BY JAMES G. HASSON,

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE "

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1891.

it for a rise. So, quite independently

it touched ninety.

great satisfaction.

was upon him.

more.

out well.

his wife.

said.

a fool.

of its actual value, it rosesteadily until

At that point Albert was fortunate

He announced this to his wife with

"A clear profit of six hundred and

eighty dollars." he said. "As much as

done it inside of two months. I'd bet-

ter have kept it in the savings bank,

could lay by in three years-and I've

"Take my advice, and put it back

But Albert Grafton had had a taste of

speculation, and the fatal fascination

"I must make another venture, Al-

ice," he said. "I don't deny there's

some risk, but I want to make a little

"You can't expect to be lucky every

"It wasn't luck. I used my best judg-

He began, despite his wife's remon-

strances, to seek out another chance

for a speculation. He was shown the

prospectus of a petroleum company

which was represented as wonderful

for the unparalleled yield of the wells

already opened upon it. Capital was

needed to sink an additional number,

which there was every reason to think

would yield equally well. For that

purpose a limited amount of stock was

low price of ten dollars per share.

offered to the public at the extremely

Albert decided to invest his entire

capital in this promising speculation.

and received in return a certificate of

one hundred and eighty shares, which

he showed with great satisfaction to

"The shares, it is thought, will go

But unfortunately they did not.

up to twenty dollars in a month," he

They remained at par only a week, and

then declined to nine. Somewhat un-

easy. Albert went to the secretary of

the company for an explanation. He

was assured by that gentleman that it

was all right; that the decline was ow-

ing to the efforts of a large operator

who wished to buy in cheap, and profit

If this was the case the operator was

accessful, since another week brought

Mrs. Grafton urged her husband to

"What, and lose over five hundred

"No, the officers say it is all right.

Meanwhile the stock sank to five, and

again Alice besought her husband to

sell. "You will get back nine hundred

"And fose nine hundred? No, I will

Poor Alice looked on with dismay.

then she took up the evening paper,

and noticed a further decline in the

tock in which her husband's all was

avested. She saw that he was too

endstrong to be influenced, and looked

The decline continued, until the

"What do you think of your stock?"

"I sold out at fear-P have lost confi-

In a panie Albert went to his broker

and directed a peremptory sale. The next day he sold out, realizing two

dollars per share, instead of the orig-

inal ten, making three hundred and

sixty dollars. He hardly knew whether

to be glad or serry when he learned

that the stock was no longer his. But

"At least," she said, "you have saved

omething from the wreck, and you

have gained experience. Now, let us

put the money back into the savings

Albert made no opposition. He felt

too much mortified and discouraged at

is losses to wish to engage in any fur-

As for the petroleum stock it went

own and down till it ceased to have a

Albert Grafton's lesson was a severe

ne, but it will conduce to his perma-

ent good. He is young yet, and with

ndustry and frugality may earn a

competence. For one speculator who

makes a fortune there are ten who fail.

Slow and sure is very apt to win the

race.-Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee

Early Society Buds.

One of the absurdities of the day is

he manner in which young schoolgirls

from fifteen to seventeen are allowed

to emulate their elder sisters in indulg-

ing in social dissipation, says the Bos-

ton Gazette. During the recent season

there have not only been dancing

classes but also private cotillons and

dinner parties given for children who

should either be asleep or in the nurse-ry. If dinners are to be given for the

doves," as the "sub-doves" are often

called, what is left for them when they

really are introduced into society? It

s no wonder that some of the debu-

tantes of the last few seasons have been

found to be well versed in the ways of

the world, and ready to go quite as far

as their elders, when it is considered

that the bloom of maidenly freshness

has been taken off at innumerable

cotillons, dances, sleighing parties and

dinners. Mothers would do well to re-

fuse to allow their daughters so much

social liberty while they are at school,

for they will find if this continues that

their "buds," when presented to full-

grown society, lack the charm that in-

genuousness alone gives to young girls.

