but scalawage do otherwise .-

-Ille is too short.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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NUMBER 40.

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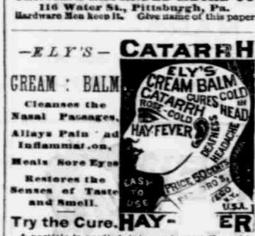
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A sense of sorrow and despair? "Tis possible wealth would not swell The happiness of such as 1; I might not play the rich man well,

I'D LIKE TO TRY.

If I had gold might it not be

A useless burden and a care? And might it not convey to me

But yet I wouldn't mind to try. If some day fame should hunt me up And sing my praises everywhere, Would joy or sorrow fill my cup, Would skies be overeast or fair?

Would I not faint to see my name In burning letters placed on high!

I'm modest, quite, but just the same I feel as though I'd like to try. If some fair maid should all her love Upon my lonely heart bestow, As gentle stars that shine above

Look down upon the earth below, Would life perfection seem to me, Or would I sometimes sadiv sich From wedded bondage to be free? Well, anyhow, I'd like to try.

Incidents in the Life of "Daddy' Reagan, the Sport.

Fortunes Won at Cards and Lost in Speculation-He Fought for a Girl Who Became His Wife-Her

The members of the sporting fraternity in St. Louis have already caised a arge sum of money towards a monument to "Daddy" Reagan. When he died in a hospital recently the career of

Sam B. Reagan was born in Russellville, Ky., sixty-two years ago. His father was a clergyman and was prominent in his section. Sam was the eldest wealth, and among his possessions were several thoroughbred Kentucky horses. In these animals Sam found his greatest the vicinity as a daring rider and an ex-

should turn towards the turf, and before he was out of his teens he had adopted the life of a professi Shrewd at a bargain, he is said to have made several thousand dollars with the few horses he owned before he had attained his majority. But bad luck came to him soon after and he was soon seen at the gaming-tables. When twenty-two years old he linked his fate as a gam-Morton. He and Morton ran up and down on the Mississippi river steamers, occasionally getting over on the Red river boats, and many adventures befell 'Dad" during all those years. Back in 1852 "Dad" came to St. Joseph, then

the gateway to the Far West. The first story told of "Dad" is of a samed Edgeton, a "fly" gambler, on the to New Orleans. "Dad" was a "square sport." He never stooped to trickery, chile the man Edgeton was directly the was a big jack-pot, and every one but Edgeton and "Dad" had dropped out. The amount of money in the pot is not stated, but it was sufficient to excite both men. "Dad" had a full hand, and kept raising each raise made by his opponent, who sat opposite to him. There posed in his left hand. Quick as a pocket and, firing, knowked the illegitwith a bullet. The wounded man drew an old-fashioned pistol and fired, the ball grazing "Dad's" brow and injuring him seriously. He reached over the ta-

then fell to the floor of the cabin unconscious. In 1858, on the Crescent City, a planter named Ross, living near Knoxville, Fenn., was on his way up the river from New Orleans, where he had been selling some of his products. He had with him between \$18,000 and \$20,000 in cash, and got into a game with "Dad." Ross had been drinking heavily and was in no condition to play the cards. He was reckless and ready to bet his pile on a pair of deuces. But such men were considered the legitimate prey of the river gamblers, and "Dad" was not reluctant n pulling in the shekels of the inebriated planter. In an hour's time "Dad" ad every cent of the 820,060, and then Ross realized what he had done. There was no getting the money back. On the steamers money won at poker was as quare as money made by the legal sale le, his eyes bloodshot and his face hag-

"Well, old man," said he, "you have now every cent I have in the world. and I have a wife, a mother and several children. That money was to pay off the debt on my plantation, but it is gone and they must starve. But you won it square and I'm not kicking. Say goodbye to them for me;" and as he said these last words he put his hand around

to his back pocket. tion, sprang forward, but too late. A bullet had crashed through his skull and he sank down on the floor dead. "Dad" had his body taken to an undertaker's at Memphis and accompanied the corpse to the plantation. He attended the funeral, and Bill Harding-an old friend of "Dad's"-says, gave the widow every cent he had won from Ross. Then he went back to Memphis, caught the

next boat and continued gaming. It must have been about this time-1858-that Reagan met the girl that he afterwards made his wife. Like all the other incidents of his life, it was a romantic meeting, courtship, marriage and parting. According to Bill Hardingand Bill is the only sport left who knows the story of "Dad's" life, he met the girl in this way: It was in a house in New Orleans that they first saw each other. She was a French girl-possibly a Creole-and was young and pretty. The night they met was her first night away from home. She could not have

been more than twenty years of age, and

Bill, who knew her, says he never saw

and mortification. "Dad" sprang for-

- Chicago Herald. AN OLD RIVER GAMBLER.

