

A HERO OF THE PLAINS.

William Mathewson, of Fort Sill, Indian Territory, stands six feet two inches, with head on him that would have done for a senator when men were senators; chin square cut; square shouldered—you would say a man on the square as you looked at him. Modest as the brave ever are, not disposed to talk until he is sure of his man. But when he does talk, the days of Daniel Boone, says a Boston letter to the New Orleans States, do not seem so far away. See him as he sits in front of his ranch, grave as a Roman senator. Yonder galloping across the plains, comes an Indian. As he comes nearer we see he has the physique of a giant. Mathewson's face kindles.

"It is big Bow," he says. The Indian rides within forty paces of us, but veers off toward the Quaker agency. As he does so he shouts and points that way, "Simpah Zilbah! Come agent."

There has been trouble; he wants Simpah Zilbah—"the dangerous one with long hair on his chin"—as the Kiowas have named Mathewson, to help him get at this Quaker agent, who seems to him a half-squaw man.

How has this man made himself a power with the fiercest chief among the Kiowas? Years ago in the state of New York was a lad with a hot, restless heart. That heart had not been made restless by the cheap novel for the cheap novel was not yet. His heart was restless because it was a big heart, full of courage and high daring. That heart had been fired by a book, but it is a very noble book, the life of one of our very bravest Americans, John C. Fremont. Well the boy did what my boy readers had better not do unless they are absolutely sure they have as lofty a heart as William Mathewson had—he ran away, and he struck for the path the great pathfinder had found, the over-land route to California. Out and out he went into the heart of what was called once the great American desert, but which never was a desert, only a great plain, stretching as the great Lake Michigan stretches, and which perhaps, was the bottom of a great lake once. The ranch where the youth stopped was also in the heart of the Indian country. The Kiowas were there, and fierce, fearless fellows they were, who could look you square in the face without flinching. The Comanches, too, occasionally swept up there, short and squat, inferior looking save on horseback, and they did not look—well, square in the eye—they cast furtive, sidewise glances. The Kiowas took lovingly to him when they came in. And while he was learning frontier lore from the ranchmen he was learning as fast as he could the Kiowas language.

At 22 he pushed out further alone in the Kiowa country and established a ranch. It is enough of a trading ranch to give him an excuse to stay among them. His ranch, being the furthest out this side of the Rocky Mountains, is a haven to weary overlanders to California. Mathewson, besides the Kiowa language, had learned the sign language, which is the common language between all of the tribes. If you ask an Indian how far any place is, if he does not speak your language he will tell you how many sleeps off it is. A sleep is about 20 miles. If it is about 200 miles off he will lay his head in his hand, close his eyes and then hold up both hands—it is ten sleeps off. If he wished to tell you you lied, he would thrust out two index fingers from his mouth, making an obtuse angle—"you talk forked." Mathewson understood this sign language perfectly, but the Indians did not know this. Some Indians of another tribe had come in. They were talking in sign language to a group of Kiowas.

"What is it?" A prisoner got away. Prisoner who had a young girl. Stole one of our mules. Will give one, two, three, four mules for the cattle Kiowa catch her. "I saw it once it flashed over me," he says. "I saw a young girl alone on the plains. Two tribes banding to catch her. My brave one, I'm on your side. I will get them away. I saddled two horses—my mare Bess and a

splendid horse I had. I took my carbine and two Colt revolvers. I told some straggling Kiowas that were still there: 'My cattle gone; I must go hunt them.' I pushed on on the course I knew she would be likely to take. I examine it close; yes, it is hers. Before this I strike a small band of Kiowa Indians, who were scouring the plains for her trail. 'Where you going?' 'Hunt my cattle; four got away; two red, two spotted.' I push on. I follow the trail as long as I can see; camp; partner, I was young then; I didn't sleep much. As soon as I can see the bent and crushed grass of the trail I push on, east, ever eastward. The girl has got sense as well as pluck. She knows the settlement lies there. Bess tosses her head and leads out in a long stride. Suppose these red imp strike across and get ahead of me! Well, if it comes to the worst I couldn't go down in a better cause. Hour after hour nothing but the sweep and the hateful sameness of the stretch of the prairie. It is the middle of the second evening. There's a speck! Come, Bess, we'll make that speck grow bigger. It's a horse and there's some one on it.

