JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1891.

A QUAKER CITY LEGEND.

The Sleepy Hollow Tradition Cannot Compare with It.

An Indian Cave on the Wissahickon the Abode of a Phantom Horseman Who Carried His Head in His Hand.

Many years ago, when Philadelphia vas yet young, and before Fairmount park was brought to its present state of perfection, there was in the southern portion of Wissahickon, near the river drive, a cave, called Indian cave, long since deserted, which was supposed at one time to have been the rendezvous of some of these warlike people. Various stories had been whispered about by

the more superstitions of the people in the vicinity to the effect that a man upposed to have been murdered there long ago had been seen by several belated travelers to rise suddenly out of the cave, mounted on a black steed, and rsue the frightened narrators for a nsiderable distance and then vanish as suddenly as it had appeared, says the Philadelphia Times.

Some distance north of this cave there lived a man named Richard Ashly, whose beautiful and accomplished laughter had suitors galore from all parts of our Quaker City. Among these was a man named George Royal, who did not meet with much favor in the eyes of his adored one, but who, nevertheless, continued to pay the most assiduous attention to the young lady, much to her displeasure and the utter disgust of his numerous rivals. His most bitter opponent was John Coleman, who openly expressed the utmost contempt for George, and vowed to execute a whole catalogue of tragedies if that young gentleman did not cease his nightly transits over Girard avenue bridge toward Wissahickon. But George paid no attention to all these threats. and every available evening found him at the Ashly homestead, where joining the fireside group he listened to the most extravagant ghost stories, among

the most important that of the Indian eave a few rods below the house. But all this did not abate the arder of the young suitor, and one particular evening he decided to pop the allimportant question and risk the chance of acceptance, as he could not possibly endure further suspense in the matter. When an opportunity came he broached the subject with as much elegance and delicacy as he could muster to the objeet of his adoration, but received a other flat refusal from the lady reerred to, which so incensed our young hero that he abruptly left the house, and, mounting his horse, immediately started for home. His anger, however,

a large black horse, and on it the very

identical rider that he had often heard

of at the Ashly house. The sight made

hair of his head rise suddenly upward,

and a very chilly sensation took pos-

session of his whole being as the ap-

parition came prancing toward him.

His horse shied violently and it was

with the greatest difficulty that the

animal could be induced to start for-

When he finally got his horse started

it a terrific gallop he looked back and

aw to his great consternation the

cantom horse and rider rapidly pursu-

g him and almost at his heels. He

vhipped up his horse in a vain en-

leavor to outstrip the speed of his mys-

unharmed. When he reached the brow

of a hill and looked back he saw for an

instant the figures of a horse and rider

elearely outlined against the sky.

Horrors! he was headless and carrying

his head in his hand. The cold sweat

stood out on his forehead in great drops

and his poor horse was giving out. If

I could only keep ahead, he thought,

antil I reach the bridge I should then

be comparatively safe, for, as it is used

to a great extent for travel, the spirit,

spook, or whatever it may be would be

So on he dashed, and finally when the

bridge was gained he turned to see his

terrible pursuer disappear amid fire

and brimstone, but instead the rider

raised the frightful head which he had

carried and aimed it directly at that of

our young hero. George tried to dodge

the blow, but it was of no use. The

horrid missile struck him and he fell

very apt to disappear.

id not prevent him from feeling somewhat seared at some unusual poises among the trees on the roadside, and his fear increased as he approached the his owner. dark object emerge suddenly from some bushes near by which looked like

a runaway who was slashing his favorite hounds to pieces with a scythe blade. He knocked the weapon out of his hand, captured him and offered him no furhim fairly sick. He felt each and every

fear in everything outside of religion. I saw him one day in a hunt, when an old buck had just been jumped by a fleet pack of hounds—and had nearly a mile the start of him-make an effort to head him. There was only one stand four miles away. The judge took his hat and bridle reins in one hand and double-barrel in the other and went, as hard as his horse could stave, uphill and downhill and over bridges the entire distance. But the buck came out two unddred yards ahead. It was the grandest man and buck race upon record! It terious pursuer and reach Philadelpha makes my nerves tingle to think of it

WHY SNOW IS WHITE.

the Power of Petrifying.

