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VOL. XVIII., No 21 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. April 5, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

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Weissport Business Directory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
EAST WEISSPORT, PENN'A.
This house offers first-class accommodations to the permanent boarder and transient guest. Panic prices, only One Dollar per day.
may7-1y 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. LAUBY, 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. dec5-6m.

Headquarters 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. may11-6m

FOR FRESH
OYSTERS AND FISH!
GO TO
O. J. Seager's
East Weissport, Pa.
Stock is always Fresh. It will pay hucksters and other dealers to leave their orders with us and save freight. Pricer the very lowest. Give us a call.

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,
&c. 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 a 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.

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. jan22'15-

All the freshest county news in this paper. Read it.

Constipation,

IF not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

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"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended." —T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Professional & Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
First door above the Mansion House,
MAUCH CHUNK, - - - - PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. nov. 22-y1

W. G. M. Seiple,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - - - LEHIGHTON.
May be consulted in English and German.—Special attention given to Gynecology.
OFFICE HOURS; From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. mar. 21-y1

DR. G. T. FOX,
172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, EAGLE HOTEL, THURSDAY
AT BANGOR, BROADWAY HOUSE, MONDAYS.
AT BATH, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Office Hours—From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Practice limited to diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
Also, Refraction of the Eyes for the adjustment of glasses.

Dr. H. B. REINOHL,
Graduate of Phila. Dental College.
DENTISTRY!
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Perservation of the Teeth a Specialty.
OFFICE HOURS: From 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
OAK HALL, Market Square, Mauch Chunk.
BRANCH OFFICE:
EAST - MAUCH - CHUNK,
Two Doors North of Post-Office.
OFFICE HOURS: 7 to 9 a. m. and 5 to 7 p. m.
April28-3m*

A. S. Rabenold, D. D. S.

NEW OFFICE:—Over J. W. Raudenbush' Liquor Store,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON.
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without Pain. Gas administered when requested.
Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week.
P. O. address, ALLENTOWN,
2-y1 Lehigh county, Pa.

F. I. SMITH, D. D. S.,
Office opposite the Opera House.
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Filling and making artificial dentures a specialty. Local anesthetics used.
Gas administered and Teeth Extracted WITHOUT PAIN.
OFFICE HOURS:—From 8 a. m., to 12 m., from 1 p. m., to 5 p. m., from 7 p. m., to 8 p. m.
Consultations in English or German
Office Hours at Hazleton—Every Saturday.
Oct 15-87—1y

DENTISTRY.
Dr. J. A. Mayer & Son.
Dr. GEORGE H. MAYER,
a Graduate from the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania,
has opened an office in the same building with his father, second floor in the Bay Window,
59 BROADWAY, MAUCH CHUNK, PA.,
and is now prepared to receive every one in need of first-class dental service. june 8-89-tf

MANSION HOUSE
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
BANK STREET, - - LEHIGHTON,
C. H. HOM, PROPRIETOR.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. The bAR is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager on Tap. apr 17-y1

FRANK P. DIEHL,
—NORTH STREET,—
Practical Blacksmith & Horseshoer is prepared to do al work in his line in the best manner and at the lowest prices. Please call. nov26-86-1y.

PACKERTON HOTEL,
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton,
Z. H. C. HOM, Proprietor.
PACKERTON, - - - PENNA.
This well-known Hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent Tables and the very best Liquors. Stables attached. jan5-y1

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.
Two powder is prepared after the recipe of the late Dr. H. G. Wilson, and is the genuine article. Owners of above named animals should write at once.

THE USELESS ONES.

Poets should not reason;
Let them sing!
Argument is treason—
Bells should ring.

Statements none, nor question
Gnomic words,
Spirit cries, suggestions,
Like the birds.

He may use deduction
Who must preach;
He may praise instruction
Who must teach;

But the poet doly
Fills his part
When the song bursts truly
From his heart.

