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Embracing 60 Bearing Vineyards, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds to wit:
GRAPE, BLACKBERRY,
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ELDERBERRY, WILD-CHERRY
AND CIDER WINE.
Which will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. This wine is much used for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those who prize a pure wine.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 47. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1555.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
This Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are curative to the most delicate female. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, and relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, or remarkable will be the exceptional cases. On account of its power to cure, it is to day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Falling of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Flooding, all Displacements and the consequential spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will eradicate and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every part of the system, and gives new blood to the whole frame. Remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is recommended by the leading physicians, and is a regular prescription, not by boasting, but by having what it has been for fifty years, the best female medicine in the world.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, for box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

To family consult the ladies of Mrs. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cts. per box.

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And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent, will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made until property is rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. apr 13

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oct 15

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(Above Henry Holliday's Store.)
SOMERSET, PA.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK TO THE END.

Will it come in the morning or at night,
Hidden in darkness or seen in light?
Will it come with night of driving storm,
Or soft on the air of a new love song?

Ah! tell us, ye whispering summer leaves,
Or ye summer flowers blossoming out,
Tell us, ye flower-perfumed breeze,
What is our angel of fate about?

Hush! Lo, God's voice is heard afar,
Under the glow of the evening star,
His voice is heard in infinite space,
Speaking with unconceivable grace;

In the mighty ocean's ebb and flow,
In the flowers that wake to bud and blow,
From the mountain tops and from the hills,
And upon its purling brooks' soft rills,

Every pulsing throb in nature's tune
Teeming with promise of sweet commune,
Where that which is born of grief and tears,
Lies buried with all the banished years—

A sacrificed life burned away,
His promise clear as a new-born day,
Makes strong in faith perfect rest to reap
For—He gives his beloved sleep.

FOUND DEAD.

All Merdon was aroused.

Leslie Thompson, the wealthiest man in the village, had been found dead under his flouring mill, near the big water wheel.

Now it did not take long for Merdon to become aroused. It was a quiet, sleepy inland village of perhaps 500 souls, two miles distant from the nearest railway, and twelve from 'the city'—Roxboro, from which a large portion of the necessaries and nearly all the luxuries indulged in by the Rural Merdonites were obtained.

It was on the morning of Nov. 6, 1872, that Mr. Thompson was found dead, and the event created greater excitement than the entire political campaign just closed.

This state of affairs can easily be accounted for as Merdon was provincialism in its purity. Everybody knew everybody else. The secrets, aspirations, hopes and fears of every man and woman of accountable age were regularly canvassed in back parlors, and from behind grocery stoves, and social status regulated by a code as inflexible as that of Lycurgus.

Known then, as the recently deceased man had been known, from a score of afternoon and evening conversations on his merits, shortcomings and possessions, it was not surprising that the shock of the news of his death to the easy-going burghers of the staid old town was one which could not be easily forgotten, and before which the nepenthe-giving qualities of Young Hyson, and the grocer's best Solace was long powerless.

But the most correct mental inventory of Leslie Thompson, given by the sagest inhabitant of 'the corners,' fell far short of accuracy; a requisite, however, that too seldom deters an opinion when another's character is under discussion.

Mr. Thompson, although having mingled with the villagers, and remembered with gratitude for many acts of courtesy and substantial aid, was far from being one of them.

For four years previous to his death he had passed his summers, or part of them, at least, on one of his farms on the outskirts of the village in a pleasant old-fashioned house, which he had fitted up to please his luxurious bachelor tastes, while his winters were passed in Roxboro and other cities.

The afternoon of the day before his death he was heard to say, "To morrow I shall leave Merdon for the season."

Alas! "to-morrow" to him unfolded the great secret that lies at the end of the pathway of every pilgrim of earth. Death, the relentless, who knocks at every heart gate, and enters unbid, devastated the fair tenement, and where but yesterday reason sat enthroned, and hope and joy were happy guests, "to-morrow" found unconscious dust.

As has been said, the body had been found under the mill near the old overshot water wheel. When the mill was in operation quite a quantity of water ran underneath it, but when the water was shut off, a few pools remained. The body was found on the rocks outside of the pools, and, as a consequence was somewhat bruised.