location by small buoys. In two weeks he returned and took up two pieces, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks afterward the rest were taken up and each piece of hard wood was as hard as flint, petri-

razor-sharpening world little knows that the stone is, so to speak, wood,

Fun in Africa. For a hundred years past, at least, one hundred tribes in Africa have been at war with each other, and there is no prospect of peace yet. A battle can be had any day in the week by going out and uttering a whoop, and all prisoners

At the New Home. Mrs. Wickwire-Oh, Henry! And I told you so particularly before you chose to be everywhere swarming wath these a house to be sure the chimneys didn't

MOHAMMEDAN JUSTICE.

a Criminal-Petted with Stones by a Howling and Pitiless Mob.

still holds good in Afghanistan. In fact, the manners, customs and surroundings of the Afghans of to-day might be prototyped in the pages of the Old Testament as faithfully as the life

law lines, and their social life is as simple and patriarchal as when the great lawgiver, Moses, ruled the destinies of the people of Israel. For in Afghanistan of to-day oxen

tread out the corn and plow the fields, and the plow itself is a counterpart of the Mosaical instrument. Corn is ground in hand mills, and a goatskin serves as "water bottle."

Household and farming utensils have changed nothing during the centuries that have elapsed since the Israelites tramped the desert by the Red sea. In short, you could find a series of "tableaux vivants" in the surroundings of Afghanistan to-day to fill up chapter by chapter the scenes depicted in the

is concerned, they might be.

put in practice. A yelling mob of people came rushhooting mob, shouting: "Sag! Sag!"

The unfortunate runaway evidently knew his fate, for his long, earnest appeal to Heaven as he stopped short and threw his arms up was but the preliminary to his fateful fate-his final appeal

his chin bobbing his enest, and then,

their hands, crowed, and went their

"That dog is done for," said they. his last, and his hie jacet is written around the tombstone in those blood-

LIBERTY VERSUS COMFORT. How a Pet Goldtinch Was Entired Back

Into His Cage.

Coins of Brass and Tin. When England was being made into mincement and blocks of real estate by the Saxons and Danes, silver and brass were in use as currency, but the Normans subsequently installed the aristo cratic metal and left the democratic brass to take care of itself. Gold was first coined by Henry III., and copper made into British coin in 1672. Tin was used for coinage in 1680, and the national farthing was made of this Cambrian product with a stud of copper let in the center. In 1690 and 1691 cin half-pence were issued in considerable quantities. The only pure gold coins issued in English history were those of Henry III.

to two and one-quart or million.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION. A Case Which Withstood All Tests to De-

NUMBER 27.

teet Fraud. My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood, says a writer in Chamber's Journal. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known Gen. Avitable, Runjeet Singh's right-hand man, who was present at the facts. Those facts are that a certain "joghee," (Hindu anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by

Runjeet Singh, and declining to ober was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give under pain of death a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious: the pulse ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had

ceased to best. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put in a carefully

made box, the lid closed and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal window at Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under Gen. Avitable's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprung up, grew and withered on the surface over the grave, and the sentries went their rounds, and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Singh's own presence, the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them and which he had publiely explained before his burial. revived as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life! He refused all gifts and retired to his former retreat, but shortly afterward he and his ·disciples disappeared. It was not safe

for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler. Runjeet Singh eared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in the matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving - took place in the tyrant's own presence and before bundreds of spectators, in open daylight and with precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runfeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Avitable would be anxious solely to carry out Runject Singh's

FRENCH NOTIONS OF AMERICA. Exploits of Scated Buil Faithfully De-

seribed by a Paris Periodical. The notion that the United States is a country principally inhabited by people of Indian race still clings to a great many Europeans, and even some of those who are educated. The most singular misapprehensions concerning the Indians and the part of the country they occupy are continually appearing in the newspapers in Europe. A French periodical called Science Pour Tous (Science for All), which declares its aim to be enlightenment of the public, recently published the following ab-

surd article: "We have received some interesting nformation concerning the incidents which preceded the recent rising in arms of the Indians in the west, and one of the first engagements. "The Seated Bull, their chieftain, having resolved to make known the fact that the Indians had not received

their annuities and certain promised munitions, betook himself to the capitol at Washington. "There he laid before the president of the legislative body his complaints of the governmental agents, who he de-

clared had stolen what was the Indians'