Sad End. one of the most famous American gam-

son and was well educated for a boy of those days in that somewhat unsettled region. His father was a man of some delight, and as a boy he soon became a clever horseman and noted throughout pert judge of horseflesh.

It was but natural that his taste oler with an old professional named

game of poker he had with a man steamer La Belle Creole while on a run posite in his methods of play. There was a call, and "Dad" lay down his hand, while Edgeton dropped four aces on the table, and started to rake in the pot. As he did so, a fifth ace was exflash "Dad" whipped a revolver from his mate piece of pasteboard-from the gambler's hand. Then discharging his Colt's revolver twice in rapid succession, he pierced both of Edgeton's ears

ble, and taking the money and chips put the winnings into his pocket and property. Ross arose from the ta-

"Dad" and others, divining his inten-

shutters half off, the drainage out of

a more modest, timid or beautiful woman A man made an improper remark to her and the girl cried out in her shame

ward, and, knocking down the man who had his arms about her, stood to protect her from further insults. The man arose and he and his friends attacked "Dad," and a desperate fight ensued from which Reagan emerged victorious, although suffering from a knife wound.

That night he married her, and the next day they boarded a steamer and went up the river. "Dad" idolized her and she worshiped him. On the trip down, however, the parting came. They had a quarrel, and "Dad" cast aspersions regarding her character before he made her his wife. Broken-hearted, she ran to the side of the boat and threw herself into the river. Her body was found floating down the stream. On the fourth finger of the left hand was a plain gold ring, and it is this ring that "Dad," as

he lingered between life and death in

the hospital, twirled so constantly. "The biggest game 'Dad' was ever in," said old Rill Harding, "was in St Louis in 1869, when the old fellow carried away \$35,000 in eash and checks and some \$14,000 in I OU's and promissory notes. I don't know all about that sitting nor how he struck it so rich, but I do know that it was so. A number of the most prominent men in St. Louis were in the game, one of them named Greene, I believe, who was largely interested in the Granite Mountain Mines and very wealthy. One man, Smithers, I think, was his name, had paid 'Dad' a theck for \$6,000, and then had gone to the bank early in the morning, and stopped payment on it. When 'Dad' came to cash it, of course it was no good, and 'Dad' was mad. He went around to Smithers's office, and confronting him, tore the check into a hundred pieces and threw them into his Then reaching into his vest pocket he extracted five \$100 bills, and tossing them on to Smithers' desk, exclaimed: 'Here, my poor man, take

these and buy dinner;' and stalked out of the office. Smithers sent the bills back the next day, and 'Dad' gave them to a missionary society in St. Louis." Back in the fifties "Dad" made St. Joseph his headquarters. It was during the gold fever in California, and of course the city was filled with adventurous spirits. The one hotel-that is, of any pretensions-was the Pacific House, is still standing, and this is perhaps one of the most famous hotels in the land to-day. On the second floor of the Pacific House "Dad" and a partner, named Cummings-"Deacon" Cummings he was called-ran a gambling joint. Among "Dad's" patrons were two of the most famous characters of early daysthe Thompson brothers -Colonel Broaddus Thompson and "Old Jeff" Thompson, or the Fire-Eating Tarantula, as he was often called. Jeff was the man who tore down the stars and stripes

poleon, in blank verse and doggerel. Colonel Broaddus and "Dad" were warm friends. Broaddus would borrow a few dollars from some one who didn't know him well, buy a drink for the crowd and then steer straight for 'Dad's" rooms, where the chances were he would lose every cent in a few minutes. It was Broaddus who first sprung the joke that has been attributed to Senator Vest, Senator Stewart and about every living statesman, and will be attributed to future public characters probably. Broaddus had been sitting in a game, lost all he had, and went down into the hotel office. His long beard was of a delicate ecru color, being

from the court-nouse there in '61, and

when hedged in with his regiment by

the Yankees wrote orders, like Na-

saturated with tobacco-juice. A friend said to him: "Colonel, how did you get all that tobacco-juice on your beard?" "By expectoration, sir; by expectora-