Partner, I'm not the praying kind, but I did thank the Almighty. When she looked around and saw me she was nigh frightened to death. Her eyes looked just like a frightened fawn's, but the next time she turned they looked like a fawn's when she finds its mother has scared it. Her Indian pony was shaky. I had her on my led horse in a jiffy. We pushed for the first station or ranch on the route. We changed horses there, and still pushed on. We are not safe yet. I carried her to the settlement in Kansas.

Her folks had all been murdered in Texas. She made her home there afterward. Partner, it would make a prettier ending for me to say that I married that girl; but I didn't; my time hadn't come yet. Later on I married a splendid girl up off a Kansas prairie.

LITERARY NEW YORK.

The literary product of New York naturally falls into two general classes one comprising the new books and the other the press, taking that word in its comprehensive meaning. Far be it from me to confound the press with literature, but the two overlap each other, there being a literary side to the press and a periodical aspect of literature.

In analyzing the literary life of New York it will be found useful to observe the above classification and to consider the two parts separately, taking first the periodical literature of the city. There are 642 newspapers and periodicals in New York. And taking these first in the mass, without regard to their literary character, this great body of printed product includes 33 daily newspapers, 259 weeklies and 234 monthlies. There are also no less than 22 quarterlies, a name that certainly has a literary sound. The remainder of the 642 appears at various intervals.

The New York press is remarkably comprehensive in its scope and character. Nine foreign languages are represented, the German having a long lead, with a total of 62 periodicals. The Spanish are next with 9, then come the French with 7, the Scandinavian and Bohemian with 4 each, the Italian with 3, the Hebrew with 2, and the Polish and Hungarian with one each. There are 80 periodical-designated under the head of the religious press, representing the following list of denominations: Hebrew, Baptist, Spiritualist, Catholic Methodist Episcopal, Evangelical, Reformed, Unsectarian, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Swedenborgian, Free Thought, Congregational, Undenominational, Reformed Catholic, Methodist, Religio-Scientific, Christian, Free Methodist, Wesleyan.

THE EDUCATIONAL PRESS.

The educational press, so called includes fourteen college papers, three journals of education, and periodicals devoted to penmanship, phonography and deaf mutes. There are eight law periodicals, twelve devoted to insurance, and twenty-two to finance. Eight treat of science in all her aspects, and mining, electricity, and engineering have three special organs each. "Sport" in its wide sense inspires fourteen, music nine, the drama

seven, art four, military life four, and the fashions sixteen. Various social organizations publish thirteen more. There are four temperance organs and one voice for women suffrage. Finally may be mentioned the trade journals, though few of these have any relation to literature. There are altogether 160 of them, of which forty-five deal with commercial interests, nine with railroads, fifteen with dry goods and clothing, and six each with the book trade and with scientific inventions.

Now, perhaps a third of these periodicals have a literary standard and make their editors, contributors and correspondents live up to it. And in many cases this standard is high. Nor is this so only with respect to the press that is deliberate in its periodicity. When all is admitted that need be as to the slovenly characteristics of daily journalism, it may safely be contended that the thirty-three daily newspapers print a vast amount of good literary work. Indeed, if I may be permitted to free myself in the matter, I believe there is a higher literary standard in the newspapers than in the magazines. The necessity of hasty publication in the case of the daily press results in much slop-work.

MATTER OF MERIT.

