

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
Bridge Street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

Juniata Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,
[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
VOLUME XXVII, NO. 31
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JULY 30, 1873.
WHOLE NUMBER 1377.

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court
House Square.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.

AUCTIONEER.
J. F. G. LONG, residing in Spruce Hill
Township, offers his services to the
citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and
Vendor Crier. Charges moderate. Satis-
faction warranted. [Jan 29-3m]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor Crier.
Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satis-
faction warranted. nov 9, '69

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perrysville, Pa.,
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties as Auctioneer.—
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Dutchman a chance. P. O. address, Port
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-1y]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.,
August 18, 1863-4f.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Belford's building, two doors above the Sen-
tinel office, Bridge street. [aug 18-4f]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Beidler's Drug
Store. [aug 18 1869-4f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
dec 7 Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN THE—
PRICES OF TEETH!
Full Upper or Lower Sets as Low as \$5.00.
No teeth allowed to leave the office unless
the patient is satisfied.
Teeth remodeled and repaired.
Teeth filled to last for life.
Toothache stopped in five minutes without
extracting the tooth.
Dental work done for persons without their
leaving their homes, if desired.
Electricity used in the extraction of teeth,
rendering it almost a painless operation, (no
extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L.
Derr, established in Mifflintown in 1860.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1872-1y] Practical Dentist.

C. ROTHROCK,
DENTIST,
McAllisterville, Penna.,
OFFERS his professional services to the
public in general, in both branches of
his profession—operative and mechanical.
First week of every month at Richfield, Frem-
ont and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Wild Cat Val-
ley.
Third week—Millerstown and Racoon
Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAllisterville.
Will visit Millin when called on.
Teeth put up on any of the bases, and as
liberal as anywhere else.
Address by letter or otherwise.

Meat! Meat!
THE undersigned hereby respectfully in-
forms the citizens of Mifflintown and
Patterson that his wagon will visit each of
these towns on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and
SATURDAY mornings of each week, when
they can be supplied with
Choice Beef,
Veal, Mutton,
Lard, &c.,
during the summer season, and also PORK
and SAUSAGE in season. I purpose fur-
nishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday
morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thurs-
day morning. Give me your patronage, and
will guarantee to sell as good meat as the
country can produce, and as cheap as any
other butcher in the county.
SOLOMON SIEBER.

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
bear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.

Administrator's Notice.
Estate of Anderson Pines, deceased.
LETTERS of Administration having been
granted to the undersigned upon the
estate of Anderson Pines, late of Delaware
township, deceased, all persons indebted to
said estate are requested to make payment,
and those having claims against the same,
to present them properly authenticated for
settlement to
ARNOLD VARNES,
JESSE PINES,
Administrators.

Poetry.

Count the Mercies.
Count the mercies, count the mercies,
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a daily, faithful record
Of the comforts from above;
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary, desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer the fainting heart each day.
Count the mercies, count the mercies,
See them strewn along the way.

See, oh, see how rich the beauties
In the charming scenes of earth!
Think of all the untold blessings
Clustering round our home and hearth;
Think of friends and precious kindred—
To our hearts so dear, so sweet;
Think of heaven's unnumbered comforts—
Can you all the list repeat?
Count the mercies, count the mercies,
Making bright paths for our feet.

Count the mercies, though the trials
Seem to number more each day;
Count the trials, too, as mercies,
Add them to the grand array.
Trials are God's richest blessings,
Sent to prompt our upward flight,
As the eagle's nest all broken
Makes them fly to loftier height.
Count them mercies, greatest mercies,
That bring heaven within our sight.

Count them mercies that shall sever
Cards which bind our spirits down,
Causing us below to grovel,
And forget our heavenly crown.
Let all earthly ties be riven,
Nests be broken, bones decay,
If to God our hearts be driven,
If from earth we soar away.
Count them mercies, wondrous mercies,
Urging us the heavenward way.

