Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

CURES	PROOFS
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Kidney Diseases	"Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." Eustache C. Usher, Quebec, Vt.
AND Liver Disorders	

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By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whenever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.
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Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLIII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1889. NO. 5.

—The statement that a famine in Egypt is feared because of the failure of the crops is officially declared to be untrue. The Nile is rising slowly, and the crops will be equal to those of 1884.

A PROMINENT Buffalo physician is an enthusiast on the subject of onions. He feeds them to his children daily, says they are the best medicine for preventing colds, and adds: "Feed onions raw, boiled or baked, to the children three or four times a week, and they'll grow up healthy and strong. No worms, no scarlatina, no diphtheria where children eat plenty of onions every day."

RECENT EXPERIMENTS with the submarine boat, Le Gymnote, at Toulon, were very successful. The boat moves horizontally as well as vertically, and is easily kept at any depth that is desired. It can be run at a speed of from nine to ten knots. Its crew ordinarily consists of three men, but during the experiments five persons were on board.

EVERY man of ambition and energy, as he grows old, sighs for lost opportunities. Even Bismarck, who has certainly done as much as, and accomplished more than most of the great men of the world, is represented as regretting that he did not labor more while he was young. The value of such reflections lies in their application by the young to their own careers. They may not succeed in escaping regrets, but they can reduce their force.

FOR SOME YEARS there has been held at Glasgow an annual prize competition among the blind in reading and writing by means of raised type. At the last exhibition the number of competitors was 102—a larger number than ever before. The ages of the competitors ranged from nine to seventy years. The first prize in general reading was won by an old woman who had been blind and deaf for thirty years. The prize in the beginners' class was carried off by a man fifty-nine years old.

DEATHS FROM UNSUITABLE FOOD.—The London *Hospital* notes that it would be interesting to learn how many children whose parents are comparatively rich are starved to death, not from underfeeding, but from unsuitable food. "In some cases it is all meat and no milk, in others all milk and no meat, and in either case the child lacks some of the constituents of flesh, blood and bone. Many parents seem to think that sameness in food is identical with simplicity, and pride themselves on the virtue of a course of action which is nothing less than murderous.

THE record of divorces for the year in the courts of Philadelphia show that the matrimonial union was dissolved in 241 cases, and the divorce docket still contains a long list of applicants. If it could be supposed that all the divorces granted in the city were to actual residents it would make a very bad showing for the marital felicity of Philadelphia. It is probable that in many cases a temporary residence merely has been gained for divorce purposes, and if this is so the bad showing is against the easy divorce laws of the State rather than a revelation of unusual ill assortment among the married people of this city. In any case, the record is not one to be pointed to with pride.

THE Comptroller of the Currency reports the total number of National Banks at 3,140, with a capital stock of $592,000,000, a surplus fund of $185,000,000, and other undivided profits amounting to $70,000,000. One hundred and thirty-two new banks were organized during the year, thirty-four went into liquidation and eight failed, the net increase in number for the year being ninety banks, with a net increase of capital exceeding $14,000,000. Since the organization of the system the total claims against insolvent national banks have reached $52,000,000 and the aggregate dividends paid upon these claims $33,000,000. The Comptroller recommends the funding of the outstanding greenbacks in bonds bearing not exceeding 2½ per cent. interest, to be used only as the basis of national bank circulation. The difficulty with this recommendation is that it is certain to be antagonized by those who think the government should issue all the currency, paying interest upon none of its current promises to pay.

NEXT to Great Britain Brazil imports more American flour than any other nation, the imports in 1887 reaching 718,936 barrels. But two flour mills, with a weekly capacity of 3,000 barrels, have been erected recently at Rio, and thus a market of 150,000 barrels of American flour is cut off. The wheat used in making this 150,000 barrels of Brazilian flour comes chiefly from the Argentine Republic, although Chili, Australia and New Zealand contribute each in a small way to the sum total. If the production of Brazilian flour would stop at the 150,000 barrels produced by the two mills at Rio the growing consumption in that country would soon make up the loss to the United States. But when two mills have been making good profits other mills may confidentially be expected to arise, and it would not be strange if Argentine wheat manufactured in Brazil should soon supply the entire Brazilian demand. This probability should lead to a determined effort to supply Brazil with other American products beside wheat in exchange for our large purchases of Brazilian coffee and sugar.

