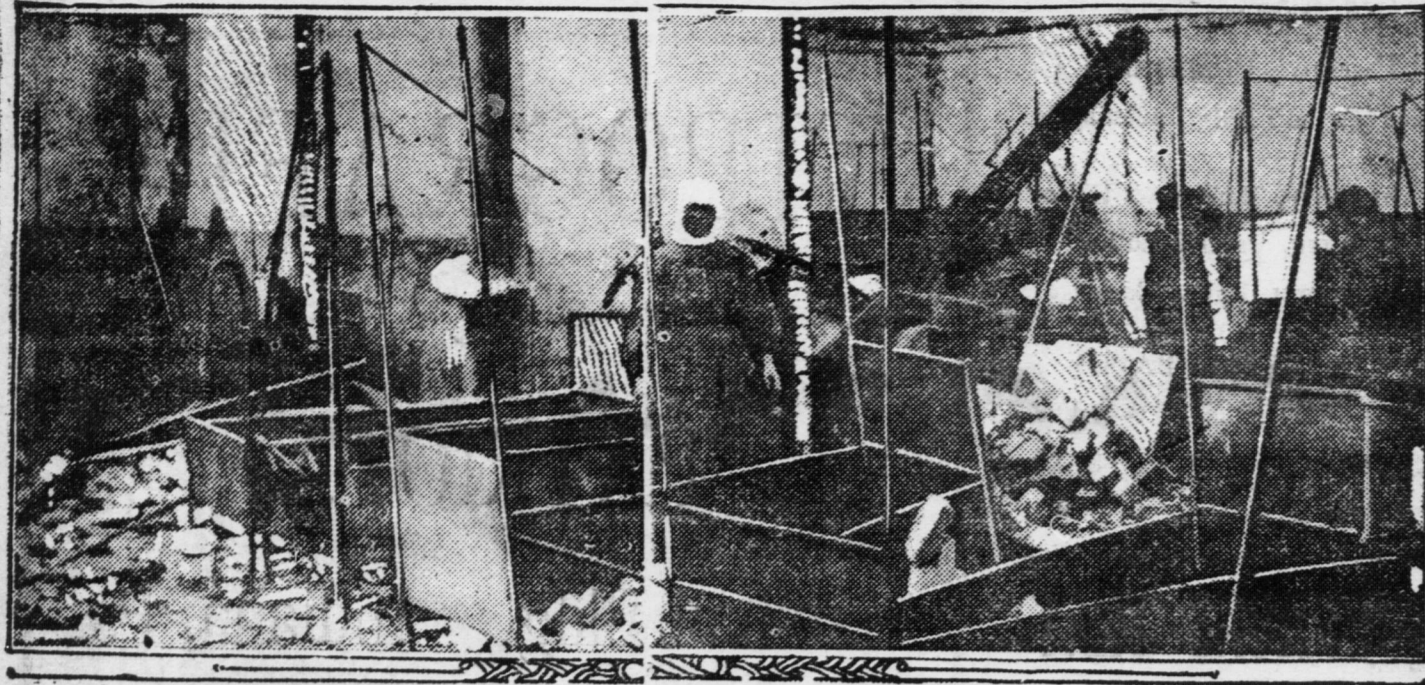


### RUINS OF HOSPITAL IN TERMONDE



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**A Phil May Anecdote.**  
One winter night an old hawker entered the bar of the Old Bell tavern, Fleet street, and offered the customers sets of three studs for a penny. Phil May said to him:  
"You are just the man I want!"  
He took only one stud and gave the hawker a five shilling piece. The barmaid said to Phil May:  
"I believe, Phil, you would give your coat to the first beggar who asked for it."  
"Well, miss," replied the artist, "there would be no harm in that. St. Martin gave his coat to a beggar, and he was a better man than Phil May. I am only a wicked sinner!"—London Tatler.

**Justified.**  
"My son, it is not right to call a man 'old top.'" "But this old man has a 'see too'!"—Houston Post.  
**Our Funny Language.**  
A man feels put out when he discovers that he has been taken in.—Chicago News.  
**Strong Talker.**  
"Mr. Smith, won't you please talk to me?"  
"Why, certainly, my little girl. But what do you want me to say?"  
"Won't you please talk like you did when you were talking to yourself in the library when the dog jumped at you? Mine's so straight, and mamma said the way you talked made her hair curl."—Baltimore American.