Oh, what richer, purer comforts!
Better far than those of earth—
Joys unfading, hopes enduring,
Treasures of surpassing worth;
Beams of bright celestial radiance
From the central source of light,
Spreading o'er each scene of sadness
Halos gladdening to the sight.
Precious mercies, priceless treasures,
Bringing us such rich delight.

Let us number o'er our jewels;
Let us estimate their worth;
Let us thank the precious Giver,
Strawking blessings o'er the earth.
Let our hearts overflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er,
Till our multiplying mercies
Seem a countless, boundless store;
Then let praises, grateful praises,
Be our language evermore.
—Associate of Christian Holiness.

Select Story.

A Woman's Courage.

The blood red light of sunset was
mirroring itself in crimson splashes in
the turbid tide of the great Western river;
and the blackbird was sounding its sweet
whistle through the old primeval forests;
and Jonathan Beers, sitting by his cabin
door, smoked his solitary evening pipe,
and thought vaguely of the church bells
that used to ring at evening time in the
far old Eastern village where he had been
born and brought up, with the roar of the
Penobscot Bay in his ears.
"I'd like to hear them bells once again
before I die," mused old Jonathan. But
it ain't likely I'll ever go back again."
Even while these disjointed medita-
tions passed through his mind there was
a light step on the cabin threshold, and
the rustle of stuffy starched pink calico,
and his niece Dorothy came to the door.
"Tea's ready, uncle dear," said she.
"And I've baked a real New England
cornbread, and some ginger-snaps, such
as grandmamma used to make. And
see, uncle, I've sliced up the little red
peaches from the tree you planted your-
self on the south side of the hill. Israel
Esmayne said it wouldn't grow, but it
has. I mean to keep a saucerful and a
little cream for Israel to night, just to
show him."

Old Jonathan laid down his knife and
fork.
"Do you mean that Israel Esmayne is
coming here to night?"
"Yes, uncle," said Dorothy, stooping
to recover a tea spoon she had dropped—
a slim tea spoon with an antique silver
shell carved on its handle—and coming
up very rosy from the search. "Why
not?"
"Take care, Dotty. That's all!"
"Uncle, what do you mean?"
"I mean, child, that I'd rather lay you
in your grave in the new burying ground
where there's only one mound yet in the
shadow of the church spire, than to see
you married to a man who drinks!"
That's what I mean, Dotty!"
Dorothy's head dropped over her
plate.

"Uncle, that is hardly fair. Because
a man had a bad habit once—"
The soft eyes glittered into a defiant
flash.
"You are mistaken, uncle Israel. Es-
mayne has not touched a drop of ardent
spirits in a year. He has promised me
never to touch it again!"
"I hope he never will, my girl," said
Jonathan Beers, although his tone bet-
rayed to very sanguine feeling. "But
it ain't a safe thing to do. It's madness,
love of liquor is, and nothing short. It's
liable to break out at any time. Israel
Esmayne's a good fellow enough I

hain't anything agin him—but it ain't
safe!"

Dorothy was silent. Why was it, she
asked herself, that man were so severe in
judging one another? Why did they
always look at the blackest and least
promising side of everything? Israel
had promised her. She believed him.
And that was enough.

And while she tripped lightly back
and forth about her house hold duties,
her mind was full of the undefined fu-
ture. She could see herself shadowy
and undefined as in a mirror, moving a
bright little home where flowers bloomed
in the casements, and birds sang, and
a clock ticked. "He is coming! he is
coming!"

"One of these days!" said Dorothy
to herself, as she put away the saucer of
peaches and the little pitcher of thick
cream on a whitey scoured pantry shelf
—"one of these days!"
She was thinking of the future. And
old Jonathan, smoking his pipe, was liv-
ing in the past.