"And was it necessary to expectorate n your whiskers?" "Yes, sir, it was,

"Could you not have spit in the cuspa-

iores?" "No, sir. I did not dare turn my head long enough in that game, sir." "Dad" was a very nervy man and strong as a lion. In those days there was a notorious character called "Platte Purchase Pete." He was born and raised in this section of Missouri, and was a typical Western terror. He was a terror simply because he had abnormally well-developed vocal organs, and no one dared to dispute his right to the title of reigning terror of St. Joe until he ran up against "Dad." A game was in progress one night and "Platte Purchase Pete" walked into the rooms and began to create a disturbance. The players paid little attention to him, and his irritated Pete. Walking up to 'Dad," he reached down and, taking up the pile of chips that stood before the veteran gambler, stepped back a few paces and hurled them at him. "Dad" aid down the cards which he was dealing, and slowly walking up to Pete, crasped him by the back of the neck and ran him towards the window. Liftng the six-foot terror, he opened the window and dropped him out. The fall vas probably sixteen feet, and a broken eg was the result. Pete was so mortified by this disgrace that as soon as he

recovered from the effects of the fall he started West and never returned. "Dad" visited Asia, South America and Mexico. In '72 he came back to St. oseph and proved himself to be worth \$95,000. He invested heavily in Kansas and Nebraska lands, but his investments proved disastrous. He tried to found a town in Kansas, but chose a poor site and lost money. In '78 he left again, but came back in '80 and opened a big saloon-the handsomest in the Southwest. He put every cent he had into this place, but it was no go and he was left almost a beggar. Bad luck claimed im then and never relinquished its

When old Daddy died, about the last human relic of the early river days passed away. - N. Y. World.

A Desirable Lecation. House-Hunter-I have looked that house which you recommended so slighly, and I find the walls damp, the

order, the cellar full of water and the roof leaky. Agent-Yes, sir, I know the house is in rather bad condition, but think of its advantages-there isn't a piano in that block .- N. Y. Weekly.

Rather a Slow Town. An event has happened in Kensington, N. H., which has set the inhabitants wild with excitement. The first house to be built in the place for thirty years is approaching completion, and a grand celebration is expected when the | toward getting you two babes out of the inmates take possession. _- _ woods."

THE BEST MAN.

a Boston Lochinvar. from Newport the other day to see his

erty that needed his sanction. He found the city very hot and dreary and empty. He had to wait over for an afternoon train, and as he was down-town he decided to lunch at a French restaurant near Washington square, where some one told him you could get particular things particularly well-cooked. The tables were set on a terrace with plants and flowers about them and covered with a tri-colored awning. There were no jangling horse-car bells nor dust to disturb him, and almost all the other tables were unoccupied. The waiters leaned against these tables and chatted in a French argot, and a cool breeze blew through the plants and billowed

Bibber was glad he had come. leaned back and surveyed the other diners. There was an old Frenchman scolding over his late breakfast, two young artists with Van Dyke beards. who ordered the most remarkable things in the same French argot that the waiters spoke, and a young lady and a young gentleman at the table next to his own. The man's back was toward him, and he could see only the girl when the youth moved to one side. She was very young and very pretty, and she seemed in a most excited state of mind from the tip of her wide-brimmed, pointed French hat to the points of her patent-leather ties. She was strikingly well-bred in appearance, and Van Bibber wondered why she should be dining alone with so

young a man. earnestly; "I'd no idea he would be out of town, and, anyway, it really doesn't

"Of course," said the girl, almost tearfully; "but they're not my cousin and he is, and that would have made it so much-oh, so very much different. I'm awfully scared." "Runaway couple, by Jove!" com-

Read about 'em often; never soen 'em. Most interesting." He bent his head over an entree, but he could not help hearing what followed, for the young runaways were indifferent to all around them, and though

nor lower their voices. "Well, what are you going to do?" said the girl, severely, but not unkindly; "it doesn't seem to me that you are exactly rising to the occasion."