"He was informed that his declarations would be taken under consideration, and he departed. But the promise having remained without performance, the Seated Bull once more came to the

This time, in the midst of the mesemblage, the Seated Ball did not atter a word, but drew his tomahawk and dealt with it a terrible blow upon the marble table which was before him. The table was broken in two, and the chief's tomahawk buried itself in the floor be-

neath. "It was the token of the chief's declaration of war. "The Seated Bull then left the capitol without anyone daring to lay a hand

upon him. Returning to his canoe, which he had tied to one of the piers of the great bridge across the Potomac river, he paddled rapidly back to his own territory."

A CRAFTY INVENTOR.

The Reward He Asked for Inventing the It is related of the inventor of the game of chess that, on being promised by the king whom he first taught the game that he should have any reward he might ask for, he meekly replied that he would be content if the king would give him one kernel of wheat on the first square, two on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, and so on, doubling up to the sixty-fourth square. The king gladly acceded to this seemingly randest request, and sent out cards for a ball, at which sha ordered his attendants to bring in the wheat, which they began to do; but, to .. the a conishment of the monarch, it "as found that there was not wheat enough in the whole dominion to pay off the crafty inventor. A mathematician who claims to have been figuring on this chessboard curiosity says that to fulfill the king's promise it would take 30,027,097,184,485 bushels of wheat -allowing 600,000 kernels to each bushel. This prodigious amount would cover the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware all over with wheat to the depth of a mile and a quarter. In a few words here is the exact number of wheat kernels the chess inventor asked for-9.627,268,786,934,775,168. Figure it up and prove or disprove it.

THE "SPOTTER" NECESSARY A General Passenger Agent Tulks Air-

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the Conductor's Plaint. "It seems natural that all possess." gaged in handling money should obto being watched," said General 1 senger Agent Eastis of the Burling a Chicago News reporter. "I what other system can be employ lo away with the railroad tapata The latter is just as necessary an to junet to the operation of a railroad a he is to the federal government. We

must be protected from unscrapular employes. Mr. Eustis' remarks were called for by a dispatch which told how the ductors in convention assembled as Louis had denounced the "spotter" tem as unnecessary and an ownupon the hard-working ticket pun-"It is a mistaken idea the public in thinking that a railroad detects: obliged to prove a certain number

employes are dishonest in order to that he is doing his work. In v it is just the reverse. The conwho make the greatest clamor -1the 'spotter' gradually come to rethe necessity of their presence. A tective never reports that a 'certa' ploye is dishonest." He has not be a do with that at all. In sending his port the spotter merely states that person boarded the train and sut lo certain sent in the car he (the detewas on, and that the passenger gav conductor some cash and left the toat such or such a station. This remains is then compared with the conduc-"This constitutes the work of tective. A conductor is only dier when his shortage continues say months in succession. We had I employ a short time aco a cond-

the secret-service system. In one of meetings of the 'Q' conductors man made a number of very state possible against the spotter. varior newting had adjourned I asked him step into my office. He did so, and pointedly teid him we would not allo any more of his stealing and that I must step such work. He at first peared deeply hort at the Impossition but when I produced the reports and showed him that we had evidence to promised to reform. Since then his reparts have invariably taltied with thee of the detectives. No, the secret-service system must be employed, and honest men, while they dislike the idea, have come to look at it in the true light and accept it as one of the inevitable...

OPPOSED TO BEDS

People Who Sleep on the Ploor, in Chairs, or Standing Up. Several persons, from some cause or other, have resolved at various period not to sleep in bed. Perhaps the indidinal who kent to his to him to prest, says Spare Managin, to

bristopher Pevitt, of York, who deal n 1796, aged amera-thethe earlier part of highlights . army. His house at York, mile he has settled down, was and intally form

down, and he therefore formed the vis-CHARTSONDITION OF HOUSE ACTION SERVICE ing in a bed, lest he should be burnt to death while asleep, or not have time. should such a misdortune again befall him, to remove his property. The resolution he rigidly knot for the last facty years of his life, his practice being to repose on the floor, or on two clasies, relating in a chair, but shways with actothes on. He lived entirely plope nd was his own bonsels upon and eldom admitted anyone into his habitation. Among other articles which composed his home was a funcion of which he left strict injunctions she will

