A Soldier's Secret

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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—SYNOPSIS.—

CHAPTER I.—Nita Guthrie, a St. Louis girl, is visiting the family of Surgeon Holden, in the camp of the Twelfth cavalry, in Arizona. Captain Rolfe, an officer of the Twelfth, proposes and is rejected. An old love affair is in the way. Nita swoons over some mysterious apparition on the eve of her departure for home. II.—After Nita leaves camp Dr. Holden tries to unearth the mystery of her swoon. He suspects that sergeant Ellis, a recent recruit, and a man with a history, had some connection with it.

CHAPTER III.

"Captain Rolfe, it is a question I refuse to answer."

The northwest winds that had finally banked up the southern clouds and squeezed down a dismal drizzle the night of Miss Guthrie's departure now veered and whisked away the moist and plashing veil, and the afternoon sunshine of the day that followed streamed across the broad mesa in a flood of grateful warmth and radiance. The colonel ordered out the entire command, to the utter consternation of Miss Winifred Berrien and the supreme disgust of some half a dozen junior officers, who, counting on the weather indications at nine a. m., had eagerly accepted Mrs. Berrien's suggestion that they spend their rainy afternoon at the major's hospitable quarters, by way of making it pleasant for two young damsels from town and three or four from the fort itself, all of whom were supposed to be deeply interested and engaged in the embroidery of certain altar cloths, lectern and pulpit adornments, with which to rejoice the eyes of their amiable chaplain at Christmastide. Here it was well along in November, and beyond a vast amount of chatter and conjecture over the prospective pleasure of the reverend dominie, nothing had been done.

True, the colonel had astonished everybody by ordering out the entire regiment, at least the eight companies thereof present at the post, to parade for inspection and review, equipped for field service, at nine-thirty that morning, and only reluctantly recalled the order when the persistent plashing of the rain warned him that it would take a day or two of sunshine to dry out the clothing and equipments subjected to such a downpour. And then if anything should happen and they should be suddenly called upon to bundle everything right into the waiting train— But, pshaw! the thing wasn't possible; the idea could not be entertained. Of course matters were looking squally, very squally, up there in the Dakotas, and everybody from Missouri to the mountains and north of the Platte was already out in the field, and in little detachments from the scattered posts even far away in Montana, even far in southern Wyoming, the soldiery were converging toward those swarming agencies where thousands of truculent warriors of the great Dakota nation were drawing rations for every man, woman, child and pappoose they possessed. Be it known to the reader that paternalism is rampant in the land—that while peace societies and Indian rights associations and prayerful congregations away at the Atlantic seaboard are deluging the press with diatribes upon the wrongs of the red man and the criminal neglect of the nation, and declaring that

Man's inhumanity to Lo
Makes countless Indians mourn,

in this last "century of dishonor" Uncle Sam has disbursed millions upon millions in the desperately hopeless task of filling the aboriginal stomach, and in striving by means of honest census to reduce the number of the "countless" so pathetically referred to. Indians would make splendid ward politicians, and how it is that the sachems of Tammany have not long since possessed themselves of so available a means of swelling their ranks passeth all understanding. After the Indian had had himself, several wives and his blooming olive branches, "oksheelah, wicincha," boys and girls, and such pappooses as his better halves had at the back (either of home production or borrowed for the moment from the tepee of Two-Bricks-in-his-Hat), duly enumerated, would he not swell the census of his tribe by judicious distribution of all his wives' relations among those tepees not already checked off? Oh, if the truth could ever reach the ears of the general public what tales of Indian sagacity might not yet be in store for them! What annals might not be unfolded! Dealing with his own, his white children, who are nonvoters, Uncle Sam serves out one ration a day to each enlisted soldier.

The wife and the lads and lasses that tumbled about the married men's quarters in the queer old days were all to be fed from that one ration, unless, perchance, mamma was a laundress. But when dealing with the wronged and injured red man he could not be too magnanimous. Every head counted. The mumbling old beldam, great-grandmother of "countless thousands," braced up from the edge of the grave for the occasion. The big bellied little four-year-olds, reveling in the dirt about the reeking shambles, the tiny hour-old papoose, even many a puppy, blanket swathed and slung squaw back, passing for a wee baby, anything he could show as possessing a spark of Indian life was duly credited to the warrior lord of the lodge for another ration, a full one. Cattle might and did shrink, but to the Indian there is more meat in a lean cow than in the stall fed ox to the white, for the reason that "everything goes." Horns and hoofs are the only things the Indian doesn't eat.