But where "copy" can be prepared with any leisure, as for example, for the Sunday papers issues, an almost diheartening amount of real literature is produced. The daily papers, too, as everybody knows, have the help of the ablest writers of the age in their critical functions and special literary features. Urged by rivalry, the leading newspapers are eager to buy matter that has graphic merit, and many of the brightest minds are exchanging a solid fame for an immediate mess of pottage in the seductive guise of "space rates."

The weekly and monthly press are more apt to assume a virtue of "fine writing" if they have it not. But many of them are warranted in calling themselves literary. Out of the entire 450 there may be 100, or certainly fifty, that have right to be included in the literary life of New York. These periodicals attract to the city and encourage to effort a very large and interesting body of keen minds and trained pens. The modern "Grub street" is as crowded as ever, but it is the back writer's own fault, generally in these days if he or she cannot make a decent living.

We have seen that the field of work is as wide as human thought itself and in each path eager rivals seek the best that is offered. Here in this city beyond dispute, is the great literary market of the country, and if one has literary wares of merit they are pretty sure to find a customer. But because it is the best market it is a cruel one. It is the place for the good, not the poor; for the strong, not the weak. So let young David be sure of his sling before he pushes forth to defy the Philistines.—Cor. Boston Advertiser.

A Western Hanging.

FORT SMITH, Ark., April 8.—Patrick McCarthy, convicted of participation in the murder of Thomas and John Mahoney, in the Cherokee nation, February 16, 1886, was hanged here at noon to-day. The execution was originally fixed for January 14, but President Cleveland was induced to grant a respite for ninety days on the ground that the evidence upon which the conviction was obtained was largely of a circumstantial character. Since that time considerable attention was given to the case both by the president and Attorney General Garland, and finally, on Monday, the decision was arrived at that further interference would not be warranted.

In January and February of last year Pat McCarty and Joe Stutzer working on railroad construction work between Red Fork and Tulsa, I. T. Two brothers, named Tom and John Mahoney, whose home was at Needles, Kan., were also there with two fine teams, one wagon and two sets of harness, besides being comfortably provided with bed-clothing and other things necessary for traveling in cold weather.

Work on the road suspended in February, and the Mahoney boys started up with their teams to Fort Scott, Kansas. McCarty and Stutzer were short of means and, wanting to go to Fort Scott also, the Mahoney's

kindly furnished them transportation and divided their provisions and bedding with them. They were traced from Red Fork to Coffeyville, and at that place the Mahoney brothers were seen for the last time alive, on the 16th of February. On the morning of the 19th McCarty and Stutzer appeared at Vinita with a pair of fine mules, wagon and harness and a pair of fine mares with harness to suit them. They claimed to be railroaders and represented that they had been at work with their teams at Tulsa. They sold the mules and one set of harness to a livery man for \$125, not half their value, after which Pat took the train for Pierce City, while his companion drove out of Vinita with the remainder of the property, going in the direction of Southwest City, Mo., since which time he has never been heard from.

In March following parties by accident discovered the bodies of two men in a coal pit drain, eighteen miles from Vinita, with every indication that they had been murdered. The news of the find was sent out by wire from Vinita, with a description of the bodies, and the mother of the Mahoney boys, not having heard from her sons for an unusual time, made inquiries. This led to the discovery that they had left Red Fork in company with McCarty and Stutzer, and a description of their outfit was procured. Mrs. Mahoney came down from her home and, going to where the bodies were buried, identified them beyond a doubt. The mules sold by McCarty and Joe at Vinita proved to be the property of the Mahoney boys, but up to that time no trace of the murderers had been found.

About this time McCarty's name and description got into the papers as one of the murderers, and an officer at Dixon, Mo., where the murderer happened to be seeing it and knowing Pat, telegraphed to Vinita that he was there. He forthwith received instructions to arrest and hold him, which he did, about the 1st of April, and Deputy Marshal Isbell went up and took charge of him, taking him back to Vinita, where he was fully identified as one of the men who sold the Mahoney mules and received the money for them, giving a bill of sale over the signature of Pat Ryan, representing that he and Stutzer were brothers. When arrested a watch was found in his valise which proved to have belonged to John Mahoney, being readily identified by his mother.

After conviction and sentence McCarty continued to assert his innocence, and endeavored to obtain a stay of execution until Stutzer was arrested, there being a reward of \$500 for him. It is rumored that McCarty made a confession last night to his attorney.

VIENNA, April 8.—It is known here that an expedition to the Antarctic region is in contemplation under auspices of King Oscar of Sweden. It is certain that Baron Nordenskjold, the explorer, will have command of the enterprise. The baron is here for a few days en route to Venice, and says that if sufficient coal can be procured he is confident of getting further south than any previous explorer. The date of his departure on the expedition has not yet been decided. Baron Nordenskjold thinks that the expedition will extend over a period of eighteen months.

WOMEN
Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try
BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines iron with pure vegetable tonic, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the Appetite, invigorates the Nerves and Nervous System, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—unlike other iron medicines. Mrs. ESTABROOK BATES, 24 E. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 30th, 1881: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness which has been in me since my confinement. It has also been beneficial to my children." Mrs. IRENE C. BRANTON, East Lockport, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Female Complaints, and could obtain relief from nothing except Brown's Iron Bitters." Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no others. Made only by DR. J. C. WELLS & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

IT WAS MORNING.
The night was dark, and mist hung o'er the hills,
And long and weary seemed the hours to wait;
When, suddenly, the snow clouds became
Of rosy hue, as though the angel lamps
Were hung behind them. Then the glowing east
Became aflame with red and molten gold,
And it was morning!

The night was dark, and mist hung o'er the hills,
And long and weary seemed the hours to wait;
When, suddenly, a light was seen beyond,
Transcending moon and stars and brilliant sun;
And then earth faded out from mortal sight;
Death's icy river had been safely crossed,
And it was morning.
—Sarah K. Bolton in Frank Leslie's.

CURIOSLY MIMETIC INSECTS.
How Maylayan Butterflies Hide Themselves—Flies Which Resemble Wasps.
There is a certain butterfly in the islands of the Malay archipelago (its learned name, if anybody wishes to be formally introduced, is Kalima parakeia) which always rests among dead or dry leaves, and has itself lent like wings, all spotted over at intervals with speckles to imitate the tiny spots of fungi on the foliage it resembles. The well known stick and leaf insects from the same rich neighborhood in like manner exactly mimic the twigs and leaves of the forest among which they lurk; some of them look for all the world like little bits of walking bamboo, while others appear in all varieties of hue, as if opening buds and full blown leaves and pieces of yellow foliage sprinkled with the tints and molds of decay had of a sudden raised themselves erect upon six legs and begun incontinently to perambulate the Malayana woodlands like vegetable Frankenstein in all their glory.
The larva of one such deceptive insect, observed in Nicaragua by sharp-eyed Mr. Dell, appeared at first sight like a mere fragment of the moss on which it rested, its body being all prolonged into little thread like green filaments, precisely imitating the foliage around it. Once more, there are common flies which secure protection for themselves by growing into the counterfeit presentment of wasps or hornets, and so obtain immunity from the attacks of birds or animals. Many of these curious mimetic insects are beset with red, low and black in the very image of their stinging originals, and have their tails sharpened, in terror, into a pretended sting, to give point and verisimilitude to the deceptive resemblance.
More curious still, certain South American butterflies of a perfectly inoffensive and edible family mimic in every spot and line of color sundry other butterflies of an utterly unrelated and fundamentally dissimilar type, but of so disagreeable a taste as never to be eaten by birds or larvae.—Cornhill Magazine.