**Odors and Germs.**  
The odor of cloves has been known to destroy microbes in thirty-five minutes; cinnamon will kill some species in twelve minutes, thyme in thirty-five minutes. In forty-five minutes common wild verbena is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in fifty minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever microbe in twelve minutes and is recorded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than for merely ornamental or sentimental purposes.

### INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, TERMONDE.



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**EYES OF A PORTRAIT.**  
**Why They Seem to Follow Observers Moving To and Fro.**  
The fact that the eyes of some portraits follow the observer as he moves to different positions has always been looked upon as a triumph of realism. Although the phenomenon has been exaggerated in some instances, it is not a myth. If the eyes of the portrait look at the observer in a favorable position they will continue to do so without a wide angle extending to any situation where a view is possible. Contrarily, if the eyes do not intentionally look at the observer they will not do so even though he take his station at a point where the painted gaze is seemingly directed.  
Suppose that the portrait head is in three-quarter face turned to our left, with the eyes turned toward the spectator. If we move to the right we do not obtain another view of the head—that is, we do not move into the profile.  
**Our Language.**  
"Hello, Kitty! Anything going on here now?" "Yes—a lot of things coming off this week."—Boston Transcript.  
**Spoiled Her Trip.**  
"Then your wife didn't enjoy her trip to Niagara?"  
"No. The minute she saw that rustling water she began to wonder if she hadn't come away from home and left a faucet running."—Pittsburgh Post.

Experiments show that if a ball of solid iron is lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork. But in a few seconds it leaves the prongs and rises to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.  
**Her Reasons.**  
"So you want to interest yourself in politics?"  
"Well," replied the energetic woman, "I kind o' thought maybe that if I could tend to the politics for the family John would find time to stay home and put up some shelves in the pantry."—Washington Star.  
**Past Masters.**  
Farmer's Son—watching copyist in gallery—Whatever she be doing, feyther? Farmer—She be copying, like. Ye see, some o' these 'ere old master pictures be very old, so coorse they 'as to replace 'em every now 'n' again same as wall paper.—London Punch.  
**He Got It.**  
Small Harold—Papa, won't you please give me 5 cents? Papa—Not now. I'm along. I'm very busy. Small Harold (holding his hands joined together)—Well, papa, just drop a nickel in the slot and see me go.—Exchange.

...were," said he. "The reason they did not come back was because two of them got good jobs in Cape Town; the other two married Boer widows and settled down on farms."—New York Sun.  
**One Thing He Remembered.**  
He was standing near one of the stamp windows in the general post-office. His face was flushed and his features distorted, while he tugged with his teeth at a knot in his handkerchief. When the knot gave way a friend who had been watching the unusual performance stepped up and asked, "What was the knot for—to remember something?" "Yes, to have my wife's umbrella mended." "Did you have it done?" "No; forgot the blamed thing in the subway. But I remembered the knot all right."—New York Tribune.  
**When Solid Iron Floats.**  
**Murder Comparisons.**  
In Italy there are about 2,500 murders annually, Russia about 2,400 and Spain about 1,600.  
**Mother as an Accelerator.**  
**Registry Clerk—It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony. Voice of Mother (in background)—All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here.—Meyendorfer Blatter.**

### RUINS OF PALACE OF JUSTICE, TERMONDE.



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## THE LURE OF GOLD

### Romance and Tragedy of the Old Bonanza Trail.

### A ROAD TO WEALTH AND CRIME

It Led to the Richest Deposits of Gold. In a Relatively Small Territory, Ever Discovered—Days of Stronous Life and Frenzied Lawlessness.

The Bonanza trail began at Fort Laramie, Wyo. It ran east of the Owl Creek mountains, west of the Big Horn mountains, in a northwest direction to Livingston and Bozeman, then forking to the present Helena and Virginia City. In war and Indian department annals it is known as the Bozeman trail. Immediately, however, it was given the more romantic name, and for the best of reasons. It led to what were the richest deposits of gold in a relatively small territory, that the world had ever seen.

Out of Alder gulch and Last Chance gulch, within 200 miles of each other in Montana, was taken, in ten short years, considerably more than \$500,000,000 in pure gold. It was anybody's fortune, and the wonderful luck of the California gold diggers a few years before roused men to brave every hardship for these prizes.

It did not matter at all that these gulches were 2,000 miles from the nearest railroad and that other gold fields were far easier to reach. Here was the great El Dorado, and without a qualm the gold seekers hurried into the unknown territory, defying Red Cloud and every other Indian, outlaw, renegade and holdup man.

