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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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HIRAM'S WHISKERS.

I've lived with Hiram thirty years
Upon this varied earth,
And walked with him the vales of tears,
And climbed the hills of mirth;
Strong storms have broken on our claim
And gusts blown wild and drear,
But I have clung to Hiram's arm
And never felt a fear;
And never gave a frown or scoff,
Till Hiram shaved his whiskers off
Till Hiram shaved his whiskers.

Those gorgeous whiskers were my pride—
What wondrous power to please!
As they did wave from side to side,
And floated on the breeze;
"You have not loved me since the day
Old Whiskers left," said Hi—
"For when Old Whiskers moved away
My husband left," said I.
"My good old husband disappeared,
The day that Hiram shaved his beard—
When Hiram shaved his whiskers."

"You loved Old Whiskers, Mary Ann,
Far more than you love me."
"Old Whiskers was a handsome man
As you will often see.
He had a shaggy, manly air,
But you are small and thin,
Your mouth is large, your cheeks are spare,
You have a peak-ed chin—
And I will always rue the day
That good Old Whiskers moved away—
When Hiram shaved his whiskers."

"You feel so bad, my Mary Ann,
And mourn Old Whiskers so,
I'll bring you back that grizzly man,
I'll let my whiskers grow!"
"Ah, those words sound like Hiram's words,"
Said I, "no more I'll mourn,
I'll sing as gay as singing birds,
Till Whiskers shall return;
Meantime I'll bear with sluggard fate,
In joyful patience sit and wait,
Till Hiram grows his whiskers."

THE RING OF GOLD.

Martin Daly had become discouraged. Like many another miners in the far west he had made money and lost it, had prospected for mines, found ore and been cheated out of his rights, had grown poor and ill, and had thrown himself under a tree, careless whether he lived or died.

The great snowy mountain peaks and the rich verdure had lost their attraction for him. He had hoped and been disappointed so many times that he had come to believe himself unlucky; that he should never possess a dollar; that there was neither happiness nor home for him.

He had seen better days. His large, dark eyes, his broad brow, his well shaped mouth and chin bespoke refinement in the years that were gone. He had been well educated, had tried many things and failed in them, not from lack of energy nor from lack of judgment, but his fate seemed to be an adverse one.

He had done many good acts, had always helped his brother miners, had tried to look on the bright side of life, had fought manfully and been defeated in the battle. He had imagined sometimes that the clouds had a silver lining, but the storms always came sooner or later. He meditated thus as he lay under the tree, and finally, more dead than alive from want and exhaustion, fell asleep.

Two men passed along under the brow of the mountain, by the tree. They were tall and straight, and from their dark skin it was easy to perceive their Indian blood.

"The white man is dead," said one of the men, as he bent on his knee beside the sleeper.

"No, there is a twitching of the eyelids," said the other. "He is pale and sick. I will take him home, and Mimosa will care for him.

The conversation carried on in a low tone, awakened the miner.

"Come with us, and you shall have food and shelter," said the friendly Indian.

Scarcely able to bear his weight Martin leaned upon the arms of the two men and soon found himself in the humble Indian cabin.

"Mimosa, here is a stranger. Take care of him. Red Cloud never left a human being to die. He will get well, and then we will send him back to his people."

A shy, pale Indian girl came forward and did as she was bidden. She did not speak, but looked very pityingly out of her fawn-like dark eyes. When Martin had been placed in the simple bed, she prepared food for him and fed him as though he were a child. Day by day she came and went, speaking little, but doing gently the things which only a woman's hands can do,

After a time the miner, still a young man, gained in strength and began once more to hope for a successful future.

"Mimosa," he said one day, "I owe my life to you, and if I am ever rich I will come back and reward you."

"I shall miss you," said the girl, shyly. "But I want no money. I shall be happy because you are well and happy."

"I shall yet find gold, Mimosa. I used to think I should be rich, and then I became poor and sick and lost heart. You wear a ring on your finger and sometimes a chain about your neck, both of beaten gold. Did the metal come from mines near here?"

"My father gave them to me," she replied, and nothing more could be learned from her on the subject.

"Would you care, Mimosa, if I wore the ring until I went away? Perhaps I can find the place where the gold came from."

"You may wear it till you come back rich," she said, smiling.

Days grew into weeks, and the time drew near for the miner to say good-bye to the girl who had become his comrade as well as deliverer. Tears filled her eyes as they parted. "You will forget Mimosa," she said,

"No, I will bring back the ring, and you shall give it to the man who makes you his bride, I shall never forget Red Cloud nor his daughter."