TRAPPING A BEAR.

How it is Done in the Wilds of Potter County, N. Y.

Benjamin J. Jones of Cortland county, N. Y., on his way to the bear regions, near the headwaters of the Sinnamahoning Creek, says he takes more solid comfort hunting bears for a month out in the wilds of Potter county than he does on his fertile farm in Cortland during all the rest of the year. In a talk with Farmer Jones he said:

SETTING THE TRAP.

I After I have selected a spot where I want to set a trap I find a fallen tree about a foot in diameter. On the trunk of the tree I place the butts of small logs, one on top of the other, just as they do in building up a log hut, and let the other ends spread out on the ground in the shape of a letter V, with the point of the tree trunk. Then I drive a nail in the log and hang the bait on it so that the bear can come along the next day, march right into the log pen with the open front, grab the bait and run off with it. Oh, no, I don't set any trap then. The bear has no difficulty in hooking the bait and making off with it, but he won't come back the next day after to see if there is any more meat around there to be gobbled up, but you can set it down as a fact that he will come nosing around again within a week as sure as he lives.

"From now until the ground freezes up is the best time to trap bears out there. Their skins are good from now on, and they can scent the bait half a dozen times further now than they can after it gets so cold that the bait will freeze. We use almost any kind of fresh meat for bait, and if it hangs till it gets tainted a little a bear will smell it when he is a mile away, and hustle around and nose about until he finds it. In cold weather the meat will freeze right up, and a bear's nostrils can't scent it ten rods away. That is one reason why I trap bears in October, and the other reason is because October is the finest month in all the year to be out in the woods.

"Just as likely as not he will make his appearance on the third day. In order to know whether the meat has been carried away or not, you have to visit the place every day. When I find that the meat is gone I place fresh bait directly under where the other has been hanging, pinning it to the ground with a crotched salping. Then I set the trap. I place it about three feet from the bait, and in a direct line with it, making sure that the pan of the trap is toward the point from which the bear is to come. If the pan is placed toward the bait, it is more than likely that the bear will bring his foot down too near the end of the jaws, and in that case ten chances to one you will find nothing but a bear's toe or two when you go to the trap. After you have got the trap set nicely covered with leaves, and have hitched the chain to either a small piece of timber or an iron claw a little larger than my hand, I place a stick as large as my leg across the logs at the mouth of V-shaped enclosure, and then go away.

MAD AS A HORNET.

'Everything is now ready for him to nose around, and when he gets to the stick that lies across the mouth of the pen he will not try to push it away. He will not even try to raise it up with his nose or to crawl under it, but he will lift up one of his fore feet, throw it over the stick, and bring it down on to the trap. Then follows some tall thrashing around, for the bear is just then one of the most astonished animals in creation, and in his wild attempts to free his foot he breaks down the bushes and tears things up generally. He is madder than a whole nest of hornets over his fix, he finds himself in, but when he learns that the trap does not hold him to the spot he cools off a bit, does everything he can think of to coax the trap to open its jaws and nurses his painful foot.

"Looking for the bear after you have found that the trap has been carried away, especially when the undergrowth is dense, is very exciting. It is tickish business, for you don't know what minute you may run foul of the bear, and, if you happen to come pat upon him, he will plunge at you and make such a noise that for a few seconds you will be almost beside yourself. If there is ever a time that a bear will fight any living thing that he gets his eye on, it is when a trap is making every minute of his life miserable. He acts as though you had something to do with getting him into the trouble, and he does his best to get square with you for it. Of course you have a good gun well in hand when you find him, and the weight or the hook on the other end of the chain keeps him from making quite as fast speed through the bushes and over the logs as you make, and you soon stop his noise with a chunk of lead."