be interred with him. A pedestrium named Ernest Menser who described in the third decade of this century and who once can from Calcutta to Constantinople in fifty-nine days when employed men concler, to very little rest and never alept in a be when on his travels. He got short has of only ten or fifteen minutes at a lem each day, as and when he could, and took them standing or leaning against a tree, with a handkerchief over his face. Only the other day a man on being charged with benglar declared that he had not slight in a had for thirteen years, but took his night's rest an

doorways and passacres. The Japanese never sleep in a bed, but the same spotless floor that answers for table, chairs and dancing stage is utilized also for sleeping parposes They sleep in a great wadded coat, and outting their arms into the long sheeves, fold it over them and go to sleep upon the floor, with a block of wood placed der the neck for a pillow. Perhapstrangest sleeping place was on dice of Bedapest found thirty perto of both sexes lying in a diety but warm stream of water that flowed out of a mill. The water was shallow. and the vagrants had got into it for warmth, taking stones for pillows.

SAVED BY THE PENCIL BLUE. What Became of the Parenthesis of a Sweet Society Reporter.

A writer in the Baltimore American is tempted to tell a story at the expense of a lovely and gifted lady who began a few years ago a career as a society reporter. Every week her copy went to the editor beautifully written and faultless, considered as copy from the printer's point of view; but any little suggestion she wanted to make she ran along with the article in the following fashion:

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Smythe gave on Monday an elegant blue dinner of fourteen covers. (For goodness' sake spell the name Smy-last week it went in Smi, and she was as mad as laps about it.) Mrs. Indigo Blueblood has will introduce into society her levely daughter. (This is all right. This Mrs. Blueblood has some sense and doesn't in the least mind seeing her name in print. It's the other Mrs. Rheblood we had the fuss with.) Mrs. Uptown gives a pink tea as soon as Lent is over. (Don't stick her down at the tail end of the column, whatever you do. I want to please her anyhow, because last week she just went in as one

of the many others.)" If it had not been for the discrimingting editorial blue pencil, that fashion and society column would have been very delicious reading on Sunday morning-since a printer follows copy and a parenthesis on the paragraph's brim a plain parenthesis is to him, and it is

Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop you must None but scalawage do otherwise.— on't be a scalawag—life is too short. KENDALLS SPAVIN CURE blister. Read proof below :

Dn. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Sigs:-Last Simmer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kambull's Spavin Cure and it was the heat job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in 'ust three weeks.

Yours respectfully,

Wolcoff Wiffes. CHEWING OBACCO Pleasant Chew

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Insist on having the GENUINE with the red H

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A of business in business hours. Everything kept nest and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. Clean TOWELS ASPECIALTY.

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A first-class Barber Shop has been opened for tassement of Blair House where the barberin ited. FRANK FEES,

BONANZA CAGENTS SAMPLES FREE

DIRT BREEDS VERMIN The state of the s Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO. it is well said. The mouse

is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep your house clean+All grocers keep it-Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.

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B. J. KENDALL CO.:

COLUMBUS, Obio, April 4, '90. Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavia Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Fowder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,

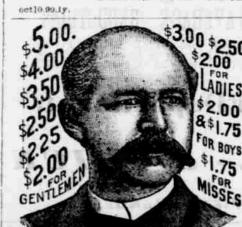
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

Du. R. J. KENDALI Co.,

Doar Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Zendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Hone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCAINS. CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

i remain yours,
Manion Dowden, Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent



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TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING. despectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the bost manner and at the lowest living prices.

from his horse, badly stunned, just as living prices.