Strong and hopeful again, Martin took up life, obtained work, and believed once more that he should find gold. So sweet and blessed a thing is hope, giving luster to the eyes, and quickening the flow of blood along the veins!

But he missed the Indian girl. The pines on the snowy mountain peaks whispered of her. The evenings seemed longer than formerly; the conversation of the miners less interesting. He was earning a fair living, but of what use was money to him, if he was to feel desolate in heart? Mimosa was not of his race, but she had a lovable nature. He remembered that she looked sad at his going away. He wondered if she ever thought about him. If she had some Indian suitor, would she not wish for the ring again? He would like at least to see the man and his daughter who had saved his life. He would carry back the ring. Ah! if he knew where the gold in it came from, perhaps he would indeed become rich, and then who could make him so happy as Mimosa?

Months only increased the loneliness in Martin's heart. He was becoming discouraged again. He even began to fear that Mimosa was married, and his soul awakened to a sense of loss. He would go back just once, and see her, and on his journey back he would sit for a half hour under the tree where Red Cloud had found him.

"What ails Martin?" said one miner to another. "He must be in love—no fun in him as in the old days. Going to quit camp, he says."

After Martin had decided to go to see Red Cloud, his heart seemed lighter. If Mimosa were married, he could at least show her his gratitute. And she were not? Well, it would be very restful to see her once more!

He started on his journey. The full moon was arising as he neared the old tree, where Red Cloud had found him. As he approached, he was startled by a white figure. He turned aside for a moment, and then went cautiously up to the great trunk. Two dark eyes full of tears gazed up into his eyes, at first with a startled look, and then with a gleam of joy and trust.

"Mimosa," he exclaimed, and clasped the Indian girl in his arms.

"Why are you here, child, at this time of night?"

"I came here to think of you Martin, and the moonlight is so sweet and comforting. The green trees and the mountains tell me of you."

"I have brought you back the ring, Mimosa."

"And are you rich yet? You were to keep it till you were rich."

"No, but I would be rich, perhaps, if you would tell me where the gold in the ring was found."

"My father gave it to me," she replied, quietly.

"Mimosa, would you love me if I were rich?"

"Perhaps I should be afraid of you if you were."

"Would you love me if I remained poor as I am now?"

"Yes, always."

"And if I became sick and could not care for you, what then?"

"I would care for you, Martin."

"I have brought back the ring, Mimosa, that you may give it to the man who shall make you his bride."

"And would you like to keep the ring, yourself, Martin?"

"Yes, dearest."

They went back to the home of Red Cloud, happy, because promised to each other in marriage.

After a quiet wedding, Mimosa said one day: "Come with me, Martin, and I will show you where the gold in the ring and the necklace was found."

Not very far from the tree where the miner had lain down discouraged. Mimosa pointed out the shining ore, the spot known only to the few Indians.

"Mimosa, there is a mine here! This gold is the outcropping of the veins. I shall yet be rich, my darling."

"Would you surely love me as much, Martin, if you were rich?"

"I would give you everything your heart desired."

"And not go to an eastern country, and be great, and forget Mimosa?"

"Never!"

With a happy heart Martin Daly took his pick to the mountains. The shining ore opened under his touch. His claim each day showed more value. He had, indeed, become rich through the ring of Mimosa.

Years have passed. Two thousand dollars are taken each day from the mine. The children of the Indian girl, educated, gentle as their mother, and energetic as their father, are in a handsome house. Love in the home has kept as bright as the gold in the mountain.—Sarah K. Bolton, in *N. Y. Independent.*

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no cases in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $100.

She Caught On.

A nice young man got into a tram-car a few evenings ago, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance.

He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coaeted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked; "is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied: I had been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from the distant corner.—*London Tidbits.*

When M. Renan, the great French historian of religion, lectured at the Sorbodne his courses of instruction were immensely popular with the students. Renan used to sit in an easy-chair on a little platform, with a glass of water and his manuscript on a table at his side. He rarely touched the water or looked at his notes, but talked right on in a charming way with the unconsciousness of a negro nurse telling a fairy tale to children. Renan is now 68 years old and it is thought his best work is still before him.

Sherman to the Farmers.