make out a list and drive around in a cab until we find one who has not gone off on his vacation."

woman I ever ran away with. One might think you were going to a funeral. You were willing enough two days ago, and now you're sorry you came."
"No, not sorry, exactly," said the girl; "but, indeed, Ted, it is going to make so much talk. If we only had a girl with us, or if you had a best man,

had only been at home to do the mar-The young gentleman called Ted did

very good time. very good Boston family named Standwas the elder who was Van Bibber's particular friend. The girl saw nothing of this mutual recognition, for she was looking with startled eyes at a hansom that had dashed up the side street

and was turning the corner. brother. There! In that hansom. sawhim perfectly plainly. Oh, how did he find us? What shall we do?" Ted grew very red and then very

ing up and reaching for his hat, "pay this chap for those things, will you, and I'll get rid of your brother.' Van Bibber came down the steps lighted a cigar, as the elder Standish

came up them on the jump. "Hello! Standish!" shouted the Nev Yorker; "What a coincidence! Why I've just seen your brother, and now here you are. What's up?"

man, eagerly; "yes, and where is he? Am I in time?"

Chicago, "The driver who brought them here and who told me where they were, said they could not have left this place by the time I would reach it," said the elder brother, doubtfully.
"Yes, but they have," said Van Bib-

City in time for the two-thirty, you can reach Chicago almost as soon as they do. They are going to the Palmer House, they said." "Thank you, old fellow," shouted Standish, jumping back into his hansom; "it's a terrible business. Pair of

itely. "Now, then," said that young man, as he approached the frightened couple on the terrace, "Tve sent your brother off to Chicago. I do not know why I selected Chicago as a place where one would go on a honeymoon. But I'm not

How Young Van Bibber Assisted Young Van Ribber came back to town

lawyer about the disposal of some propthe awning, so that on the whole Van

When he had given his order he me to recommend the salad, which is

"It wasn't my fault," said the youth. matter. There are other clergymen in the city besides your cousin."

ited Van Bibber; "most interesting

he rattled his knife and fork in a most vulgar manner, they did not hear him

"Well, I don't know," answered the youth; "we're safe here, anyway. Nobody we know ever comes here, and if they did, they are out of town, now. You go on and eat something, and I'll get a directory and look up a lot of clergymen's addresses, and then we can

"They'll never forgive us," said the "Oh, well, that's all right," exclaimed the young man, cheerfully; 'really, you're the most uncomfortable young

as they drove off to the boat. "Now," said Van Bibber, "when that or if we had witnesses, as they do in is printed in the papers to-morrow, it England, and a parish registry, or something of that sort; or, if Cousin Harold

not look, judging from the expression of his shoulders, as if he were having a He called the waiter and told him to bring a directory, and as he turned to give the order, Van Bibber recognized him and he recognized Van Bibber. Van Bibber knew him for a very nice boy of ish, and the younger of two sons. It

"Ted! oh, Ted!" she gasped; "it's your

"Standish," said Van Bibber, jump

"You've seen him!" cried the Boston

Was she with him? Are they married? Van Bibber answered these different questions to the effect that he had seen young Standish and Mrs. Standish not a half-an-hour before, and that they were just then taking a cab for Jersey City, whence they were to depart for

ber; "however, if you get over to Jersey

young fools. Nobody objected to the marriage-only too young, you know. Ever so much obliged."

"Don't mention it," said Van Bibber,

very good at it. Now, if you will introduce me I'll see what can be done

Standish said: "Miss Cambridge, this

is Mr. Cortlandt Van Bibber, of whom you have heard my brother speak," and Miss Cambridge said she was very glad

to meet Mr. Van Bibber even under such peculiarly trying circumstances. "Now, what you two want to do," said Van Bibber, addressing them as though they were just about fifteen years old and he was at least forty, "is to give this thing all the publicity you

can.

