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VOL. XVIII., No 20 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. March 29, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

Weissport Business Directory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
EAST WEISSPORT, PENN'A.
This house offers first-class accommodations to the permanent boarder and transient guest. Panle prices, only One Dollar per day.
aug7-1y JOHN REHRIG, Proprietor.

Oscar Christman,
—WEISSPORT, PA.—
Livery and Exchange Stables.
easy riding carriages and safe driving horses. Best accommodations to agents and travellers. Mail and telegraph orders promptly attended to. Give me a trial. may21-1y

The - Weissport - Bakery,
C. W. LAURY, PROPRIETOR.
Delivers Fresh Bread and Cakes in Weissport, Lehighton and vicinities every day. In the store I have a Fine Line of Confectionery for the Holiday Trade. Sunday schools and festivals supplied at lowest prices. dec3-6m.

R. J. HONGEN,
SUCCESSOR TO CHARLES SCHWEITZER,
Near the Canal Bridge, in
EAST WEISSPORT, Penna.,
is prepared to do all kinds of
Blacksmithing and Horse-Shoeing,
at very Reasonable Prices. TIRE SETTING A SPECIALTY. Also, Agent for the
P. P. Mast Road Cart,
the Cheapest and Best on the market. feb2-y1

Head-quarters for CARRIAGES!
HENRY CHRISTMAN
—AT THE—
Fort Allen House, Weissport,
Sells the Popular and Celebrated
Burlington O and O York
SINGLE AND DOUBLE CARRIAGES
At prices that are considerably less than competition. I have all styles and qualities which I wish you would not fail to inspect before making purchases. may11-3m

APPLES
—AND—
POTATOES
Received in Car Load Lots almost every week at
O. J. Saeger's
East Weissport, Pa.
Store-keepers, Hucksters and all others can save money by making purchases of him. Other fruits in season. Call or write for prices.

Dead Men Tell No Tales
WE'RE ALIVE,
Our Story's Short.
We have'nt got the BIGGEST STOCK of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Notions, Boots and hoes, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c., &c.,
In the Lehigh Valley, but we have an **Elegant Assortment** just the same, and the prices are marked way down below the great majority of our competitors, and that's what suits you because QUALITY is the BEST and the PRICES are always JUST RIGHT. Our stock is entirely New, Fresh, Clean, Complete and Handsome, so we take pleasure in asking the people of Weissport and the surrounding community to call and inspect our assortment of general store goods. Respectively,
A. W. MARSH,
Post-Office. Weissport. Pa.

Over Canal Bridge E. Weissport.

Joseph F. Rex,
UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
PARLOR SUITES,
BED ROOM SUITES.
Prices the very lowest. Quality of goods the best. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.
Caskets, Coffins and Shrouds.
We have a full line which we will furnish at the lowest possible prices.
Flour, Feed, &c.,
Of the choicest quality at very reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.
JOSEPH F. REX,
April4-1y EAST WEISSPORT.

AL. CAMPBELL,
Jeweler and Watchmaker,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Penna.
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the citizens generally to his immense —new stock of—
Watches, Clocks, Silverware Jewely,
at Prices that defy competition. It will pay you to call and inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

REPAIRING
Promptly done at lowest charge, and all work guaranteed.
Don't Forget the Place.
Al. Campbell,
SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH,
Bank St Lehighton.
Dec 19 1887.

Coughing
IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.
"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."
—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.
"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

The first and only combined Soothing, Pain-Killing, Curative and Strengthening Plasters ever Prepared.
Hop Plasters
A marvellous combination of medical agents—Fresh Hops, Hemlock, Pine Balsam, and Rubber—prepared and spread on muslin, all ready to put on. The New England remedy.
PAIN, Soreness, Inflammation or Weakness, whether recent or chronic, no matter where located or how caused, yields instantly to the all-powerful medicinal properties of the Hop Plaster.
The parts are wonderfully strengthened, vitalized and restored to health and vigor.
HOP PLASTERS never burn or irritate. As used by thousands of people in every walk of life, always with success and satisfaction.
YOUR ATTENTION—Don't let any dealer fool you into taking a substitute or imitation. All genuine Hop Plasters show the proprietors signature.
HOP PLASTER CO., PROPRIETORS, BOSTON.
Avoid dishonest dealers and counterfeits when you buy.