Agents might and did cheat and steal, but so did the Indian, and many a rejoicing old sinner has been credited with a family of twelve when his sole available domestic assets consisted of two squaws and three children, the papooses having been borrowed or personated by bundled up doggies, the grandmother being public property passed around for the occasion; the others, pickaninnies painted so as to look entirely unlike the grinning urchins counted in the flock of brother Stab-in-the-Dark, whose people had just been enumerated. There were agents who lent themselves to that sort of thing because the more Indians they could show as their especial wards, the more barrels and boxes and bales were invoiced to that agency and deftly "raked off" en route. There was a time when the man who wouldn't make hay when such a sun shone was looked upon as an unprofitable servant who couldn't contribute to campaign funds. "What the devil do you suppose we had you made agent 'way up at Gallatin for?" asked an irate political "boss" of a deposed and crestfallen late incumbent who came home superseded.

"Why, it was you and our congressman who exposed the stealings of my predecessor and had him fired. I supposed you wouldn't stand that sort of thing. I supposed you wanted me to be perfectly honest."

"Of course we did; but, damn it, you don't seem to understand; he was paying to the other party."

But railways and telegraphs have brought all this, or much of it, within range, so to speak. Things have changed, except perhaps human nature, white or Indian. There has been failure to provide for carrying out the earnest recommendations of the best friend the Indian has known for years—the man whose word was his bond, whom they feared in war and loved and trusted in peace. There has been shrinkage both in the cattle and the count. No matter how much beef might shrivel on the hoof in the old days, the Sioux, if he were at all sharp, got more than was his share, and most of the Sioux were as sharp as their knives. Other tribes might have starved and suffered, but not they. With the new order of things came fall stomachs for hosts of other aborigines, but fault finding for these Dakotas. No more "tepee counts;" on the contrary heads of families paraded their entire force, and while enumerators with book and pencil went along the front of the line, Uncle Sam's bluecoats on the border keenly watched the rear and put sudden stop to all sham and swapping. Now the shrinkage came to be privation, and, turning in appeal to the general who headed the great commission and won their faith, appealing to Crook for the remedies congress had utterly failed to provide, their hearts were bowed with the tidings that the Great Spirit had summoned the "Gray Fox" to happier hunting grounds.

Then was there no other appeal? One—one which had never failed to wring from the government the concession desired. Old chiefs might plead in vain, but the blood of the young warriors is hot and strong, the lust for reputation as vehement as of yore. Every brave stood ripe for action, and no Indian leader ever equaled in craft, in cunning, in adroitness the scowling old sinner Sitting Bull, and no man need doubt that it was he who gave the cue. Every medicine man in the Dakota Nation began to preach the coming of the Messiah, but the Messiah craze was only the means to an end. Un-koi-to, the Indian redeemer—he who ordained that his children should prepare themselves by the savage rites of the ghost dance to meet him and all their dead ancestry and with them wipe the paleface from the land—Un-koi-to was a fraud of the first water, a masquerading scamp of a white man at odds with his own kind, and progressive Indians knew it. But even to such a saviour, when urged by the charlatans in every village, the superstitious nature of the red man turned in eager adulation, and the ghastly, maddening dance went on.

Night after night all over the broad northwest the skies were aglow with the Indian fires. The vault of the heavens echoed to the sound of frenzied shriek and yell and the furious beat of the Indian drum. It is but a step from the ghost dance to the scalp dance—from Indian worship to Indian war. A year ago in every valley of beautiful South Dakota cattle were browsing on the bunch grass, settlers plowing on the plains, women sewing and singing under the new raised rooftrees, and gleeful children playing in the golden heaps of corn. Now the plow stands idle in the abandoned furrow; the cattle have gone, to make up, presumably, for the reservation shrinkage; women's songs have changed to sobs, children's laughter hushed to terrified silence, as the settlers seek the refuge of the towns. New red glare in the sky at night, and the new ranch house lights the way of many a savage warrior, bound with arms and ponies to swell the hostile ranks in the mazes of the Bad Lands.