The Souvenir.

'It is absolutely provoking!'

The words escaped from the lips of pretty, compact, vivacious Mattie Dyer, as she stood on the platform of a wayside station, her caba at her feet, and her lace parasol held at the proper angle to protect her from the hot rays of the sun.

She had intended to get off the train at Upper Bradford, but instead of that had left it at Lower Bradford.

She was quite a traveler, but the similarity of names had misled her.

Another train wasn't due for an hour, the little station was closed, and there wasn't a shade tree within twenty rods.

The distance to Upper Bradford was fifteen miles, and the fare forty-five cents. Upon looking into her bead purse, she found she had but twenty-eight cents. It was that discovery which had led to the exclamation of vexation.

She was in a fix, and how was she to get out of it?

Just then a gentleman came in sight.

"I'll ask him to lend me a dollar," she thought.

He was young, manly and handsome, clad in a coarse suit, and yet evidently not a rustic.

When Mattie explained to him her trouble, a quizzical smile stirred his lips and his brown eyes sparkled.

'I am only too happy to oblige you,' he said, as he handed her a five dollar bill.

'I asked but for a dollar,' reminded she.

'But I have nothing less,' was his reply. 'I may as well trust you for five dollars as for one, and a five-dollar bill is as easily remitted as a one-dollar bill.'

Mattie took out her quaintly fashioned bead purse.

'Why not give me that?' the young man asked, with a bold glance. 'It is very pretty. I would regard it as sufficient security for the loan of the money. And still more so as a souvenir, provided you made it yourself.'

She handed it to him and he accepted it with a graceful bow.

He seemed anxious to continue the acquaintance, but she was not in a mood to permit it.

'I'll return the money promptly,' she said. 'You may keep the purse. Believe me, sir, I appreciate your kindness.'

'Oh, don't mention it,' he said, with a laugh.

He lifted his hat, and then sauntered down the wide, dusty road.

'She's handsome,' was his mental comment. 'I wonder if she is married? She said she is going on a visit to Doctor Fenwick's. I'll ask the doctor about her.'

'He is a good looking fellow,' she was saying to herself. 'A city gentleman roughing it in the country, I am sure. I wonder what his name is? Well, there, I forgot to ask him; and how can I ever send him the money? No doubt he is laughing to himself at my stupidity. Worse still, he may have set me down as an adventuress!'

At first she was somewhat put out; but a little later on she regarded it as a topic for merriment.

* * * * * * *

A year thereafter found her in Florence, standing in one of the art galleries.

A gentleman approached her, took off his hat and bowed. He was elegantly clad, and royal in his bearing.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'but are you not an American?'

Mattie merely nodded, for she felt disposed to resent the familiarity.

'So am I,' he rejoined. 'Strange as it may sound to you, I am temporarily in need of money. If you could lend me five dollars, I would esteem it an especial favor.'

'Sir, your assurance is sublime!' haughtily replied Mattie. 'To how many Americans do you make that appeal during a day? And how many are silly enough to respond? It would be wrong in me to oblige you, even if you are not an impostor.'

She turned and walked away from him.

'Permit me to say one word more,' appealed he.

Mattie faced him for she had already regretted her hasty words.

'You have been unjust to me, and yet I do not censure you,' he said. 'Had you applied to me while you were temporarily embarrassed—at a lonely country railway station in America, for instance—I would have promptly responded. Having no money I have no need of this purse, and so I present it to you.'

He was gone in a flash, and the look of amazement on Mattie Dyer's face as she gazed upon her bead-purse was ludicrous to see.

'He is the gentleman who loaned me the money one year ago,' she thought, her cheeks flushed, her mind very much disturbed. 'He knew me; he was quizzing me. I made a simpleton of myself. He gave me back the souvenir! Well, his opinion of me must not be a very exalted one. But suppose he was really in distress?'

She was almost vexed enough to burst into tears about it.