-Daniel Salisbury and his wife, of

market value. The last quotations were

ten cents a share, and it would not com-

ther enterprise of a similar nature.

"I am out of it," was the reply

forward sadly to the entire loss of the

Her heart sank within her ever day

They are now digging wells. As soon

as they prove successful the stock will

dollars?" he exclaimed. "I am not such

"But you may have to lose more.

by the subsequent advance.

lown the price to seven.

take a bound unward."

see it through," he said.

asked Crampton.

ence in it.

"Out of it. When?"

his wife heartily rejoiced.

mand that now.

Blade.

dollars," she said.

He paid over eighteen hundred dollars,

ment in the investment, and it turned

there, Albert. Be content with what

you have made, and don't risk the mon-

enough to sell out, receiving for his

twenty shares eighteen hundred dol-

NUMBER 21.



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its who will give every attention to cust

shop is in the hands of skilled

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Discussed Team productives, Comm. 24-75, 724

On. R. J. Kuspath, Com.
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with your coloured in the a search Carberton into
the last following a day. Finance dozen
convex forties, having used it with your coccess,
currence very thing i creek it on. No neighborhad
above with a verybad Spavin tundwhide himlane.
He asked me how to care it. I recommended
Evastall's Souvin Care. He care? the Spavin in
255 three works

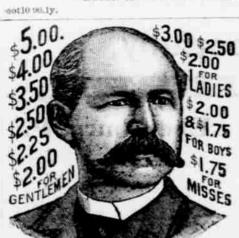
was three works Theurs respectfulls. JR. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Colembus Chile, April 4, '91 on R. J. Essmant Co.;
Door stress Jeinave been seller more of Kendall's
Spavid Cure strid Flori's Condition Powders than
ever heters. Core man said to not R was the less
Powder I ever hept and the best he ever used.
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Offo L. Hoffman.

CHITTAN 28-00, N. Y., May 19, 200. Mr. B. J. 12 voxel. Co.

Dear Sir. I have used several battles of your
leadails spayir Care with perfect success, on a
leadail support Care with perfect success, on a
leadail support and blooded more that was quite fame
of the allow support. The same is now entirely free
from increases and shows no burden a the joint.
Respectfully, P. H. Hurchits.

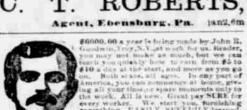
Honnoz, La., May 8, 32 Du. B. J. KENDALL CO., General La., May 8, W. General Thing it was dury to render you my thanks for your far fixned Kendall's Spavin Caralland a four year old filly which I prized very lighty. She had a very severa swollen leg. Twice thous eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

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PIANOS AND ORGANS, cext day. 79 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Caring that she was hopelessly preju-

faintly. "I trust events will show te-have feared groundlessig." the case. The stock began to rise steadily. From fifty-six it rose to sixty-five in a fortnight.

dollars so far," said Albert exultingly. "What do you think of that?"

it," said his wife, "Not I. I will hold en, and make

LAULA INE HANTHSTANE. "It may go down again." Brother, you bear your sorrow "I don't believe it." And it did not go down. The fact With pullence that passeth praise,

Just at your latter days! How do you bear it?" the neighbor prayed, There's love 'neath the h'arthstane'" the old

Oh love is good, I crant you, When sensoned chough with gold, But love in a cottage"—he shook his head— ; "Is rhyming that will not hold: Love only can never lift your load of sorrow and labor on life's late road."

Av. av." the old man asswered,

His white head sturdily rulsed; When ye b'ac lived a' my lifetame Ye'll ere: The Lord be praised? If love wenth the h'arthstane surviveth a'?' But you and your wife," arged the neighbor-"Your children under the sod-

Noe under the sou," the old man cried. 'whood neighbor-game to God! An what h'ae we to do wi' pain When love still glories the auld h'arthstane Your faith is past my knowing!" The neighbor murmured low, a spirit of awe and wender

On his thee, as he rose to go. "Ah, friend," the old man answer made, Love 'neath the h'arthstane is naught -Jean K. Ludlum, in N. Y. Ledger.