For no purpose springing;
For no pelf;
He must do the singing
For itself.

Not in lines austerely
Let him build:
Not the surface merely
Let him gild.

Fearless, uninvited,
Like a spring:
Opal words, in lighted,
Let him sing.

As the leaf grows sunward
Song must grow;
As the stream flows onward
Song must flow.

Useless? Aye—for measure;
Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure—
God knows why!
—John Boyle O'Reilly in Pilot.

ONE OF THE OLD MASTERS.

The old planter lay dying. He had been a long time ailing, worn down by anxiety and trouble, borne uncomplainingly and in silence, he was now going of a slow disease, and lay in the middle ground, between the here and the hereafter, awaiting his summons.

He had once been a Sea Island nabob, he was now a pauper; all he and his wife had to depend on was the meager salary of a grandson, a lad of 18. But, reduced as he was, Mr. Conner was never too poor to lend a helping hand to any of his former slaves, who were old and feeble like himself.

And now in his last illness three of them came to assist his wife in nursing him. They were old Daddy Zack, the former coachman (whose carriage and horses had long since vanished); Tobe, the chief butler, whose pantry had become a thing of the past, and old Maum Dinah, the former cook, whose turtle soup had once had a coast wide reputation.

Maum Dinah, now Mrs. Ragsdil, made a precarious living at scouring; and Daddy Zack, now Mr. Zackery Rakestraw, a yet more uncertain one, as a vender of scrubbing brushes. Tobe, now Tobias Conner, was a well to do citizen and chief cook at the hotel. Nevertheless he threw up his place and came to nurse his old master, and between him and the two old darkies a deadly rivalry raged as to who should be nurse.

Worn out with watching, old Mrs. Conner had gone to lie down, leaving the patient in charge of Tobe. He was a tall, very black man of 40, and some red marks on his face made him look tattooed and gave him a fierce appearance.

The sick man was in a mild delirium, his mind wandering back a quarter of a century to the days of his prosperity. He talked incessantly, but received only monosyllable answers from Tobe, who was naturally taciturn. With some difficulty he succeeded in lulling his patient to sleep, when the door slowly creaked open and old Zack, taking advantage of his mistress' absence, crept in in crying shoes.

"Who is that?" asked the old man, rousing up.

"Me, suh, Sach'riah, suh," said Mr. Zachery Rakestraw, going back to his plantation name.

"Well, Zack, what is it? Have you attended to the horses?"

Old Zack was speechless, till a fierce nod from Tobe, who was his nephew, made him mutter, "Yes, suh."

"Where are the horses?" asked Mr. Conner, noticing the pantomime.

"Dey done gone," stammered old Zack.

"Tell 'em dey in the ya'd, you ole fool," muttered the respectful nephew.

"Dey in de ya'd, suh," repeated Zack; "de stable ya'd, I mean."

"Saddle Mazeppa and bring him round for me to ride, and Tobe, help me on with my clothes." He struggled to rise, but Tobe gently laid him back upon the pillow.

"Not today, mausser; you ent well nuff. Wha' you come in yer an' start him fer?" he added, turning fiercely on old Zack.

"I wanter see 'em. I sho 'e my mausser well as yourn," said the old man in an aggrieved tone.

"Dat's so," said Maum Dinah, joining Daddy Zack at the door.

Mr. Conner ceased to struggle with Tobe to inquire: "Who's there?"

"Dinah, sur," said the old woman; "dunno you know me, mausser?"

"Of course, Dinah; I have invited Col. Tyler and Governor Gates to dine with me today; give us a good dinner, Dinah."

At this old Dinah grew as ashy pale as she could, for both the gentlemen had been in their graves for thirty years. "Good Laud!" she muttered, "who gwine cook fer sperits?" and she hastily retreated.

"Yes," said Mr. Conner, whose thoughts now ran in a new channel; "they'll both come in their sail boats, Flyaway and Waterwitch; you know them, Tobe?"

"Yes, mausser," said the imperturbable negro.

"And my boat, the Seagull, I want you to get her out."

"Yes, mausser."

"We'll have a race this evening; see that everything is ready."

"Yes, mausser."

"I'll take Zack with me to steer."

At this Daddy Zack shuddered. "I'll go in no sperit boat," he muttered, and shuffled out.

"Sa've you right fer comin' yer way you had no business," muttered Tobe. "De idy ob mindin' a delirious pusson!"

"She is the fastest sailer on the sound," continued the old man.

"Yes, mausser," repeated the impassive Tobe.

"She's built for speed, forty feet long and a foot wide."

"Good Laud!" ejaculated Tobe, thrown off his guard; "what a lie! Dat ain't nuthin' but er hoss trough." After a moment he recovered from his surprise, and said in beguiling accents, "S'posen you tek er nap, suh, befo' the gentlemans come, so you'll feel fresh en libely."

He gently turned the sick man over, smoothed the pillow under his head, and soothed him to sleep.

Summer had passed and autumn had come, and nature was preparing herself to meet the death that winter brings. With the waning season the old planter's life had ebbed away, very slowly but surely, as if in sympathy with the approaching death of nature, he was going to his own painlessly, calmly, surrounded by his family and his old servants. Seeing these, a quarter of a century lapsed out of his life, and he still fancied himself back in his island home, surrounded by the slaves he had been raised with, and his old neighbors, dead this many a year. His servants viewed this phase of his sickness with superstitious sorrow.

"'E gwine berry fas'," said Maum Dinah, wiping her eyes in the corner of her apron. "'E talk constant ob de dead, er sho sign 'e'll soon be wid 'em."

As the sun was setting Mr. Conner fell asleep, and his wife left the sick room to see a friend, who had called, leaving Tobe alone with the sick man. All at once he roused up, and his eyes fell on the faithful nurse standing motionless at the foot of the bed.

"I am not so well, Tobe, I feel weak. If any one calls, I'll see them in here."

"Nobody gwine call," said Tobe, "so don't worry, suh."

"Good evening, doctor," said the sick man, looking over Tobe's shoulder and towards the door. "Walk in."

Tobe turned and looked, but saw no one.

"Place a chair for Dr. McAllister, Tobe, here close to me."

Tobe hesitated, but obeyed as his master said:

"Sit down, doctor. I don't feel so well today. Why here comes Mr. Morrison and Judge Derry and Mr. Lasalles. 'Tis most kind, gentlemen, to call. It is quite a while since I've seen you. (As they had been dead many years it was very likely.) Tobe, place chairs for the gentlemen."

In spite of his vaunted courage, Tobe's face began to turn ashy, and the whites of his eyes to show, but he strung the chairs along the bedside and listened aghast, while Mr. Conner affably conversed with them. The evening shades were creeping into the room and gave a weird look to things. Presently the old man's eyes were again riveted upon the door.

"Here comes Col. Tyler and Governor Gates. Chairs, Tobe. Come in, gentlemen. I'm so glad to see you. Tobe, what are you about? Why don't you place chairs for them?"

"Dey's none," stammered Tobe. "Wait er minute, suh, tell I kin git some," and he hurried to the door.

"Missis!" he whispered.

Mrs. Conner hastened in.

"De room is full ob sperits," he gasped. "I can't stay in yere alone. De sperits and gosses is jis' a-swarmin' roun' de bed." And Tobe set his teeth fast to keep them from chattering as he listened to his master talking with the dead.

Mrs. Conner seated herself on the side of the bed, and at last succeeded in lulling the old man back to sleep, and from that sleep he never woke.

Night came and settled on them, but still he slept on; and when the sun rose the next morning the old planter had joined the friends whom his servants believed had come for him, and gone upon his journey to the hereafter.

The old negroes wept when they found he had left them.

"De bes' mausser nigger eber had!" wailed Maum Dinah, wringing her hands in the kitchen.

Jetty, the cook, a girl of the new regime, viewed her with contempt. "Master!" cried Jetty in scorn. "Master! Why you's free!"

"Yes," wailed the old woman, "free ter sta've! I'se too ole ter wuck much longer, an' who gwinter tek care ob me den? Freedom mout do fer young nigger, but ole, done tas' nigger's better off in slabery, wid nuttin to do en plenty ter eat," and she wept bitterly.

"'E so fer true! 'E so fer true!" sobbed old Zack. "Oh! dem was fine days! ter lib alonger de quality folks, en eat scraps from de buckra table! But all dat is pas' now, 'en we los' our bes' frien'! Ah! he was a mausser fer true!" and he dashed the tears from his cheeks.

While Maum Dinah wept and wailed: "De bes' mausser! De bes' mausser dat nigger eber hab!"—Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

That Elevator Boss.

The elevator man in a big building is a philosopher to a certain extent. That is, if he is a man. If he is a boy he cares nothing for philosophy, but devotes himself to cigarettes and a shrill, strident whistle. But if there is a man in charge of the wire rope he usually embraces his opportunity to look at his passengers, especially if his shaft is in a miscellaneous office building. The graybeard who runs the elevator in one of these buildings was questioned the other day. "Yes," he said, "I see all sorts of people in my car, because there are all sorts of offices up stairs. If a woman steps in with a pleasant smile and an extra assortment of jewelry and ribbons I know she is going up to the photographer's place on the top floor. If a man with a pained expression gets aboard I know that he is going to the dentist's quarters on the fourth floor. The man who always carries a handkerchief in his hand is certain to alight on the same floor and make his way to the office of the doctor who cures catarrh, and the pretty lady whose plumage is a bit soiled always gets off at the door where the man dyes ribbons and feathers and cleans finery. I've been here so long that I know by a passenger's looks just where he or she wants to get off." Then, as the elevator struck bottom, he called out "Chicago!" and his listener walked away.—Chicago Herald.

Among the exhibits at the Indianapolis meeting of the Western Canned Goods association were two cans containing beef soup, part of a lot prepared for the United States navy in 1819. They are owned by William Daggett, of Indianapolis, whose grandfather was at the head of Daggett & Kenslett, of New Haven, Conn., in the early part of the century. The contents are supposed to be in good condition; if not, the fermentation and creation of gases within would break the seal. The soup is therefore [illegible]

A King Dethroned.

A well known mad doctor has just died at Vienna. Professor Leedesdorff was the great king dethroner. No other medical man has had so large an experience. When, in 1876, Sultan Mourad the Fifth was to be deposed and Abdul Aziz set up on the throne, the professor was sent for to Constantinople, examined his royal patient, and promptly declared him mad. There was no appeal from that decision. Later on, when Louis the Second of Bavaria was getting unusually eccentric, his ministers sent to Vienna for the professor. Sometimes he would be sent for to Petersburg. The Romanoff family had fallings, and the professor had to give his verdict. [illegible]

A PIONEER SKETCH.

It was while working for one of the numerous cattle companies that ranched in the Indian territory that I met "Two Bellies." He had only lately returned from an enforced visit to Florida, where he had been sent a few years before for robbing a soldier on pay day.

On his return the agent suggested that he go to work on the agency's farm along with a half a dozen other ex-braves, who were trying to follow the white man's methods. But Two Bellies, in acquiring knowledge, had been equally careful to forget nothing. One thing he remembered with remarkable clearness, was that manual labor, under any and all circumstances, was something beneath a warrior.

After hanging around the post awhile, he drifted out into the range and found a temporary home in the Crazy Mule village, near which I was stationed as a "line rider."

Though I had never met him, I had a fair idea of Two Bellies' appearance from the description the squaws and pappooses had given me, and, as I sat smoking in front of my "teepe" one evening and saw a buck approaching, the moment my eyes rested upon him I felt certain that it was the celebrated exile.

His costume was a striking one, even in this land of striking costumes. On his head was a straw hat, with alternate bands running from the crown to the edge of the brim; a calico shirt of gaudy color, cut "night shirt style," split from the collar down, and pinned at the lower extremities with a small flag; a pair of army pants (worn entire) hid his lower limbs; on his feet, calf skin moccasins with the hair on, and to cap it all, a black corset that did not meet by half a dozen inches, completed an outfit that would have attracted attention anywhere.

After shaking hands he stepped back and drew his hands across his stomach, accompanying the movement with a whining sound, and by this pantomime (known to all cowboys) announced that he was hungry. Having on hand some stale bread and a pot of beans of which I had grown suspicious, I told him to help himself. Watching him clean up everything in sight, I came to the conclusion that no matter how much his parents had erred in other matters, they had certainly hit the nail on the head in naming one of their offspring. He finally arose, let out his belt a hole or two, borrowed a cigarette, shook hands again, and in a few minutes I saw the flag fluttering down the trail that led to the village. I was not much surprised to see Two Bellies next morning, accompanied by three congenial friends, with their usual following of dogs, approaching the "teepe." With a wave of the hand, that included bucks and dogs, as well as a mule I had saddled, he said: "Me sisters Ned Chuckaway, want some."

Throwing as much sarcasm as possible into my voice, I told him I was sorry to disappoint the ladies, but, owing to an unexpected run on the larder last night, this boarding house was closed.

I then rode off, leaving them tightening their belts and preparing to move on a plum thicket. On my return in the afternoon I found Two Bellies on guard. A small pile of firewood and a fresh bucket of water indicated that he was trying to regain the favor he had lost by his heedless action in the morning. I then explained to him my orders from headquarters in regard to feeding his people, and he, in return, said that Crazy Mule was dieting his followers on dog meat, preparing for a feast and dance soon to be held, and, while he had no objection to the festivities, during his confinement he had lost his appetite for that dish. (I thought this a pity, for with his capacity he could very materially have reduced the canine census.)

I promised, however, to fill him up once a day, and in return he was to keep me supplied with wood and water, and bring up my mount of horses for me every afternoon. This little arrangement was destined to be broken up, and from an unexpected quarter.

Crazy Mule, who in addition to his duties as chieftain of this particular village, was also head "medicine man" for the surrounding villages, soon heard of it, and his jealousy was aroused. Indian though he was, his heart yearned for the flesh pots of the "pale face," and if any eating was to be done he proposed to have a hand in it himself. This, in connection with the remark that "Crazy Mule had the largest practice and the largest graveyard of any medicine man in the tribe" (said wittiticism being attributed to Two Bellies), aroused the passions of the old man, and, in the language of the cowboys, he fired Two Bellies, and fired him bodily.

On the morning of his departure from the village, Two Bellies stopped and told me of his troubles, winding up by saying: "May be so, pretty soon, long time come, things even up."

From this I judged that sooner or later he intended to square accounts.

Not long after this event, I went south on a cow hunt, to be gone a couple of months. From time to time rumors reached us of an effort being made by a syndicate composed of various cattle companies to lease the Cheyenne reservation. On our return to headquarters, we found the whole tribe in an uproar, and discussing the proposition, which was soon to be submitted to a vote. In the thickest of the fight, in fact the recognized leader of the anti-leasers was Crazy Mule. With a knowledge born of bitter experience, he knew that any scheme having for one of its chief objects the "advancement" of the Indian, should be examined into, especially if the chief promoters of that scheme were their ancient enemy, the cattlemen. In the proposed lease he saw the entering wedge that was to divide their reservation and turn over to the white man their last foothold on earth.

The agents of the syndicate, early in the skirmish, recognized that it would be impossible to win him over. His hatred of the pale face and his determination, when once his mind was made up, had long since passed into a proverb. They feared his influence, for his ability as an orator had been proven in many councils in the past, and on the lease question he was fighting with a "courage born of despair." He worked upon the inborn hatred of his followers toward the whites, and conjured them, as they loved their homes, to resist, even to bloodshed, the proposition.

As the vote would be close, those who had the matter in charge determined to make inroads on Crazy Mule's personal followers by the liberal use of the almighty dollar. The only difficulty was to find some one bold enough to carry out this plan and distribute the needful.

In looking about them their eyes rested on Two Bellies, and in him they found one not only willing but anxious "to beard the lion in his den." Here was the very chance for which he longed to make "things even up," and besides who could tell but that in the general shuffle that would follow the new deal he might land somewhere near the top? As he had nothing to lose and everything to gain, it was worth trying.

A day or two before the election he appeared in the village with the sinews of war in the shape of silver dollars (for a blanket Indian will have nothing to do with paper money), parasols, yellow paint, chewing gum, and other things dear to the red man's heart, besides a commission to count the ballot and bring the returns to the agency.

It would have taken a keen ward worker to have told on the morning of election how the village would vote. History tells us that when the ballots were counted the leasers had carried their point by a bare majority; but it forgets to mention that, in order to do this, more votes were counted than there were voters to cast them.

When the old medicine man, by an hour's struggle with mental arithmetic and a final count by noses (the Indian method of balloting), had discovered this fact, he got out his Winchester and went around inquiring for Two Bellies. That worthy, by this time, however, was far on the road to the agency, and, as a cowboy who met him expressed it, "He had a move on himself like a man who was riding for a record."

Whether this means was fair or foul, the leasers carried the day, and the larger part of the reservation was turned over to the cow men. A change was soon noticeable. Substantial buildings took the place of dugouts; corrals were built at convenient points; surveyors ran the lines between the ranges and wire fences followed close behind.

Down at the agency Two Bellies was enjoying the reward for the part he had played, and, if his work could be judged by the reward, he had played it well. Right into the swim he landed, and in a short time was putting on the airs of a man who owned the pool itself. Discarding the tribal blanket and "gee string," he donned a major general's coat, spring bottom pants and had his moccasins beaded to the heel. After the excitement that followed the election had subsided he began to lay his plans for the future.

The first thing on the cards was to secure a squaw. After accomplishing this, being well satisfied with his bargain, he opened negotiations for another, and was soon recognized as a man of family and of affairs. He also enjoyed the favors and perquisites that formerly fell to the lot of Crazy Mule. As I saw him standing in front of the agency store one evening, with his hat tilted to the right angle, his cigar between his fingers, practicing spitting between his teeth, as became a politician of his standing, I thought of the old medicine man out in his lonely village, shorn of what power and privileges it was possible for the agent to take from him, watching over and guarding alike his little corn patch and the sick children of his followers, to whom, in spite of defeat, he was a chieftain still. And then I smiled as I remembered the words: "May be so, pretty soon, long time come, things even up."

The years rolled by, and in the course of events another election was held. The party who had been in power so long in Washington city stepped down and out, and the friends of reform took up the reins of government.

The old chiefs assumed their places, while the pets of the agents were sent to the rear.

As I rode along I wondered what changes I would find at the village, which I was approaching. If I expected any I was disappointed. The same curs, apparently, barked and snapped at my horse's heels; the squaws seemed busy with the same tasks, and under his arbor the old medicine man sat smoking his pipe with the air of a proprietor and one who had earned his rest, and furthermore had the advantage of knowing it. With a wave of the hand that included greeting and an invitation to a seat, he bade me welcome and fell to asking me the whereabouts of the other boys, who in days gone by had "smoked the old sisters" out of these thickets and sand hills. I answered as best I could, for they were scattered from the Rio Grande to the British possessions. I in turn began to think of some of those who had played a prominent part in those days, and was about to put the question as to their fate, when the sight of a buck bending low under a load of wood attracted my attention. Something about him appeared familiar, and as he approached I could scarcely believe my eyes, for in the laborer I recognized the ex-politician, Two Bellies.

Old Crazy Mule, seeing my look of wonder, gave a grunt and a chuckle and relapsed into silence. Instead of the major general's coat and spring bottom pants and high hat, in which I had last seen Two Bellies, he now appeared with an old blanket over his shoulders, his lower limbs incased in a pair of blue overalls, and as he threw down his load and turned to get another, I saw the seat of these had been removed in deference to the tribal custom, and then I knew his fall was complete; that another backslider was abroad, and that civilization had lost another convert. As he disappeared in the timber, I could but think again of his own prophetic words: "May be so, pretty soon, long time come, things even up."—Ned H. in Atlanta Constitution.

A New Invention.

A nickel-in-the-slot machine in Boston confronts the equestrian who alights at the sidewalk with the legend written across its front: "Drop a nickel in the slot and I'll hold your horse." He puts in the nickel and the iron hands unclasp the bridle rein is dropped into them and they close again. There you are. The horse is held. The rider goes off about his business. In half an hour he returns. There is the machine and there is the horse. But the first legend has disappeared and in its place is the inscription in characters of living light: "Give me a quarter and I'll let him go."—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Cost of Heating Water.

Water is one of the hardest of all substances to heat. This furnishes a good illustration of the law of the conservation and transformation of forces. To raise one pound of water one degree in a minute is required a heat which, if applied to an engine, would raise 772 pounds of water or any other substance one foot high. To raise eighty-six pounds one degree in a minute would be equivalent to raising eighty-six times 772 pounds to the height of one foot in a minute.—Washington Post.

A Comedy of Errors.

Attorney C. C. Babcock is a very honest looking young gentleman, and yet he was twice taken for a thief and once for a dead beat.

Mr. Babcock went into a restaurant on Third street and deposited his umbrella in the rack and hung his black Derby hat on a nickel plated hat hook. When the disciple of Blackstone had finished his repast he walked over to the wall and took what he supposed was his hat, put it on and started toward the counter to pay for his breakfast.

An athletic looking gentleman, who was eating his morning repast and watching his portable property, roared out:

"Come back here, sir, and leave my hat."

All the ladies and gentlemen in the restaurant watched Mr. Babcock as he replaced the hat and took his own.

The young lawyer was as mad as a hornet and somewhat confused at the contretemps. Then he walked over to the umbrella rack and picked up an umbrella. The observant gentleman whose hat Mr. Babcock had taken noticed that it was his umbrella that was being carried off, and he shouted in stentorian tones:

"Drop that umbrella or I'll hand you over to the police."

Mr. Babcock saw that he had made a second mistake, and soon fished his own rain shedder from among the many others that were in the rack.

Then he left the restaurant, and he was called back by the cashier, who came to the door and excitedly said:

"Hadn't you better come back and pay for your breakfast? You will at least avoid being handed over to the police."

As he still had his check for a fifty-cent breakfast in his hand, Mr. Babcock walked back and paid his bill, with the eyes of every lady and gentleman in the place fixed suspiciously upon him.

One elderly lady audibly remarked: "He don't look like a thief, but you can't tell by looks nowadays what a person is, as good clothes don't cost much."—Seattle Press.

With the Tongs.

A great deal of laughter has been expended on womankind for taking the broom as a weapon in "shooing" an enemy, but, after all, why should not one use the implement to which she is most accustomed? Great execution is possible with the weapon of our choice, as an English lady, living in Canada, has proved.

She was one day greatly interested in putting out the family washing to dry. Sheets and tablecloths were on the line, which, to her horror, suddenly fell, dropping her spotless clothes in the dirt.