"What?" chorused the two runaways, in violent protest. "Certainly," said Van Bibber: "you were about to make a fatal mistake, You were about to go to some unknown clergyman, of an unknown parish, who would have married you in a back room without a certificate or a witness, just like any cloping farmer's daughter and a lightning-rod agent. Now, it's different with you two. Why you were not married respectably in church, I don't know; but a kind Providence has sent me to see that there is no talk or scandal, which is such bad form, and which would have got your names in all the society papers. I am going to arrange this wedding properly, and you will kindly remain here until I send a carriage for you. Now, just rely on me and eat your luncheon calmly. Allow

especially good." Van Bibber first drove madly to the Little Church Around the Corner, where he told the kind old rector all about it, and arranged to have the church open and the assistant organist in her place, and a district messengerboy to blow the bellows, at three o'clock. "Now," he said, "I must get some names. It doesn't matter much whether they happen to know the highcontracting parties or not, but they must be names that everybody knows. Whoever is in town will be lunching at Delmonico's and the men will be at the club." So he just went to the big restaurant, where, as good luck would have it, he found Mrs. "Regy" Van Arnt and Mrs. Jack Parrish and the Misses Brookline, who were just off the yacht Minerva, of the Boston Yacht Club, and he swore them to secrecy and

told them about it. At the club he pressed four men into service who knew everybody and whom verybody knew, and tested that they had not been properly invited and that they knew only the bride and groom by sight, he told them that made no difference, as it was their names only he wanted. Then he sent a messenger-boy to get the biggest suite of rooms on the Fall River boat and another one for flowers, and then he put Mrs. Regy Van Arnt into a cab and sent her after the bride, and, as best man, he got into another cab and carried off the

"I have acted as best man or usher forty-two times now," said Van Bibber, as they drove to the church, "and this is the first time I ever appeared in either capacity in Russia-leather shoes and a blue-serge yachting suit. But then," he added, contentedly, "I'm nothing to the other fellows. One of

them is in a striped-flannel suit." Mrs. "Regy" and Miss Cambridge wept a great deal on the way up-town, but the bride was all smiles and blushes when she walked up the aisle to meet her prospective husband. They all shook hands after it was over, and the assistant-organist played the "Wedding March," and one of the club-men insisted in pulling a cheerful and jerky peal on the church bell in the absence of the janitor, and then Van Bibber hurled an old shoe and a handful of rice -which he had thoughtfully collected from the cook at the club-after them

will read like one of the most orthodox and swagger weddings of the season. But still I can not help thinking-" "Well?" said Mrs. "Regy," as he paused doubtfully. "Well, I can't help thinking," continued Van Bibber, "of Standish racing around Chicago with the thermometer at one hundred and two in the shade, and of our meeting when he gets back. It will be feverish-very feverish. I

It just shows that a man who is not practiced in lying should leave it alone." -N. Y. Sun.

wish I had sent him to Jersey City only.

FOR ENGAGED GIRLS. A Wise Woman Tells Them How to Treat Their Future Husbands. You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, says the Ladies' Home Journal, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindu said: "He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He s your sweetheart, your lover, it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter

and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you subject to ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let him come in and be one of them-there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs for the se the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called familiarity.

Breach of Hygienic Laws. Hawold-You look all bwoke up, Cholly. By Jove, what ails you, deah

Cholly-Tewible accident, Hawold. Arfter doing my toilet larst night, forgot to put on my finger wing again, and so caught a twemendous cold.-Jewelers' Circular.

"THEY SAY."

Who are the vague, mysterious "They" Who always have so much to "say" Of you and me and every one, And every thing that's said or done? Wherever human souls abound There "They" are certain to be found, And be as careful as we may There's no escaping their "They say."

They say"-they really do not know-"Tis rumored Mr. So-and-so Is soon to wed Miss What's her-name". No one knews whence the rumor came. 'They" siyly whisper this and that, Of your and my affairs "They" chat And been us busy day by day

Refuting allly things "They suy." They say" that nearly every one Has something wrought or left undone That's "re..."ly shocking, yet you know You must not usy who teld you se..." They" intimate such awful things

And give to lies such airy wings. That truth itself is led astroy That hearkens to the words "They say." They say "- Who says it? Let them dars Their personality declare, Nor let tax m longer sigly seek To hide the words they dare to speak Why should they parentage refuse To works which they have put in use! With whispered rumors let's away Nor lead an ear to what "They my."

A NIGHT OF DANGER.