GETTING RICH.

grafton's Speculation and the Lesson It Taught Him.

"I've been too long plodding. Now I mean to go to work and make money," said Albert Grafton. "You have saved up two hundred dollars a year for the last five years, Atbert," said his wife. "Is not that doing

well'z "Only a thousand dollars in five years! That's rather a poor prospect, Alice." "I fancied it was doing well. Still, I shall be glad if you can do better. But what has made you discontented on a

"I will tell you. You know Crampton in our office? "Well, three months ago he received

a logacy of a thousant. dollars from an ant of his. What would you have one with it?" "Put it in the savings bank?"

"Where it would have carned by this cen dollars interest. He die better than that. He bought shares in a mining company, and to-day he sold out for two thousand dellars." "Doubling his money?" said Alice, in

"Yes, and in three months. That's what I call doing a good stroke of busi-

'Yes, but there was a risk about it." Of course you can't gain without inving some little risk. Nov. suppose doubles his money again in the next ce, or, say six menths, he will have thousand: a sum which it would us twenty years to lay by. low and sure is a good rule, Al-

I really believe. Alice, you would or a smail to a horse. If I were golive as lyng as Methusalch, I ht be satisfied with my slow galas. I don't expect that, I mean to take diorter end to fortung."

"I am afraid, Albert, that it will zove a short cut to poverty.' "Don't eroak, Alice. Trust to me. al you will ride in your carriage yet." Albert Grafton began at once to look defor some profitable mode of investment for the little sum which had been senmulating at the savings bank for years. It amounted now, with it? t, to about eleven hundred and dollars; a sum which he had reled with satisfaction until he had a dazzled by the lucky speculation is fellow eleck. He dropped a hint Crampton that if he should hear of good investment he might be disposed

stock touched three. Albert began to abark in it biraself. He witharew Money from the savings bank in " to have it reads to use at sheat Lie lucky chance was not song in a ..

day Albert same home-in excelt or pirits. Well, wife," he said, "what do you " July I have done?"

. Grafton looked inquiring's. have invested the money. my?" she asked, not without conthle anxiete

the Winnelwgo Mining Company cital thing at do you know about the com Abert?

'Ol- it's a first-rate community. The ar produces tens upon tons of cop--very year.

"How do you know?" The prospectus says so." Are you sure the statements are to . relied upon?"

"Of course. Bon't be so suspicious, e. One would thirt the world was a up of sharpers. hat did you pay for the shares?" welty-six dolla . . . had money

ough to buy just twenty and have irty dollars ever. Suppose we put that back into the ugs bank. "What for?"

"We have had money in the bank so my, that I shall feet oother id we have on that little left to our name." It's a strange fancy," said the husand, laughing, "however, I will band the money to you, and your may do as was rike with it." He passed over a rell of three ten dol-

hills, which his wife put in her purse and deposited in the savings bank the upon the Winnebage Mining Company, even after seeing the circular which

Alice did not look with much favor demonstrated in the most convincing manner that it could not fail to pay a evidend of fifty per cent, the first year, esides rising materially in market value, thereby making it a most desirable stock to invest in. Somehow Alice was skeptical, and though she could not detect the fallacy, felt that there was something wrong. Her husband became almost angry with her on account of her presistent disbelief; de-

"Thope I am wrong," she said smil-It seemed, indeed, as if this would be

"I have made one hundred and eighty You had better sell out, and secure

Lac Qui Parle, Minn., are probably the oldest married couple in this country. They are 103 and 101 years old respectively, have been married eighty years, and are still "quite smart."

MARINE YAPNS.

was some strong parties controlled the Strange Things Seen at Sea as stock, who were adroitly manipulating Told by a Sailor.