Senator John Sherman represented "Republican Day" at the Ohio State Fair Sept, 27th and most nobly did he fulfil the expectations of the thousands who listened to him on the subject of the tariff. There were fully 65,000 on the grounds, and Mr. Sherman was successful in speaking to and holding an audience of over 5,000 against the attractions of the racetrack. Mr. Sherman was at his best, and the comments on the outer circle were not only complimentary, but the word went around "Old John is renewing his youth." Mr. Sherman began at the groundwork of the protective tariff, back in the days of Calhoun. He laid down the following as the full text of the Republican party and its policy:

First, To repeal all taxes on home production, except on spirits, tabacco and beer.

Second, To levy the highest rate of duty that will not encourage smuggling on articles of luxury which enter into the consumption of the rich.

Third, To place on imported articles which compete with articles that can be manufactured or produced in the United States such a rate of duty as will secure to American farmers and laborers fair prices, fair wages and will induce our people to engage in such manufacture and protection.

Fourth, To repeal all duties on articles of prime necessity which enter into the consumption of the American people and which cannot be produced in sufficient quantity in this country.

Fifth. To grant to foreign nations the reciprocal right of free importation into our ports of articles we cannot produce in return for the free introduction into their ports of articles of American production.

All of these principles, said the speaker, are embodied in substance and detail in the McKinley Tariff act, which is now the law of the land. It is this law that is referred to in the first plank of the Republican platform: "First, we reaffirm our devotion to the patriotic doctrine of protection and recognize the McKinley bill as the ablest expression of that principle enacted in fulfilment of Republican promises, and we pledge ourselves to its support, always having in view its improvement as changed conditions or experience may require." The Senator continuing his speech, said:

We stand upon that as our declaration of faith, our creed on National taxation Not that all the items of taxation in this law are unchangeably correct, but that the policy involved is right and will best promote the interests of all sections and all parties in our country. Our Democratic friends during and since the war generally contented themselves with voting against the revenue laws proposed by the Republican party, but having succeeded in electing Mr. Cleveland President in 1884 and a Democratic House of Representatives, they were compelled to formulate a different scheme of taxation, and naturally fell back upon that in existence before the war and which had been embodied in the Confederate Constitution. Mr. Cleveland, belonging to the New York school of politics, devoted his annual message of December, 1887, entirely to the discussion of the tariff question and the recommendation of tariff for revenue only. The result was the framing and passage in the House of what is called the Mills bill, which was defeated in the Senate. Our Democratic friends, with less frankness than the Republican party, adopted in their recent State Convention in Ohio this resolution:

"We are opposed to all class legislation and believe in a tariff levied for the sole purpose of producing a revenue sufficient to defray the legitimate expenses of the Government economically administered. We accept the issue tendered to us by the Republican party on the subject of the tariff as represented by the so-called McKinley Tariff Act, confident that the verdict of the people of Ohio will be recorded against the iniquitous policy of so-called protection championed by the Republican party in the interests of favored classes against the masses."

It will be perceived that care is taken not to mention the Mills bill, but it declares itself opposed to all class legislation and none is in the favor of any measure in the interest of favored classes against the masses. These are mere catch phrases. What the resolution means, however, is plain enough. Our Democratic friends are in favor of the principles and details of the Mills bill as against the McKinley bill. It is the fullest authentic statement of what they call a revenue tariff. Here, for the first time in many years, we have a fair and square issue between the two great parties on the tariff laws. It is the Mills bill, rejected by the Senate, against the McKinley bill, now the law of the land. What I propose now is to point out the chief differences between these two measures and to state why I prefer the McKinley bill. And, first, as to the free list. Under the law prior to October 1 last there was admitted free of duty during the year ending June 30, 1890, articles valued at $266,103,048 out of a total importation of $773,674,812, or more than one-third of all imported articles were admitted free of duty, a much larger degree of free trade than we ever had under any tariff law prior to 1873. Nearly every article of common use that could not be produced in the United States was admitted free. By the McKinley act more than fifty articles have been added to the free list, by far the most important of which are sugar and molasses, of which we imported in 1890 the value of $96,000,000; so that now under the McKinley act, nearly one-half of all the goods imported are free from duty, and substantially all imported articles that do not compete with home production, except articles of luxury are free of duty.