"God only knows how soon it may come," read Farquhar, but a week before, "but I think you would better be with your command." Farquhar relinquished his shooting trip and at once got him home. He could not bear to tell his people, in the happiest garrison the regiment had ever known, that perhaps it might be as well to drop the plans for the cavalry ball and the Christmas theatricals, the cherished projects for the coming holidays. He hated to have any one ask him if he thought there were not just a chance—just a chance—of their being ordered up there. But even before he left he and Berrien had been talking the matter over. The idea was to always have the regiment ready for anything, and it did seem as though with all the summer and fall marching and scouting and maneuvering in the field they were, as the Englishmen would say, "pretty fit." Fit, certainly, for any amount of scouting or fighting on the southern plains, and yet utterly unprepared for the rigors of a Dakota winter. Any colonel who, serving in Arizona or in the Indian Territory, was to apply for canvas overcoats, blanket lined, for fur caps, gloves, boots, leggings, etc., intended only for service in the high latitudes, would have been laughed at, if not snubbed. Farquhar decided it best not to let any of the women worry over a possibility. No use borrowing trouble, he said. Long years had the regiment served in that wintry land. Fierce and incessant had been its campaigns against the Indians. Dire had been its sufferings and losses. Only recently—only within the year—had they reached this paradise, with its hazy landscape, its lovely, peaceful homes, its kindliness and greeting yet warm in remembrance the edge of its cheer still new and unworn.

And then Kenyon came back from leave, a burly major of foot who had been visiting at his old home in Chicago and was reported to be wearing the willow for a girl who had but just married a mere junior first lieutenant in the Eleventh, their predecessors along this line. It might be that Kenyon was cross and crabbed. The youngsters called him "grumbly" at first acquaintance. It might be that he was so hipped and unhappy himself he could not bear to see the bliss and content on every face about him. He and Rolfe were congenial spirits, said the boys, for "both of them got left." But Kenyon, close mouthed as he was at times, had watched things a day or two and then had given Farquhar a "pointer." He had heard something, he said, at division headquarters. Hence the order for "turn out everybody, field kits and fifty rounds."

The maddest man at mess at one-thirty was Mr. Carroll Brewster—"Curly B" his comrades called him in the years gone by, when he had much kink to the blond hair of his handsome head, and not a vestige thereof to the down on his lip. Now, as first lieutenant of the "Black Troop," with a mustache all bristle and curl, and with a pate whereon the curls were cropped to regulation lines, he was a very different sort of fellow. All the morning long he had sat on a garrison court, where as "swing member" he had not enough to do to keep him from brooding over his woes. He had counted on spending the hours from two until stables basking in the light of those wonderful, deep, dark eyes of Miss Winifred Berrien. Somewhat petted and spoiled in his earlier years of service, Brewster had had much of the nonsense knocked out of him in the harsh experiences of seven years in the saddle with a regiment renowned for its touch-and-go sort of work. He had steadied greatly in those years, part of the process being due to his own latent good sense, and not a little thereof to incessant striving on the range to win high honors as a sharpshooter, and today there was not a finer looking soldier wearing the broad yellow stripes in the Twelfth than this same ex-dandy "Curly Brewster."

There still lingered about him a certain repute for self consciousness, if not for actual conceit, but he had grown to be thoroughly respected in the regiment and was vastly popular with the men. He was ever ready to umpire their matches at baseball, coach their shooting, lend his own fishing tackle or shotguns to longing sportsmen in the ranks who had none of their own, and he had won the lasting gratitude of C troop, two of whose men were being mobbed by a gang of toughs one windy night in Sheridan City, just as Curly came trotting back en route to the post. "He was off his horse and into that crowd quicker than winking," said Murphy, "and the way he laid over that gang with them white fists of his just made my sides crack with delight." He had more sense than they gave him credit for, said the seniors of the regiment after a while, and, barring an early experience, a cadet love affair that he was long ago well over, had never let himself go again—never until the Twelfth came to settle in this happy valley and Winifred Berrien returned from her eastern school. Then he went all of a sudden. Only one man did not see it; that was Berrien. Only one woman couldn't forgive his devotion, and she had no business interfering, being herself otherwise disposed of.