GOLD FREE OUR NEW $55 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00. Just get watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one **Free**, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, are **Free.** All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, **Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.**
WARRANTED as the watch, are **Free.**

O. W. SNYDER,
Horse Doctor,
(Honorary Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.)
Office: Carbon House Bank St., Lehighton
CASTRATION, DENTISTRY,
—AND—
Diseases of Horse and Cattle,
SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.
Special and Particular Attention paid to
LAMENESS :-: SPAVINS,
Splints, Ringbone, Hoofbound.
And all diseases prevalent among Domesticated Animals.
His Horse and Cattle Powders sold by himself and stores generally.
Consultation Free——Charges Moderate.
Calls by telegraph and telephone promptly attended to. Operations Skillfully Performed

D. J. KISTLER
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, and that he is now prepared to furnish Teams for Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips on the shortest notice and most liberal terms. Orders left at the Carbon House will receive prompt attention.
STABLES ON NORTH STREET,
next the Hotel, Lehighton. jan2tfa

SHOEMAKER'S
Horse and Cattle Powder.
Joshua Shoemaker, Proprietor
CHERRYVILLE, P. O., Northampton co.,
DIRECTIONS—For a horse, 1 tablespoonful, two or three times a week; when sick, 2 tablespoonful a day. For a Cow, 1 teaspoonful twice a week; when sick, twice a day. The same for Hogs. For Poultry mix with feed.
This powder is prepared after the recipe of the late Dr. H. O. Wilson, and is the genuine article. Owners of above named animals should write at once.

Stoves,
Tinware,
Heaters and Ranges,
—In Great Variety at—
SAMUEL GRAVER'S
Popular Store, Bank Street.
Roofing and Spouting a specialty. Stove repairs furnished on short notice. Reasonable!!

THE CAREFUL MESSENGER.

A pound of tea at one and three.
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong,
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three.
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There, in the hay, the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er—new laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite;
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly, up sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there——

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new laid jam.

—Sunrise.

ALL A MISTAKE.

"I dare say, all my relatives will think it very silly of me," said Miss Maroon. "But I really think I am quite old and experienced enough to manage these affairs for myself. And I've heard of a great many happy marriages that have been arranged just in this way. To be sure, it is running a risk; but, after all, life is a lottery, and one has to take things as they come, in this world."

Miss Malvina Maroon (generally known as "Mally" by her friends and acquaintances) was sitting in a very stiff backed chair, in the best room of the little country tavern at Infield-on-the-Hudson. The stage had been in for an hour at least, and Miss Maroon was tired of waiting. She had chirped to the thrush in his cage, counted all the little red balls on the Jerusalem cherry tree in the window, and looked at the picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" until she knew every wig and buckled shoe by heart, and still nobody had come to meet her. She was beginning to feel a little uneasy at this unexpected delay. The landlord had peeped at her, under pretense of coming to fill up the big stone pitcher with fresh cabbage roses; the landlady had courtesied at the door, and asked her if she should cook a little piece of steak or a dish of brook trout for her dinner.

"I don't expect to be here to dinner," said Miss Maroon, with dignity.

"Oh!" said the landlady.

"My friends will doubtless be here to meet me in a very few minutes," explained Miss Maroon, glancing at the clock.

"Ah!" said the landlady.

But this was where Miss Maroon had intrenched somewhat on the strict truth. She had no friends at Infield-on-the-Hudson. She had come there—under our breath be it spoken—with the desperate resolve to answer a matrimonial advertisement. She had seen it in the paper. She had read it twice over and rather liked the way in which it was worded. She had asked herself, "Why not?" and echo had returned no unfavorable response. And she had, so to speak, taken her fate into her own hands and come boldly to Infield-on-the-Hudson.