At the hotel she related both incidents to her particular married friend, Mrs. Cameron.

'Oh!' exclaimed she, a look of intelligence sweeping across her face. 'Allow me to examine the purse.'

Mattie handed it to her.

'I thought so!' commented she, with a pleased smile. 'I have heard part of the story before, and have often seen the purse, but never connected either of them with you.'

'Do you—you know the gentleman?' stammered Mattie, with sudden earnestness.

'Intimately,' replied Mrs. Cameron. 'He is a very dear friend of mine, and he lost his heart that day at the little wayside station.'

'And—could I see him to return the money, and to—apologize for my conduct?' asked Mattie.

'Why, to be sure, child! It is all very funny, and it will lead to a wedding. The gentleman is Antonio Delmar, whom you have heard me laud so highly, and he is coming here this afternoon.'

He came, an introduction followed at once, and a wedding shortly afterward.

The Pretty Girls of Ireland.

The Irish ladies are perhaps the prettiest in the wide world, always excepting our fair cousins, the Yankee belles. Their features, it is true, are less regular than those of English women, but they triumph over them with their soft, creamy complexion, their large, appealing gray blue eyes and long lashes, and a sort of indefinable charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. "Every third Irish woman," wrote the Queen in her diary when last visiting the country, 'is beautiful, and some of them remarkably so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely.'" Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the Emerald Isle. Go where you will, I defy you to find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished—the very barmaids being superior in bearing and speech to many English duchesses. The list of beauties is a long one, and looking back we can recall histories of the extraordinary loveliness of the three Miss Cunnings, who, when they came up to London, had actually to be escorted in Hyde Park by a guard of soldiers sent by the order of the Secretary of State, so overwhelming was the crowd pressing upon them. Then there was Lady Denny, Lady Cahir, Lady Clare and many others, to say nothing of the present young Duchess of Leinster, one of the most attractive women of this or any other day.

—There are only about 16,000 post offices in Great Britain and Ireland; in the United States the number exceeds 50,000.

When you order trees the coming spring get those that are not over one year old, as they will root better and grow faster than those that are larger.

Ground fish is an excellent food for laying hens. Mix it with mashed potatoes or any kind of soft food.

Georgia is to have an immigration bureau to encourage immigration to the State of industrious and intelligent farmers and mechanics.

Old Year's Night.

I.

The windy trouble of the western sky
Has all died out, save one long line of fire,
And hark! the breeding North sweeps sadly by
And moans about the poplar's gusty spire.

II.

No snow-to-night. This pitiless wind alone
Betwixt the poor plashed earth and callous sky.
"Old Year," it cries, shrill mockery in its tone;
"I come to see the grizzly old year die!"

III.

Oh, bitter cold! beneath dark cottage-eaves
The icicles drip slowly into length.
In empty woods black corpses of dead leaves
Curl up with torture of the winter's strength.

IV.

"Old year, old year, the night flies on apace;
Impatient waits the new-called king without,
Take up thy mantle, hide thy wrinkled face;
What lags the weak, despised old year about?"

* * * * * * *

V.

Hark, midnight chimes! The weary eyelids close;
Faint sounds his death-knell as the sea in shells;
The old year dies with all his wounds and woes;
The new year comes with heedless ring of bells.

MURDER WILL OUT.

On the banks of the St. Joseph river, midway between the towns of M— and —, is a long stretch of rushes, consisting of a pile of decayed logs overgrown with moss, the remains of a large fireplace, part of a cellar wall undermined by the river.

On this lonely spot once stood the "Black Bear Tavern," about which is told a fearful tale of crime, which met with an equally fearful punishment.

When Michigan was yet a Territory, and the "state road," as it was even then called, was only a path through the woods and prairies, there came three dark-browed men and two hard-featured women into the little settlement of M—, where they staid until the men had built the log-house where they intended to keep a wayside inn or tavern. One of the men purchased a half-grown bear of an old trapper, and from this animal, which was kept in the yard chained to a post, the house was called the "Black Bear Tavern."