To his credit be it said, Brewster and the lady's husband were about the only men who appeared unaware of this autumnal infatuation. Nevertheless, in those numberless ways in which women can claim and secure the appearance, at least, of attention from men, the dame had managed to monopolize considerable of his spare time up to the week of Miss Berrien's coming, after which it was not he who rode to town, but she who drove out to the post and sent for him to come and talk to her as she leaned back in her stylish victoria and looked up at him from under her tinted lashes. She could have found it in her heart to strangle the lovely girl so darkly, richly beautiful, but her call upon "the ladies" had been returned when she was conspicuously absent from home, and opportunities for meeting were not afforded by the damsel's parents. There were girls at the post who were quick to see how "Antinous" had lost his heart; but these, those at least who were near enough to Winifred to dare allude to the matter at all, were content to archly quote the warning—

Change the name and not the letter,
Marry for worse and not for better.

There was one man with whom Brewster was at odds, a sentiment due to an old difference when both were younger, and that was Rolfe. There was one man the gallant major especially liked and swore by, and that was Rolfe. These facts, added to the coincidence that the captain had never forgotten the hot words used by his second lieutenant long years before, made a combination most unfortunate for a fellow so much in love as was Carroll Brewster.

On this particular morning he had striven to hurry matters through on the court—to try three or four cases where the accused were only too ready to plead guilty and "throw themselves on the mercy," etc., and then adjourn on the specious plea of giving the judge advocate time to write up the proceedings. But the president of the tribunal had other views and held him. Brewster knew that Randolph and Hunt and Ridgeway, perhaps others, had taken advantage of the weather and no drill to slip over to Berrien's for a blithe morning hour with the girls. He could imagine that pretty parlor, with its pictures and piano, its attractive curtains and portieres, the group of bright, sweet faces, the animated chat, Winifred herself, in her dark, rich beauty, seated at the piano, with Ridgeway hanging over her, eager to turn the leaves, eager to do anything that might keep him at her side. Confound the fellow! he had money and a handsome old family homestead. What business had he roughing it in the cavalry, with no end of chances of getting his head knocked off, when his doting mother was so eager to have him come home, marry, settle down and take up the management of the property his father had left him two years before? Poor "Curly!" he could only gaze wistfully out across the dripping parade from his seat in the dark courtroom and watch the glinting of the firelight on the Berriens' parlor window. The major loved a broad fireplace and a hickory blaze, and here he had them to his heart's content for the first time in full twenty years of army wanderings. How must that firelight enhance the coziness and comfort of the scene within! How must it be flickering about the dark masses of her lustrous hair at this very moment! How——

"How do you vote, Brewster? Are your wits wool gathering?"

He pulled himself together as best he could, but that was a morning of torment.

And now to think that, after all, he could have no moment at her side this day! To think that Farquhar should have ordered them out for hours of pottering around at saddlebags, nosebags, side lines, lariats, picket pins and all that sort of truck! It was simply barbarous. He curbed his tongue as well as he knew how, for plainly he saw that his chums were mischievously exulting over him, but any one who knew Brewster could see his wrath and discomfiture. The announcement was made just before luncheon was over. The adjutant came bolting in with the order, and shutting his ears to the chorus of expletives.

"What time did you say boots and saddles would sound?" fiercely demanded Randolph.

"In a quarter of an hour; so you've no time to waste saying swear words or asking damn fool questions. And as for you, Curly, you're for guard tomorrow."

Brewster finished his cup of tea in an undignified gulp, quitting the table and the room in three strides. There was just time to scurry over to Berrien's and see her for five minutes before he had to jump back to his quarters and into riding boots, etc. Any pretext would answer—the dance tonight, for instance.

"Get my field rig ready at once and bring my horse up here in ten minutes," he called to his servant, slashed at his natty uniform with a whisk broom and bounded out of the door, only to encounter the man of all others he least cared to see coming in.

"Were you just going, Brewster? There is a matter I want very much to ask you about, and I thought this the time to catch you without fail." The voice was that of Captain Rolfe.

"I am just going out, captain, and I'm hurried, but if you will step in I'll be back in ten minutes."

"Well-I, ordinarily, I would not detain you, and-d, pardon me, if you were going to Major Berrien's, they are all at luncheon. I have just left there."