A large buck, caught by the antlers, was the cause of the trouble. There was not a man within five miles—they had all gone to a neighbor's for the day. The deer plunged about, and the lady screamed. Something had to be done, and done at once. There was a fine gun in the house, loaded, but the lady would not approach it, as firearms were her especial dread.

Among her many possessions she had a large pair of tongs. She thoroughly understood this firearm, and with all her housewifely instincts outraged, she seized them and began the attack.

Within five minutes the buck's skull was pounded to a jelly, and then the victor, her clothing slightly torn, sat down and indulged in a good cry.—Forest and Stream.

Trout and Superstition.

The trout is derived from a word meaning to eat, just as salmon from one meaning to leap. The former fish has acquired some celebrity in folk medicine. Thus it is a superstition of Shropshire that a pie dish full of cider should be taken down to a river and a good sized trout caught and drowned in the cider, would a person recover from the whooping cough. Trout and cider were then to be carefully carried back to the house, and the sick person must eat the trout after it has been fried and drink the cider. In Northumberland for the same ailment a trout's head is put into the mouth of the sufferer, and, as it is said, the trout is left to breathe in the patient's mouth. Still more curiously, Mr. Henderson relates that a friend, when fishing in Cleveland, was asked by a peasant to give him a "wick" (live) trout to lay on the stomach of one of his children who was much troubled with worms, a trout so applied being a certain cure for the complaint.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Nine Tailors Make a Man.

Everybody has heard of the saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man, and the general supposition is that it reflects upon tailors in some indefinite manner, and no one knows where the saying originated. Now, the truth is that the saying is misquoted, and the proper word is tailers, or tellers, not tailors, as often written, and its origin can be traced back several centuries.

It was one of the customs when a person died in the parish to toll the church bell once for every year of the deceased's life. But nobody from this could tell the sex of the departed, so the sexton, to gratify public curiosity, after ringing in the usual way the number of years, would give eight quick strokes if the deceased was a woman and nine if it was a man. This being rung at the end of the strokes for the years were called tailers, and thus nine tailers made a man.—Golden Days.

Understood the Case.

Stranger—I should like to retain you in an important case. It is a fight over a child.

Great Lawyer—Between husband and wife?

"No, she is an orphan and has no near relatives. The contest is between distant relatives on both sides of the house.

"Ah, I see. How much is she heiress to?"—New York Weekly.

In the statistics of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States there is an increase in the number of Sunday school scholars for the year 1888-89 amounting nearly to 89,000, nearly a quarter of the increase being in Pennsylvania.

Senator Vance says a constituent of his in a pine woods district of North Carolina, to whom he sent a copy of one of the patent office annual reports, spoke to him of the occurrence in this way: "Gineral, I got them speeches o' yourn, but I couldn't read 'em through. Thar war a leetle too much Whig doctrin' into 'em."

A bad habit broken away from is a good day's work. The earlier a habit is formed the stronger the hold it has. Private personal habits are more difficult to get rid of and have a more demoralizing effect than public ones.

—"Do you keep any secrets from your husband?" "Only one." "What is it." "The fact that I rule him."

—Every dog has his day, and some of them want the night, too.

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, discoverd 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 rejected lover who had determined to hang himself finally compromised by hanging.

—The mulberry is not a profitable crop to grow for market, but one or more trees are good to have for home use.

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 woman who is least popular with men in general is most apt to make one man happy in particular.

—If you want hens and pullets to quit laying, turn them out early in the morning on the frozen grass. It is an infallable remedy.

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 Bierr's or Thomas' drug store.

—It makes all the difference in the world whether it is the hand that is shaken or the fist.

—There are many pit-falls in a peach-orchard.

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 Bierr's or Thomas' drug store.

—Women do not marry for money, but they say it is easier to love a rich man than a poor one.

—A grizzly bear that weighed 2500 pounds was killed near Sissons, Cal., recently.

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 s