"You've somethin' to do with the rail-
road, stranger; haven't you?"
"I reckon I have," said Israel Esmayne,
indifferently. "I'm switchman."
"It don't take up much of your time,
I guess?"
"It's got to be looked after just the
same, though," said the tall Westerner,
as he lifted the last monster log from the
cart he was unloading to the thrifty pile
at the north end of his house.

"What time does the way train come
by?"
"At nine o'clock."
"Do you suppose I could go to Mc-
Leville and see the lumber dealers there
and get back to the station again by that
time?"

Israel looked reflectively at the other
shore of the river.
"Well, you might," said he; "but it
would be a pretty tight squeeze."
"I'm a good walker," said the stranger
and as he spoke he drew a flat pocket-
flask from his pocket, uncorked it with
his teeth, and drank a copious draught.
Israel Esmayne watched him with eager
glittering eyes, like those of some fam-
ished wild animal that scents blood.

"Have a drink, friend?" said the
stranger, proffering the flask. Israel Es-
mayne shook his head, with set teeth
and lividly pale cheek.
"I never drink," said he, hoarsely.
"You would, I guess, if you could get
such stuff as this," said the man; "soft
oil and strong as fire. My father im-
ported it. There's not much like it in
the country. Taste, if you don't believe
me."

Israel stood for a moment, hesitating.
Then he cast an eager glance to the right
and to the left, as if half fearful lest
some one should see him, and grasping
at the bottle—drank!

The fevered blood mounted to his
cheek; and a strange sparkle came into
his eyes.
"Have you got more like that," he
whispered, hoarsely approaching his
burning lips so closely to the man's ear
that he involuntarily started. "Moore."
"I've got another flask, but—"
"Will you leave it behind? I'll pay
you a good price for it."

"What for?"
Israel's eyes fell guiltily. "In—
case of sickness, you know. We can't
buy such liquor here—and it's a lonely
spot."
"You're right enough there," said the
man, laughing, as he drew out another
flask, the mate to the first. "Here,
take it. Pshaw, friend, put up your
purse. You're welcome to it as a gift."

And he was gone, plunging through
the high grass and bushes, all fringed
with scarlet cardinal flowers and nodding
marginal flowers before Israel could stay him.
Israel Esmayne crept back to his house
or, rather, the rude log cabin which was
a sort of hostage that one day a real
home should rise on its foundations, hold-
ing the flat bottle close to him and glanc-
ing round with furtive, wandering eyes.

"I needed it," he said to himself; yes
I need it. I didn't know how much
until I tasted it. It slips over one's pal-
ate like glass, so smooth, so nice, so full
of strength. One more taste, and then—"
When the clock struck nine the whis-
tle of the way train sounded faint and
far off, and Israel Esmayne rose uncer-
tainly to his feet. The subtle, burning
fumes of the liquid had entered into
his brain; and the walls seemed to reel
about him, the stars to swim in the great
blue firmament overhead. Nothing was
real—all was faint and far off and vision-
ary. But the chains of habit are hard
to shake off; and Israel had gone out at
nine o'clock ever night for over a year—
groping his way, and walking with slow
unsteady steps, he went, still clasping
the partially emptied flask to his breast
in the inner pocket of his coat.

He could hear the rush of the river
below he could see the rails of the track
gleaming in the faint starlight; and mo-
chanically feeling under a cluster of spic-
ebushes for the switch key he knelt down
and stupidly fumbled there an instant.

"The way train," he muttered to him-
self. "It's all right. And then the
freight train—half past nine—a quarter
to ten; and—"

He stooped down by the river shore
and wet his burning forehead with the
cool drops he could scoop up in the hol-
low of the hand. He sat down on a
fallen tree, and let his head fall on his
palms.

"Am I—drunk?" he muttered, half
aloud. "O God! have I come to this
spite of every thing!"
And the memory of Dorothy Beers
and his sacred promise to her rose up in
his mind, as one sometimes remembers
promise made to the dead. In all the
wild, wide, reeling, rocking, world of his
brain there was but one certainty. He
had lost Dorothy, his soft stepping,
sweet-eyed, redeeming angel—the one in
all the world who loved and trusted him
most implicitly.