No matter what queer, strange things a sailor may see during a voyage-what neer, strange experiences may happen to him in distant seas-he will seldom or never talk to you about them if he suspects the particulars are desired for publication. Jack is no friend to the newspaper. He has been held up to ridicule and contempt as a story-teller, until he is afraid to relate truths which can be backed by affidavits.

During the last year, according to my newspaper clippings, no less than seventeen instances have occurred where portions of shipwrecked crews have been picked up at sea after voyages in small boats from one to fifteen days. In all these instances the particulars related do not, in any one case, make half a column of newspaper print, though enough must have occurred to make a book. Jack simply wouldn't talk. Captain or mate gave the particulars of the disaster as briefly as possible, and then got ashore to be lost sight

During the years I served before the mast and as second and chief mates I met with some things beyond my power to explain or unravel, and at the risk of being criticised I shall relate some of them here. The queerest thing of all, perhaps, occurred in the Indian ocean. to the south of Madagascar. I was in an English brig called the Helpmate, bound up the Mozambique channel, but driven to the east by a furious gale. We were working back to our course, and the weather had become pleasant. One night, as I came on watch at midnight, I found we were only making steerage way, there being only a faint breeze from the east. It was bright moonlight, and about three miles away was a large ship headed to the south. The course we were both steering would bring us almost within speaking

distance. While I could see the strange ship well enough with the naked eyes as could all the eyen in my watch, when I came to put the glass on her I saw her particulars of her rig. I took her for an English ship bound around the cape. and one which had come down from the gulf of Bengal to the cast of Madaguscar. The sea was so calm that we could have launched a canoe, and when the stranger was a mile away every rope stood out in the moonlight like a silver thread. She was a pretty sight, and every man in the watch kept his eyes on her. She was almost opposite and not more than forty rods away-to give a lands man's measurement-when she sudden ly settled away in the water and was gone in a minute. I thought my eyes were full of "sticks," and that I had been the victim of an optical illusion. but while I rubbed them two or three

of the men eried out in chorus: "She's struck a rock and gone to the bottom with every soul on board" "Men, have we been looking at

ship out there?" I asked. "Of course, sir." "Was ner hull painted black?" "It was."

"A new foretopsail?" "Yes. "A gilded figure of a mermaid or an Something o' that, sir.

"And she went down?"

'Aye, like a stone flung overboard!" I ordered the brig hove up to check her headway, and the captain came on deck to see what it meant. The other watch was called, two boats lowered. and away we pulled for the spot, never doubting that we should find men clinging to some of the wreckage. I can show you in the British museum to-day what we found and all we found. A sailor's bag marked "P.," two ship's buckets, unmarked, 'two oars marked "M.," a sailor's oilskin coat, not marked, a eage with a dead parrot in it. Of all the thousans articles aboard of that ship which would float we found nothing else, though we lay by until noon next day. Now, what sent her to the bottom? We, of course, expected to find a rock not charted, but though we made soundings for two miles around we found nothing. Later on a man-ofwar spent a week in that locality, but with no better success. It was two years before the lost vessel was ascertained to be the French merchantman Mignon. As no rock could be found it was generally supposed that she was struck by a whale-that a monster of the deep probably came up directly under her and smashed out half her planking. A French novel writer has made use of this incident to dispose of some of the characters in his pages.

Suppose a landsman knew that whenever he left his house he was under surveillance-shadowed by some one who meant him evil, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity to stab him in the back! His feelings need not be envied. Take the same instance on the broad ocean-one craft shadowing another day and night with evil intent, and you can imagine Jack Tar's feelings-no law to appeal to-no chance to evade the grim pursuer. Such a case happened to me when second mate of an Australian trading schooner, and some of the queer points about it will never be cleared up. We had picked up a cargo among the spice islands of the Banda sea, and the intention was to proceed to Singapore for a market. At an island called Wetta, where we stopped to take on the last of our hard wood, we were offered a big price to take a band of about fifty natives-men, women and children-to the island of Timor, lying to the south. This charter was made, and we had a pleasant run and no trouble. Oddly enough there were about a dozen natives at Cocpang. which is the chief seaport of Timor, who wanted to go to the east end of the island of Java. They were, as we afterward knew, conspirators who were planning against the government of Java, but they paid us a good price, and we carried out our part of the contract.