The first theory of the cause of death was that it was accidental. That, visiting the mill, in the absence of the miller, the deceased had lifted a trap-door in the floor of the mill, descended the steps which led to the bearings of the wheel, and in examining the same which had recently been repaired, lost his balance and feel from the slightly protected landing to the rocks beneath, receiving injuries sufficient to produce death.

On the afternoon of the death of Mr. Thompson, a middle-aged, quiet appearing man made his appearance in the village, at once visited the mill, from which the body had not yet been removed, and made a careful survey of the premises.

The next morning it was whispered abroad that the stranger was a detective, and later in the day Merdon society received its second installment of food for gossip from the coroner's jury, which was that Leslie Thompson had been strangled to death by some person or persons unknown, his body thrown under the mill, and the trap-door left open to avoid suspicion.

The jury were doubtless much influenced in their verdict from the testimony of the detective and the physicians making the post-mortem.

But who was the guilty party? Nobody believed the deceased had an enemy in Merdon. It certainly was not for gain, as a gold watch and about $200 in cash were found on the body. What, then, was it for? Was it for hate? was it for jealousy? was it for love? aye, for love, the strongest of all earthly passion!

It at once became apparant to the detective that the conviction of the alleged murderer, should be arrested, was at best problematical, as nearly all the testimony would, from the outlook depend on circumstantial evidence. Nothing daunted, however, William Hawkins set about his task, strong in the faith that "murder will out," and that sooner or later the guilty party would be brought to justice.

It was supposed that Mr. Thompson had entered the mill to have a business talk with his miller previous to his departure and been overpowered by some one in the mill, or perhaps the miller himself. But the miller proved by several witnesses that at the time of the murder, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning, he was absent at a blacksmith's shop assisting in making some necessary repairs on the machinery. On his return he at once noticed the open trap-door, and continuing his observations discovered the body of his employer.

The detective certainly had very little ground to work on. He had one clew, in fact two, which he carefully guarded and devoted all his energies to enraveling them.

The night before the murder, for such it was believed to be, the ground froze considerably and before morning a slight snow-storm raged, which barely hid the brown earth from view where the wind had allowed it to remain undisturbed. One such place was found back of the mill, protected by a high board fence, and here the detective found several tracks, evidently made by a man in a hurry who had left the mill by a rear window. The peculiarity of the tracks consisted in the decided manner in which they "toed out," as well as in the nail marks on the outer edge of the right boot-heel, four round headed nails having been driven there by the cobbler as a preventive to the owner's excessive wear at that point. The tracks were accurately measured and drawing of the same preserved.

Just a week had passed without bringing any new developments, and Hawkins was becoming somewhat morose if not dispirited, when a new scent was given him by the receipt of a letter bearing the Merdon postmark and enclosing a $50 bill. The letter was very brief and written in a female hand. It was as follows:

NOVEMBER 13, 1872.

MR. HAWKINS—*Dear Sir:*—Leave no stone unturned until the murderer of Leslie Thompson is discovered.

M.

As Mr. Thompson's estate was ample to compensate any or all efforts made to discover his murderer, the receipt of $50 from an unknown women left the detective in a quandary of doubt spiced with romance.

The eighth day was passing rapidly away and nothing new had been developed, when as the detective was taking a short walk amid the falling snow, his eyes bent on the ground in an abstracted manner, those very footprints he had been looking for appeared before him. They were the same and yet they were not. The four nail marks were there, but they were on the left heel now, and the feet making the tracks had "toed in" after the manner of the most untutored savage.

Following up the footprints, Hawkins boldly knocked at the door they led to and asked if a gentleman had entered there recently; he was answered in the negative, and to prove her assertion the lady of the house invited the detective in, knowing who he was, and, as she afterward said, to show the gentleman she was telling the truth. No man appeared in sight, the company present consisting of "Aunt Jo," known by every man, woman and child in Merdon as the most penurious and shiftless housekeeper in the village, who by the way was the aunt of Mrs. Bertman, who had received many similar calls from the female in question during disagreeable weather, when a stay at home would necessitate an extra stick of wood in the tumble-down elevated oven stove.

Hawkins remained a short time and departed more at sea than ever, although he did not consider his visit lost by any means.