Still, with all this, the Gowlers were not happy. They never seemed to desire to make friends, or to become acquainted with their neighbors, and such shrinking from their own kind being at first ascribed to the spirit in a new country, it is not to be wondered at that they were in ill repute among their neighbors.

A year had passed away, when travelers began to disappear in a mysterious manner. The first one missing was a peddler of dress-goods, who had traveled through the country several years, and as he was known to have considerable money, his loss created considerable excitement. The country was searched far and near, but nothing was ever found. All that was known of his disappearance was that he had started from the settlement, saying he should put up all night at the Black Bear. The Gowler family declared that he had not been near the Black Bear, and as no one had seen him there, no suspicion could be attached to them, and the affair was soon forgotten.

In three months' time, however, two strangers left the settlement, bound for the Black Bear. They were known to have money with them, having incautiously exhibited it to a crowd, among whom was Ben Gowler, and they, too, never reached their destination. After this several other persons, both strangers and some that were well known, mysteriously disappeared, and suspicion began to point towards the Gowlers.

At last the citizens of the settlement gathered in a body and went to the Black Bear to investigate matters. There they were received by old Mrs. Gowler and her interesting family, and shown all over the house, but nothing suspicious could be discovered and the crowd retired but half satisfied. When spring came there was a revival of trade, and it brought a rush of settlers to Michigan.

The Black Bear Tavern was filled to overflowing, and now the mysterious disappearance began again, and increased to such an alarming extent that people began to wonder when the matter would end.

At last a vigilance committee was formed, but all to no purpose. Some of its members were soon among the missing, and still no clew was gained to the murderers, for whose apprehension a large reward was offered.

It was just at this time, on a cold, rainy day in May, a quiet and very plainly dressed gentleman rode up to the door of an inn in the settlement, and inquired the distance to the Black Bear.

'Well, its 'bout ten miles, more or less—rather more, I reckon,' said the landlord. 'Better 'light, stranger, an' have some dinner.'

The stranger, after a moment's hesitation, alighted from his horse, and, having seen the animal well cared for, followed his host into the house, where an excellent meal was spread in the kitchen.

During dinner the conversation ran on the strange disappearance of travelers on the road, and the stranger, who professed to know nothing about the matter, was fairly deluged with information. At last, dinner being over, the gentleman, who gave his name as Andrew Perkins, paid his bill, and called for his horse.

The landlord, who 'had taken a great liking,' as he said, for Mr. Perkins, came out to see him off, accompanied by quite a crowd of loungers, looking at the strangers horse, a very fine animal, and among the crowd was one of the Gowlers.

'I vow, stranger, I hate to hev ye go. I hope you'll pull through all right,' said his host.

'Thank you, my friend,' was his reply; 'I hope so, too, for I've a little too much money about me to care to be overhauled between here and Chicago. Good-by.'

He rode gayly off, taking the road toward the Black Bear Tavern; but once out of sight of M——, his manner changed from that of a careless traveler to that of one who looked for danger in every direction.

He rode on for some miles, while swiftly along the edge of the woods bordering the path, glided something that looked like a shadow, but which was in reality a human being, a murderer, only waiting for the opportunity to pounce on his victim.

Mr. Perkins rode leisurely along, casting quick glances on every side. At last he approached a place where the road divided, and passed on either side of the stump of a large tree. As he neared the place where the road divided, the stranger grew more cautious, and reined his horse slowly toward the left of the stump; but just as he reached the spot a man sprang from behind with a bound and grabbed at the horse's bridle. A sudden pull upon the reins, and, obedient to his rider, the intelligent brute rose on its hind feet and then came heavily down, felling the ruffian with his fore feet.

He lay motionless, as the stranger dismounted and examined hi features. The horse had done his work well; the wounded murderer's skull was crushed in, causing instant death, and the traveler recognized the features as those of the man who had been pointed out to him as Ben Gowler. He dragged the body into the wood, and as it was fast growing dark, he re-mounted his horse, and hurried forward.

