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THE LITTLE KING

- A little face to look at, Is there any thing, I wonder. That's half so sweet as this?
- A little cheek to dimple. When smiles begin to grow A little mouth betraying
- Which way the kisses go. A slender little ringlet,
- A rosy little ear, A little chin to quiver When falls the little tear.
- A little hand so fragile, All through the night to hold, Two little feet so tender.
- To tuck in from the cold. Two eyes to watch the sunbeam That with the shadow plays-

A darling little baby

DURING THE WAR.

Two Incidents in the Career of an Express Messenger.

In the First the Robbers Got Badly Left, and in the Second We Came Out Best in a Trial of Shooting-Irons.

Even in these days of peace, with every money-handler armed for defense and surrounded by every safeguard, banks are "touched," stages held up, express cars robbed, and the highway robber and the horse thief have no complaints of lack of business. This being the case now, you can imagine the state of affairs during the war, even though you were not a living witness. Along about 1863 the had men of the times reaped a constant harvest. Money was abundant, every day full of excitement, and embezzlers and absconders outnumbered honest men. And, too, banks, express companies and other big moneyhandlers were green to many of the tricks and schemes, and the idea of buying a revolver for an express messenger out of company funds would have been voted down instanter. He must arm himself, and if he pulled through he was a good fellow. If he didn't, it was looked upon as "an act of Providence." My first adventure occurred while making the run between Cincinnati and St. Louis. I had been on the road about six weeks and the business was so heavy that we had to have an extra man. While I took charge of the money he looked after the parcels and boxes, and we had a whole car to ourselves. My assistant was named John Goodhue, and he had been one of the check clerks in the freight department of the Cincinnati office. He was an easy-going, goodnatured man of forty, much given to taking things ease, but as he was the only man the company could or would spare I had to take him as I found him and make the best of it. Whenever we pulled out of either city we were very busy for the first half hour. I saw that every thing was properly checked off and accounted for in the line of money and valuables, and then assisted him if he was not already through. It thus sometimes happened that I was busy at

my safe in the corner for the first twenty miles out and that little or no conversation was exchanged between us. On this particular evening Goodhue was ten minutes late at the train, but he took hold with unusual spirit, and when the stuff was all in we had the car pretty well filled. I was at my safe when the train pulled out and I heard Goodhue moving about and going through the usual routine. We had nothing to put off until we reached a farm thirty miles away and then it was something in the line of freight. I therefore took things easy and was smoking as I ded my work. I had on that night, in addition to my own safe and \$62,000, a paymaster's safe which ontained nearly a quarter of a million. was sitting on this and bending over ny own when I received a blow on the read from behind. It fell upon the left side of my head and glanced to the shoulder, but it knocked me over sideways in a heap on the floor. I was not stunned, but it came to me in a second to "play possum." Even while falling I realized that it was a plan to rob the ar, and I wondered who Goodhue had hind him. I rolled over on my back, grouned two or three times and then straightened out, and after a minute I

heard a voice say: "Come out, Jime's settled!" It was the voice of the man who had struck me, but not the voice of Goodhue. I heard a second man come forward, and then the plot was exposed. Neither was Goodhue, and both were

"Guess you've done for him, Tom," said the last comer as he stood over me. "Couldn't help it. Jim - he'd had given us a fight if I hadn't. Now, then, we've got things coopered. In five minutes we shall be at Blankville. There's nothing to go off, but I'll open the door.

Sit here on the safe." The whistle blew, the train slowed up and pretty soon we were at a standstill. The robber opened the sliding door and stood as cool as you please for two or three minutes, and I heard him reply to the agent that there was nothing to go off. As soon as the train pulled out he shut the door and came over and

"Open the other door. Five miles from ere is the stretch of woods, and we nust be ready to dump the safes at the