Brewster flushed in spite of his effort at control. His first impulse was to say he was going over anyhow, if only to leave word, but, since he could not hope to see her, what was the use? It chafed him, however, to note that Rolfe, in that calmly superior way of his, was pressing on into the hall, as much as to say, "It is my will that you give up what you have in view and attend at once to my behest," just as though Brewster were still his second lieutenant, instead of First Lieutenant Brewster, commanding the "Black Horse" troop. It must be confessed that there was about Rolfe an intangible something that ever seemed to give that impression to the juniors. It was one of the things that set their teeth on edge, as they expressed it, and set them against him. Feeling as he did toward the captain and exasperated at the way in which events seemed conspiring against him, Brewster threw open his door.

"Walk in, as I said, captain. Make yourself at home. I wish to go into Haddock's a moment, and will be right back." It wasn't that he had anything to say to Haddock, but Haddock had succeeded him as second lieutenant of Rolfe's troop, and was no fonder of his stern, self willed commander than Curly himself had been. It was simply that he would not yield a moral victory to Rolfe, and that in naming Haddock he knew he gave at least a slight return for the annoyance afforded him by the captain's untimely call.

Giving no sign whatever as Brewster sprang away down the steps the captain passed on into the plainly furnished sitting room. Already McCann was busy hauling out the lieutenant's field boots, breeches and overcoat, whisking off the dust and indulging in Milesian comment as he did so. At sight of Rolfe he abruptly ceased, bustled forward and offered the captain a chair, and a moment later bolted across the hall to perform similar services in overhauling and dusting Mr. Randolph's possessions.

Left to himself, Rolfe wearily turned to the mantel, and without show of interest glanced over the various photographs there displayed. They were mainly of army friends, young fellows in whom he felt slight interest at any time and none at all now. So were those in the basket on the round table. Brewster was popular, if one were to judge by the array of pictures that had been sent to him by their prototypes. Then there was a large, handsome album lying open on the desk near the window. Turning listlessly thither Rolfe gave a shrug of the shoulders, something almost like a shudder, at sight of the photograph which lay uppermost, a cabinet portrait, highly burnished and finished, of an exuberant woman in evening dress. In that neighborhood everybody knew her by sight. He himself had received invitations in her hand to lunch or to dinner. He knew the writing of the note that lay beside the album, first page uppermost. He would have had no eyes at all had he not seen the "Carroll, mon ami," with which it began. With a shiver of disgust he whirled over a page of the album, as though to cover and hide the beguiling face, the betraying words, and then Brewster came bounding back and in. Rolfe's hand was still on the album as he turned to face him.

The eyes of the two men met, and again Brewster flushed hotly. He remembered that only in the morning's mail had the large packet arrived containing this unasked for and unexpected addition to his portrait gallery. He had not opened it until after court—had not more than glanced at the photograph even then, beautiful as it was from an artistic point of view. Then that note, and that idiotic, semisentimental beginning! She had never called him Carroll, but in certain evasive, insinuating, in—well, we have no word for it in all the vocabulary of the United States—in a way he could not but see and could not find a way to object to, she had been lately verging in that direction. It was, "Now, Mr. Carroll Brewster," or "my good friend Carroll," or "Sir Carroll," or in some way Carroll; but here was an out and out Carroll, the first of the kind. A month before he might not have flinched; now he shrank from the mere idea of familiarity of the faintest kind. He had been striving to cut loose from her in every possible way, but here was a friendship that "clung closer than a brother," and just as sure as shooting Rolfe must have seen that infernal picture, those misleading words. Brewster read it in Rolfe's calm brown eyes, but he would not discuss matters with him, much less stoop to explain.

"You wish to see me, captain. Will you take a seat?"

"No. What I have to ask need occupy but little time, and the call will sound in a moment or two. I am going to ask you a question, and as man to man I want you to answer it." He paused, as though awaiting submissive reply.

"And the question?" asked Brewster, finally and unyielding.

"I was in hopes you would assume of a readiness to answer. What, never have been the differences between us in the past, you can never accuse me of having pried into your affairs, and the question I wish to ask is one of deep importance to myself, and its answer cannot, I believe, unpleasantly involve you." And still Brewster stood silent, the blue eyes looking straight into the brown. "I will not prolong matters unnecessarily. What I desire to know, Mr. Brewster, is this: Have you or have you not some knowledge of the past history of Sergeant Ellis?"