Aunt Jo, who was an endless gossip and did not allow her clicking knitting-needle to outstrip the rapidity of her tongue at least, began a conversation regarding the murder almost as soon as the visitor was seated. From her conversation the detective learned that her son, Jonas McIntyr, had known Leslie Thompson, while in the Roxboro university, that they had a quarrel while there, and that the friendship exisiting between the two had not been of the pleasantest. The old lady, thinking doubtless that she had said too much, or that it might be wrongly be construed into an injury to her son, hastened to supplement her admission with "not that there was any lasting hatred between my son and Mr. Thompson, far from it. They always passed the time of day with each other, but that was all." The detective also learned from Aunt Jo's prattle that it was currently believed that the wife of Marvin Wilcox, living out at the Oak Openings, had at one time been engaged to Thompson, but that the match had fallen through from some unknown cause, and that the floral wreath that had ornamented the casket containing the body when it lay in state in the late owner's room, before removal to Roxboro for interment, was contributed by her.

Hawkins concluded at once on leaving the house that his next acquaintance should be Jonas McIntyr, to be followed by a call at the residence of the lady living at the Oaks.

The next day a call was made on Jonas, who lived alone with his mother in a little one-story red house, whose interior always bore a sort of a first-night-after-a-more appearance.

Although it was about 10 o'clock a. m., he found the red-headed heir of the house of McIntyre in bed, dividing his time between a cup of weak coffee and "Every Man His Own Lawyer."

Jonas was far from being in a communicative mood, and informed the detective by looks, at least, that his presence was not agreeable, and by words, that he could be of no service in aiding to ferret out the assailant of Mr. Thompson. His knowledge of the gentleman was very limited, and while he should rejoice in company with other good citizen to learn that the guilty man was brought to justice, personally he would be unable to do anything toward accomplishing that result.

Just as the detective was about to leave Aunt Jo entered, redolent of the stable, where she had been attending her cow and poultry, which in summer found their own living by foraging on her neighbors, and in winter playing Tanner with themselves in the most approved manner. She was dressed in her son's clothing, hat, coat and boots, and all approach to femininity visible was a small bunch of untidily dressed hair above the coat-collar and a dirty dress below the shirts of the coat. It was no uncommon thing for Aunt Johanna to appear in her son's apparel, and and her appearance in it had ceased to excite comment.

She took a seat opposite the detective and commenced at once to unlimber her word battery. She had hardly fired the first round when the practiced eye of Hawkins thought he discovered a resemblance between the soles of the boots she were and the tracks he was so much interested, but he gave no sign, not even when the old lady crossed her feet and exposed four nails on the heel of the right boot. He chatted a few moments with her, and then casually telling her that he should leave the village soon, as he was about giving up all hope of detecting the guilty party, withdrew, after bidding the amiable young man a pleasant "good-morning."

The detective at once took himself to his office for reflection, and it was not until evening at time to "light up" that he aroused himself and going to his trunk brought forth a small bottle containing diluted alcohol in which floated what appeared to be human cuticle, and putting the same under a microscope looked at it under the light of his study lamp long and carefully.

Hawkins was not seen for three succeeding days, but on the fourth Merdon was again shocked, this time beyond seeming recovery, by the arrest on suspicion of Jonas McIntyre for the murder of Leslie Thompson.

The preliminary examination took place before 'Squire Tolsade, and the small court-room over the red store was packed to suffocation Hawkins appeared for the people, and before commencing the case placed in sight of all on the justices table a large heavy package inclosed in wrapping paper and a microscope.

Jonas, on his examination told several conflicting stories as to his whereabouts from 9 to 10 o'clock on the morning of the alleged murder, and appeared flushed and troubled. And yet the sympathy of the audience was with the prisoner. None had known aught against him. He was shiftless, it was true, and appeared to take no interest in anything outside of books, yet his laziness was overlooked in the thought that perhaps, he had been petted and spoiled by his old mother, who certainly had property enough to have lived in much better style, and who would leave enough to allow Jonas a loaf coequal with the alloted age of man.

When Hawkins produced the boots in court, with the peculiar heel marks, the prisoner was visibly affected, but it was not until Hawkins told him that he could procure a witness who would swear to the conversation that took place in the mill between him and the deceased regarding the sale of property that they color seemed to die out of his face.

"The murder is already confessed, in looks, at least," continued Hawkins, "and if the Court pleases I will briefly state the cause and circumstance of the killing."