"I don't deserve her," he thought,
scarce able to shape definite thought in
his chaotic mind; "but—if I had only
fallen down dead before—before I touch-
ed that accursed stuff! She would have
believed in me then."

The fresh, cool night air on his brow
was sobering him a little; the touch of
the cold river water cleared the mists of
his clouded brain in some degree. He
rose up, steadying himself by the slender
stem of a young white birch tree that
grew close beside him and looked
around.

Hark! A clear whistle, half a mile
away, cleaving the silence like the call
of some sweet throated bird.
It was the express, whose plum of
lucid smoke spanned half a continent—
the long serpent like train, glittering with
lights, and carrying a great eye of fire
in front, which nightly thundered over
the line of rails, and shot like a meteor
out of sight into the hush and silence of
the woods, westward bound.

The way train passed at nine, making
a brief stoppage at Hurstley station
beyond, a mere wooden shed with a plat-
form on either side. Half an hour after-
ward a slow and heavy freight train fol-
lowed it, running off on a side track to-
ward the river shore until the express
should have safely passed. And it was
the special business of Israel Esmayne
to set the switch for the freight, and sub-
sequently replace it for the hurrying ex-
press.

Had he done this? With an awful
doubt poisoning his heart, he pressed his
hands on his temples and tried to think.
He had been there—he could recall just
how the dewy rails looked, wet and glist-
ening in the starlight. He had had the
switch key in his hand—that he could
also remember. But was that before or
after the freight had switched off? He
could not remember whether the freight
had passed or not. He did not know
whether he had locked the switches twice
or once, or, good heavens, not at all—
The past was a weaving vacuum, the fu-
ture strange and dream like. He closed
his eyes, he pressed his temples as if
either hand had been a vice of iron, in
the wild agonizing effort to recall the
last half hour.

"O God!" he groaned aloud, as he
threw himself on his face in the wet
grass, "am I going mad?"
Something hard struck against his
breastbone as he flung himself down: it
was the fatal flask. He tore it out, half
full of dork red poison, and dashed it
passionately into the bushes. It was
that—that that had done all the mischief.
"O Heavenly Father!" he cried aloud
in his great anguish, "if it please Thee
to avert from me this awful crime of
murder done a thousand fold and naught
but one of Thy miracle can avert it now
I swear before Thy pavement of stars to
touch that devil's broth no more! O
God, hear me! O Christ, save me!"

The earth beneath his groveling breast
thrilled and quivered as the express train
flew over the rails, and Israel Esmayne
held his breath, momentarily expecting
the awful crash which would stain his
soul with the eternal brand of Cain.

"Hush! An owl hooting afar off
in the woods, the cry of some sad voiced
night-bird over head, and then—another
whistle, clear and cheery. The express
had passed through Hurstley—passed
through safe and sound! And Israel
Esmayne, staggering to his feet, gazed
around him an instant, clutched vaguely
at the air, and then fell unconscious.

"Uncle, he is coming to. Oh, uncle,
I knew—I knew that he was not dead!"
And the soft eyes of Dorothy Beers
were the first thing Israel Esmayne saw
as his soul came out of the world of
shadows and oblivion, with old Jonathan
leaning on his cane just beyond.

"Tell me, Dotty," he gasped. "How
was it? The—switches?"
"It was my girl did it," said the old
man. "She came by, and she heard the
freight a whistling, and she sees the
switches wasn't right, nor no signal, nor
thin'. Something happened," says my
girl. "Israel's been took ill, or dead,"
says she. And there lay the key in the
middle of the track, and she catches it
up, and she unlocks the switches—you

showed her how to do it yourself. Es-
mayne, one summer afternoon—and she
hangs up the white lantern. And there
she stands, with her heart a beating fit to
choke her, till the freight gets off. And
she calls to one of the brakemen, "Set
these ere right for the express," says she.
"Quick! for there may be a thousand
lives lost." "Where's the switch-tender,"
says he. "God only knows!" says my
Dotty. And so she comes back arter
me. "Uncle," she says, all white and
trembling like, "come with me." "What
for?" says I. "To look for Israel," says
she. "I don't sleep this night," says my
Dotty, "till we've found him!"