My revolver was under mo, in its hol-

ster, and I was belpless. The first move

I made would have brought them upon me, and they would have been certain to make sure work of it this time. I had to let them carry out their plan, but I was forming another. The stretch of woods was two miles long, and between Blankville and the next stop was a distance of eighteen miles. The two small stations between were not on our time card. The train sped along at a rate of forty miles an hour, and pretty soon out went the safes. Thea the men ran out at the end of the car, set the brake, and pulled the bell cord. That was what they did, but I did not wait to see or hear it. They were no sooner clear of the car than I rose up and took a flying leap straight out into the darkness after that money. There was a tong pile of graves on that side, and I struck into this, turned over and over half a dozen times, and finally brought up in a potato patch on the railroad strip, badly shaken up, but not a bone broken. The engine was whistling for brakes a mile away, and as soon as I

could free my mouth and eyes of dirt I

started down the track. I found the

first safe on the edge of the ditch, and

the second a hundred feet away beside

a stump. I dragged mine down to the paymaster's then got out my revolver and hid behind the stump, and pretty soon I heard the fellows coming down the track. They had brought the train

almost to a standstill, and then signaled it to go shead and jumped. They were hunting along the ditch as they came, and I waited until they were within five rods before I opened fire and shouted: "Here they are, boys; shoot them down!"

They didn't stand for a second, but went off as fast as they could heel it, followed by my bullets, and half an hour later I had the safes abourd of a freight train. An investigation proved that Goodhue was blind drunk on that night. He had accepted an offer to drink with a stranger, and had been plied with liquor until he fell down on the street. The robbers must have known him well, and have also been familiar with our way of working. Who they were we never knew.

In November, 1864, when I began the run between St. Louis and Chicago, there was scarcely a week that something did not occur to arouse my suspicions. The heft of the money went South, but there was always enough on either run to tempt a robber to take desperate chances. I had a middle-aged, steady-going man as assistant, and it would have had to be a sharp man who could get the better of him. Now and then, when we were carrying big money for some army contractor, he was allowed to send a man along to act as a special guard. These men were general-Chicago detectives or police, and they rode on an order prepared by the Chicago superintendent. One afternoon about two hours before train time, and while was at the office, a military-looking man, who claimed to be a paymaster, entered and arranged to express his safe to St. Louis. Its contents were said to be upward of \$200,000, and he applied for permission to send two trusty soldiers along in the car. I heard this much without having taken any special interest in the case. When we came to receive our stuff from the wagons there was a paymaster's safe, and a little later on a man dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of infantry and accompanied by a private soldier presented an order permitting them to ride in our car as a

While every thing was regular, I did not like the looks of the men. They seemed to me to be tough characters, and when I got a chance to speak to Graham, my assistant, I found that he entertained the same opinion and had become suspicious. I therefore gave them the other end of the car and whispered to Graham that we must keep our eyes

open. The first thing we did after the train nulled out was to piace our revolvers where we could grab them on the instant, and as we worked over our waybills we kept a weather eye open for sions. For a time it looked as if we had done the men an injustice. One took a seat on the safe and the other in a chair. Each lighted a cigar, and their conversation, as we overheard a word now and then, related to military matters and was honest and straight. When Graham and 1 had finished our work we sat down at the other end of the car and the quartet of us rode in this fashion, with only a break now and then, as we stopped at a station and put off some-

thing billed there. Our longest run was between midnight and one o'clock. We then passed three or four small stations without stopping, making the run about nineteen miles. If the men were not what they represented they would show their hands during this run. They appeared to be sound asleep when we entered upon it, and Graham, who sat near me, was nodding in his chair. They had the end of the car next to the engine, and all of a sudden, while I was looking at them from under the vizor of my cap, both arose, stretched themselves, and as the sergeant started for my end of the car the other unlocked the door and admitted two men. Things moved like lightning. Both of us saw what was up, and as we sprang to our feet every man in that car began shooting. I can't say whether the fight lasted one minute or five, but when it ended I had a flesh wound in the left arm, a rake across the cheek, and a bullet hole in my cap. Graham had an ear split by a bullet, and another embedded in his shoulder and the car was in darkness. I struck a match, lighted a candle, and found that we were alone. Not exactly alone, but safe from further attack. The sergeant lay dead on his back, shot through the head, and beyond him was one of the men who had been admitted, so near dead that he gasped his last as we raised him up. The door was open, and the other two had leaped from the platform. One of them at least was proved.

badly wounded, as a trail of blood The train had made its run by the time we had sized up the situation, and a dector was put aboard to dress our hurts as we continued the journey. Both corpses were carried into St. Louis for inquest and identification, but they could not be identified. As you have surmised, the paymaster's safe was a dummy. It did not contain one dollar. The whole job was put up to get hold of express money, and the fellows didn't propose to give us any chance to save our lives by giving it up. I think that one of the robbers who jumped also came to his death, as a man was next day found at that spot who had been cut in fragments under the wheels. Some parts of this adventure reached the press, but the express company hushed matters up in every way pos-sible, and in this effort they were aided by the Government. It was afterward said that every member of the gang was a Chicago crook, and that the man who personated the paymaster at the office was the sergeant aboard my car.