But now, as the moments sped by, she was beginning to wax secretly uneasy. Suppose there should be any mistake? Suppose the advertiser should be "suited" already? Suppose any number of awkward circumstances to have interposed themselves in the way of her welfare? But, just as she was beginning to make herself thoroughly uncomfortable, there came a tap, tap at the door, and in walked a stout, short man with a red necktie and a countenance to match!

"Lady from New York?" said this personage, without the least embarrassment.

Miss Maroon rose with dignity. "Yes, sir," said she.

He was not exactly aristocratic looking. There was no mistake about that. He wore no gloves, and his hands were stumpy and freckled—his hair stuck up like the bristles of the fretful porcupine, and his face, although good natured, bore in it no trace of ancient blood or or lofty lineage! But Miss Maroon bethought herself of the old proverb about the deceitfulness of appearances, and plucked up spirit.

"You saw the advertisement, I suppose?" said the stout man.

"I did, sir," said Miss Maroon.

"Think you'll suit?" questioned the stout man.

"Sir?" said Miss Maroon.

"Because he's a little peculiar," explained the man; "and it ain't everybody meets his views, you see!"

"Oh!" said Miss Maroon, a light breaking in upon her darkness, "then you are not the party himself?"

"Oh, no," said the stout man. "No; I'm the business man! I settle everything for him."

"I should prefer negotiating with principals,' said Miss Maroon, drawing herself up.

"It's the usual way we does it," remarked her interlocutor, picking a broom splint from the floor, and beginning to chew it.

"The usual way?" repeated Miss Maroon, more puzzled than ever. "May I ask how often the—the gentleman has been married before?"

"Never been married in his life," said the stout man. "Circumstances was against it, you see."

"Oh!" said Miss Maroon.

"He ain't hard to manage," said the stout man. "Them as he takes a fancy to can do most anything with him."

Miss Maroon cast down her eyes and simpered at this.

"Did you bring any references?" said the stout man, abruptly.

"References!" echoed Miss Maroon.

"Ever had any experience?" he went on.

"Sir!" said Miss Maroon. "I really don't quite understand"——

"Your age seems quite suitable," said the man. "I calculate you're about 40, ain't you? We couldn't give you many holidays, nor Sundays out, but for a good, reg'lar, steady place"——

"Stop," cried Miss Maroon, "do stop! I don't at all know what you're talking about. Holidays—Sundays out! I'd have you to know that I am no housemaid looking for a place. And as for being 40 years old, my appearance must be very deceptive if you take me for anywhere near that age. I am only six-and-thirty."

"Three or four years one way or the other don't make much difference," remarked the stout man, with the bristly hair. "Our last was 60, and she had a pretty tidy notion of her business, too, only"——

Miss Maroon looked surprised.

"I thought I understood you to say that the gentleman had never been married," said she.

"No more he has," said the man. "I aint talking about wives. I'm talking about nurses."

"What!" cried Miss Maroon.

The stout man looked hard at her for a minute or two; then he plunged his hand deep down into his coat pocket and extracted thence a slip cut from a newspaper.

"It's all writ down here in black and white, plain enough," said he:

"Wanted, an experienced and trustworthy attendant for a gentleman of infirm mind. To the right person a liberal remuneration will be offered. Apply on Wednesday next between the hours of 10 and 1 at the Wedgewood house, Infield-on-the Hudson.

"You see," he added, as he refolded the paper and returned it to his pocket, "we didn't exactly like to put it down in the paper as he was a crazy man."

"But that isn't the advertisement I saw at all," said Miss Maroon, growing alternately pale and red in her consternation.

"It was in The Daily Visitor," said the stout man, "as we put our notice."

"And it was The Morning Patriot that I saw," cried Miss Maroon. "A Mr. Delano St. John, of St. Johnsgrove, Infield-on-the-Hudson, who wanted"——

"A wife," said the stout man, with twinkling eyes. "I thought so! I seen his carriage go by half an hour ago, with a pretty little black eyed woman, in cherry colored ribbons and"——

"And Rob Roy plaid polonaise?" almost screamed Miss Maroon. "And a black parasol lined with scarlet?"