At last Mr. Perkins drew rein in front of the Black Bear, and an old woman peered out, remarking:

'Light, stranger, and pap'll tend to yer hoss.''

'Pap' made his appearance—an old, dark, villainous-looking man — who leered at the man and then at the horse, remarking:

'A purty smart hoss, mister.'

Mr. Perkins followed the old woman into a large, roomy kitchen, at one end of which was a capacious fire-place, where preparations for supper were going on, and a table spread with a coarse white cloth, stood in the centre of the room, upon which a tall, slatternly woman was employed placing dishes, while a couple of men lounged beside the table.

All looked up as the stranger entered, and, drawing a chair up by the fire-place, he sat down.

'Come far, stranger?' asked one of the men.

'Only from the settlement to-day, but I am for New York,' said Mr. Perkins blandly.

'Traveling on business?' inquired the man who had asked the former question.

'Yes, locating lands and buying up wherever I can get good bargains,' was the frank reply.

The men exchanged glances.

'I s'pose yer hev ter carry a good deal of money along, don't ye?' inquired 'Pap,' who had entered in time to hear the last remark of his guest.

'Yes,' said Mr. Perkins, composedly; 'I generally carry a bell around my body pretty well stuffed.'

Was the man crazy thus to betray the whereabouts of his wealth to these hardened wretches?

'Supper's ready; set up, stranger,' said old Mrs. Gowler, and all hands gathered around the table, and here, as at the settlement, the traveler, without seeming to do so, turned the conversation on the mysterious disappearances of so many travelers, and joined most heartily with Pap Gowler in hoping the ruffians would soon be found out; for, as the old man pathetically remarked, 'they were jest a spilin' the travel.'

Supper over, Mr. Perkins, after an hour or so spent pleasantly in drawing out his hosts, took out of his pocket a heavy gold watch, and, remarking it was nearly nine o'clock, and that he had to be up early in the morning, said he would retire at once.

Pap Gowler took a candle, lighted it, and led the way from the kitchen to a narrow entry and up a rude flight of steps, to the long, low room used for 'folks o' quality,' as he assured Mr. Perkins.

It struck the latter that there was something rather sardonic in Pap Gowler's wishes on leaving him that he might enjoy a good night's rest.

As soon as he had bestowed the door, Mr. Perkins began a tour of inspection around the room. It seemed at first sight a simple, plainly furnished chamber, such as the traveler finds, or used to find in the West. A home-made carpet covered the floor, and the furniture consisted of a pine table covered with a white spread, a couple of splint-bottom chairs, and a large four-post bed, completely shrouded in heavy curtains of some thick brown stuff.

Mr. Perkins stopped short on reviewing the latter arrangement; then, cautiously removing his boots, he glided to the door, listened attentively an instant, and then hung a towel over the fastenings of the door. While doing so, he discovered a small slide in the door itself, directly over the latch. Candle in hand he returned to the bed, and, carefully parting the curtains, he peered anxiously inside, but nothing met his eyes save the pillows and blankets. He happened to press his hand heavily on the center of the bed, throwing considerable weight on it, when all at once a slight creaking noise overhead startled him, and raising his eyes, as he sprang backward, he beheld what seemed a square block out of the ceiling slowly starting from its place, but which returned to its place as soon as he had removed his hand.

'Ah, ha!' said he softly. 'I knew that those curtains meant something; I've lived long enough to know that curtains on a bed in a Western tavern simply meant foul play.'

Quietly the party filed into the house, and lighting a couple of candles that stood on the table, still in that same fearful silence, held them up so that Pap Gowler might see Perkins.

For an instant the old wretch stared at the man whom he had supposed was lying dead in the bottom of the river, and then sank slowly back against the wall, muttering:

'It's a spook; I know 'tis, 'cause I helped Tom throw him into the river.'

'No,' replied Perkins, 'you did not kill me as you thought. I bound and gagged your son Tom, and you helped me to throw him into the river.'