Of No penttentlary work either made or sold at this establishment. he phantom horse and its strange rider lashed past him. The next day, as George did not put TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY. in an appearance, his Philadelphia friends started out to hunt him up and Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices V. LUTTKINGER, Encusburg, April 13, 1883-tf. found his horse quietly grazing on the SELF-FEED DRAG SAWS roadside, near the bridge, while not far away lay an old crushed squash, all that was left to tell the tale. Later on John Coleman married Miss Ashly, and

PICKET MILLS when people speak of the phantom that chased George Royal out of town he MARSH STEAM PUMP to Stationary and haughs immoderately and his friends B. C. MACHINERY CO. say, with a wink, that he could explain matters if he wanted to. When Visiting the Pittsburgh Exposition, call on the HENRICKS MUSIC CO., Ltd. For Cash or Time Prices on

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

79 Fifth Ave.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Probably in no quarter of the union can feminine beauty be seen in greater perfection or in more varied types, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, than in the gulf states. The ethereal blonde, the glowing brunette, the winsome chatain, stately or petite, with features statuesque or piquant, seem to find in our soft and languorous climate a congenial atmosphere that aids the full blossoming of their loveliness. But the true secret of their power lies not only in their undeniable possession of the "fatal gift," but also in their charm of manner, which is gentle without being insipid, and fascinates as much by the warmth of itself in word and expression. This is recognized abroad as well as at home-a fact illustrated by the position accorded the belles of the far south, and the admiration they elicit when, like Bonny Leslie, they

undertake to "spread their conquests further." The Friday Superstition. The governor of a southern state is in correspondence with the governors of all other hanging states, hoping to make an arrangement by which no one shall be hauged on Friday. It is thought that if other days shall be selected the superstition which generally attaches to Friday will soon pass away.

A FEARLESS JUDGE. Lively Recollections of a Quaint and Original Character. Judge Noah Smith, a citizen of Jefferson county, who died recently in his

76th year, was, in many respects, a remarkable man, writes a Louisville (Ga.) correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution. His educational opportunities were very limited, and he never read books or papers to much extent, but was a close listener and read men thoroughly. His native "mother wit," or shrewdness and good sense born in him. were of very high order; and it was his delight to associate with the noble and intelligent, and this coupled with his natural good sense made him conversant with the current topies of the day and a

very interesting associate to the most cultured that he came in contact with. A more honest man in principle never lived; and his goodness of heart kept under control his flery temper, and made him kind and considerate under the greatest provocations. As illustrations, I will mention, that coming one evening from the mill below him he espied a runaway slave close to the road behind a tree. He interrogated him and soon discovered that he had left his master without permission. He told the negro that he must go home with him, but the former, who was very strongly built and armed with a huge club, replied with an oath that he had started to Augusta and would go there," and walked off. When about sixty yards distant the judge emptied one barrel of his gun at him, but it seemed to make no impression as the shot were small. After the second fire the negro went staggering along as if mortally wounded, though not a solitary shot had pierced his skin. It was

all a sham for a purpose. It was getting dark and the judge couldn't bear the idea of the negro's dying in the woods without attention, so he jumped from his saddle and pursued him. The latter retreated until he reached a pond studded with black gums. He now turned upon the judge, throwing water and mud in his face to confuse him. As soon as he was in reach the latter clubbed his gun and struck him a blow which he parried with his club. He drew his gun back to strike a sechind him, and while trying to extricate it the negro brought his club down on top of his head with all his power, which nearly proved fatal, adding: "I

reckon you will go now." The judge replied: "I will for a short time," and went reeling out of the pond. As soon as he reached home he bound up the wound and sent after a pack of hounds. When it came he joined in the chase and that night the negro was brought to bay in a thicket in Richmond county and fought furiously as he could not reasonably hope for mercy. Several men present armed with clubs and pistols wanted to kill him on the spot, but the judge interceded and saved his life. The next day he gave him a

moderate whipping and returned him to Upon another occasion he came upon

He seemed to be an entire stranger to

All the Elementary Colors Are Blended Together in the Crystals. The pure white luster of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in

amid the frozen particles.

ety for that year. eler, in the absence of moonshine, by right.

Stoning to Death Still Practiced Among the Atghans.