"Some sort of a rig of that description," said the stout man.

"The bold, pert, unfeminine thing!" said Miss Maroon, vehemently fanning herself. "I've seen her, this long time, walking up and down the piazza! She's the very one that came down in the stage with me! And here she has whisked off with the advertising man, and left me all alone and deserted!"

"She's got the clear start of you, it seems," said the stout man, as he rose up and looked around for his hat. "Well, if you don't like the idee of my situation"——

"I decline it, most certainly," said Miss Maroon, precipitately. "Landlady!"

"It would not be such a bad idea," coaxed the stout man, "if"——

"Landlady!" repeated Miss Maroon, more energetically than ever. And the stout man went out, thrusting his hands into his pockets as he did so. The landlady bustled in.

"A carriage, please, to the railway depot," said Miss Maroon.

"Won't you wait for the stage, ma'am?" said the landlady. "It'll be along in half an hour."

"I wouldn't stay here another five minutes for all the gold of Golconda," said Miss Maroon.

So the rickety one horse chaise of the establishment was geared up, and Miss Maroon, shedding secret tears of vexation and disappointment behind her veil, went back. And when her nephews and nieces asked about her sudden journey to Infield-on-the-Hudson, she told them that she had been to look for summer board.

"And weren't you suited, auntie, dear?" said the youngest and prettiest of the nieces, who had seen The Morning Patriot, with the printed slip missing from the list of advertisements, and could put two and two together as well as any one.

And Miss Maroon answered, sharply, that she was not suited at all.—Henrietta Gregory in The New York Ledger.

Thespian Superstition.

The superstition of actors and actresses extends to all the smallest minutiæ of their business, and one peculiar fad with many of them is to seek out some little, insignificant shop in some unfrequented locality where they can buy their wigs, their footwear, their powder and paint, and so on. Happy is he or she who can discover some such place that has been little known before, for is it not an augury of good fortune? Many theatrical people abjure entirely the large and well known establishments that deal in theatrical supplies and give their patronage to less pretentious places down town.

There is a sort of Freemasonry in the profession by which the news of the finding of these small shops is passed from ear to ear, so that a considerable patronage in time accrues to the lucky proprietor. On the other hand, there are those who are more selfishly inclined and keep their lucky "finds" to themselves as far as possible, believing that the "spell" will be broken if they say much about it or advertise it even to their friends.—New York Star.

The Charm of Music.

A new mode of calming the nerves was one resorted to by a little girl who had to have two large teeth extracted. The dentist who was to pull the teeth has a piano in his reception room. His patient came and brought a little friend. Instead of proceeding to the chair, however, she paused at the piano. "Would you like me to play for you, doctor?" said she. On receiving an affirmative answer she executed a gay waltz, and then said: "Perhaps you would like to hear both of us play. Shall we try a duet?" This accomplished, the young diplomat offered to sing, and the doctor expressing great delight at the prospect she did so; then the two little girls sang together, and then, having either gained courage enough or recognizing that the evil hour could not be further delayed, she arose from the piano, walked composedly to the chair and stood the tooth pulling without a murmur.—Detroit Free Press.

To Free His Mind.

Grim Stanton, his war secretary, never quite knew how to take Lincoln. Stanton was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or, at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone cruncher that he read to the president. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Who can I get to send it by?" mused the secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

That day we parted, Margaret,
I looked into your English eyes;
Those violets with dew were wet!

Then, fellow to the violet,
I saw the pale blush rose arise
That day we parted, Margaret.

It touched me with a soft regret;
It filled me with a sweet surprise;
Those violets with dew were wet!

Fair garden where such blooms are set!
I had not hoped to win the prize
That day we parted, Margaret.

But now one memory sweet I let
Add courage to my wistful sighs—
Those violets with dew were wet!

Sweet flowers, I come to pluck you yet,
Though growing under alien skies!
That day we parted, Margaret,
Those violets with dew were wet!

—Dorothea Dimond in Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

TWELVE GRAVES.

The Union Pacific mail and express train had been held up.

The robbery was so cunningly planned and boldly executed that the people of Rawlins Springs felt themselves aggrieved, and a band of choice spirits pledged each other over the bar of the Oriental saloon that they would follow the desperadoes who had insulted their town by committing so great an outrage, and never return until they had captured the outlaws and wiped out the stain with their blood.

One hotel, one livery stable, half a dozen barrooms, and as many gambling saloons, with a music hall and an immense cattle pen, made up the town of Rawlins Springs. Numerous fights had occurred there. The little graveyard on the side of the hill contained twenty-two mounds, and on the head boards of all save one were inscriptions which explained how the occupant of the narrow home had met his death with his boots on. The one unmarked grave was occupied by a man who died a natural death, and it had not been considered necessary to record so uninteresting an event. Never had a train robbery been committed there before, however, and it was natural that the citizens should feel themselves insulted.

It was dark when the express train stopped long enough to allow the passengers to eat their suppers at the Rawlins hotel, and on the evening of the robbery it was even darker than usual, because a great storm was gathering and the heavy clouds shut out the light of the moon and the stars with an impenetrable veil. Two miles below Rawlins, the train halted to take on water. It was just after making this last stop that the passengers in the sleeping cars realized that something unusual was happening. The train suddenly began to slow up, and a minute later the people in the car next to the express heard a sudden order to hold up their hands. Then from each end of the car came a man with his face muffled in a handkerchief and a big revolver in his hand. With perfect coolness every passenger was examined, and money, watches and all other valuables were levied on. Then one man was left to keep the people quiet, and the other cars were gone through until nobody in the train was left unexamined. When the work was done, a long whistle was given, and suddenly as they had appeared the robbers slipped away in the darkness.

The train was taken back to Rawlins Springs, and there it was found that the express car, too, had been robbed, and on the floor in front of his safe lay the messenger, shot through the heart.

Thirty thousand dollars in all had been taken. One of the passengers claimed that when the signal to leave had been given he had seen four men jump from the train. It was to capture these four and recover the stolen treasure that the good citizens of Rawlins had pledged themselves.

Twenty of the boldest men of Rawlins started on the man hunt. Every one of them had for years lived a frontiersman's life and was accustomed to risk his existence on the slightest provocation, and it therefore seemed a trivial matter for such a number of well armed men to capture four fugitives, no matter how desperate they might be.

With the daylight on the morning after the robbery, the cavalcade of vigilantes left Rawlins, and rode down to the water tank. Without difficulty they found the place where several horses had been tied, and it was easy work to see that from that point they had been led a distance of a mile or more, and had then been ridden at full speed toward the mountains. For ten miles the track of the fugitive was plain and distinct, and then as the ground became more rocky the trail faded away until it finally disappeared altogether. For several miles the vigilantes rode on in the same direction, but when they found not the slightest trace of the men they were following, they concluded that the robbers had changed their course, and it would be necessary to begin all over.

By the orders of the leader of the vigilantes, the twenty men spread themselves over the prairie with the agreement that they should meet at sundown and report any discoveries which had been made. When the stunted trees began to cast long shadows over the prairie, one by one the men returned to the trysting place disheartened and tired. Finally, however, the hopes of all were revived by the arrival of one of the party waving something over his head as he came galloping up. The article he was waving proved to be a red bandanna handkerchief with two holes cut in the shape of eyes piercing it. With the handkerchief as the sole trophy of the hunt, the whole party returned to Rawlins Springs.

That evening a levee was held at the Oriental saloon, and the handkerchief was placed on exhibition behind the bar. Suddenly a small man who had entered the saloon unobserved caused a deep sensation by asking to examine the trophy of the hunt, and then by announcing that he knew the train robbers.

The small man was generally known as the keeper of a prairie store ten miles out from Rawlins, and he told how four men whom he recognized as Tom Austin, of Texas; Dave Simmons, from the same state, with Rube Reynolds and Long Jim Farnsworth, from Colorado, had ridden up to his store on the afternoon preceding the robbery and had each purchased a red handkerchief, and he could further swear that the handkerchief before him was one of the number he had sold.

A consultation was immediately held, and it was agreed that from the place where the handkerchief was found the robbers must have doubled on their tracks and taken the route to Texas. In spite of the fact that the four desperadoes were well known, and should they be caught up with a desperate fight was inevitable, a party was quickly formed to pursue them and effect their capture.

The twenty vigilantes had dwindled down to ten when the start was made the next morning, but those ten were all men of tried courage and endurance, and if they once struck the trail no one doubted that they would stick to it until they had accomplished their purpose.

For four days the ten men rode south without getting on the track of the robbers. Some of them knew the country well, and they were assured the fugitives would be obliged to stop at certain points where water could be found. Their surmises proved correct, because on the morning of the fifth day the remains of a camp fire was discovered near a spring of water, and the hoof marks of the horses showed that the party who had camped there was composed of four men.

On the evening of the seventh day, just as the vigilantes rode over the crest of a rolling hill, they came suddenly upon the men they were in search of. It was evident that the robbers had given up all idea of being pursued. They had built a fire, and around it the forms of three men were lying, while at a little distance a fourth was preparing a supper.

The two parties saw each other at the same moment. There was no necessity for any talk. Each knew the other's object, and the robbers were as determined to resist capture as the vigilantes were to carry out the purpose which had brought them so far.

A voice from the crest of the hill called for a surrender, but the only answer was a derisive laugh, and without moving from his recumbent attitude, Long Jim Farnsworth sent a bullet into the midst of the party, which emptied one saddle and warned the vigilantes of their danger. Immediately they spread out and poured a volley into the four men, who were by that time standing with their repeating rifles waiting for a charge.

After five minutes of continued shooting the air became heavy and impenetrable with smoke, and by mutual consent the firing ceased to allow the air to clear itself. When it became clear enough to see again, only two of the train robbers were on their feet, and each of them seemed to be suffering from some grievous wound. They still had their faces to the enemy, however, and when called on to surrender they only laughed and told the vigilantes to come on.

The work the robbers had accomplished was visible, because four riderless horses were dashing about and on the ground lay four motionless figures.

A few moments and the fight was renewed, and this time there was no stopping. Again and again the rifles cracked until they were empty, and the music of the revolver replaced the rifle. Suddenly the noise ceased. Numbers had gotten the victory for the vigilantes, but their loss had been immense. Only three men reached the campfire, around which the four bodies lay almost touching each other.

As the victors turned the bodies of the robbers over a groan escaped from Long Jim Farnsworth, and it was seen that some life remained in him yet. Slowly his glazing eyes opened, and slowly raising his left arm he beckoned one of the vigilantes to his side.

With trembling lips he whispered that the treasure had been cached, and he would locate the spot if the vigilante would bend over him. Without hesitation, his request was complied with, and then with unlooked for energy, the dying desperado suddenly drew his right arm from under him and plunged a long knife into the heart of his enemy. With a half smothered laugh his limbs stiffened out and he died.

Twelve graves mark the spot where the fight occurred, but not one cent of the money taken from the train was recovered, although it was diligently sought for by the only two survivors of the ten men who went to capture Farnsworth and his gang.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Color of the Sea.

The cause of the generally blue color of the deep sea is accounted for by reference to certain principles connected with the science of optics. Probably most are aware that light consists of the set of colors which we see so beautifully displayed in the rainbow. Now, it is the law of light that, when it enters any body, and is either reflected or transmitted to the eye, a certain portion of it, consisting of more or less of its colors, is lost in the body; the remaining color, being reflected, strikes our visual sense, and whatever color that may be, the object seems of that color. Now, it chances that the portion of light most apt to be reflected from masses of transparent fluid is the blue, and hence it is that the air and the sea both appear of this color.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Boy Millionaire.

Worth $5,000,000 and only 10 years old. This is the state of affairs with little Marshall Roberts, the son of the late millionaire, Marshall O. Roberts. He is the youngest millionaire in town, and one of the richest. There are hundreds of children in New York who will probably some day inherit one or more millions, but little Marshall Roberts already inherits his vast fortune, and in eleven years it will be entirely in his control.

His fortune is most of it invested in real estate and government bonds, and four or five well known men are his guardians. His income when he comes into his fortune will be $200,000 a year, which is almost $550 a day.—New York Journal.

Shell Deposits in Maine.

Ever since the whites settled the coast of Maine numerous deposits of shells of both the clam and oyster have been discovered from time to time. These shells were found either on the coast itself or on the banks of rivers not far from the sea. The oyster shell heaps on the western bank of the Damariscotta river early attracted the wonder of the settlers, and became, many years ago, celebrated throughout the surrounding region.

A mile above the village of Damariscotta indications of shells appear on the river banks. From the point of their first appearance the shells are in small and straggling heaps. As one ascends the river, however, the heaps become larger and the intervals between them become shorter. Soon a continuous white mass of shells appears, extending several hundred feet along the river. The mass assumes the form of bluffs whose tops are covered with trees and shrubbery, but whose precipitous faces have never been covered, but have been kept exposed by the erosive action of the tides and by the frosts of unending years. Exact dimensions of these deposits cannot be given for reason that no extensive mining of the shells has ever been undertaken. They occupy a peninsula of several acres area.—Boston Globe.

THE BARRON-DECATUR DUEL.

One of the Many Meetings That Occupied at Bladensburg, Md.

In the naval history of the United States Stephen Decatur's name ranks on the first page. On the ship Preble, before Tripoli, as a lieutenant, he won promotion, and his rise thereafter was steady and brilliant. The only tarnish in his honorable life was his death at Bladensburg. Barron, like Decatur, was an officer in the United States navy. He had been suspended from service for five years before the war of 1212-14, because his ship, the Chesapeake, unprepared, was boarded by the British ship Leopard. The tinge of cowardice naturally colored his life and reflected all his acts. He went abroad, a broken man, and being in England when the war broke out, was necessarily detained during its continuance. On his return he applied for active service and a ship. His application met with resistance; he was despised by his fellow officers, and his absence from the country during her hour of need was severely commented upon. Gossip became busy, and it was reported to Barron that Decatur was the foremost of his persecutors. Then there began a long correspondence between the two. Mutual friends widened the breach, and at last Barron, stung to madness at the imputation of cowardice everywhere thrust upon him, challenged Decatur.

No man of his time was more skilled in the use of a weapon than Decatur; no man more of an adept in dueling. It had been to him a pastime from his school days up. He unhesitatingly accepted Barron's challenge, and with fastidious niceness prepared his worldly affairs. He wrote his will, kissed his sleeping wife good-by, and rode out on the raw, chilly morning of March 22, 1820, to seek his death at the accursed spot of Bladensburg. Great personages were they, who stood in that narrow gully at the meeting. The American navy was well represented. Great decorum prevailed in the choice of corners and the measure of distance. The two principals, haughty, dignified, self possessed ever, observed in silence the arrangements made for the death of one, and the question must have suggested itself, Which?

All being in readiness, the principals were placed back to back; their orders were to turn at the word "Present," and not to fire before the word "One," nor after the word "Three." Eight paces distant from each other, they swung around at the word "Present," each saw the face of the other, the rising sun and the barren landscape; one for the last time, but which?

At the cry "One!" each took deadly aim; to miss fire meant death.