The difference it made to us was that we must now coast along the big island to Sunda Straits, a matter of seven hundred miles, instead of voyaging through the landlocked Flores and Java seas. While open piracy was unknown, there were many suspicious craft in those seas, and at brief intervals traders were plundered or captured outright. We had no cannon, but our crew of eight men had muskets and cutlasses, and could be depended on to

light. We stood off the coast under the land breeze after landing our men at night, and by daylight had an offing to twenty-five miles. Then we headed fo the west. We had just done so when we noticed a craft rigged like an Arab dhow coming up astern of us. She was nearly of our size, but could sail three feet to our two in any sort of wind. Such craft confine themselves to the coasting trade, and beldom make long voyages. We could not see why this fellow should be so far from the coast unless on our trail, and we soon felt

astern of us, and hung right there all "His plan is to creep up to us and lay us aboard at night," said the captain, as we talked the matter over. "While I can't make out over four or five men on his decks, I am satisfied that he has

assured that his business was with us.

He shortened sail to keep about a mile

twenty or thirty hidden away." We should have been prepared as well as we could when night came, but late in the afternoon a gale came up from the northwest, driving us out to sea, and we knew he'd have all he could do to manage his craft, even if he dared keep up the pursuit. That he dared was soon settled. Indeed, his craft was as seaworthy as ours, but the natives of those islands are not looked upon as efficient navigators. We were driven away into the darkness, the seas pitching us like a cork, and when we lost sight of him astern we sheltered our lights, broke a point off the course we were heading and felicitated ourselves that he would not be in sight when morning came. What was our astonishment and disgust to find him holding his old position as daylight came. It did not seem as if he had changed by ten feet. How he could have kept it was a marvel to us, as the night was so thick from the time it shut in that our night-glass could not locate him. The gale still held, and we still drifted away into the Indian ocean. and if he meant us harm we had

plenty of time to prepare for him. The second night came on bright and clear, and we could not have evaded him by any trick at midnight. The gale had blown itself out, and an hour later we had sail on the schooner and were heading up to the northwest under our example as promptly as if signaled to, but as there was still a heavy sea running, we had no fear of her for several hours to come. When morning came she was sticking like a burr in the same old spot, and her grim persistency began to unnerve us. Some of the men insisted that she was a "spirit ship," sailed by dead men, and that her hanging in our wake was an omen of disaster and death. It was a real relief to see her, about

nine o'clock in the forenoon, forge ahead to windward of us. This move was doubtless made to enable them to inspect us. We could make out four or five men aboard of her, but no more, and she did not sit low enough in the water to prove the presence of much eargo in her hold. A glass or two was no doubt levelled in our direction, and anxious to make a big showing of strength we kept the men dodging about as briskly as possible. The stranger must have concluded that we had from lifteen to twenty men to defend our decks, and after running a parallel course of two or three hours he dropped back into our wake and hung there like a wolf in chase.

The breeze died out with the sun, so that when night had fairly come we were not making over a knot an hour, with a full moon to light up the sea until you could have made out a ship's vawl a mile away. There was no use trying to dodge the stranger on such a night, and both watches were kept on deck, with gues and cutlasses at hand for instant use. At about midnight the dhow crept up on us until his bowsprit was not more than two hundred feet from our rudder post, and every man knelt at the bulwarks with musket in hand. We tried our best now to make out how many men he had on his decies, but we could see no one, not even one figure. They were either hidden by the sails or sheltered by the bulwarks. He had a better sight of us, and, perhaps, seeing that we were ready, he gradually dropped back to his old position, and there we found him again at daybight. To show you how the presence of

this unknown told on the nerve of the men, let me say that after breakfast the men sent a spokesman aft to request the captain to luff up and have it out with him, and if we were all to have our throats cut to have it over and done with. This he refused to do, however, telling the men that we were heading straight for Sunda, and the nearer we got to the coast the less danger there was of an attack. We had only a moderate breeze during the day, and the dhow kept her place as on the previous one. If she meant us evil she would be pretty certain to attack us that night, as the morrow would bring us almost in sight of the coast. Darkness did not affect the breeze, which was about a four-knot one, and we had the same moonlight after ten o'clock. The big silver orb was hardly finger high out of the sea when the dhow began to close up on us, and now we felt certain that the climax had come. Nearer and nearer she came, creeping like a shadow of evil, and she was only a cable's length off our port quarter, and evidently all ready to sheer down upon us and lay us aboard when she suddenly luffed up into the wind, hung for a moment while her sails slatted and slapped, and then went off to the southeast and was soon out of sight, and that without our seeing a soul except the man at the wheel. It was queer enough, as we all agreed, and it was a mystery we were never tired of discussing, but her object and identity we never ascertained. Every man forward will believe to the day of his death that she was a spirit ship. - N. Y. Sun.

The English County Council. The inner life of the London county

council is, according to the London Star, of the most simple character. The council does not dine together; it teas. The tea-room is the most primitive of institutions. The tea is handed round in big thick cups, and the bread and butter and cake are of a thoroughly democratic type. The noise of the debate comes through the door which opens on to the council. The bulk of the tea-room has the simple, unconventional air which marks the whole assembly, and makes such a refreshing contrast to the pomposity and well-fed city airs of the metropolitan board.

AT EARLY MORNING. don't the black wing'd sught goes titting by a cloomy finste, as o'er the castern "3 Dawn draws a tinted veil of crimson dye.

The first quick pulse of life now throbs along Some drows; warkler pours a tender song. The murmurous brook goes dancing forth in

And on the air up from the elever'd lea-There comes the faintest linus of some wild bee. The owl, who in his dark, a study i reign Put forth his fundest notes in not tim traffe. Huth gently bushed his deeps a published size Bright whiles the morning in the path of night And now her beauty our swin pointies light, And wraps the dewy hills in mellow light.

Nature awalest'd with a fair display. Rings out to all a glad though minuted lay, and loudly colclerates the comment one. Fragrance from blessoming meads and fields of Seent the pure air; and 'mid their sweets is

The first bright, gobies been of the morn

MET IN THE DESERT.

-M. Almete, in Inter Ocean.

Some Very Interesting Specimens of Animal Life.

Peculiarities of the Tarantula Hawk-The

Read Runner of California Which Preys on Rattlesnakes-flaving I'un with a scorpion. Twe prospected all over what the ographers call the great American sert, and I think it's a pretty good ountry. Some people might think it. mesome, but that's all a matter of taste. It suits me because there is plenty of elbow room. It's a triffe dry, admit, and sometimes a man will get pretty thirsty and think himself in hig luck to find a pool of water that smells so that he has to hold his nose whom he drinks it, but one can get used to that. And then it isn't so lonesome after you get acquainted and know where to look

"There's plenty of life on the desert -not crowds of human life, rushing and tearing about like crazy ants, and keeping up a din day and night that is enough to drive the whole world madbut interesting, sensible, natural life, full of comedy, tragedy and even humor. If you feel lonesome you can find company anywhere by turning up a rock or looking under the sagebush. There's no lack of ingenious, curious little creatures whose ways are worth

"Take the tarantula hawk, for ex-

"That's an insect built something ike a wasp, or, perhaps, more like a devil's darning needle,' and it flies bout looking for tarantulus just as a hawk sours about keeping his eye peeled for gophers and such provender. When the hawk sees a tarantula he goes for the big spider, swoops down upon him, stings him and gots away

ike a flash. The tarantula knows that his only how is to get under over, and he less thome in frantic haste. It's fun to see the big, hairy-legged bully duck his send and paddle off through the sand as if the devil was after him and the devil is after him, sure enough. If the taraniula is near his house he may escape by getting to it, tumbling in head irst and shuttling the door tight, but Juck the Giant Killer is a hustler himand to hustle for it, because Little seps jubbling away at every jump. If the hairy ogre gets caught nt a great way from his castle his name

is Dennis, and he knows it. "He flops over upon his back to make a fight, and if he could get hold of the hawk in that position he would make short work of the little chap, but the hawk sees the trick, and just keeps sailing around and watching for an opening, and when he catches the pider eff guard he darts in, hits him a lick and gets away like a flash. Sometimes the bawk will pretend to quit and fly away, but the instant the tarantula is on his feet and secoting for helter, whicz, comes the hawk like a bullet and socks it to him in the back of the head. A few stings like that do up the tarantula. He seems to become izzy from the poison, staggers a few steps, and collapses in a hairy heap. His legs twitch a few times, and that is

the end of his malevolent career. "I've been calling the hawk 'he' all dong, but it isn't that kind of a bird. The tarantula nemesis is the female hawk, so far as I can judge, because after the spider is knocked out the hawk proceeds to deposit eggs in the remains, and, I suppose, the eggs are hatched by the heat of decomposition. Possibly the purpose of laying eggs in a defunct tarantula is to provide the young hawks with grub at the threshold of life, so to speak.

Whatever the scheme may be it is death to tarantulas, and for that reason nobody ever harms a tarantula hawk. The insect's sting is said to be poisonous to men, but I never knew one to

sting a man. "Then there is the roadrunner, a joyous, sociable little fellow, whose busi ness in life is worrying rattlesnakes to death. The road runner is a bird somewhat larger than a blue jay, with a saucy topknot and a still saucier tail about a foot in length. He runs as fast as a horse ordinarily travels, and if he once gets into the road ahead of a horseman, he will race along for hours and can't be driven out of the road. He could skip aside and get out of the way if he wanted to, but he seems to think that it is his mission in life to keep just ahead of that horse, and nothing an drive him from that occupation. "He is not in the least alarmed, and when he gains too much of a lead he will stop and see-saw with his tail and chirrup merrily until the horse nearly

again as if his life depended on his winning the race. When he wearies of the sport he disappears in the brush. was riding across a cactus desert , when a pair of road runners that has been racing with me turned out of the trail and became suddenly very much excited about something. They paid no more attention to me, and I rode up near enough to see what was going on. They had run across a big diamond-back rattler and were preparing to have fun with him. One of them had struck the snake with his sharp bill and the diamond back had promptly coiled himself in a defensive

catches up with him, when away he goes

attitude and was springing his rattle "One of the birds remained near the snake jumping about and making a great show of hostility, but keeping beyond reach all the time, while the

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other gathered little bunches of dry

cactus with spines as sharp as needl s and almost as hard, which he droppe? close to the reptile. The road runtiwas us busy as the devil in a gule wind, and in a few minutes he had pill a regular little corral of eactus spin all around the rattlesnake. Then pair of them began to tantalize the sunke, and by flying at him they I voked him into striking at them. with results disastrous to himself, for every time be launched out he lit into the castal and got stuck full of spine "The more he got hurt the madel he grew, and it wasn't many minutbefore he was lashing about furious and tan ling himself up with the car tus. The road runners hopped above n great glee, flew at the snake unmade things hum generally, and occionally was of them would poke sommore another into the reptile's way to

runners thew op, hovered over him and darted down at him whenever they saw a good chance to hit him. "Their sharp bills did great execution, and it wasn't long before they had the rattlesnake laid out as cold as a wedge. They are great generals, thes. road cunners, and they always get away with the rattlesnake. That a