"Pardon me, Captain Rolfe, but I do not see how that can concern you in the least."

"I have stated substantially that it did," was the quiet reply, after a moment's thought. "It concerns me very deeply. I need to know something of his antecedents. I have reason to ask, and I repeat my question."

There was a painful pause. Then Brewster spoke firmly:

"Captain Rolfe, it is a question I refuse to answer."

(Continued Next Week.)

Spiders in History.

Spiders have played a greater part in history than most people are aware of. Everybody knows how the perseverance of a spider encouraged Robert Bruce to regain his kingdom of Scotland, but not so many know that according to Jewish tradition a spider saved David's life. Saul was hunting for him, and his soldiers approached a cave where David was hidden. Shortly before, however, a spider had spun her web at the mouth of the cave, and the soldiers, taking it for granted that if he had taken refuge in the cave, he must have broken the web, departed, forgetting that the web might have been spun after as well as before his entrance.

A spider saved the life of the granduncle of the German Emperor. Frederick William was King of Prussia, and an attempt was made to poison him in a cup of chocolate. By chance a spider fell into the cup, and for this reason the monarch gave the chocolate to a dog, who immediately died. Inquiry was made, with the result that the cook was hanged, and a large spider wrought in gold now decorates one of the chief rooms of the Winter palace at Potsdam in memory of the king's escape.

Mrs. W. B. Meek, who resides at Camptonville, Cal., says her daughter was for several years troubled at times with severe cramps in the stomach, and would be in such agony that it was necessary to call in a physician. Having read about Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy she concluded to try it. She found that it always gave prompt relief. It was seldom necessary to give the second dose. "It has not only saved us lots of worry and time," she says, "but also doctor bills. It is my opinion that every family should have a bottle of this remedy in the house." For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

A Certain Amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and too with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

How a Mother Saved Her Boy.

Little Robert Frey lives at Silver Lake; his mother and father loved him with parental devotion; he is a bright little fellow. Bobby, as he is called, took a severe cold, which would not yield to everything they tried. A neighbor persuaded the use of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. The first few doses relieved and the contents of a 25 cent bottle made a cure. You can imagine the mother's joy.

Pan-Tina is sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Goodness of Heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor and noblest acquisition. It is that ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.

"I was troubled with quinsy for five years. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured me. My wife and child had diphtheria. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured them. I would not be without it in the house for any consideration." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

The Language of Flies.

An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone, or a sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own. The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibration of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer and more modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone. Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to their ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them are very acute. The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.

Intended to Catch Your Eye.

Don't skip this paragraph because it is small. It is worth reading, for it tells about The Pineala Balsam, a certain remedy for cough, tickling in the throat and the stopped up feeling in the upper part of the chest. A simple cough may turn into something serious if let alone. It ceases to vex you and to keep you awake o'nights when you have allayed the inflammation in your throat with Ely's Pineola Balsam. The druggists sell it for twenty-five cents.

Jefferson Davis's Desk.

One of the guides at the Capitol, Washington, says an exchange, recently said that he hoped "before Captain Bassett, 'the watch-dog of the Senate,' dies he will tell somebody which one of the desks it was that Jefferson Davis occupied when he was a member of the Senate. Bassett is the only one that knows, and he will not tell for fear visitors will clip off splinters for souvenirs. During the war a lot of soldiers got into the chamber and stuck their bayonets into the desk, and I reckon they thought they'd make kindling wood of it. But old Captain Bassett goes to work and patches it all up with screws and putty and varnish till it looks like any other old desk in the chamber. I know for certain that some mighty influential Senators have tried to get the secret out of the old man, but they had might as well talk to the Goddess of Liberty on top of the dome as to get him to tell which is Jeff Davis's seat."

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot heal every case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns never often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

An Oddity in Moonshining.

The astronomer royal for Scotland states that when the moon is half full its brilliancy is not nearly one-half as great as when it is quite full. He attributes the brightness of the full moon and the lack of brightness in the half moon to the variations in the reflected sunshine, which are due to the ruggedness of the moon's surface. The high peaks and immense chasms on the moon's surface are constantly at cross purposes in their mode of reflecting light. The bright streaks which the telescope proves to emanate from the craters and chasms are largely invisible under cross light, but are brilliantly illuminated when the sun shines full upon them.