The old wretch slipped down on the floor, with a groan, which was echoed by a wild cry from the two women, and an oath from the man who came into the kitchen at that moment.

'That's the fellow I saw here tonight,' said Perkins. 'He's one of them; nab him.'

'He hain't been roun' here more'n six months,' said one of the settlers, 'but he's a mean cuss, and Betsey Gewler's husband, too, so of course he's one of 'em.'

This speech was made at the close of a struggle that resulted in binding Dick Peters, old Gowler's son-in-law, and placing him beside his wife's father.

During this performance, Mrs. Gowler shrieked and swore until she was obliged to desist from want of breath, while Betsey Gowler took the matter very coolly; neither weeping nor cursing, but turning to Bill Wing, simply said:

'I'm ready to tell all all I know, if you'll let me go so far from my folks that I'll never get a chance ter hear from any o' them.'

The men conferred together for a few minutes, and Bill Wing said:

'We don't want ter hurt yer, or the old woman; so, if you tell the whole truth, make a clean breast of it, we'll let you go scot free.'

Thus assured, the old woman began her recital of horrors, which we will briefly relate.

The Gowlers were from New York, where they had kept a low dance-house, and a stranger having been murdered there, they fled to Michigan, where the men, who were all good mechanics, had constructed the trap bed which had caused so many deaths, and also built the house so that the bodies of their victims could be flung into the river. Sometimes they varied their performances by waylaying travelers at the stump where the roads forked, and after murdering and robbing them, hiding their bodies in the underbrush.

When she finished the terrible recital of the fiendish work of her family, darker and sterner than ever the settlers conferred together, and then Perkins addressed himself to Pap Gowler.

'You may as well know your doom at once. Your son Ben lies near the big stump, killed by my horse. Your other son, Tom, lies at the bottom of the river; and it is the decree of these men that you and your son-in-law shall both be hung from the window of the chamber whence so many of your victims have been hurled into eternity. You will have weights attached to your bodies, so that when the rope is cut you will become food for fishes.'

There was no use to ask for mercy. One glance at those stern faces showed even Mrs. Gowler that; and in awed silence she followed the other as they dragged their prisoners up the stairs and into the chamber where so many had lain down never to awaken.

The window was swung open, a short, round piece of timber was produced and firmly secured to the inside of the chamber.

When all was ready, the two wretches were each provided with a rope, heavy weights fastened to their feet, and in spite of their cries and prayers, the men were brought close to the window. The ropes around their necks were fastened to the beam, and both of them were pushed out of the window and launched into eternity. For a few minutes they hung dangling over the river; then as one of the settlers cut the ropes by which they were suspended, both bodies fell heavily into the water, and were lost to sight forever.

Their work done the avengers turned to bid the women leave, but Betsey Gowler was gone, and was never heard of more.

Mr. Perkins turned out to be a detective from New York, who had been hired by the authorities to hunt up the cause of the mysterious murders.

HIS LOST DAUGHTER.

Strange Meeting in A Beer Saloon

The waitresses employed in one of the underground saloons on Kearny street, between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco were treated to a scene a few nights ago which had the effect of drawing tears from the eyes of the hardened witnesses to the affair in which one of their number was a principal participant.

Among the waitresses was one who went under the name of Jenny Lang, and all that was known of her was that her husband had served four years in the State Prison for grand larceny under the name of Frank Jones.

On the evening in question an elderly man, with gray hair and a full beard, entered the dive to have a glass of beer. Seating himself at one of the tables, a young woman approached him and inquired what he wished to drink. Receiving his order, she skipped across the sawdust to the bar. The old man's eyes followed the little form of the waitress, and his gaze was fastened upon her as she leaned against the counter waiting for the beer. Having obtained it, she approached her customer, her eyes met his, and both looked at each other intently for a few seconds; then a sudden scream; and the crash of a tumbler broken on the floor caused all present to look in the direction from which the sound came. What was seen was the form of the waitress stretched upon the floor with the old man on his knees by her side, her head resting gently upon his arm. The rounders of the place were ready to fall upon and do him harm, as they thought that he had assaulted their companion, but the words "My daughter," "My daughter," caused them to halt in the execution of their attack. Stimulants having been administered to the prostrate woman she soon recovered and threw her arms around the man's neck and covered his venerable face with kisses, exclaiming: "Papa," "Papa, dear." He was her father, who, by the merest chance, had met her as narrated.