If you favor free trade, here we have the largest free trade ever had in the United States. By the Mills bill a fewer number of articles were added to the free list, but among them were not sugar and molasses; but wools of all kinds. the importation of which in 1890 was 105,431,255 pounds, valued at over $18,000,000 were to be admitted free of all duty. Now, fellow-citizens, this striking contrast between the two bills recalls to my mind, if not to yours, the interview I had with the wool-growers of Ohio on the old fair grounds here, when I was excusing myself for voting for a bill which, against my wishes, reduced the duty on one grade of wool one cent a pound, or from twelve to eleven cents a pound. I remember how my Democratic friends arraigned me and a Democratic Legislature proposed to censure me, and all the sheep of Ohio were bleating their reproaches against my perfidy, and yet now, when the McKinley law has restored the old duty on wool and provides new safeguards against evasions of the duty, when the wool tariff is made precisely as the Ohio farmers wanted it, our Democratic friends—the same persons, I imagine—tell us they prefer the Mills bill that makes wool free of all duty and brings our farmers into sharp and close competition with wool-growers on the wild plains and pampas of Australia and South America. This may be politics, but it is not "fa'r," as the Missourians say,

This is not all I have to say about wool. When, this summer, the price of wool was not as high as it was a year ago, they said McKinley promised them it would be higher if his bill passed. This was not true. He could not and did not expect to control the price of wool in foreign lands. What with the large importations of wool in advance of the taking effect of the law and the very low prices at the source of supply, the price of wool was lower than the farmers hoped. But what would it have been if the Mills bill had passed? Wool is worth in Canada 16 cents. It is worth in Ohio 28 cents. In competition with Australia and South America the difference is greater by the addition of transportation. If our Democratic friends do not like price of wool under the McKinley law, how would they like it under the Mills bill?

Mr. Sherman expressed the opinion that it would not be long before the farmers in twenty states in the Union would be raising sugar beets, and that manufacturers of beet sugar were doing business in California and other States. Referring to Major McKinley, Mr. Sherman said:

"He is a patriotic man, for in youth he was a soldier fighting bravely for his country, and in manhood standing up for Americans and American industries. Every aspiration of his public life is for his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country. In his domestic and social relations he is affectionate, friendly and social. No stain rests upon his name. He is worthy to be Governor of Ohio. But greater and far more important than all his private virtues, he is the leader and light of a public policy that will build up American industries, secure fair wages and honest pay to millions of workingmen, prosperity to our people and advance our country still higher in the roll of nations."

His Body Terribly Mangled.

A shocking accident occured at the Union Knitting Mills, whereby Isaac Cox was horribly mutilated. Red Flag Oil, the Famous Pain Cure was quickly applied, and recovery soon followed, you can try this great remedy for 25 cents.

If you want to drive away Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Constipation, Poor Appetite and all evils arising from a disordered Liver, use Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator.

Trial bottles free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Throwing Sand in Their Eyes.

When the train pulled into the way station the young woman was standing on the station platform surrounded by several other young women, who were all talking at once. The young man stood a short distance away, holding a big valise.

"Hop on there, Maria!" he called out. "Don't be all day about it."

Every girl in the crowd, with the exception of the one addressed, exclaimed, "O!" and looked as though something dreadful had happened. She retorted: "Hop on yourself if you want to. I'm coming."

The other girls said "O!" again, and the young man got on the train. Then he called out again:

"Can't you get a move on you, Maria? You'll talk the arm off of some one."

"I'll come when I get ready, Jacob," she returned.

Then she hastily kissed the girls good-bye and boarded the train, while they retired to a corner of the station and held a whispered conference over something that seemed to trouble them.

"Flop down there!" he said, as they came to a double seat. "You don't mind riding backward and it bothers me."

She sat down and he put a big valise on the seat beside her, then settled himself comfortably on the other seat, while the old lady two seats behind exclaimed, "Well, I never," and some one muttered, "The brute."

For fifteen minutes after the train started he pretended to be reading a newspaper and she was looking out of the window. But every minute or two he glanced at her over the top of his paper and her gaze frequently rested on his face.

And she seemed to be proud of him.

Suddenly she turned toward him with the exclamation:

"Jacob, do you want every paper in this car?"

He threw her over one he had in his lap.

"I wonder you didn't think of it before," she said.

"You're able to speak if you want anything," he returned. "You've got a tongue."

There were more comments from various portions of the car, and every one seemed to be wondering what he would do next.

Ten minutes later he looked stealthily around the car. Every eye was fixed on him or the young woman who was looking shyly over the top of her paper. He threw his down.

"Maria," he said' "they've sized us up! We can't fool 'em and there's no use trying."

A moment later the newly-made wife's head was pillowed on her husband's shoulder, and as she looked up into his eyes she suggested:

"Perhaps we overdid it, Jacob."

"Perhaps we did," he said, "but this is better anyway."

Then he kicked the paper in the aisle, and they carried on a whispered conversation for ninety miles.—*Brandon Buckeye.*

"My mamma's got whiter teeth than your mamma," said Allie. "She oughter have. She changes 'em oftener," retorted Maudie.