"God bless her!" cried out Esmayne,
in a choked voice. "God be thanked for
all his mercies."
"Was it a fit?" said the old man, curi-
ously. "How did it come on?"
But Israel Esmayne spoke no word on
the subject, either then or ever, he mar-
ried Dorothy Beers in the spring, and he
has sacredly kept his vows. If he lives
to be a hundred years old, he will still
keep it. And Dotty, though she never
knew it, had redeemed him.

Colorado Society.
The correspondent of the St. Louis
Globe writes: Our butcher is a graduate
of Yale, one of the gentlemen working
in the printing office is a graduate of
Cambridge and a winner of the Bishop's
medal of proficiency in the classics, a
ranchman near here is a son of a general
in the British army. Four other ranch-
men are the four sons of a former Govern-
or of Bengal, who is very wealthy.

Two are the sons of an eminent London
banker. A graduate of one of the uni-
versities manages a dairy, and attends
to most of the milking personally. I
said to an English lady of culture and
refinement, a friend of theirs; "Why is
it that these young men choose to leave
their homes of luxury to live in this hard
rough way?" "It is to escape that life
that they come here; they are tired
of it. There seems so little manhood in
it."

Within their tents are constant hints
of the comforts and luxuries with which
they have heretofore been surrounded.
Valuable watches and jewelry, the finest
linen bedding in quantities, demasks of
exquisite quality, while scarcely a week
passes that presents from friends testi-
fy, not only to their remembrance, but
to their wealth. Yet these men lie down
with the stars for their canopy, the earth
for their bed, the mountain wind for their
sock, only a blanket about them. I
asked if they really worked hard, or, if
it was the romance of "roughing it."

"They sought work," said my informant,
"they work like gally slaves." A great
deal of English capital has been invested
here, which together with the salubri-
ty of the climate, and the beauty
of the scenery, has attracted a
very good class from that country to
settle here. A large share not only in
railroads, but in lands, are held by their
capitalists. A villa is to be erected at
Manitou Springs this summer for an
English Lord, and an heiress from that
country is just completing a beautiful
residence there. In riding, last week,
we called at the house of a German
Baron, and found him hoeing weeds in
his garden, and his lady at work in the
kitchen.

Scalped Alive.
The Leavenworth Times of a recent
date, says: We received a call from
Jacob L. Large, a gentleman who, some
time ago, was attacked and scalped
on the plains, near Fort Dodge,
by a band of seven Indians headed by
the son of the famous Little Crow, killed
in 1861, in Minnesota. It seems
that Mr. Large, who has been a front-
ier man nearly all his life, having gone
to Wisconsin in an early day of the set-
tlement of that State, and from thence
to Minnesota, was the identical man
who killed the dreaded chief in one of
his raids on the white settlers, near the
town of Hutchinson, on the Crow river
in 1861, and was known and his life
threatened by Little Crow's son, who
was with his father at the time of his
death. It might be well to add that
the body of the big chief was boiled, and
his bones distributed to the people of
Minnesota or relics, his life having been
a terror and dread to all who lived in
that section.

Minnesota having lost all charm for
the frontiersman: Large came to Kansas
and stopped at Fort Dodge, from which
point he reconnoitered the surrounding
country in search of a gold claim, and
while out one day he was overtaken by
this band of Indians, who were on a bu-
falo hunt, and recognized by Little
Crow as the man who killed his father
of foot to escape. His leg was broken
in two places, and his scalp was taken
from his eyebrows to the crown of his
head. He was then left on the prairie
to die. He was picked up by a scouting
party from the fort and taken in for treat-
ment. His leg is healed, but his head
is a fearful sight, and it will be a long
time healing, if it ever does. One of his
eyes has gone blind. As soon as he was
able to walk his anxiety to return home
started him off on foot in that direction,
and he arrived in due time at Leaven-
worth, in a tolerable state of health.

Tiger-Thugs.

At a recent session of the British Par-
liament, Lord Ettrick called attention to
the enormous destruction of life occasioned
annually in British India by the ravages
of wild beasts, and asked if the govern-
ment of India had under consideration
any measures for its prevention, as these
were imperatively needed. He
brought to the notice of the House of
Lords a paper lately read before the So-
ciety for the Promotion of Social Science
by Capt. Rogers of the Bengal service,
who, as long ago as 1868, ineffectually
endeavored to interest the late Lord
Mayo in the lamentable condition of the
Indians, and get him to take proper mea-
sures for its amelioration. Indeed, the
government seems to have been looking
at the matter from every point of view
since 1864, and with the usual result—
such efforts of mental expansion—total
inaction. According to Capt. Rogers,
whose information was gathered from
official sources, every year in India sees
the destruction of 10,000 natives by
tigers, leopards, wolves, panthers, hyenas,
snakes and other wild beasts, and this
enormous loss of life has increased stead-
ily since the government disarmed the
people after the rebellion, and left them
almost helpless before the "man-eaters."

Between the jungles and the fully cul-
tivated lands of the peninsula there are
great tracts of country on which the peo-
ple live in frail huts, with goats to pro-
vide them with milk, and larger animals
used as beasts of burden and in agricul-
ture. When deer are scarce or wary,
hungry tigers sally from the jungles rush
upon the defenceless men and beasts,
with the speed of lightning and not un-
frequently cause the depopulation of
large districts, not only by their actual
ravages, but by the terror with which
the villagers come to regard them. The
tigers have learned to lie in wait along
the roads which traverse the cultivated
tracts adjacent to the jungles, on one
of which one tiger in 1869 stopped traffic
for many weeks, and was known to have
killed 127 persons. In three years ago
human beings, or an average of thirty-
six a year. But the immediate destruc-
tion of men is not the worst of the busi-
ness, for the Hindoos have come to look
upon such a calamity as one of the en-
durable ills of this world, and to regard
it almost with equanimity.

Capt Rogers estimates the loss of cat-
tle in the aggregate at about sixty head
for every human being killed in this way
and its result in money at about one
million pounds sterling annually. Tillage
is abandoned. Men fall into the
hands of users, and to give one exam-
ple from many, one tiger is known to
have thrown 250 square miles of coun-
try out of cultivation. To diminish the
number of wild beasts the natives, from
time immemorial, have had shikaries, or
hunters, who received rewards from gov-
ernment proportionate to the number of
predatory animals they killed; but un-
der English rule, these, with an amount
of foresight not peculiar to Hindoos have
learned that their account is to be found
in waiting for very large emoluments for
the slaughter of peculiarly notorious
killing, which, therefore, they are slow
in killing until the maximum reward of
three hundred rupees has been offered—
In other ways they are ineffectual, and it
is said, have come to listen to British
lovers of sport, and neglecting their
duties, to let the man eaters live.

It is perfectly evident that the people
whom the government, for political rea-
sons, has deprived of their means of
defence, should be defended by it from
their natural enemies. In reply to Lord
Ettrick's remarks, the Duke of Argyll
said that he should call the attention of
the Indian government to the matter and
made the remark that although the res-
ponsibility of the government had been
increased by the native disarmament
which followed the Indian mutiny, it was
notwithstanding, extraordinary that the
people had not sufficient energy to go
out and destroy these creatures. How
true and just the remark is may be seen
by one who will reflect upon what exe-
cution the Duke of Argyll would be like-
ly to do if, with a cotton rag about his
middle and a blunt knife as his only
weapon, a tiger should swoop down upon
him, having just made short work of the
Marquis of Lorne or the Princess Louise.
—N. Y. Times.