A Question of Honor. A judge had overruled a motion of Garvey, one of the best-

known lawyers of the St. Louis bar. The counselor is usually most respectful to the court, but he lost his temper this time and declared in his broad though rich and cultured Irish brogue: Your Honor, I hope for your Honor's honor that it will never be noised abroad to your Honor's hurt that this honorable court ever made a ruling so dishonorable to its own honor."

A Singular Woman. In Houlton, Me., lives a lady who never wore an article of jewelry, a piece of lace, nor a collar, even in the days of courtship, which experience she has passed through more than once, having | cellar?"-N. Y. Weekly. married twice.

HORRORS OF MODERN WAR. Made More Horrible by Recent Improvements in Arms.

next great European war Prof. Emil de Laveleye prophesies that the number of killed and wounded will in one day surpass that of an entire war in former times. Human blood will never have soaked the earth in such streams. On the continent Prof. Laveleye has long been regarded as a professional alarmist, and most of his published opinions of the approach and magnitude of the

more than double the losses of the war of 1879-'71. The famous needle gun, which Germany won her battles nearly twenty years age, is to-day considered a pretty antiquated weapon. With a weight of 5% kilograms and a caliber of 19 millimeters, it had a range of but 500 meters, hardly one-third of a mile. Today the French consider a gun with 4 kilograms weight, 8 millimeters caliber and 2,000 meters range somewhat behind the times. The German gun, new twenty years ago, delivered eight shots in the minute. The French gun, already passing out of date, delivers eight shots in twenty seconds. During the next year the German army will be provided with new magazine guns, and the guns which were deadly enough for it five years ago will be laid on the shelf or used as old iron. Three years ago Austro-Hungary began to introduce modern magazine guns of big caliber among its infantry. During the last year, however, the introduction of the big caliber guns has been given up and guns of small caliber have taken their place. Italy, too, has given her army guns of the latest pattern. Russia alone with her colossus of nearly 900,000 men sticks to the weapons of former days. In a recent issue of Die Nation, a German weekly, Hugo Hintze makes the

never been dreamed of. Nor will the losses of the infantry be confined to its operations within the zones described.

destructive fire. It would be a criminal and inconceivable piece of recklessness to enter into such a struggle without utilizing every possible means to victory.'

such grenades."

guns by the shortness of its range.

A First street merchant tells of a very

A CURED HEARTACHE.

In a recent article concerning the For now the days are simply-days,

coming war have been taken with a grain of salt. Of late, however, the majority of men on the continent who write for the magazines on military subjects have been gradually swinging around to his extreme position, which they formerly ridiculed. The vast superiority of these weapons over all weapons of former times is the basis of recent estimates of experts that in the next war the losses of the combatants will be thirty or forty per cent. of the men in active service—that is far

following prophecy: "The various 'zones' in which modern infantry may act are as follows: 1,600-1,000 meters (one mile to threefifths of a mile), zone of evolution; 1,000-500 meters, first fighting zone; 500-250 meters, zone of increased and hot firing; 250-200 meters, zone of the last firing, whence the decisive volley is fired and the attempt to take by storm is made. The only cover possible for attacking infantry is to be gotten merely by lying flat on the ground during the firing. Cover, while advancing from position to position, does not exist. The losses of the advancing infantry will be enormous. To cross a field of 800 meters breadth, swept by constantly increasing volleys, requires of soldiers a degree of moral courage and persistence that in past wars have

for, save in a most disadvantageous country, the artillery will be able to sweep the advancing columns with a "The battle of the field artillery will not be less murderous. Aside from small variations among the different kinds of artillery the extreme range of grenades may be stated as 7,000 meters (well over four miles), and the range of shrapnel 5,000 meters. The real dueling distance is between 2,000 and 2,500 meters. A prominent German officer of artillery describes a modern artillery battle thus: 'It is a battle of life or death, a duel at the end of which one of the principals lies dead on the field.

"I would apply a similar remark to the whole struggle on the battlefield and say: 'One principal lies dead on the field, the other leaves the field a

The effectiveness of the siege and fortification guns has been brought to a frightful degree of perfection. The big siege cannons have a range of 10,000 meters. The weight of the projectiles of siege cannons of shorter range runs as high as 175 kilograms. Naval guns and guns of the coast defenses carry shot weighing 1,000 kilograms. No armor, no earthworks can long withstand the explosive power of these shot. Formerly a fifteen-centimeter grenade was exploded into forty or forty-five pieces; to-day it is torn into 300 to 350 pieces of over ten grains weight and in 800 pieces of one-tenth grain weight, while the smallest pieces of less than one grain weight are thrown with sufficient force to penetrate a plank of two centimeters thickness. No fortifications can be constructed which can long withstand a bombardment with

Herr Hintze also speaks briefly of the Zalinsky dynamite gun, although he considers its formidability to be largely curtailed in these times of enormous

A Surprise for the Dude.

funny incident which happened in front of his store recently, says the Portland Oregonian. A young lady was standing in the doorway beside several dummies waiting for a street-car when there came along an attenuated specimen of the exaggerated dude, with a pair of pince nez glasses astride a very prominent nose, and mistaking, or pretending to mistake, the lady for a dummy, took hold of her cloak as if to examine the quality of the material. In less than a second an umbrella whirled by a well-developed arm came down crash on the dude's plug hat, driving it down over his ears and completely extinguishing hlm; and, as he extricated his hypsistenocephalus head and passed on amid the shouts and laughter of the spectators, the young lady calmly resumed her statuesque pose, as if set to catch the next gawking fool that came

along. - Real-Estate Agent (out West)-"This is the house I told you about." Eastern Man (anxious to grow up with the country)-'Rather pretty place! Contains all the modern improvements, does it?" Agent -"Yes, siree. Which will you look at first, the cyclone cave or the earthquake

Oh, dear lost heartache-sweetest pain, When hours were weeks and weeks were years, And eyes had always room for tears. How blest it was to pine and sigh,

To wait for letters, sick at heart Of hope deferred—to kiss and part On dim street corners in the rain:

Fo win a smile or madly feel A frown divide the soul like steel, Oh, loveliest misery! Why, why Did we curtail that happy grief, Or make one darling pang more brief!

We part each morn, each night we meet; We kiss and yawn, we talk and eat In married life's calm peaceful ways. But, oh, for those dear woes abjured, And the sweet heartache that is cured!

A SPECTRAL TRAGEDY. Strange, Weird Experience in the

Far West

In the summer of 1873 I was thirty years of age—in perfect health and of steady nerve. I was no believer in the uncanny-hardly in the supernaturaiand had always pooh-poohed at tales of ghosts, phantoms and visions of all sorts. But at the time mentioned above the experience I am about to relate put my intellect and sensibility to test in such a manner as to make me sparing henceforward of ridicule and forced me to find a place in credence for the possibility of apparition.

It is unnecessary to explain how I came to be traveling in the far West without companions, except for horse and dog and gun. Following the general route of the old overland trail, I camped one night in the edge of a considerable forest and at a point from which I could look forth over a broad, open plain. It was already after sundown. The

good horse was picketed, and, having provided a supper for myself and the log from a rabbit which my dog had brought down an hour or two earlier, I disposed things for the night, and, as the stars came out, lay down to sleep, comfortably rolled in a blanket. It was probably in the small hours of night that I awoke and rose to a sitting

nosture. The moon was climbing the eastern sky, with not a feather of cloud in her course, and every object stood forth as clearly as in the day. But it was not for me to contemplate n quietude the rare beauty of the night. In almost the first moment of conscious ness my eyes fell upon a slowly-moving

object in the distance. It was one of those canvas-covered wagons, the "prairie schooners" so familiar in the early days of overland travel to California. It was approaching almost directly toward me and my curiosity was at once aroused. Why any one should be traveling thus and so late at night I could not imagine. The movement was heavy, as if the horses were jaded, and the man

who walked by their side had a weary Twenty minutes passed, the vehicle approaching nearer and nearer. Still on it came, until when about thirty yards from me it suddenly stopped, and the man looking about seemed to be considering the wisdom of making camp. At this point I suddenly realized that the approach of the wagen had been ut-

terly noiseless. Not a chuck of the wheels, not the sound of a step either of horse or man. And furthermore there was no indication that I had been discovered, although I should have been as visible to this man as he to me. What could this mean? Was I dreaming? No. was never more awake. Was this hallucination? No, for the dog, who had been aroused by my movement in awakening, now turned his head in the direction of the new arrival and uttered a low growl. I laid my hand on him to keep him quiet.

The man now stood by the forward wheel, looking in at the opening of the eanvas top, and though I heard no voice I imagined that he was speaking to some one within. A woman's head appeared and after a glance around gave a nod of assent and the man proceeded to unharness the horses and turn them loose to graze. Then, after a moment, in which he seemed to be anxiously surveying the trail over which they had come, he

helped the woman to alight. And now their movements greatly puzzled me. Walking to and fro they seemed to be searching for some particular spot of ground. As I said above, I had selected my camping-ground in the outer edge of the forest. They were moving about therefore amid mingled shadows and moonbeams, but every motion was visible. Finally the woman pointed a space between two young trees, and the man after looking at it for a moment went to the rear end of the wagon and brought forth a spade. With the edge of this implement he marked off a rectangular space about five feet by two, and began to dig. All this, let it be remembered, was in absolute silence. Here were apparently living beings, actively engaged, and not more than one hundred feet away, and yet no sound was borne to me on the quiet air.

By this time my curiosity had turned to marvel. Here was a contradiction of common sense! I could not believe that what I saw was real; these beings must be apparitions. And yet here by my side was the dog, as alert as I, and trembling with an impulse to investigate, while obedient to my hand of re-

The digging proceeded, and the soil being soft, some five feet of depth was soon reached and then the man threw out the spade upon the ground. The woman meanwhile had been plucking branches of evergreen, bringing them in armfuls and throwing them beside-"the grave," I thought. And now, with the utmost care and patience, the whole cavity was lined with these sprigs of evergreen, held in place by twigs thrust into the banks on either side.

This done the man sprang out. The two surveyed their work for a moment, and then, after gazing once more, as if in anxiety, over the route by which they had come, they approached the wagon. Having rolled up the canvas on one side they lifted out a small mattress, depositing it upon a blanket which they had spread upon the ground. The mattress was not without its burden. The beams of the full moon ena-

its aspect of innocence and wore a life-

like smile, as if in answer to the radiant

queen of the sky, who seemed to be smiling, too, as she looked steadfastly down upon the living and the dead. The mother forthwith proceeded to arrange the spreads upon the child, tucking them and smoothing them down as if she were only putting her little one to bed, although while I heard no sob nor any expression of grief I

could see that her breast was heaving

with sorrow and her face was visited by The two now knelt on either side, kissing their darling many times and weeping over her, though trying apparently to comfort one another in their mutual wretchedness, if perchance there might come in their hearts a calm like that with which the moon was still sending down her beams to illumine the

tearful scene. Then laying hold of the blanket they carried their darling to the grave, and by the aid of the bridle-reins let the precious burden down into the place which they had so carefully prepared. Green boughs were scattered over her until they covered the beautiful form many inches deep, and then the clods were gently replaced, and a little mound was heaped, and the child transferred from her mother's bosom was sleeping at last in the bosom of the greater mother-Earth. The two sad mourners knelt again beside the grave, and seemed to be engaged in prayer, lifting their faces now and then to the sky as if in its indefinite clear depths they saw

the future hopes. All this-though I still thought it unreal-had awakened in me the keenest interest and sympathy. But my attention was now suddenly diverted to a line of figures in the distance, some what beyond the spot where I had seen the wagon when I first awoke. These were horsemen, who came sweeping on at a rapid pace, as if engaged in eager pursuit. From the manner in which they rode I knew they were Indians. Ah! I saw it all now and understood why these spectral visitors had so often looked back apprehensively in the direction from which they had approached. These pilgrims across the plains had seen signs of savages and had used night to push on beyond their reach, if haply they might bury their dead in peace and find safety for themselves. But the foe had discovered their trail and followed them,

bent on massacre. I laid my hand instinctively on the rifle under the edge of my blanket that I might join in the defense, and was about to ery out in warning of the danger that I saw approaching, but instantly bethought myself that this was unreality; a mere vision, calling for no practical action, and I might better let these shadows work out their tragedy to the end. I again restrained the dog, who seemed agitated, whether because he saw what I was seeing, or out of sympathy with my emotion-I know not

which. The two at the grave seemed unconscious of the threatened danger until their enemies were within a few hundred yards, when the man sprang up and lifted the woman also to her feet. They turned toward the wagon as if to gain its shelter and secure weapons for defense. It was too late. I saw flashes of fire and also a flight of arrows, still without a sound, however, to break the

calm of the night. Both the man and woman staggered as if wounded. They stopped and turned face to face, throwing their arms about each other as if realizing that this was their last embrace. Another volley, and, still clinging to each other in the agony of death, they fell together

upon the grave of their child. The Indians were not long in compleving their work. Then catching the horses and harnessing them into the wagon they hastened away, as though themselves in fear of pursuit. I watched them until they disappeared, and then was alone with my thoughts and the

brilliant night. I realized that I had seen a vision and though I turned myself resolutely to rest my sleep for the remainder of the night was fitful and disturbed. When finally I awakened again the sun had risen, and under the influence of that great dispeller of illusions and in spite of the vividness of the night's experience I began to think that after all I might have been only dreaming, especially when I saw the space where I had seen the burial and the tragedy that followed was not open and clear but over-

grown with brush and young trees. Nevertheless, yielding to a curiosity of which I was meanwhile almost ashamed, I soon made my way up into the bushes. Parting these with my hands as I went forward, and scanning the ground closely, I shortly experienced a new shock of surprise. For there, in the exact spot marked by the night scene, was a little mound, and over it

the remains of two skeletons. And now for a retrospective fact which gave to this weird experience of the night a personal significance. While I was yet a lad in my teens my brother, twenty years older, had taken his young wife and only child and set out across the plains in pursuit of fortune. The mails had brought home tidings of the progress of their journey up to a certain point. Beyond this all trace was lost,

and we never heard of them again. I have not been able to account satisfactorily for what I have related. Was this an indubitable information youchsafed to me from another world as to the fate of my relatives? If so, why was it reserved for this time and place? Was it impossible that I should have this vision elsewhere? And if this is the case, then why? Had nature photographed these tragic scenes and preserved their reflection, to reproduce them for an eye that was fitted by some occult law of sympathy to behold? Let the savants answer if they can - I can not .- Edward B. Payne, in O

Where Slavery Still Exists. An Indian woman in the Labore distriet has volunteered to accompany a police officer to Sind, and there promises to point out several other women who have been decoyed away and sold to cultivators as slaves. The police authorities have sent a police sergeant with the woman to Sind, and have asked the district magistrates of Multan and Sukkur to render every assistance to the woman in their respective districts in discoverbled me to see thereon a slight forming the slaves and their kidnapers. A that of a little girl who had scarcely lived Sikh, Kishen Singh, is alleged to be a out three years. The pretty white hands great dealer in the slave trade. This were folded over the breast. Long disgraceful traffic in women has been golden curls fell upon the pillow. The carried on from time immemorial, and face which I could see with astounding clearness was wonderfully beautiful in ures for its prevention. the authorities are now taking meas-

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IRON FROM THE SKY. The Raw Material from Which the Ar-

tecs Made Their Implements. When Cortez had completed the conquest of Mexico, the Spaniards, among a great many other peculiar and extraodinary observations which they made in that remarkable country, were particularly struck and puzzled by one fact. They noticed that the Aztecs possessed certain implements, such as knives, daggers, etc., made of iron, but it seemed that only the most distinguished of the natives possessed such, that iron was a great rarity, and was prized higher than

At first the Spaniards believed that the Aztecs extracted the metal in some crude fashion from its ore, which abounded in many parts of the country, but they soon ascertained that this was not the case. They found that not a single smelting furnace existed in the empire, and their surprise was not small when they learned that the Aztecs were totally unacquainted with any method of extracting the iron from the ore, which indeed they had never suspected of any kinship with the highly valued

The question whence the Aztecs had procured the little iron they possessed became a perplexing problem to the Spaniards, a problem which they were never able to solve. The natives do not seem to have enlightened them much on the subject, for when asked they mysteriously pointed to the sky and indicated that they obtained their iron from the regions above. Such assertions no doubt the Spaniards received with an incredulous smile, and they concluded that the Aztecs received it by way of traffic with some other perhaps more civilized nation, which they suspected to exist and kept looking for, north and south, for more than a hun-

dred years. It was left to modern science to unravel the mystery. The Aztecs were quite correct. The iron of which they had made their implements was not fashioned from materials of this terrestrial globe, but had come to them from the unknown regions of space. Their iron was, in fact, of meteoric origin, like that of the Mayas of Yucatan and the Incas of Peru, of which

OVERHEARD TALK. Some Droll Things Dropped in Memory's

Casket by a Boston Editor. The things which one overhears in the horse-cars are unlimited, and often they are very droll, says the Boston Courier. Only mildly diverting was the bit of dialogue overheard the other day. The speakers were two old women, who were cackling away in an animated gossip, their meeting evidently being the

drat for some time. "Well," observed one, "I guess Sarah lones will be scrprised when I tell her

seen you." "Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the other. "You don't mean to tell me that you know Sarah Jones. Well, if that lon't beat all. Why, if you know Sarah ones you must know pretty nigh every ody in this world."

The logic of the observation was not evident, but the tone of admiring wonder in which it was delivered made every hearer feel that in failing to know Sarah Jones he had failed to make his lite a uccess, and that socially he could never be any thing but a most complete fail-And speaking of talk which one over-

nears reminds the editor of a bit of

worldly wisdom speken by a countryman

on one of the Lake Sebago steamers.

The rustic was talking with a somewhat

wizened-up old lady, who was evidently his mother, and the latter was heard to say to him: "Wall, now, Sam, I don't think you

treated Lucindy just right in the matter. she felt awful bad about it." "Wall," the son responded, meditatively and with an amount of worldly wisdom for which one was not at all prepared from such a source, "I'm kind o' sorry, but then gals will stand a sight

more from fellers than fellers will from And the wrinkled old woman sighed and was silent, as if she felt the impossibility of controverting so obvious a proposition and remembered her own youth and the things that had happened

to her then. A WASHINGTON WOMAN.

Two Somewhat Noteworthy Episodes in Her Social Career. A well-known society woman here, says a Washington letter to the New York Tribune, told the following story and was surprised that her listeners did

not commiserate her on the indignity

she suffered at the hands of two strange

women. Others had been telling of the rudeness they had endured from callers, and my lady thought her's would cap the climax. "On one of my afternoons last season," said she, "two women whom I had never seen or heard of were ushered into the parlor. Mrs. -- was receiving with me and we both had the dearest little pugs in our laps. They staid fully ten minutes, and, as it was quite early, no one else had dropped in.

When they got up to go one of them "'I heard, madam, that you had two babies. Seems to me a woman had better have her babies in the parlor with

They talked about every thing. One of

them asked for whom I were mourning,

the other fingered my friend's lace

gown and asked if it was machine-made.

her than her dogs. "It was the most impudent thing I ever heard of, but that is Washington

society for you. Just as if my nurses couldn't take care of the children." This same woman gave a large dinner party some time ago in honor of the polished and courtly members of the Chinese Legation. As soon as they were seated at table she horrified her

Chinamen and saying, indulgently: "John, likee Melicea?" Misinterpreting his look of disgust, she continued: "Ah, John, no speakee Englishee."

Sure Cure for Cigarettes. Habitual tobacco users and whisky drinkers have been cured by the following plan: Those who smoke their first

cigarette, say at seven o'clock in the morning, begin by putting it off just ten minutes past the hour for a few days, then make it fifteen or twenty minutes, and so on until it will be noon and then night before the first one is smoked. If it is slow it is certainly a sure way of tapering off, if faithfully followed.

The state of the same THE TO COVER THE SKY OVERS THE BARYS.