The Terrible Punishment Meted Out to: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The dietum of the old law

serious discount from personal shortages that would send a girl's stock away down below par or even put her out of the market altogether. One never sees a man so hideous or repulsive but that some woman is ready to marry him, if he will only ask her; but men are less philanthropic and so the ugly girls are of the Israelites.

generally left to run to waste as unappropriated blessings. The "handsome is-as-handsome-does" theory won't hold at all after we get out of the nursery and a little experience soon convince us that it is a fraud and a delusion, like that other domestic fiction about the

drumstick being the choicest part of the fowl, with which our elders used to impose upon the unsuspecting simplicity of our childhood. We ugly girls never get any drives in the park or free seats at the theater, and as for ice cream and French candy,

no matter how hardsomely we deport ourselves, we shouldn't know the taste of either if we waited to have it bestowed upon us as a reward of merit. Indeed the expensiveness of being an ugly girl is one of the worst things about it-there are no perquisites. We get none of the plums out of life's pud-ding, for under present conditions men do all the carving, and, as one of them says: "All the fine things we think and say about women apply to those only who are tolerably good looking grace-

A PLEA FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

They Do Not Have a Fair Chance in the

Struggle of Life.

It does not matter much to a boy

whether he is good looking or the re-

verse, remarks a writer in Lippincott's

He is not obliged to wait for somebody

to ask him to dance and his matrimonial

prospects don't appear to suffer any

Now, suppose the same rule applied to men, and that only the good looking ones could hope to attain to wealth and distinction; suppose, in fact, that a bald head was sufficient to blast any man's life as effectually as it would any woman's-I think most of the middle-aged men, at least, into whose hands this paper may fall will admit that that would be a little hard. And, in fact, isn't it just a little hard that anybody's destiny in life should be made to depend irretrievably upon an accident over ch they have no control, such as having been born with a red head or a pug nose? But this is the law under which women have lived since the be-

agly girls a fair chance. SLEEPING WITH A PANTHER.

ginning of time and it doesn't give the

Experience of a Murshal Socking Saelter Deputy Marshal Tom Smith, who has just returned from a trip in the Indian territory, tells of an adventure he had one night last week, writes a Paris (Tex.) correspondent of the Memphis Commercial. In the Indian country acare not always to be had. Sometimes it is a long distance between houses, and a traveler has to sleep out under a

tree with only a blanket for a cover and a saddle for a pillow. Night overtook Mar hal Smith near an old cabin, but as the Indian custom of burying the dead in their houses and then moving away flashed upon him, he decided to sleep under a tree some little distance away, and thus avoid a

possible interview with an aboriginal During the night a rain set in and he got up and went into the cabin and shut the door to keep out the wind and water. He wrapped his blanket around him and lay down. Presently he heard growling and a whining, but paid no attention to it. The growls and whines grew fiereer and louder, but he lay still trying to sleep. The ahimal ran around the walls, scratching and yelling in a way to make one feel very uncomfortable, and made such a thing as sleep impossible. It was a panther, Finally Smith concluded that the beast was not going to be quiet and let him rest, so he got up and opened the door and let it out. Then he tay down and

slept without further disturbance. ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

A Lake in Ireland Whose Waters Have A writer in Donahue's Magazine tells of a strange lake in Ireland whose waters have the power of petrifying any substance that may be put into it. Of course it is understood that petrifaction is not the actual turning of a substance into stone, but that the material of stone dissolved in water is deposited in its cells where it hardens. A stone is made upon the model of the substance

petrified as a casting is made by filling An English firm, a well-known cutlery house, heard of this lake and at once sent a man to examine it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, and having tied weights to them plunged them into the lake and marked their

fied through. Then the firm made experiments with the wood in the different stages of petrifaction and discovered that unusally excellent razor hones could be manufactured from it. These hones are now a famous product of the firm, but the

petrified in a few weeks in the largest of the Irish lakes. In several ancient histories there is reference made to the "hard, woody stone" which was taken from the bottom of Lough Neagh for spear and arrow-heads by the early Irish. So that although Irishmen to-day are unaware of the useful peculiarity of their "big lough" those of ten and fifteen centuries ago knew it well and utilized it. In the museum of Trinity college, Dublin, can be seen several of these spear and arrow-heads made centuries ago.

are promptly and satisfactorily roasted

Mr. Wickwire-Well, this see doesn't. Come outside and see for yourself.

the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the crystals. It is quite possible to examine the individual snow crystals in such a way as to detect hese several colors before they are nungled together to constitute the comound impression of whiteness upon he eye. The snow is then clothed with all the varied hues of the rainbow. The soft whiteness of the snow is also in some degree referable to the large quantity of air which is entangled

Snow is composed of a great number of minute crystals, explains London Tit-Bits. More than a thousand disinct forms of snow crystals have been numerated by various observers. One hundred and fifty-one were noticed luring eight days in February and March, 1855, by Mr. Glashier, which were carefully drawn, engraved and rinted in a paper attached to the re-

ort of the British Meteorological so-These minute crystals and prisms reect all the compound rays of which white light consists. Sheets of snow on the ground are known to reflect beautiful pink and blue tints under certain angles of sunshine, and to fling back so much light as to be painful to the eyes by day, and to guide the trav-

How to Breathe Properly.