How many lives were sacrificed along this trail to wealth will never be known. All that is certain is that there never was another chapter in the world's history like this. The long road into the mysterious country and the settlements of mining camps grew up almost in a single night. There were only five men in the little party when Bill Fairweather "washed" the first pan in Alder gulch and made a discovery even more wonderful than any in the palmy days of California or even in the later era of the Klondike.

Two years later Alder gulch, at one of the Bonanza trail's two ends, was among the most picturesque places in the country. The world was ransacked for men and women to give performances at the theaters, to offer free entertainment to the patrons of the various resorts. The gold hunters, gorged with prosperity, wanted amusements. Fine restaurants were opened and food brought in at great expense from beyond the seas. The smallest money was a twenty-five cent pinch of gold dust, taken from a pouch. It bought less than a copper cent does in any part of the United States today.

Meantime an unending stream of people poured into the new country. It is estimated by some that 90,000 in all took the trail at Fort Laramie.

The days of the trail were those of frenzied lawlessness, and many are the picturesque stories that have come down. Over the big road disputes about cards were of daily occurrence. The man who started an argument did so with the knowledge that it was his life or the other man's, for he was calling into question the "honor" of the "shark." Swindlers sold "mines," fought with their proposed victims and killed without compunction.

Armed robbers ran off stock, stole horses from one class of immigrants and sold them to another. As the horse was the sole means of transportation and valuable beyond human life, "hoss stealing" was set down by the "districts" as a crime punishable by death. There were few courts, and such as there were were miles from the trail. A jury would hence be at once impaneled among those present, the man tried and if found guilty hanged to a tree without ceremony.

Hotels flourished and were prosperous beyond imagining, for every one spent money, and there was much flaunting. In the higher grade establishments beverages were served in cut glass; champagne was common. Every resort was crowded with people. The newcomers frequented these places in quest of information, paid 25 cents for a glass of beer made from barley grown by the ex-Confederate soldiers at Bozeman and sold to the Virginia breweries for 8 cents a pound, and not enough could be received to supply the demand. Table board cost \$7 a day for the very cheapest, and if one slept in a chair in the hotel lobby at night, when the rooms were all rented, he paid \$1.50 for the privilege.

Gold was the only medium of exchange. A pinch of it, between the forefinger and the thumb, as has been said, counted 25 cents. There would be a tendency with some men to take just a little bit more. When that tendency was noticed in a man he was given hours to leave town—and it was seldom over two hours. The wise man did not stand on ceremony or protest—he "ramoosed," in camp vernacular.

The newspapers of the city sold for 25 cents a copy, red hot from the press, and full of news of lynchings, new diggings, "clean ups," "hold ups," "bad men" and gossip of a breezy character. Ham and eggs to order cost \$2.50. Eggs were worth 50 cents apiece and an ordinary meal of deer or buffalo meat, with potatoes or coffee and bread, was never less than \$1.50. A man was very poor to get down to fare so coarse as that.

It made no difference what a man might have been back in "the states;" if he was "on the square" in Virginia he was accepted at par.—F. J. Arkins in Harper's Weekly.

### PUBLIC NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

In the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Indiana.

No. 214 September Term, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Monday, September 21, 1914, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. under "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and its supplements, by D. L. Trunzo, James A. Bianco, Gaspero Cardamone, A. R. Formica, Salvatore Pizzaferrata, William F. Gatti, Abraham Hallow, Louis Pecora, Donato Stabile, Joe Riggi, Pietro Iannuzzi and Domenico Marrone for the Charter of an intended Corporation to be called "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF ITALIANS OF HOMER CITY, PA." (Della Societa Italiana Christoforo Colombo di Mutuo Soccorso di Homer City, Pa.), the character and object of which is to furnish aid, help and assistance to the members of the society in case of sickness, death or distress, to elevate their civil, moral and social standing and to disseminate general knowledge among them, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements thereof.

The proposed Charter is on file at the Prothonotary's Office.  
PEELOR & FEIT,  
Solicitors.

**Snow Blankets.**  
The earth under a thick coat of snow is about 10 degrees warmer than the air immediately above the snow.

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SHOES REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT WITH ELECTRIC MACHINE  
SHOE SHINE 5 CTS.  
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Italian interpreter  
and Labor Information Bureau  
Hotel Montgomery Indiana, Pa.

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