TO THE GREAT CARNIVAL

Half Fare via the B. & O. to Cumberland on October 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th.

The Grand Carnival at Cumberland, Md., on October 6th, 7th and 8th has been arranged on a scale which surpasses any similar effort ever made in that enterprising city. For weeks elaborate preparations for the event have been in progress, thousands of dollars have been expended, and the result is a programme of sham battles, pageants, processions and military parades which for three days will transform the Queen City of the Mountains into a spectacle of imposing grandeur, while at night the city will be ablaze with electric illuminations and fireworks.

The programme in details is as follows: Tuesday, October 6th. (Morning.) Military Parade by Fourth Battalion of Baltimore, Second Battalion of Allegheny and Garrett Counties, and the Alleghany Guards. (Afternoon.) Sky Bicycle Air Ship. Sham battle between the Fourth Battalion and Second Battalion of the Maryland National Guard. Band Concerts and Band Contests at Night.

Wednesday, October 7th. (Morning.) Grand Agricultural and Trades Display, and Exhibition of Blooded Stock from Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Va. (Afternoon.) Grand Aquatic Tournament on the Potomac River, in charge of the Famous Capt. Paul Boynton. Exhibition begins at 2 o'clock P. M. Interesting Base Ball Contest at 4 o'clock P. M., and Boat Race. (Night.) Illuminated Parade of Boats on the Potomac, together with a Grand and Costly Pyrotechnic Display.

Thursday, October 8th. Barnum's Grand Street Pageant and Circus and Menagerie, Etc. Balloon Ascension.

To enable all of its patrons to witness the grand spectacle the B. & O. R. R. has announced the low rate of one fare for the round trip from Baltimore, Washington, Lexington, Va., and Parkersburg and all intermediate stations to Cumberland. Tickets will be sold for all trains on October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, good to return until October 9th, inclusive.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Billious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspepsia Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. N. Snyder Drug Store, 50c. a bottle.

The Friendship of a Horse.

"Talk about a dog being a man's best friend," said an old horse trainer to me, "I say the best friend a man has among the lower animals is the horse. Horses will be just as affectionate and faithful as dogs if you use them right, and a blamed sight more useful. To be sure they won't lick your hands for kicking 'em. They've got more spirit than that and I admire them for it. I had a horse that saved my life, and that's more than any dog ever did for me."

"How did it happen?"

"It was ten years ago when I was a country horse doctor and used sometimes to break ugly colts for the farmers. My horse was one I had raised from a colt and she knew me like one of the family, Her name was Mollie. She was a high strung animal, if she was gentle, and one needed to understand her in order to drive her. There was a farmer living near by who had a colt which he wanted broken, but the brute was so vicious that half a dozen men had failed to do anything with him. I thought I was a pretty good horseman so I concluded one day I'd try him. I drove up to the farm, and, as I didn't expect to use Mollie again that afternoon, I turned her loose in the field to roll. Then I caught the colt. The farmer told me he would lead all right, so I wasn't looking for any trouble till I tried to bit him. I was walking along ahead of him with the halter strap in my hand when the devil got into him. Before I noticed that he was mad he started for me, mouth open and began to strike with his front feet. That's a trick no horse gets except from inborn wickedness. He knocked me down the first blow and then backed off a few steps and gathered himself together. I saw he was going to come for me again and I tried to crawl out of the way when all of a sudden I heard hoofs coming from behind and Mollie came up at a full run. She dashed right at the ugly colt and, wheeling round, gave him both her heels in the chops. Then she planted herself between him and me and there was the stubbornest fight you ever saw for a few minutes. Both horses screamed like human beings, reared, struck and bit at each other and neither would give an inch. At last Mollie got the colt by the neck and fairly tore a piece of flesh out of him. That took the nerve out of the brute and he ran away. I was too much hurt to get up alone, and I have always said that if it hadn't been for Mollie I'd have been killed, though some fools thought she'd have come to fight the strange colt just the same as if he hadn't attacked me. I know better."

Some Startling Facts.

The official returns Boards of Health show that nearly three-fourths of all deaths are from Consumption. When we think over this fact it is really awful though every case started with a simple Cough or Cold. Realize how important it is to check this terrible malady which can be done by using Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Tom—"Is it true that Phil calls on Miss Bond quite regularly now?"

Jack—"He is getting ready to do so, I believe. I saw him trying to make friends with the dog the other evening.—*Yankee Blade.*

A recent visitor to Ibsen found him in a shabby dressing gown buttoned over gray trousers. On his fe