add to ide tellulations. When the rat

tlesmike had just about got erazy and

was reckless of his guard the roa-

why nobody ever shoots a road runner. "Some of the lizards are funny lit!" diago, and when you get used to the and forget their reptilina appearanthey are pretty good company. The tittle fellows about as long as you finger can be tamed easily, and there no end of fan in watching their antica The greasers declare that these lizaare venomous, but that isn't true. Lea greaser tell you it, and everythinthat crawls is poisonous. If you car once get your hands upon a lizard with out frightening him he instantly make:

friends with you. The way to work it is to move your hand slowly toward the little name when he is lying motionless, and touc him as lightly as a breath with the ti of your finger. Nine times out of to he will not be there long enough for you to know that you have touched and you can't see him go-you on! know that he is gone. But one time he will let you touch him, if you are gent eenough, and then you lightly rub his back and he begins to wriggle his tail

"After that he is your friend, and will take flies from the end of your finger, run around over your clothing and explore your peckets, and when you cat he will climb upon your ler cock his little head on one side, and watch you with friendly interest. There is a little limited no bigger around than a lead pencil, with a long, sliptail as blue as count and smooth on enamel. You can't total bit a view easily, and if you try to catch him the blue tall breaks off like place, and remattes in your hand. There are other creatures not quite

so 'elubable' as lizards and road runners, but interesting in other ways. Take the scorpion, for example. He' a bad fellow, and he has a mean trick of hiding in your boots and stinging you when you put them on. But you can have fun with him after a fashion. If you want to bring out the best qualities of the scorpion build a little corral of dry leaves or paper around bim and set fire to it at all points. Make the led about a foot in diameter so that the dames will not touch your prisoner. "When he sees the ring of fire the corpion will try to escape, first at one point and then at another, but the flames will drive him back every time, and when he realizes that he is comdetely enrrounded he will retreat to the center of the ring and deliberately commit suicide by curling his tail over and stinging himself in the back. So

himself in the center of a gang of Apaches."-San Francisco Examiner. ON RAILS OF STEEL.

con see that nature sanctions snields

under some eizenmstances in spite of

scorpion teaches a lesson that a mea-

ad better remember if he ever fines

what the preachers say about it.

THE Georgia railroad has been in operation since 1845 and has never killed a passenger. It is over three hundred

Dried tondstools pushed into a bleeding nostril will stop the hemorrhage. They are also said to make excellent pipelighters. The street railways of the United

miles, with 27,719 horses, 515 locomotives and 3,881 cars. THE life of a locomotive crank pin, which is almost the first thing about an engine to wear out, is 60,000 miles, and the life of a 33-inch wheel is 66,733 miles.

Kingdom have an aggregate of 948

railways annually kill one person out of 2,000,000 carried, while in England 21,000,000 are carried before one meets a violent death. ARE GOULD, brother of Juy Gould, will have charge of the purchasing department of the Union Pacific and Mis-

RECENT statistics show that French

souri Pacific railroads under the proposed consolidation. MR. GOVLD is quoted as saying that an advance of one mill per ton per mile in the rates would increase the net earnings of the Missouri Pacific railroad

over \$2,000,000 per annum. THE United States has a mile of railway for each 400 of population and each miles of area, while the balance of the world has a mile for each 7,500 of population and 227 miles of area.

THE fastest traveling in England is made by an express train between Grantham and Doncaster. The distance is seventy-one and a half miles. and the trip is usually made in fiftysix minutes-a speed exceeding a mile

England's Pensioners. There are a number of notables who

are enjoying a pension for judicial services in England. The Earl of Selborne and Lord Herschell receive each five thousand pounds a year as ex-Lord Chancellors, but sit with the Lord Chancellor and the lords of appeal in ordinary for judicial business. Lord Blackburn, many years a judge of the Queen's Bench division and for eleven years a lord of appeal, enjoys an allowance of three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds. The pension usually granted to a puisne judge on retirement after not less than fifteen years' service is three thousand five hundred pounds,