Only An English Actor.
"Great Scott!" suddenly said an old-fashioned American, "what is that?" A simpering young gentleman, obviously painted, pearl white, rouge and black cosmetic having been freshly employed to touch up a face that suggested a juvenile edition of that aged London butterfly, Laria, Marchioness of Albesbury, suddenly presented himself. Flawing locks, unmistakably guilty of the "auriferous golden hair wash," framed this carefully prepared countenance. A sky blue mouchoir was thrust into a white waistcoat. "What is it, I say?" roared the old-fashioned American. People began to titter. The explanation was easy—only an English actor, who plays and recites and mocks the garish light of day with a "make up" unlike most other actors and actresses, who have quite enough of "painting their noses" when they are obliged to do so. "English! I know it! English! Thank God!" ejaculated the old-fashioned American. "Come; let's get out of this! The humbugs, the 8 o'clock ten and—and—that—are too much for me. Let's go and have some terrapin and duck."
If you use your eyes and ears very much in New York you will soon ask yourself seriously if the American people have the mental and moral stamina to profit by inherited wealth. You will wonder if leisure is not the very worst thing that can fall to the lot of a lad. Americans ought to have good, strong, tough fibers enough to stand such things without going down under them. But is it so! In most countries it is the class of heirs to wealth and idleness that sets the standard of literature, upholds art and encourages science. But if either one of the trio were to depend, even slightly, upon that same class in this country it would find itself leaning on a reed.
—Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Five Minutes Enough.
"You were speaking of Stephen Field as a grave and sedate justice, now that he is full of years and honor and occupies a seat in one of the greatest judicial bodies in the world," said another of the party, "but I remember him when he was as gay and rollicking a lad as the best of us. When the mining camp at what is now Nevada City was first organized, young Lawyer Field was elected a justice of the peace. Probably the toughest member of the peace. He was a noted desperado, Jack Reynolds by name. One day Reynolds was arrested on a charge of horse stealing. It was a trial by jury, with Justice Field presiding. The evidence was not strong enough to convict, but as everybody was anxious to get rid of Reynolds the verdict was: 'We find the prisoner at the bar not guilty, but if he is wise he will leave the camp in thirty minutes.' The verdict amused the young justice immensely, but he repeated it to Reynolds with due solemnity. Reynolds, whose sense of the ridiculous was quite as keen as that of the jury, calmly replied, as he gave his trousers an extra hitch: 'Gents, if the mule don't buck I'll be out in five.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Beating the Company.
Said a gentleman connected with one of the street railway lines: "You would be surprised to know how many people attempt to beat the companies out of a fare. Two laborers near the terminus of the road will board a car in the early morning, put a fare in the box, tender the conductor to the driver and jointly advise him to get all out of the road he can. If he accepts neither of them ever pays that driver again, and they generally wait for his car. 'But such a practice is not confined to that class. Young men ride on the front platform to smoke, and by adroitly abusing the company manager to pay the driver, who takes the chances of discharge."
"A certain business man has caused the discharge of several drivers. He hands the money for change, leaves a nickel with the driver, fumbles at the box while the lever is jerked down and fancies that no one will discover that the company has been robbed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Impudent Beggar.
I have been given some of the most extraordinary letters making demands upon several well known rich people for assistance, and they are worth printing some day. The most impudent of all, however, in one way, was the case of a beggar who sent a few days ago to a wealthy lady here, whose charity is proverbial, a letter asking money, by a messenger boy, collect. The house of industry might furnish a very useful employment for that beggar.—San Francisco Chronicle—"Undertones."

Fashionable young girls in London have adorned bracelets this season.

1859-1887.

Great Reduction

PRICES!!

I am now Prepared to Give

BIG BARGAINS.

DRY GOODS,

Dress Goods from 5c to \$2 per yard.

NOTIONS,

Hose from 3c to \$1 per pair

GR O C E R I E S

Lower Than the Lowest.

Give us a Call.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Country Produce

On hand, and Wanted at all times.

C. U. HOFFER
Allegheny st., Bellefonte, Pa