as

discouraging as it was to dis-

cover a man holdin' the end of

the lariat, in whom I recognized

Yumez, the Mexican, who grinned at

me in a most diabolical way that

showed I need look for no mercy at

turn now. You sot Bill agin' me an'

"Carambo!' he growled. 'It is my

"What does this mean?' I demand-

"'Carajo!' interrupted Yumez. 'I'm

not such a fool. Ye had your chance.

an' ye let it slip. Now you'll take

"And with that the brute came up

an' whippin' out his knife said: 'I'll

jest mark ye with a cross, so Satanas

will give you an extra hot roastin'

"An' then the half-breed gave me

the mark ye see on my cheek, stranger,

an' laughed long an' loud, an' the In-

juns danced a lively jig as he did it.

Hurt? Wall, no doubt it did, an' bled

some, too, but I war so mad I didn't

feel the pain till long afterward.

"Then the villains seized me, an'

dragged me to the edge o' the preci-

pice on which our hut stood, where it

was two hundred feet deep, the side

being perpendicular an' as smooth as

s bald man's pate, an' tumbled me

"I fell about ten feet, an was

fetched up short by the lasso with a

jerk that nearly twisted my ankles out

o' jint. Then the brutes began pay-

in' out the rope, finally hitchin' the

upper end to the stub o' the saplin'.

till I was left hangin' by the heels,

head downwards, danglin' in mid air.

My hands had got loose in the mean-

time, but it didn't help me a bit, for

I couldn't double up to get hold o' the

"It was a horrible situation, an' I

think I should have died in a little

while from rush o' blood to the head,

but before I could perfectly realize it

in all its horrors I heard the sharp

crack of a rifle not far away, an' then

one o' the Injuns gave the most on-

arthly screech as I ever heard, an I

know'd thar was some sort o' a skrim-

midge goin' on above.

when he gits ye down thar.'

ed, furious with rage. 'Loosen me, ye

his treacherous hands.

coward, an' I'll-'

what you get ' -

now I'll have my revenge.'

"Very soon, however, the skin was

sound asleep.

stout lasso.

which I never had afore or sence.

"Things went on smoothly enuff for

pared with him in general deviltry.

worse than I give him credit for.

signs when he was out?' said Bill.

gone for a bucket o' water

And Bill left the hut.

"Bill was inside workin' on the

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1889.

NUMBER 41.

mat a dollar can buy in the way of Black Generally speaking the \$1 ades of Black Silks are not very satisfacry as to service and appearance, but at s special silk sale, both these qualities These lots are all special fortunate purases of large quantities at cut prices and

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the persevering use of Ayer's This medicing to an Alterative, and a a radical change in the system. at in some cases, may not be

apid as in others; but, with the result is certain. For two years I suffered from a sein my right side, and had obles caused by a torpid liver easis. After giving several a a far trul without a cure, I

better bed by the first bettle rol. - John W. Benson, 70 y a large earbuncle broke out I was confined to my bed for

saparilla. Less than three sel the sere. In all my expe-medicine, I nover saw more Wonderful Results.

arked effect of the use of this was the strengthening of my a dry scaly humor for years,

r were similarly afflicted, I malady is hereditary. Last Tyron, (of Fernandina, nded me to take Ayer's and continue it for a year, miles I took it daily. I have semish upon my body for the T. E. Wiley, 146 New York City. and winter I was troubled heavy pain in my side. I worse until it became time, disorders of the stomincreased my troubles. continuing the use of I was comple

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FAIRY'S GOLDEN PROMISE.

A Legend of Germany. A thrifty farmer lay at length upon his dying And called to him his boy and girl, and gently to them said: You are so young, I can but dread to leave you all alone.

But the farm will keep you without need when I am dead and gone." Then kissing them, he blessed them both, and closed his wonry eyes, And never opened them again on this side

Now Hans (he was but twenty-one, and Held pretty Frida Fridolin shrined in his heart a queen; But the farm grew only thistles, that choked the tender wheat, While Hank he sat a-sighing at pretty Frida's feet, She gravely shook her golden head, and to his love said: "No. While her busy little fingers finshed the

needles to and fro. One evening little Grotchen sat sighing at the door. A-mourning for the pretty things that she She envied Frida Fridelin her ribbons fresh and new. While her own flaxen ringlets were tied with

faded blue. Up to the cottage door there came, with weak and faltering tread. A woman, bent and gray and old, and thus to Gretchen said: You envy Frida Fridelin her ribbons bright

She buys them with a fairy gift, like this I bring to you." a great white ball Of woolen yarn: "You'll find the gem when you have knit it all: And here's a spade for Hans, who has no Yet in his land, one spade's length deep, a golden treasure lies," - -

And then the fairy turned away, and enger Gretchen flew To find her needles and begin the task she had to do; And Hans began before the dawn a-searching for his gold; From morn till noon, from noon till night, he overturned the mold

The neighbors may suspect that I've a treas So all the days of summer-time he worked

bought the r bbons guy, knitted all away. And Gretchen wept, for in its heart no gleam-ing jewel loy.

The fairy told me false," she cried: "the yara is knit, and see you and me?" "My wheat is sold,"

And, yes, there was a jowel in the ball of yarn I've bought all this, I can buy there, by thrift and industry."
And when to Frain Prodoin Plans took the heart to go And ask her love again, she smiled, and did not tell him "No."

An African Sport Not Without an Element of Danger.

But the Profits More Than Counterbalance the Perils-How a Blood-Thirsty

a tongue. About opposite our camp it narrowed to a width of half a mile. and further down cut short off, though there were groves scattered all over the plain. We were rejoiced to find that this strip of forest was a veritable highway for the elephants passing back and forth, while the foliage was their choicest food. We spent two whole days getting the lay of the forest for several miles, and we finally selected a particular spot to work on. It was in the narrowest portion of the strip,

and here we dug two pits and concealed them so nicely that the sharpest native would have mistrusted of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash | nothing. When all was ready we retired from the forest and posted a native in the nearest grove to act as sentinel for the remainder of the day. This grove was about an acre in extent, with the trees standing very thick, and we were about moving off, after instructing the native, when we heard a trumpet blast and a mighty rush. The blast of a mad elephant in his native wilds is a sound never to be forgotten. Each one of us instantly realized that we had come upon an old "rogue," and that we were in deadly peril. An elephant who has become a crank and deserted his troop or been driven away is more dangerous than any other living thing.

mounted we could have scattered and outrun him, but we were all on foot, and our only safety was in sticking to the grove. When we heard him coming we dodged right and left and hurried deep into the grove. The old fellow had the eyes of a lynx, and, wheeling from his first charge, he seemed

loses all sense of fear. Had we been

Since it is dug, I'll sow the seed," he said; "because I fear

with all his might, And Gretchen's knilling-needles flow from And as the pile of stockings grow the big ball were away, And she sold the stockings in the town and Twas autumn when the ball of yarn was

Of Hans, where is the treasure she promised That night Hans came in laughing, and cried: And out into her lap he poured a shining heap of gold, And to her mind there came a light-0. This is the gold-the fairy gold-you found it

would not wed an idle man," abe said, "tho"

Hoved you."

And so to all in nappiness the fairy words -Abbe Kinne, in N. Y. Ledger, 1

TRAPPING ELEPHANTS.

Enemy Was Converted Into a Devoted Servant.

Four days' march inland from Quiloa, which is on the east coast of Africa and two hundred and fifty miles above Madagascar, we came into the elephant country and made a permanent camp. My orders from the Hamburg house were to secure at least five elephants alive and deliver them on board ship at Quilon. Our party consisted of three white men and forty-two natives, and we had seven horses and six teams of bullocks. Among the patives were several beliews who had hunted the big game with white men, and who were pretty thoroughly posted as to the creatures' habits. It would have been almost as easy to shoot an elephant as a buffalo, but to capture one alive and

get him down to the coast was a differ-We had our camp in a thick grove about two miles from a forest through which we knew elephants ranged, and orders were given against firing guns or moving about more than was necessary. An elephant will take the alarm as quick as a deer, and when once frightened he may not cool down for hours. After a couple of days four or five of us made a scout to the forest, and we were delighted to find evidence that it was a favorite resort. This forest was a strip about nine

one hundred and ten years. No animal becomes docile and miles long and two miles wide, thrusting itself down into a great plain like tractable as quick as the elephant. He must first be conquered by fear, and when once he gives in you have only an occasional tantrum to look out for. We kept right at our captive, flogging and bulldozing and giving him to understand that we were boss. and at the end of three days he was as humble as pie. We could make no use of him as a hunter, as we had no rig, and as none of the men had had and experience in driving an elephant;

but we should have no trouble in getting him to the coast, and he was worth several thousand dollars. It was ton days after his capture that one of our scouts brought word that a troop of elephants had appeared in the forest. We had suspected this by the uneasy movements of our captive. It did not seem possible that he could scent his kind four or five miles away, but his actions went to prove that such was the case. We had him securely fastened by one hind leg, but he did not try to break away. On the contrary, he acted vexed and out of sorts, and now and then uttered a blast of defiance. It was easy to see that he would have a hostile greeting for any elephant that came our way. The troop of elephants reported by the scout numbered thirteen, and were five or six miles above us. Mr. Will-

them down, and five or six of us stationed ourselves at the southern limit of the forest. It was hoped that in driving the beasts back and forth along the narrow neck at least one of them might get a tumble into a pit, and it was with great anxiety that we waited their coming. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we caught sight

of them. After they had crossed the neck we closed up and sought to drive them back, but they had become frightened, and the job was too great for us. They broke off to the right and left the cover of the woods for the open plain, and we felt some anxlety as we saw that they held a straight course for our camp. The three of us who were mounted pursued at a gallop, and we were witnesses of a curious incident. The troop were headed for the grove in which we had encamped, and were about half a mile away, when our captive "rogue" uttered three or four shrill blasts and suddenly appeared in sight, having broken the rope which held him to a tree. He made straight for the troop, challenging as he came, and the beasts no sooner saw him than they exhibited fear and confusion. They halted, turned to the right and the left, and were all mixed up when the old chap came down upon them like a landslide. The first one he struck was a half-grown elephant, and he knocked him flat on the grass and rolled him over and over. Then he sailed in to clean out the shanty. and the blows from his trunk could be

heard a mile away. Such a cloud of dust was kicked up that we soon lost sight of particulars, but in a few minutes the troop bolted off at right angles and soon entered a grove, and we drew near to find the old "rogue" standing over the one he had rolled over. He seemed to be waiting for us to come up, and after a little the native who had most to do with him ventured close up. I rode off and got a rope, and this was made fast to the captive's legs and he was encouraged to get on his feet. Then the old chap steered him, straight for camp while we followed, holding to the ropes. Once or twice the kid showed a disposition to bolt, but the olg one gave him a resounding whack with his trunk and curbed his ambition. We made him fast to a tree, and the "rogue" then took his old

place without a hint being given him and was refastened. It was next morning before we could examine our pits, and then we found another captive. A big bull elephant was lying on his side in one of them, while the other had been avoided. We got him out of the pit by digging around him, and then using block and tackle to lift him to hts feet. He had been three days without food or drink when we got him out. and his spirit was pretty well broken. Our three captives were got down to the coast without the least trouble, and our luck in making three such captures in the short space of twenty days has never been equaled by menagerie men in any land. The old "rogue" who set out to annihilate us brought all our good luck. - N. Y. Sun.

REMARKABLE CONCEIT. An Insane Woman Who Considered Her-

self the United Kingdom, Dr. Shark is a gentleman who believes in the rational treatment of patients in his private lunatic asylum. He gives them picnics in summer, and balls in winter, and plenty of amusement all the year round. Taking one consideration with another I should imagine that lunacy, under these conditions, is rather a pleasant thing. I always look forward to the dances he gives, for after considerable experience I have come to the conclusion that idiotic partners are rather less idiotic than the commonplace misses one meets with at ordinary balls. She was sitting in a corner of the ballroom toying with a fan-a large and massive woman whom one would no more have suspected of being insane than of being consumptive. I asked the doctor to introduce me, for I admire fine women. He did so, and I sat down beside her. We spoke about the weather, as new acquaintances solld land. The fight had all been taken out of him, and he would cower whenever any one shook a club at him. When the natives washed him up a dozen great sears were revealed on his shoulders and flanks as proofs that he was a fighter, and my head man, who had lived in the elephant country all his days, computed the beast's age at

will. She was perfectly rational on that point, at any rate. She thought it was appailing. I mentioned casually that I had been to Torquay for a brief holiday. "Do you know it?" I asked. "Oh, yes-there it is," she replied. I looked in the direction in which she pointed, and saw a rather extensive foot incased in a dancingshoe. "That is Land's End," she said, reflectively, indicating the place where the little toe of her right foot might be supposed to lie, "and that is the Lizard there. I am the United Kingdom, you know," she added, with a quiet dignity that seemed to presume I knew it. I bowed in silence. It was a colossal idea, and not to be comprehended all at once. "That is the North Foreland over there," she went on," tapping her left foot. "I have had some trouble with it lately; and oh," and her voice became plaintive, "I was so afraid they were going to take Ireland from me," and she glanced affectionately at her left arm. I thought it better that we should join in the dance, for these geographical confidences threatened to become embarrassing. So I put my arm around the top of Lincolnshire and the base of Yorkshire, and as far into Lancashire as I could get (for her waist was more than eighteen inches), and we danced. "My ear is burning so; I am afraid there must be a storm somewhere on the coast of Aberdeen," were

her to a seat -London Figaro. She Thought She Was Safe.

the last words I heard her say as I led

Judge-Your age? . Lady-Thirty years. Judge (incredulously)-You will have some difficulty in proving that. Lady (excitedly)-You'll find it hard to prove the contrary, as the iams, my assistant, took a portion of church register which contained the the men and made a detour so as to entry of my birth was burned in the year 1845. - Berlin Tageblatt. -

MY PARDNER, BILL

The Story of a Lonely Grave on the Mountain-Side.

The train on the Santa Fe road, due an hour later at Pueblo, stopped at a way station long enough for a solitary passenger to get on. The person in question was a man

past middle age, of medium stature, firmly and compactly built, who would not have attracted a second look, however, but for the fact that his face was badly disfigured by a curious scar on his right cheek, in shape exactly resembling a Greek cross. The new comer found a seat beside

me, threw up the sash and became absorbed in the scenery along the road, his interest increasing as the train presently swept along a pretty valley. Suddenly he turned half way round, touched my arm, and, pointing through the open window, said, very abruptly: "Say, stranger, do you see that pile o' rocks yonder on the slope? Well, that's Bill's grave."

gun wasn't loaded at all! Things had The man's action and speech startled an ugly look. While I was putting the me a trifle, but I looked out and saw, gun back the Mexican returned, an' as he had said, a pile of rocks on the green slope of the hill. the rascal had fired that bullet at me

"Yes," continued the man, "that's Bill's grave. Twenty-five years ago I put them stuns thar myself. Poor Bill! pure gold cla'r through, an' I reck'n I orter know, for I know'd Bill from the ground up.'

Having delivered this short speech the man lapsed into silence, with a far-away, dreamy look, as if recalling events long past. But his words had aroused my curiosity, and at the risk of interrupting the stranger's reverie I finally ventured to ask: "Who was Bill, sir, whose grave is yonder?"

My companion gave a sudden start; then, recovering himself he answered: "Didn't know Bill, eh? Of course not, seein' he was dead before ye was born -dead twenty-five years come June. I up an' told pardner all about it; an' Bill was my pard, sir, Bill was. A man to tie to every time. Say, don't ye think ye'd love a chap what 'ud be willin' ter die for ye? Be willin', an' would, an' did, too? I reck'n." "Do you mean to say your chum died for you?" I asked, now thorough-

ly interested, for there was tremendous feeling and earnestness in the stranger's manner. The man turned round, looked me squarely in the face and in a solemn

voice said: "Stranger, he did." "Would you mind telling me something about your friend?" I asked. "I never git tired, sir, of talking about Bill," was the prompt reply. "Stopped hyar yesterday jest to see that grave. Put up one or two o' the stuns as hed rolled down. It's all

right now. "When I fust met Bill he was guide for chaps a'crossin' the plains, Santa Fe way, for thar wa'n't no railroads

days. A good guide 'n a trusty. Cur'ous though 'bout some things. He'd never use cuss words, nor drink, but Lord! how he'd smoke, all day long 'n half the night, too; good-natured. but the solemnest chap I ever struck. Stranger, I never know'd Bill ter laugh, never, not oncest. Told me his heart was broke, 'n' he couldn't laugh. What did he mean? Lor, man, I dunno, for he never said much about hisself. I asked him his name 'n he said it was 'Bill.' I ask'd him whar he was from, n' he said from 'Nowhar.' I spec thar was a woman in the case-thar mostly is, I notice. But Bill was built like a clam 'n kept his

"Wall, Bill an' me got ter be great chums an' I was mighty sorry when he quit pilotin' trains, an' jined some hunters, an' pulled out into the heart

o' the Injun country. "Bimeby, a year later, havin' got a bit crazy on the subject o' silver mining, I struck this same region we are now passin' through, but we hed no luck at all in findin' silver, though I felt I hed struck it rich one fine day when two hunters walked into our camp, one of 'em being my old friend

"Glad to see him, eh? Young man, of ye'd seen old Bill an' me a huggin', ye'd thought we was a couple o' b'ars

"Bill had been tharabouts for several months an' said thar was no silver signs about, an' so our party pulled up an' went farther south, but I stayed with Bill an' t'other chap to take a hand at trappin' beaver.

"The old tellow had a nice bit o' a hut nigh a quiet valley, where thar was heaps o' beaver, an' as thar was no redskins around we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

"But I didn't fancy Bill's companion, an' he didn't waste any love on me either. Bill had picked him up on the border jest fer company, an' took to him a bit because he seemed a nervy, brave fellow. He was a halfbreed Mexican, named Yumez, a small, wiry fellow, with sallow cheeks, coalblack eyes and a hatchet face, and crafty ways like a fox. At first he showed his dislike of me plain enough, but by and by he became suddenly very friendly, which made it much pleasanter all 'round.

"One day I went up the creek to examine the traps, leaving Bill and Yumez mending some of the old ones at home. Having been gone about an hour I was gittin' ready to return, when I heard the crack o' a rifle an' a bullet grazed the tip o' my ear drawin' a drop o' blood.

"I reck'n I jump'd nigh a rod high, for it was a pooty clost call to climb the stairs, an' then I looked to see whar the infernal thing come from. I seed a wisp o' smoke hangin' over a clump o' bushes nigh the hill top that told me all I cared to know, an' grabbin' up my gun I made for home, under the shelter of the creek bank, at a 2:40 gait fearin' a second shot from the Injuns.

"Nigh our hut I met Yumez, gun in hand, who said he had heard the shot an' started out to help me if needed. It struck me as bein' cur'ous he could have heard the report over a mile !

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"What d'ye think it was? Hang me, if it wasn't the Mexican hisself! In foolin' about the end o' the larist traps, an' when I told him what had he had slipped an' tumbled over the happened he was quite oneasy, an' we edge o' the rock, an' I had ketched the villain, an' was holdin' him by the. leg, an' thar we two was, I hitched to the lasso an' holdin' on to the rascal. by the leg, an' both swingin' head! downwards.

"Yell? You bet he did. I never "'Why,' sez I, 'was he out whilst I heard sech skreechin' as that skunk was gone? Thought he was hyar with set up. A pack o' hungry coyotes wasn't a patchin' to it. What happened, did ye ask? Wall, see hyar, "'He went out with his gun soon my friend, what, under them circumstances, 'ud be likely to happen?

"Pears sort as if my fingers all to oncest got a kind o' cramp in 'em, an' was powerful weak, though sech a thing never happened afore or since, and they doesn't look like women's fingers, do they?" and the speaker held up before me a pair of muscular hands, which he opened and shut in a way that suggested a grip of iron. Then he went on:

"As I was sayin', the cramps somehow got into my fingers at that eydentical moment, an' somehow or other-I never knowed exactly how it did happen-the Mexican slipped out o' my grasp, an' fetched up head first on the rocks a hundred an' fifty feet below whar nothin' ever teched him again 'cept the buzzards that picked his bones clean afore next sun-up.

"Next thing I know'd I was bein' hauled up, hand over hand, as slick as any sailor could have done it, an' when I reached the top, Bill and me, dear old Bill, stopped jest long enough to have a brotherly hug or two, an' then we got under kiver an' looked round for the Injuns, but blow me, thar wasn't a single varmint to be seen in any direction 'cept the dead perp that Bill had plugged through the head as he came tearin' up to the

'Ye see, pard,' began Bill, 'I found Injun sign a bit up the valley, an' I thought I'd better come back, seein' as how ye wasn't feelin' well, an'-

"Bill stopped suddenly an' grew very pale, an' then I seed he was bleedin' bad, an' then he slid down on the grass with a sort o' gasp, an' seein' how it was, I began to loosen his shirt to git at the wound, but he stopped me and said:

"'Never mind, pard. One o' them red niggurs stuck his knife into my side jest I began haulin' ye up, an' o' course I couldn't defend myself without lettin' go the larist, which 'ud sent ye down to jine the Mexican, an' then the varmint took to his legs, an'-never mind, pard, it's all up with old Bill. I can hardly see ye now, for I'm gettin' blind as a bat. Take every thing for yer own. Thar's a cache o' mine behind the blg pine tree. Ye'll find it by the ashes whar the fire was built. Take it all an' don't forget

old Bill ' "I never seed a man flick out so quick. The Injun's knife had gone in

deep." The speaker was slient and looked out of the car window again, and I know that I am not mistaken when I say that his eyes were suspiciously moist for a few minutes. I had no heart to break the silence, and so left him to his thoughts; but presently he resumed and said:

"Poor Bill! if he had only left me to take my chances he'd not lost his life. He saved mine, but he lost his cwn. I found the cache where the old hunter had hidden many of his richest furs. an' if I've got to-day one o' the best cattle ranches in the State, it's all owin' to the start the old fellow gave

"Poor Bill! I buried him back there on that hilly slope, not far from where he died, an' piled up the rocks for a tombstone, twenty-five years ago. come June, an' that was Bill's grave that ye saw, stranger.";

"Pueblo!" shouted the brakeman. Change cars for Canyon City." The man who had told me the story "changed," and I saw him no more. -Captain L. C. Carleton, in Detroit Free Press. ...

MAPS BY TELEGRAP

One Can Now Send Manuscripts or Pictures by Electricity. The fac-simile telegraph, by which

manuscript, maps or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic methods already described, in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum. which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of tha cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface in a spiral path. The electric circuit will be broken by every ink mark on the cylinder which is in this path and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent iemand for fac-simile transmission. particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters. The pantelegraph is an interesting type of the fac-simile method. In this form the movements of a pen in the writer's hand produces corresponding movements of the pen at the distant station and thereby a fac-simile record -Scribner's Magazine. --

Uncle Harry had come to visit his family after a long residence in the Northwest. Taking down Algernon's tennis racket, he said:

"The next minute some heavy ob-* "Algy, my boy, that's no good. Wait ject struck me on the feet, an' was I till cold weather and I'll show you how jest glidin' past when without know. to make snow shoes that'll stand traving edzactly what I was doin' I el."-Washington Capital.

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> J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floer,) Centre street. At
> mannor of legal business attended to satisfacspecialty. His sole thought is to destroy, and he i strike in behind the troop and drive

determined to hunt us all down. Each one of us dodged on our own account, thus distracting his attention, but hefinally pursued one of the natives so closely that the man had to take to a He didn't have his choice, either, and was unfortunately driven to shelter in a tree about as large around as a man's body. He was barely out of reach when the mad brute arrived at the trunk. I was in a much larger tree about forty feet away, and could plainly see the movements of the beast. He was an old buil, carrying a large pair of tusks, and he was mad all over. He tried hard to push the tree over, and though he could not succeed, he shook the native around so as to give him a bad In order to call the brute off I fired at him several times with a revolver. Each bullet hit him, but of course did no damage. He, however, refused to leave the tree, and after standing for a moment in thought he put his shoulder against it, surged forward, and, after swaying back and forth half a dozen times, the tree broke short off about ten feet from the ground. The native was expecting it, and as the top crashed through the trees he caught at a limb and pulled himself into a large tree. The elephant soon ecame aware of his escape, and likewise recognized the fact that all of us were out of his reach, and, after trumpeting his disappointment, he slowly retired and gave us opportunity to come down. We left the grove as quietly as possible, and made haste back to camp. We must move at once. The "rogue" elephant does not travel grove was a menace to us. Should be discover our camp he would attack us offhand. We at once hitched up our teams, struck our tents, and removed to a grove four miles away. While not entirely safe here, we might escape observation. On two sides of us the approach was marshy, while on the others it was rather broken. Next day after our removal it rained. and none of us left the grove. On the morning of the second day, just as we were rolling out of our blankets, a cry from half a dozen natives alarmed the camp. As I rose up and saw them looking to the west, I turned my eyes in that direction. and beheld a sight which made my hair stand on end. That "rogue" elephant was on the plain about half a mild away and making a bee line for our camp. He was swinging his trunk in an angry way, and his speed was something terrific. Three or four of us sprang to our rifles, but he would have been among us before we could have fired a shot had not an aceident happened. He charged at us over the marshy ground, and two hundred feet from the wagons the ground grew so soft that he sunk to his knees, floundered ahead a few feet and then rolled over on his left side. He was out of breath with his run and his fall, and then was the time to take him. As he lay there rouring his dismay and anger, we got out the ropes and chains and dashed for his legs. We got nooses over both hind legs and carried the free ends to the nearest tree, and then we had the old fellow for sure. He was so mad that he actually shed tears, and he trumpeted until he tired his machine out. After we had him fast every man cut a stick, and for two hours we beat every part of the beast we could Moreover, we walked on him, kicked him, called him names, and degraded him in every possible way. This was by the advice the natives, who said it would soon break his spirit and cause him to give up. All day long the monster lay on his side in the muck, boiling over with rage, but helpless. He put in the night there, too, and next morning his spirit was broken. We cast the noose free from one leg, got a pry under his hip, and after an hour's hard work put him on his feet and got him to