-Chicago Herald,

Thrilling Adventure of a Traveler in a Southern Forest.

There was no longer any reasonable doubt but that I was lost. All that day I had been tramping through a wild and almost unbroken forest, in one of our Southwestern

States.

than a half-dozen human habitations, and they were of the poorest and rudest description, hardly fit for the abode of a wild animal. Since the middle of the afternoon, the forest had been unbroken on either side,

so thickly matted with trees and vines

that the eye could not penetrate a dozen

Since morning, I had not seen more

feet into the gloomy shadows. All there was to show that a human being had over been that way before was the apology for a road that I was pursuing. If there has ever been any travel upon it, there was little sign now that such had been the case. had grown up where the ruts might have been, and in many places the stout vines had crept around, so that one had to keep a constant lookout to prevent himself from being tripped up by them. Now and then, in the thickest portion of the forest, it was almost impossible to keep what, in fact, was hardly more than a trail. Here it would seem to

up to nightfall I flattered myself that I had not gone astray. But now I had grave reason to be worried. At the cabin where I had passed the previous night, I had been told that I should come to another by the middle of the afternoon, or a little later, providing I made good time. But now night was close upon me, and the habitation I had been looking for at every

branch either to the right or left, but

turn had failed to materialize. . The prospect of a night alone in the dismal forest was not pleasant to contemplate. I knew that in the dismal depths about me, outlaws, moonshiners and cut-throats had their refuge, and I did not relish the idea of meeting them at any time, much less of encountering them in the darkness.

It had begun to grow dark about me,

when I came to a point in the way

which puzzled me. The road forked

again, and for the life of me I could not determine which to take, the right or As many had done before me, I let chance decide the matter. Setting a stick upright, I removed my hand, and let it fall in the direction it would. It fell to the left, and so I took that way. I hurried onward now as fast as I could. I wanted to make use of what daylight still remained, and get to the cabin where I was to pass the night before it became so dark that traveling would be impossible. But my haste amounted to nothing. A darkness which could almost be felt closed in about me, and I felt a certainty that I must be lost. The cabin I expected to find had not appeared, and of its exist-

ence I had no reason to doubt. The people where I had passed the previous night could have had no motive in deceiving me. Stumbling along in the darkness, trying to make up my mind to face the inevitable, that of passing the night out of doors, I suddenly tripped over something which lay across the path, and went headlong over it to the ground. Mingled with the shock of striking the earth was a thrill of fear, coupled with astonishment. I did not get upon my feet at once, but sitting up, I reached out toward the obstruction over which I had tripped. A thrill of horror ran

through my frame as my hand touched it. It was the body of a man. I sprang to my feet, while I could feel the hair rising upon my head. Had the body been stiff and cold, my fright would not have been so bad. By chance I had placed my hand upon its face, and I felt there was the warmth of life still in it. This was not all. It was wet, and the moisture stuck to my hands. Although I could not see, I felt sure that it was blood that was sticking to them. An aceident had occurred, or a murder had been committed, within a few minutes of my coming.

With trembling hands I sought for match, and when I found one, I struck it and glanced down at the object before me. It was the body of a man, its face so covered with blood that its features were not discernible. The match went out and I was alone again in the darkness, with the body of the murdered man lying at my feet. I lighted two or three matches at once.

but their light only revealed to me what I had already seen. What could I do? The thought of remaining by the side of the dead man until morning could not entertain for a moment. must go on until a considerable distance at least, was placed between it and me This I lost no time in doing. As fast as my feet would carry me, I hurried on, half unmindful if I was keeping the trail or not. For something like half an hour I pushed onward, and then came suddenly

On before me a light was glimmering

through the trees; but I was uncertain

whether it came from a fire or a will-o'-

to a standstill.

the road behind me. As I came near. the outlines of a cabin disclosed itself, and out through the single window the light was gleaming.