The closing section of this remarkable incident is told in a few words: Jennie Lang, as she was called, was the only daughter of Jefferson Wellman, a miner, who became wealthy by finding a rich mine in Colorado about sixteen years ago. With Jennie and one boy Wellman and his wife resided in Denver, where Jennie formed the acquaintance of the man known as Jones, but whose proper name was Frank Hyland, and who gave the people there to understand that he was traveling upon his income. Wellman and his wife forbade Hyland the house and cautioned Jennie to shun him, but like a great many other young women, Jennie did not heed her parents and married Hyland, who was a gambler and thief.

After their marriage they came to California. Here Hyland deserted his wife and wound up in the penitentiary for stealing a purse from his room-mate in a lodging-house in this city. Jennie deserted and ashamed to return to her parents, drifted into the Barbary Coast. During the few years since she left home her mother and brother had died and her aged and heartbroken father had started off from Colorado from the scene of his trouble, and by chance met his daughter. He took her from her degraded occupation to the Russ House, where he was staying at the time, and, without revealing his daughter's indentity or the manner in which he found her, departed with her from the scene of her troubles.

—An eccentric bachelor of Ann Arbor, Mich., who was recently willed $200,000 on condition that he marry within five years, has since been flooded with proposals. They come from women in all parts of the country.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A man was recently arrested in Troy and sent to the poor house. When searched he had $7,000 in his pocket—confederate currency.

—It is said that Napoleon did not read his letters until they were six weeks old, by which time events had answered most of them. We shall try this scheme on our January bills.

—One of the most novel of election wagers is reported from the Stock Exchange, where an enthusiastic Democratic member will have to vote as directed by a Republican broker for the next four years. The Democrat wishes he had laid a money wager on Cleveland.

—Not many years since the city of New York had attention drawn to the names of four great criminals whose names contradicted their character—Charles Peace, who had personated a clergyman; Angel, a defaulting cashier; John Hope, one of the robbers of the Manhattan bank, and the Rev. John Love.

—Probably the richest college professor in America, if not in the world, is Professor E. E. Salisbury, of Yale. He is a millionaire, and his fortune was made from investments in Boston real estate. Professor Salisbury is about 70 years old, is a man of courtly demeanor, and has traveled over nearly the whole world.

—Munemitsu Mutsu, Japanese minister to this country, has a very interesting family. His wife is a pretty woman, refined and well informed, but she does not yet attempt to speak English. Mutsu himself is a highly cultured man, has traveled extensively and has a vein of originality which adds piquancy to his conversation.

—A recent visitor to St. Louis, who attracted considerable attention, was Judge John P. Usher, formerly Secretary of the Interior, and one of the three surviving members of Lincoln's Cabinet. He has passed the threescore-and-ten mark, but though his hair is snow-white his mind shows no evidence of impairment.

—Representative Springer, according to a Washington special, has decided upon the following names for new States which he proposes to admit under his bill. New Mexico is to be called Montezuma; for Washington Territory he has selected Tacoma; North Dakota will be known as Dakota; South Dakota as Winona; Montana is to retain its present name.

—An Ohio physician who brought home for microscopic examination a portion of the throat membrane of a diphtheria victim, permitted his children to look at it under a glass cover. Shortly after his entire family was stricken with diptheria and since two of the children and himself have died. Five children are yet down with the disease and are in a critical condition.

—Of thirty-three new enterprises started within the past month, or about to be started, in different sections of the country, the South looms up with a proprietary interest