In all the various systems of physical culture now in vogue the greatest importance is attached to taking the breath properly. The breathing should be slow and deep, six breaths a minute being a safe average. There is still a difference of opinion in respect to the relative value of abdominal and chest breathing, and each system has its advantages. One of the best exercises for increasing the capacity of the lungs is to draw a full breath very slowly and through the nose. Keep the lungs inflated as long as possible and then expel the air suddenly through the mouth and repeat the process. Care should be taken not to try to make the period of holding the breath too long at the start; the more gradually the power of doing this is attained, the better will be the permanent results. There are many breathing exercises, and one of the best is the taking of a deep breath and swinging the arms, first one then the other and finally both, while the breath is inhaled. Excessive practice of any system should be avoided and the golden rule of taking moderate and judicious exercise should be observed.

The Afghans are Mohammedans, it is

true, but their religion is built on old-

Old Testament. It is said that the Afghans are of the lost tribes, and certainly as far as a dogged adherence to Israelitish customs

There is no mistaking the Mosaical parallel as far as the social customs present themselves; but I was astonished one evening, says a writer in the Sheffield Telegraph, during the Russian scare, when I was on the Afghan frontier, to see the very similitude of the old law punishment of stoning to death

ing from all directions towards the outskirts of the village of Puckta, picking up pieces of stone by the way and piling them up in little heaps by their feet. I thought at the time they were going to have a pitched battle with stones as missiles. But shortly a man came rushing forward, followed by a spitting. (dog! dog!)

for mercy on his soul, for from that howling mob he well knew he need expect none. The man had scarcely time to finish his invocation, when from all directions a literal shower of stones fell on him. For a moment he swayed to and fro under the onslaught. Soon the terrible shower had buttered him into a jellied, blood-bespattered mass, his very clothes showing rents through which the blood found vent and spurted freely. He wavered for a moment, with

after doubling up at the knees and middle, fell in a heap dead. Still the howling mob continued their terrible fusillade of stones until around the already lifeless body a cairn was formed, completely covering in the corpse. And then the mob clapped

Done for! Yes, it was a terrible doing; for there, under the heap of stones. the man's nerves and muscles still vibrated in their post-death struggle, causing the stone heap to rise and fall as if in labor with a thing of life; rose and fell in their horrible parturition for a few moments until the twitching of nerve and muscle ceased, and all was still, "consummatum est." The murderer of Afghanistan has breathed

marks that bespatter the ground about his grave cairn.

and just inside a cup of tempting hempseed. For two hours he scorned to look at it, though he often fixed his bright little eyes on us when we called him, and answered us with a cheery. defiant hope of getting him back, when it ocother words, to rattle up the bempseed in the tin box where it was kept. This was a sound he understood, as we had long made it a practice thus to announce breakfast to his finehship. Fortunately he had nothing to eat when he flew away, and the well-known sound suggested seed, water and lettuce to the little empty stomach, so he hopped down slowly from bough to bough, until he was close to the cage. There he stood for some time, evidently hesitating, until suddenly he fluttered down into his home, having decided to abandon the delights of liberty for the solid comforts of civiliza-

Dr. Dowd, of New York, has be en making a careful study of the number of germs found in the soil, which is known minute organisms. The number of germs present in the cubi sinch of soil was found to vary from sixty thousand

Our pet goldfineh, having escaped from his cage, flew into a tall ailanthus tree in the back yard, says the American Agriculturist. There he sat, singing his sweetest and rejoicing in his unexpected freedom. We brought out his gilded care and set it on the top of a tall step-ladder, leaving the door open

"Witzah!" We had almost given up cured to us to ring his breakfast bell; in

Germs in the Soil.