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I thanked my stars for this; without doubt it was the cabin to which I had been directed that morning; and I had stumbled as it were upon it by accident. The thought of finding those who had a hand in the death of the man I had left in the road did not occur to me, and walking up to the door, I gave a loud rap thereon. Some one commenced to move about. The light was taken from the window, and, a little later, the door was thrown open, and a woman stood before me. She was not very prepossessing, and there was a seared look upon

her face, as she said: "Who are you, and wast do you want

horoz" "I am a stranger traveling through the country on business. This morning I was told I should find a cabin hereabouts, where I could get untertainment

for the night." "You had better go away. This is no place for an honest man. They may be back soon, and your life will be in dan-

She would have closed the door, but I raised my hand to prevent it. At that moment she uttered a cry of terror. "What is it?" I said. "Murderer! Look at your hands," she cried.

I held them up. They were covered with blood which I had got upon them while feeling in the dark to find what it was that lay across the road. The blood of the murdered man.

The next moment she had slammed the door in my face, and then I heard her secure it with heavy bars. A man could hardly find himself in a more forlorn condition than that I was now in. No road which a man could follow before him; a dead man lying in

the forest behind, and a band of cutthroats liable at any moment to put in their appearance at the cabin. The sound of running water put me in mind that there was a chance for me to wash the blood from my hands. Guided by the sound, I passed around the cabin to the spot where, doubtless, its inmates got their water. Here I proceeded to give them a good washing, tell whether I had removed all the stains. I was about to move away from the spot, when I was startled by the sound of voices hardly a dozen yards

away. Listening, I caught the words uttered as they drew nearer: "Let him lie there and rot. An aboveground grave is good enough for a dog

Doubtless he was speaking of the man over whose body I had stumbled. "But some one may find it, and so get is into trouble," said another. "There is little chance of that. No

one hardly ever comes this way now."

"You forget that there is a stranger somewhere near here now. We have got to see that he don't get out of hero My blood ran cold. Of course he could mean no one except myself. "Yes, he has seen too much already. If he came along the road he must have run across the dead man. Who knows

but what he may be in the cabin now? He would want a shelter for the night. and the light in the window might bring him here." They had reached the doorway now, and one of them demanded admittance. The door opened, and they went in. closing it behind them. Now was the time for me to make my escape. A minute later they might learn of the woman that I must be somewhere near at hand. Almost holding my breath.

darkness, going I knew not whither. To my dying day I shall not forget that night in the forest. Morning found me more dead than alive; but to my great joy it was on the edge of a con-I at once sought out the authorities, and told them the story of my night's adventure. They knew of the whereabouts of the cabin, and had long sus-

pected it to be the home of a gang of

robbers and moonshiners. When they

got there, they found it empty. Taking

alarm at my escape, fearing that I had

and moving so that not a dry leaf rustled

beneath my feet, I crept away into the

learned too much, they had fled to new quarters for safety. The body of the murdered man was brought in and buried. Who he was was never known to a certainty, but it was suspected that he was some one who was trying to earn the reward offered for a clew to the gang of moonshiners

by whom he had lost his life.

penalty of their crimes at the halter's Every now and then that night of danger comes vividly to my mind, and I reverently thank Providence, who carried me safely through,-Arthur L. Meserve, in Yankee Blade.

Sawdust.

Little Daisy Parks (on her first visit

A few years afterwards, I heard that

they had been caught and had paid the

to her country uncle)-Oh, mamma, what a lovely place! Look at that splendid wide field full of beautiful flowers. "No, child, that is common white weed.

"No, dear, those are pumpkins." "Well, then, look at the trees full of lovely ripe cherries." "Those are nothing but red leaves, my pet." Daisy (with tears in her eyes)-

Mamma, you look at the mean side of

every thing. Next thing, you'll be

saying Uncle George is not Uncle

George at all; but some horrid old

"But just see the piles of great, big.

yellow oranges lying in the grass.

Phonographs in Post-Offices. The Mexican Post-Office Department about to adopt a nave phonograph is to be placed in each prin-

tramp.-Puck.

cipal office in the country for the accommodation of the numerous citizens who can not read or write. The illiterate Mexican will go to the post-office, talk his message into the receiver of the phonograph, and when the cylinder reaches its destination the person addressed will be sent for and the message will be repeated to him by another ma-

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Burglar (soliloquizing)—Well, I guess that's all I can get here. Waiter(talking in his sleep)-Haven's

the-wisp flitting through the tangled mazes of the forest. But I would not be long kept in suspense. Any company you forgotten something, sir? was better than the dead man lying in