"Two." Both pistols were discharged simultaneously and both men fell. Both men were wounded in the hip; the ball which struck Decatur glanced upward, severing the blood vessels in the abdomen. His time had come. Both men were hustled from the field; Barron away from the city and chance prosecution, Decatur back to his elegant home. He lingered far into the night and died in great agony. The affair created intense excitement all over the country. "A cursed shame!" said the few opposed to murder disguised under the name of the duel. "Unfortunate in its results!" exclaimed the many advocating the code. Barron suffered from his wounds for many months and finally died in 1851, having gained nothing in life that clung to his name with the tenacity of his reputation as the slayer of Decatur.—Gene Riley in New York Star.

Doors That Close Themselves.

"That's one of those blanked hissing doors," said a staid and substantial financier of this city to me, as we passed out of a store which had one of these automatic doorclosers on the door.

"Yes, but why blanked?" I asked.

"I've had a mean opinion of the hissing things since last spring," said the Fourth avenue light. "One day at that time I went into a store loaded for bear. I had been promised some furniture for my house on a certain day, and the storekeeper had not kept his word. To put it shortly, I was very mad. For some fifteen minutes I raged around, expressing my opinion of such proceedings. When I had relieved myself I had reached the street door. I seized the handle and pulled the door wide open. Then I glared at the storekeeper by way of farewell and stepped out, drawing the door to, as I expected, so as to cause a terrific slam. But the climax never came. The door slowly, softly closed with a little hiss. Since then I've harbored hard feelings toward hissing doors."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where Pumice Stone Is Found.

We often hear it remarked, and particularly after the eruption of a volcano, that pumice stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the island of Lipari, situate in the Tyrrhenian sea. The island is mountainous in character and consists of tuffs and lavas and of highly siliceous volcanic products. The district where the stone is found is called Campo Blanco or Monte Petalo (1,500 feet above the level of the sea).—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Co-operative Cooking.

In both New York and Boston there have been formed during the last few years "cooked food supply companies," which have served families over a wide area with perfectly well cooked food, in large variety, hot or otherwise, according to order. Some families who have patronized the New York company accord it the highest praise, not alone for the excellence of the food, but for the reduced cost as compared with the expense of the home cooked food. And in Boston I know the company has furnished meals to its patrons at greatly reduced expense in as perfect a state as at the best managed hotels.—Miller's Journal.

American Chewing Gum in London.

Gum chewing is an American vice exclusively, and it is very likely to remain so. There are several American candy shops in London, but they are veritable robbers' roosts. In America a small package of Yucatan chewing gum costs five cents; here the exorbitant sum of sixpence (twelve cents) is demanded for the same size of package and kind of goods. We cannot hope to introduce the vice into England so long as we accompany the vice with such flagrant extortion.—Eugene Fields' London Letter.

—A red-headed man recently attended a masquerade wrapped from head to foot in a brown cloth with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.

—You may not be able to teach an old dog new tricks, but you can teach old tricks to a new dog quite readily.

100 Ladies Wanted.
And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'

—The oldest settler in the west—The sun.

—There is no politics in morality and little morality in politics—The Jury.

Some Foolish People
Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

—The race question—"Which horse is ahead?"

—It seems to be a divine right of woman to have a man all to herself to boss and tantalize at her own sweet but illogical will.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.
Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold at Bierv's or Thomas' drug store.

—A good motto for these days is that which Cromwell gave his Ironsides: "Trust God, and keep your powder dry."

Oh, What a Cough.
Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Bierv's or Thomas' drug store.

—Our desires always increase with our possession. The knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

A Yankee Sheriff Frightened.
A well-known sheriff who lives in Maine, had been given up to die with what his physicians called Consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Puritan Cough and Consumption cure, recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the doctor, who now prescribes it for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents at T. D. Thomas'

—At a recent meeting of the presbytery of Chickasaw the sermon was preached by a full-blooded Kiowa Indian, Joshu Given.

IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with disease of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

—They that will not be counseled can not be helped.

The Spring Medicine.
The poultry which Hood's Sasparilla as gained as a spring medicine is wonderful It possesses just those elements of health giving, blood-purifying and appetiste-restoring wich everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sasparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

—It's a very wise father who knows as much as his son.

—No lady of refinement will use her husband's meerchaum pipe to drive nails in