Catarrh Cured.

"I was suffering with dry catarrh so that I could not sleep. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and after I had used half a bottle I was able to sleep well. I believe that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great medicine. "Minnie M. Kline, Jennertown, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

A Sunflower Clock.

Kansas has often been called the Sunflower State—a title more than ever appropriate since the foreman upon Governor Motley's farm constructed his sunflower clock. Choosing an enormous sunflower, he attached to its drooping head a tiny cornstalk, not more than 10 feet long. About the plant he drew a circle and divided it into 24 parts, each of which was subdivided for minutes and seconds. And now, as the faithful plant from dawn till dusk eyes its fierce lord, the cornstalk pointer moves about the dial, indicating the time. The sunflower clock can also be used as a stop watch to time races by holding over it a big umbrella, which checks the revolution upon the instant, when the time to a fraction of a second may be read off upon the dial.—*Kansas City Star.*

Tom Johnson's Demagogism.

Ex-Congressman "Tom" Johnson's steel rail mills in Ohio are again being used by Democrats as an argument that Protection is not needed, because Mr. Johnson says he does not want it. This is another characteristic Free Trade trick. Mr. Johnson manufactures steel rails that are protected by numerous patents. In fact, he is absolutely protected, more so than any rail manufacturer in the United States. If he believes what he preaches he should throw up his patents and allow competition. But he is, like many others, a big Free-Trade humbug.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Dr. Sadler, The Eye and Ear Specialist,

has been in steady practice at 804 Penn Ave., for over 20 years, and has treated over 21,000 persons for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat diseases. His success has been second to none in the United States. If there is any value in experience, with the most careful and conscientious observation, the afflicted can find no better to consult, and can be sure of a reliable opinion of their condition. In restoration of sight from Cataract he has no superior. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Crooked eyes made straight, and a certain cure for red eye lids with pimples and scales. Spectacles adjusted perfectly. Tumors and discharges from the ears, and deafness cured when all others have failed. No matter what is wrong with eyes, ears, nose or throat, Dr. Sadler will give you the most skilful and successful treatment known, and in a gentlemanly manner.

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a

SPRAIN,

when **St. Jacobs Oil** would cure it in the right way, right off.

The Tremor in Japan.

But there is one thing to have been noticed about Japan of late, a thing that seems to have rather escaped notice—Japan is trembling. In the glowing moment of her supreme victories, in the long hour of her almost unprecedented run of luck, does it seem more stupid or more impertinent to speak of Japan as being a-tremble? The laws of some countries hold that truth is no libel. The laws of other countries hold that truth is the greatest libel. I am uttering libel or I am not uttering libel, according to the country by whose laws I may be judged. Most emphatically I am uttering the truth. No other word so truly adjectives Japan as does the word trembling.

This is the age of earthquakes. Almost daily the papers record the upheaval of some part or other of the world. And earthquakes are becoming almost common where they used to be nearly or quite unheard of. Japan, as far as we know, always has been, and probably always will be, the stronghold of earthquakes. That inscrutable some one whom some of us call God; that inscrutable something which some of us call fate; that inscrutable some one or something of which the bravest of us, the most phlegmatic of us, the most callous of us, one and all, stand in more wholesome dread, for uncountable centuries has seen fit and will see fit to hold over the flower crowned head of Japan a Damoclean sword.—Mrs. Milu's *Quaint Queen.*

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa. Regular sizes, 50c. and $1.00.

A Novel Cosmetic.

To a Berlin factory girl belongs the credit of having found a new cosmetic. It had been noticed for a long time that every Saturday she would complain about headache, which always entirely disappeared by Sunday morning. As sure as Saturday came around she would be seen with her face swathed in bandages, but otherwise attending to her duties as usual. Finally the people became curious as to what caused this regular recurrence of the evil, and one day the foreman in the factory loosened her bandage, and lo! there were two strips of mustard plaster on her cheeks. After close questioning she confessed that she had done the same thing every Saturday in order to have nice red cheeks when going to church on Sunday morning. The plasters hurt her somewhat, but she preferred a little pain in order to appear more winsome at church in the morning and at the dance in the afternoon.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and $1.00 at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

The Ruling Passion.