"On the morning of the sixth of November Jonas McIntyre was returning home on foot from the early train. By leaving the main road at the forks, which led to the mill, he could reach home sooner by crossing the creek before the dam and entering his home from the rear. His own real estate coming down to the creek, opposite the mill, he had long desired the mill property and had twice spoken to the owner regarding it, but each time met with no encouragement. On the morning in question, in passing the mill door he saw the owner inside, and thinking it a good opportunity to press his suit, knowing that Mr. Thompson would leave the village soon for the winter, he entered. He was as before refused. One word led to another, until a lady's name which shall be nameless at this time was mentioned, coupled with an insinuation which aroused Thompson, and he ordered the prisoner from the premises. McIntyre at this time seized Thompson by the throat and strangled him. Then, to hide his guilt, he lifted the trap-door, threw his victim upon the cruel rocks beneath and fled through a rear window.

"There in the cavernous sepulcher, the very stones trickling tears of sorrow, and the great wheel, typical of that on which the proudest shall yet be broken, in darkness and alone, far away from the glad sunlight and the kind ministration of friends, which might, even then, might perhaps saved him from death, had he been discovered; as for a brief moment reason tottered on its throne, and the spark of life flickered before becoming extinguished in eternal night, suffering untold agony, realizing that he must die, Leslie Thompson endeavored to leave a sign that would plead trumpet tonged against the deep damnation of his taking-off, and one that would haunt his murderer until life should become unbearable, and with his steel key check irregularly scratched on the wall of the mill the first two letters of his murderer's name.

"And there they are," pointing at the same time to the stone, which the heavy package proved to be, from whose face the paper was stripped, as the speaker paused for a moment to give his words greater effect.

Sure enough, on the face of the section of stone taken from the mill, appeared the dim characters in a tremulous hand:

Jo.

The effect was electrical, the audience giving expression to their feelings by hand-clapping and stamping feet.

Order was quickly restored by the justice's gavel, and Hawkin's continued:

"As strong as the silent testimony of the boot marks and the stone are I have something here (drawing a small bottle of diluted alcohol from his pocket and placing a small piece of human curticle taken from it on the object glass of the microscope) that should prove peradventure the correctness of my theory that Jonas McIntyre was the murdered of Leslie Thompson.

"I have noticed," continued Hawkins, "that since my acquaintance with McIntyre, that he has invariably worn a standing shirt collar. I have also learned that before the murder he invariably wore a turn down collar, it being much more comfortable and becoming to a person possessed of such a Bashen-like neck. If the court please, will he order the prisoner to remove his collar."

The counsel for McIntyre demurred against any such childish procedure, but Hawkins insisted and the justice decided the collar should be removed. On its removal three long scratches were plainly observable on the left side of the prisoner's neck.

The interest in the court room was intense.

"I am ready to show," began Hawkins, "that the pieces of cuticle beneath the object glass, and taken by me on the morning of the murder from underneath the finger nails of Leslie Thompson, came from the neck of Jonas McIntyre. That its texture is the same; that a part of a freckle, the same as on the prisoner's neck, and a part of a hair, cut off with the finger nail, of the same color as the short red hairs seen on the neck of McIntyre. All this and more will be explained and verified at the proper time, and I ask, in the name of justice, in the name of that which protects the innocent from the guilty and fastens the crime on the perpetrator of foul deeds, that Jonas McIntyre be held to await the action of the next grand jury."

The crowd, which was at a fever heat of excitement, cheered lastily as Hawkins resumed his seat, and was not brought to order until the aged justice had nearly exhausted himself and gavel.

If McIntyre was pale before, he was livid now.

His counsel tried to show that nothing had been proved; that anybody could make marks on a rock and bring it into court; that the boot-heel business was a farce, and the microscope dodge a clever trick, and asked the discharge of his client.

The justice, however, thought he had better be held, and he was held, and he was held and remanded to the county jail.

About a month after McIntyre's incarceration he was found one morning dead, hung to his cell-door by his suspenders. He left a well written defense, which was published in full in the Roxboro dailies, in which he acknowledged the choking of Leslie Thompson, but the tirought of murder was not in his heart, and remorse had driven him to self destruction. He also said the conversation reported by Hawkins before the justice, between himself and Thompson, was untrue (and, in fact, it was in a great measure as Hawkins imagined it). All the talk between the two was regarding the sale of the property, McIntyre losing control of his feelings and falling upon Thompson in his anger at the owner's pertinacity.

But little more remains to be said. The old mill still stands, weather-beaten, moss-covered, and unused, with the shadow of death clinging to it. The creek in the rear murmurs merrily over the shallows, through the ruined dam, but the old mill is not roused from its reverie. Summer sunshine and winter storms fall alike on its irregular outlines, while within all is dark and dismal. Countless webs have been woven across its window panes, and depend from its beams and angles, while the noiseless bat holds high carnival in the silence unbroken save by the hoarse croakings in the pool below.

Aunt Jo died a broken hearted old woman. Her wealth to her was as dross when the light of her life went out, and she spent the few years that she lived after her son's death in deeds of mercy, leaving her large fortune to the founding of an orphan asylum.

Th letter in which was enclosed the $50, came, as has doubtless been suspected, from the lady of the Oaks, and three years after the occurrences narrated, being a widow, she bestowed her hand and worldly goods (not her heart for that was buried long before) on Hawkins the detective; and he, understanding womankind better than the majority of men, made her a happy home.

Leslie Thompson peacefully sleeps in Mount Hope, his grave marked by a solid, substantial granite block, typical of him whom it commemorates, with the simple superscription in the language of James Shirly more than two hundred years ago, but none the less true to-day.

Only the actions of the just.
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

SAVED FROM SAVAGES.

THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE APACHES.

During the brief but memorable war waged by the late Apache chief, Victoria, against the white and Mexican inhabitants of Arizona and New Mexico, many incidents occurred which, for intensity of dramatic interest, have few parallels in the pages of history or romance. Last summer, a few days after Victorio and his pitiless band had made one of their ruthless incursions upon a settlement near the Maricopa Wells, on the Gila road, word reached Tucson that two white women were captives in an Apache camp in the Santa Cruz mountains, some seventy-five or eighty miles distant. How the report was brought I cannot say. There was certainly no regular communication between the city and the camp, by telephone or telegraph, or mail or express. I suppose, as is usually the case, the squaws circulated the rumor, and gave it such impetus that it was carried to Tucson, where it was fairly credited, and it proved true enough. It made a good deal of excitement in the city, and the general sentiment was that something ought to be done to effect the rescue of the captives. But what steps should be taken no one first seemed capable of suggesting. The force at Camp Crittenden was small, and even if it had been numerous it would have availed nothing, because at the approach of troops the Indians would have fled to inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains, and perhaps murdered their unhappy captives. The subject was discussed in all its phrases, and every plan proposed for the relief of the unfortunate women had been rejected as impracticable, when suddenly some one asked:

"Where's Charlie Dupont? He's the man we want for an occasion like this. If anything possibly can be done Charlie will do it, and make no fuss about it, either."

The suggestion was eagerly caught up and assented to, and search was at once made for Charlie Dupont. He was of French extraction, his mother being a woman of the Aricarree tribe, among whom his sire had trapped, traded and hunted for many years. Charles was a feminine looking young man, whose dark, slender mustache barely relieved him of the appearance of effeminacy and whose soft, musical voice and quiet movements betrayed nothing heroic in his composition, yet he was regarded by those who knew him as every inch a hero—a terrible fellow in a fight or at a fandango, and one of the most daring and successful scouts our troops had ever employed in their warfare against the scourges of our Territory, the bloodthirsty Apaches. For months he had been in almost constant service as a scout, but was now, for some reason, spending a few weeks in Tucson. He was at length found and conducted to the fonda, where the principal citizens were still engaged in discussing the topic of the all absorbing interest. He was quickly made acquainted with the situation, and was then asked:

"What do you say, Charlie? Can you do anything for these poor women?"

"Yes, I think I can," he replied deliberately and contemplatively. "Give me a good man to go with me, and I will see what I can do."

It was not a very difficult matter to find men willing to accompany him on his proposed perilous expedition, so much reliance was placed on his courage, coolness, skill and judgment. He selected as his companion Billy Tallman, a reckless sort of a fellow when in a white settlement, but whom a long and dangerous experience as a driver on the Tucson and Mesilla stage route had rendered cool and wary when among the haunts of the savages. He was a man totally different from Dupont in manners and personal appearance, but, like him, would "do to tie to" under any circumstances and amid any surroundings peculiar to an unsettled community.

In a very short time the adventurers were equipped and mounted for their enterprise. Good horses were placed at their disposal. Armed with trusty Spencer carbines and Colt's revolvers, and provided with a small quantity of provisions, and having ascertained as nearly as might be the location of the camp they proposed a visit, they sprang to their saddles and were soon riding across the mesa, threading their way among the cacti, and pursuing as straight a course toward their destination as the nature of the ground permitted. Their horses were fresh and they kept steadily to their work, enlivening their way with song and jest, or with serious conversation concerning the important mission they had undertaken. It was scarcely noon when they started, and by nightfall they had covered more than half the distance they had to traverse. Then, as their steeds showed signs of weariness, they halted, picketed the animals, ate a frugal meal, wrapped their serapas about them, lay down upon the ground, and were howled to sleep by the shrill voices of hungry coyotes.

After a refreshing slumber, in spite of the cowardly beasts which dared not approach within effective shooting distance by the starlight, the two adventurers were awake and alert at early dawn, and having breakfasted, saddled their horses and proceeded on their way. Toward noon they began to ascend the mountain slopes, when their progress became slower and more toilsome. They were now approaching the camp of which they were in quest, but of its location they knew nothing accurately, and must trust to luck and accident to reveal to them its whereabouts. They now proceeded more carefully, keeping their eyes well about them, discoursing only in whispers, and favoring their horses by selecting the easiest grades and smoothest ground for the ascent of the mountain. Fortune favored them, as she sometimes, not always, favors the brave. Having reached a considerable elevation, they were making their way thro' a wooded dell when they came upon a half naked savage, who, after a hasty observation of the intruders, turned and ran directly from them, waking the echoes with his shouts, evidently intending to alarm the camp.

"What shall we do?" said Tallman.

"Follow him, close," replied Dupont, and giving their horses the spurs they ran the fleeing redskin into camp, which turned out in confusion to ascertain the cause of the uproar. But few males made their appearance, however, and those mostly old and decrepit, while a considerable number of women and children were seen scampering towards the rocks and timber. A few shots from their carbines scattered the males, and then, seeing a group of squaws hastening toward a ledge of rocks on the upper side of the dell, they turned their horses' heads in the direction and dashed among them. Their boldness was rewarded by finding in this group the women of whom they were in search—one an American and the other a Mexican, and both, notwithstanding the grief and anxiety depicted on their countenances, fair to see. The hags who had them in charge were loath to let them go, but our heroes, dismounting, swung the captives, by main force, to the saddles, and then, springing on behind them, began their retreat.

This was a much more difficult feat than the advance, for the Indians who had at first supposed they were assailed by a detachment of troops, now discovered that their assailants were but two in number, and were rallying to cut off their retreat. A running fight ensued, in which the deadly accuracy of the carbines told to good advantage, while, on the other hand, the nature of the ground gave the savages opportunities for ambuscades, which they were not slow to improve. Only the proverbial cowardice of the Apaches saved alive our heroes and their precious charges, exposed as they were to assaults on every side, unable to urge their jaded and over-weighted horses to any satisfactory degree of speed. The fleet-footed savages were easily able to keep up to them and harass them from behind trees, rocks and bushes with a rapid discharge of both arrows and firearms, the number of their warriors having evidently received an accession, while the squaws and children kept up an infernal uproar of hoots and yells. Dupont's horse got an arrow in the shoulder, which rendered him almost unmanageable, and Mrs. Benedict, the American lady, who occupied Tallman's saddle, received a bullet-wound in the fleshy part of the arm. As soon, therefore, as they reached a convenient spot, the little party stood at bay, and the fight began in earnest. The rapidity of the carbine fire soon partially silenced the volleys of the Indians, who now skulked under shelter and watched their opportunities; but every time one of them raised his head it attracted a bullet, and it is almost certain that several of them were converted into good Indians by the gospel of lead. It looked that way to our heroes, who, although they had no way of ascertaining the fact, felt sure that some of their shots were effective by the evident consternation of the enemy and the fact that with each volley they became more cautious and retiring, and at last withdrew from the field, when our friends lost no time in retiring from the mountains, and putting a good piece of ground between them and the redskins.

Their camp at night was carefully chosen and strictly guarded, but they suffered no further molestation, and in due time arrived in Tucson with the rescued captives, who were received with the active and cordial sympathy which grows only on the wild soil of the Western Territories and Pacific States. It was found impossible, however, to restore them to their friends, for these also, alas! had been murdered by the Indians. Mrs. Benedict was at her own request, sent to California; Senora Riviers remained in Tucson and was in due time married to an American in good standing. As for Charlie Dupont and Billy Tallman, the boys applauded them; and that, beyond their consciousness of having done a good and brave thing, was the extent of their reward. And, doubtless, if necessary, they would undertake a similar adventure upon the same truths.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Nihilism.

The Nihilists of Russia by whom the destruction of the Emperor has been brought about, are a large and powerful organization composed of students, professional men, artisans, agriculturalists and laborers, and comprising not a few who have places in the army and navy. Their leaders are most able and desperate men. They are called Nihilists because they are said to be atheists and reject government both divine and human. But probably more religious belief or disbelief is not a strong element with them. They are Nihilists that is believers in nothing because they are dissatisfied with the entire existing state of things, and wish government, church, society and all social usages to be not only revolutionized but disintegrated, hoping thereby to see something formed out of chaos that will be acceptable to them. Hence their hand is against all order. They are not so much for liberty as for anarchy. Their principles are the natural outgrowth of those held by the Communists in France and the Socialists in Germany and their adherents in this country.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy in the bad class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said, "Their scarcity." And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing, "Don't be weary, children."

Some Natural History.

"What ferocious looking animal is that?"

"That is the editor."

"Indeed! are they very dangerous?"

"Sometimes. When cornered up they have been known to be quite combative. Generally they are mild and passive."

"When are they most dangerous?"

"When intruded upon by a book agent who wants a forty line local for a seventy-five cent book, or by a poet with verses about gentle spring."

"Are editors cross to each other?"

"Only when separated by several blocks of buildings."

"Do they often have fearful combats with each other?"

"Occasionally when they go out in opposite directions, and came upon each other by accident."

"Are editors ever cowhided?"

"Sometime very small ones are, but the large ones are very rarely molested."

"Do editors eat?"

"They do. It was formerly supposed that they ate at long intervals and upon rare occasions, but it is now a well authenticated fact that they can eat a great deal when they can get it."

"What kind of food do they like most?"

"They are not very particular. While they won't refuse quail on toast, fried crab or roast turkey about Christmas time, they have been known to make a hearty repast off a dish of cold turnips and a consumptive herring."

"Can they cut concert tickets?"

"We believe not. Some people have gained this erroneous impression from false teachings in early life, but no authenticated instance of such a thing is on record."

"Do editors go free to shows?"

"They do when they give dollar-and-a-half locals for twenty-five cent ticket."

"Are all editors bald like this one?"

"No; only the married ones are bald. But let us pass on; the editor does not like to be stared at."

A Victim of Tyranny.

It was at a table d'hote in Europe, where Englishmen, Scotchmen and Americans from the Northern States were present, that a gentleman from the south repeatedly set forth the tyranny which the Southern States were suffering, and especially denounced the administration of General Grant.

At last a burly old Scotchman, grown weary of his vapotings, thus addressed him:

"You are from the Southern States of America?"

"Yes."

"And ye had a civil war there?"

"Yes."

"And ye were an officer in the Southern army?"

"Yes, I was Colonel of a regiment."

"And ye got licked?"

"Well, yes."

"Was anybody shot?"

"No."

"Was anybody transported?"

"No."

"Weel then, what the deil are you grumbling about? If we had yon in England we would have hanged a thousand of ye before ye could have appealed to the civil law; and we would have transported other thousands of ye to Australia, where ye owt to be now picking up stones.

There was a moments silence, and then the whole company burst into a roar of laughter and applause. The Colonel was squelched, and nothing further was heard from him.

A Brave Woman.

An interesting story is told of a young wife who went west with her husband, and there encountered all sorts of "hard luck." Crops failed, cattle died, and the young farmer sickened. During all this time the young wife never grew discouraged, but did all in her power to keep her husband from getting "the blues." But one morning the boy, who did the chores, came in and said he could not find the old cow on the farm. So our heroine set out with the boy in search of the l