A VENERABLE gent man who attained
the age of ninety, once said in our
hearing that he attributed the preserva-
tion of his life to this remarkable period
of the circumstance that his constitution
was naturally so delicate that he was
unable to violate any law of health with-
out feeling the effect at once. He was
obliged to pay the penalty immediately.
This made him very careful. In youth
he was so feeble that he would gladly
have compromised his chances of long
life for a certainty of forty years. But
his strict observance of what his health
required had gradually strengthened his
constitution, and at ninety he was hale
and hearty.

Three-fourths of the difficulties and
miseries of men come from the fact that
most want wealth without earning it,
fame without deserving it, popularity
without temperance, respect without vir-
tue, and happiness without holiness.

PRESERVE your conscience always
soft and sensitive. If but one sin force
its way into that tender part of the soul
and dwells there, the road is paved for a
thousand iniquities.

WHEN a man says the world owes him
a living, keep your eye on your clothes
line and smoke house.

THE condiment for late dinners—
Ketchup.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertising for less than three months
for one inch or less, will be charged one
insertion, 75 cents; three, \$1.00; and 50
cents for each subsequent insertion.

One inch.....	3 months	6 months	1 year
Two inches.....	\$ 2.50	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
Three inches.....	5.00	8.00	11.00
Four inches.....	6.00	10.00	15.00
One-fourth col'n.	18.00	25.00	35.00
Half column.....	30.00	45.00	65.00
One column.....	50.00	75.00	100.00

DARING ACT IN IOWA.

**A Train Thrown from the Track—The En-
gineer Killed.**
The Wreck Robbed by Masked Men.
Chicago, July 22.—An Evening Jour-
nal special from Des Moines gives the
following account of the attack on the
train last night from Superintendent
Boyce, who was on the train:

The train left Council Bluffs at five
o'clock, with four coaches and two
sleepers; the rear sleeper was filled with
a company of aristocratic Chinese, on
their way to New England colleges;
there were also two baggage cars, on
which was the through California mail,
and express matter, consisting of near
two thousand dollars in the express safe,
and three tons of bullion. When about
sixty five miles west of this city, about
8:30, at a sharp curve in the road and in
an isolated spot, with no houses within
seventy miles, the train moving at about
twenty five miles an hour, the engineer,
John Rafferty, suddenly saw one rail
move from its place; he instantly re-
versed his engine and applied the air
brakes, and while in the act of doing it,
bullets came pelting into the engine house
like hail.

The engine was thrown off the track,
and turned over, throwing out the en-
gineer, John Rafferty, and the fireman,
and the former falling on the latter, dead.
It is supposed he was killed by the con-
cussion, as no bullet wounds are found
on his body. The fireman escaped un-
hurt. The train being very heavy, ran
about one hundred feet and stopped;
the engine ran up into the bank and
turned over, and the three baggage cars
doubled up and were badly smashed. As
soon as the train stopped, six large, ath-
letic men, masked in full Ku Klux style,
appeared at the express car, in which
was Conductor William Smith, Super-
intendent Boyce, the express messenger
John Burgess, and three other persons,
and commenced firing rapidly into the
car, yelling "Get out of there, damn ye,
get out of there." Two bullets passed
through the clothes of the conductor, one
grazed the skull of the baggage master,
and one the side of the head of the mes-
senger.

The inmates jumped out, when they
were ordered to the rear under cover of
half a dozen navy revolvers. Two of
the robbers marched up and down the
train, threatening to shoot any person
who showed their heads, saying, "Get
down out of sight, damn you, or we will
shoot you."

The robbers then took about two thou-
sand dollars from