When Lord Chesterfield was in his last illness, and his death was only a matter of a few weeks, his physician advised that he be taken for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out. As the equipage was proceeding slowly along it was met by a lady, who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid: "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out." "I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield; "I am simply rehearsing my funeral."

The Painful Condition

Of Mrs. J. C. Cameron—Being the Experience of a New Castle Lady, Interesting to All.

One woman that we know of is joicing over her experience, and there are so many more in New Castle situated that they are not hard to find. If this interests you, and you know of no one to ask about, or verify, the statements that we are making, we will say that you can find pretty good endorsement at 558 Moravia Street, where resides Mrs. J. C. Cameron. Said she to our Representative: "I have had kidney disease for the past eight or nine years, by spells I have suffered every thing with my back and kidneys; I had an extra severe attack about a month ago; I was in bed for a week and nearly will with the pain in my back and in the lower part of my abdomen, which extended even up to my shoulder blades; I could not lift, I could not sweep or do anything; if I attempted anything of the kind I would feel as though my back were 'giving away;' part of the time I was bent over and could not straighten up; urination was accompanied by the most fearful distress; the passage was scanty, dark-colored and unnatural in every way; somehow it seemed as though I could not get any help. While laid up in bed I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills, and I was so anxious to get some relief that I sent down to Hutton's drug store for some, and after the first three or four doses I was able to notice a difference, while, in a short time, I could get up and be around again; I actually have no pain now whatever in my back or at urination, which is perfectly natural. I can truthfully say that Doan's Kidney Pills have done me more good than all the other medicine I have ever used. If other sufferers only knew what a boon they are, and I earnestly wish they may know and be relieved, for Doan's Kidney Pills will do it."

For sale by all dealers; price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

THE KEELEY CURE

Is a special boon to business men who, having drifted unconsciously into the drink habit and awaken to find the disease of alcoholism fastened upon them, rendering them unfit to manage affairs requiring a clear brain. A four weeks course of treatment at the

PITTSBURG KEELEY INSTITUTE,
No. 4246 Fifth Avenue,

restores to them all their powers, mental and physical, destroys the abnormal appetite, and restores them to the condition they were in before they indulged in stimulants. This has been done in more than 1000 cases treated here, and among them some of your own neighbors, to whom we can refer with confidence as to the absolute safety and efficiency of the Keeley Cure. The fullest and most searching investigation is invited. Send for pamphlet giving full information.

One day last week the famous engine No. 999, on the N. Y. Central road, made a run of 148 miles in 132 minutes between Albany and Syracuse, pulling three coaches.

George Washington was considerable of a land holder at the time of his death. His holdings amounted to 59,-975 acres, or about 79 square miles. About half of this was wild land in Pennsylvania, West Va., and Ohio.

A little tale I would rehearse
Of one, once sick, who soon grew worse.
With boils and blotches covered o'er,
He took of remedies (?) a score.
Alas, they all did fail to heal,
While he each day still worse did feel.
Up spoke a friend "Your blood's impure
"But Dr. Pierce can heal you sure
"His 'G. M. D.' will quickly cure."
Like balm on wounds these words were poured.
The sick man's health was soon restored.

Impure blood is caused by want of healthy action on the part of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best remedy in the world for livers, and for purifying the blood and system from all poisons and impurities of whatever name or nature.

Kansas legislates against certain noxious weeds not by making an appropriation, but by adding to the tax bill of the farmer who neglects to cut them down. It is hardly necessary to say that the weeds are disappearing rapidly.

ELY'S Cream Balm CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the sores. Protects the membrane from Additional Cold Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

IT WILL CURE COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street N. Y.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:39 a. m., Somerset 4:11, Stoystown 4:22, Hooversville 4:38, Johnstown 5:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:15, Stoystown 11:43, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:45 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:20 Stoystown 6:48, Hooversville 6:58, Johnstown 7:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoystown 7:25, Somerset 7:55, Rockwood 8:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoystown 3:25, Somerset 3:55, Rockwood 4:25.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:01 Rockwood 10:25.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:53	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:32	"
Mail	5:16	"
Fast Line	9:16	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:04	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:21	"
Day Express	10:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown