

B. F. SCHWEIER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Haywood, Republican State Treasurer's majority is 174,442. The Republican vote fell off the Hastings vote 120,000 and the Democratic vote fell off 50,000 votes.

Venezuela seems disposed to resist the demands of Great Britain. Uncle Sam may well look up the Monroe doctrine and see to it that the Venezuelans have their rights guaranteed to them.

One of the peculiarities of the election, the election of James C. Matthews, colored, Judge of the Recorder's Court of Albany, York State. He was nominated and elected on the Democratic ticket. His majority is over 2,000.

SMITH, Democrat, is the seventh member of the Superior Court Bench. He is almost 5000 votes ahead of Yerkes the next highest on the list of Democratic candidates. His majority is doubtless owing to the Catholic vote. Where the A. P.'s had an organization they voted against him.

QUAY is looming up as a candidate for the Presidency. The Senator is right on all the great questions of the day, and would make a candidate around which the states of the Nation would rally and poll one of the largest majorities that has ever been given to a candidate for the Presidency.

CHINA has an extensive rebellion on land. It is only a few years since people in the United States were fearful of a Chinese invasion, but within the past year China has exhibited a most remarkable weakness from a military standpoint, and the fear of China is over. She is soon to become the prey of surrounding nations.

The secret of the great Republican victory is, the people have become discouraged with the shrinking times of the Cleveland administration. They compare the good times of the Republican administration with the present hard times of the Cleveland administration and that is enough. Seeing is believing and feeling is the naked truth.

Raspberries in November.

William McCahen of Licking Creek Valley was in town on Saturday, and had with him a number of stalks of the raspberry bush containing red raspberries that were developed between the 2nd day of last July and the 8th day of this November. The stalks upon which they grew had produced a crop of berries in the early part of the past summer, and on the 2nd of last July were again in the full bearing stage, and since the last named date and to the present 9th day of November, the new stalks grew and produced a second crop of berries, which were only prevented from being a profitable crop by the late heavy frosts.

Claims to own the Roadway.

From an item taken from the Sunbury Democrat, it may be learned that J. W. Gaugler of Selingsgrove, claims to own the railroad route from this place to Selingsgrove. This is what the Sunbury Democrat says about Mr. Gaugler's claims. J. W. Gaugler of Selingsgrove was in our city Friday. He is the gentleman who graded the Selingsgrove and North Branch railroad from Selinsgrove to Mifflintown, and was never paid. He was compelled to buy the road and franchises, but is still not any better off, as, so far, he has not been able to sell it. No doubt the road will eventually be completed, and we hope that will happen in Mr. Gaugler's time—Sunbury Democrat.

Sunday Enquirer.

For a family newspaper, the Philadelphia Sunday Enquirer has many points of excellence that cannot be found in any other newspaper. The art supplements, beautifully colored and finished in the softest tints, are always suitable for framing and are valuable from an artistic and every other point of view. The stories, profusely illustrated, are always bright and interesting. The best authors are contributors each week, and the Associated Press and special wires afford a perfect news service. The Enquirer contains every Sunday a complete review of the week's sporting events, and is the recognized authority for the State in this field. Pages devoted to women's interest, the latest feminine fashions and a boys' and girls' page of the best stories written for juvenile readers, makes The Philadelphia Sunday Enquirer an entertaining necessity for every member of the family.

Capturing a Bear.

Junius county sportsmen can relate interesting experiences in oon catching and bear trapping, but the following from the Lock Haven Express of November 2 is hard to equal. Elmer Probst, Lewis Probst and Ward Beeder, three Swiswade boys, none of whom are over 16 years of age, went on hunting last night in Ramm Hollow, a branch of Queen's Run. Their dogs found a bear and commenced a fight with him. The dogs were getting the best of the fight and the bear started to climb a tree. One of the dogs seized the bear by the hind leg and away went the bear up the tree to a height of over 30 feet with the dog still hanging to his leg. The boys then opened fire on the bear and at the first shot down came bruin and the dog. The bear had been killed by the buck-shot the boys fired at him and the dog, stunned by the fall, lay as if dead for nearly 20 minutes and then revived and all is right to-day. The boys are very much elated over the success that attended them in their first bear hunt. The bear weighed about 180 pounds.

THE DUDE HAD GRIT.

But it was a close call for the scientific gentleman.

"I was once on a gunning trip during the month of August in the hammocks along the lower St. Johns river. I came to a hotel on the river bank that was keeping open for the little business brought to it by the river trade. Back of the hotel was a fringe of pines, and beyond the pines was a reach of barren country covered with a growth of big palmetto and gallberry.

"Among the persons staying at the hotel were two young men whose interest in the region centered in those things which pertained to natural history. Both were well dressed. Their hands were white and smooth. In town they might have been taken for bank tellers. One morning, before the sun had taken the chill out of the air, one of these guests, in a pair of rather genteel top boots, wandered for a considerable distance through the low palmetto scrub. In his pocket he found a rattlesnake twice as long as the orange wood stick with which he walked.

"The chill of the night air was still in the marrow of the reptile, and it was with a rattling tongue that he sought to clutch the snake just back of his jaws and hold him in a firm grasp with his thumb and circling forefinger of the right hand. Carefully lifting the body of the snake with the left hand the naturalist held it up to the light.

"There is nothing else that so warms the cockles of a rattlesnake's heart as the vertical rays of the sun and the young naturalist had made half the journey to the hotel, the captive snake had managed, unobserved, to twist his tail about his captor's thigh. Thus anchored, he gave an albedod pull, which was the naturalist's first intimation that the snake was putting off his slingshots. With his left hand the man was about to unwind the coil from his thigh, but he found that if he let go the snake at its middle the muscle of the reptile would be too much for the right hand grasp at its throat, which was the only safeguard against a stroke from its deadly fangs. So he tightened his grasp upon the neck and quickened his pace toward the hotel.

"The man moved toward the zenith and his rays became warmer. They gave strength and quickness to the captive reptile. Instead of a steady draw from the tightening coil around the man's thigh came a series of angry writhings, which severely tested the strength in the hands and arms unaccustomed to endurance. With each convulsion a change in the tint reflected from the monster's scales ran like a thrill from his head to its tail, and then came the rattling rattle that he had heard a second time in order that he may know its meaning. The flag on the cupola of the hotel hung limp in the hazy distance. The orange wood stick had fallen from beneath the arm of the young naturalist. A moment more and taking possession of the muscles in his arms and wrists. He knew what that meant. Meanwhile the diamond marked reptile was warning up for the struggle. His eyes from pits of molten lead had become deep set diamonds. His angry writhings were fearful to see. He was venom incarnate.

"It was looking exceedingly serious, not to say desperate, for the young naturalist. He would not have put aside his enthusiasm in the cause of science and cast the reptile from him, but that he could not do so. The rattler's tail was coiled tightly about his leg, and if the man had loosed his hold upon the neck at this juncture he would have found himself with his deadly mark upon him while yet the coil was unbroken. His life depended upon his reaching the hotel before the strength in his arms gave out, and how much strength he had left he knew not. The numbness in them had driven out the sense of feeling. Again he quickened his pace.

"It must have seemed an endless journey to the young naturalist as he hurried along, his eyes fixed upon the writhing monster, except when they were raised for an instant to glance at the flag hanging above the hotel; but at last he was within the grounds. His friend rushed forward from the little group on the veranda, but turned and ran back when he saw the look on the young naturalist's face. In a moment he appeared with a strong cord and a cane, which he had caught up in the hallway. While he was tying a slip noose in the neck of the man, the reptile was easy to see that both knew there was no time to waste.

"As the noose was slipped over the reptile's head and tightened by means of the cane a convulsion stronger than any that had preceded it overtook the bearded hands which held the writhing creature, and they yielded to the force that drew them toward the coil, which now twice encircled the man's thigh.

"'Well, kindly untwist his tail. My hands are a trifle tired,' said the other. 'This service was done quickly, and the young naturalists went to their rooms with their captive.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Points on a question that has long been in dispute.

The following account of the death of the great Indian chieftain Tecumseh, or Tecumchee, was found among the papers of Richard J. Conner, editor of the Peru Sentinel, who died in this city July 25, 1895. It contains information touching the question that has heretofore been widely disputed. The death of Mr. Conner prevented the fulfillment of the task, says the Indianapolis News:

"My father's Indians was captured by the Indians about the year 1785. It may have been the British or a year or two later. They were carried to Michigan, and were afterward ransomed by some Moravians, and the family settled about four or five miles below the present site of Mount Clemens, on the Clinton river, 20 miles north of the city of Detroit.

"When captured, the family lived at a place called Conner's Town, or Conner's Station, near what is now the east line of Coshocott county, O., adjoining Emswiler's. The long journey through the wilderness then covering the distance from eastern Ohio to the Clinton river in Michigan was most painful and fatiguing.

"My father settled on White river in central Ohio in 1802, but he had made a trip to the Wabash in 1800. He remained at his trading post until the breaking out of the war with Great Britain in 1812, when he joined the forces under General Harrison at Fort Meigs, on the Maumee river, and with his brother John acted as guide and interpreter for General Harrison. He was present at the battle of Tippecanoe, and the general under the Wabash to the Miami, Kattawatomie and the young naturalist had made half the journey to the hotel, the captive snake had managed, unobserved, to twist his tail about his captor's thigh. Thus anchored, he gave an albedod pull, which was the naturalist's first intimation that the snake was putting off his slingshots. With his left hand the man was about to unwind the coil from his thigh, but he found that if he let go the snake at its middle the muscle of the reptile would be too much for the right hand grasp at its throat, which was the only safeguard against a stroke from its deadly fangs. So he tightened his grasp upon the neck and quickened his pace toward the hotel.

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HOLLOW MOUNTAINS.

A Chicago Engineer Has a Grand New Eighteen-Cent Building Idea.

Nothing ever occurs in a Chicago man. Hence it need occasion no surprise to learn that an engineer of the Windy City has developed a scheme by which it is proposed to build single mountain or an entire range at short notice. Charles C. Christensen is this engineer's name. The Chicago mountain idea was evolved by him last July, when he was spending the summer in Colorado, and he brought it home with him and made a blue print of it. Mr. Christensen being the estimator for Fraser & Chalmers, the big manufacturer of mining machinery, a citizen of the United States and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, is not to be classed among the wild-eyed visionaries who have been amusing the public so long years. He is an engineer of high reputation, has perfect confidence in his mountain scheme and is supplied with arguments and figures to prove that it is not only practicable, but offers the opportunity for the making of several fortunes. He contemplates a mountain provided with all modern conveniences, such as hotels, sanitariums, pavilions, flats, stores, restaurants, natatoriums and stables, from which a constant revenue would be derived.

"Mr. Christensen's mountains, as they are pictured in the blue print, are built of steel and are hollow. They are covered on the inside with steel plates, shaped and set in a manner to imitate the natural mountain, and the lower part of the walls are clad with thin layers of real rock. There are clusters and lines of incandescent lamps arranged on the ceilings and electric fountains, sprays, waterfalls and other things to make the complete. The outside of the mountains are covered with steel plates, forming pockets of many different shapes, and sizes, cemented and filled with soil, in which the growing plants and flowers are planted, and the lower part of the walls are clad with thin layers of real rock. There are clusters and lines of incandescent lamps arranged on the ceilings and electric fountains, sprays, waterfalls and other things to make the complete.

"The general scheme of construction is very similar to that of the skyscraper buildings, with the difference that Mr. Christensen has planned one mountain 1,000 feet high and surrounded it with a tower 500 feet high. Above the tower is a modern cliff dwelling, built like the Chicago high buildings and divided into suitable flats and furnished with all modern improvements. The upper stories form hotels and sanitariums, and each story will have, besides elevators, a number of lifts to take the guests to the top of the mountain, which winds up and down the mountain.

"There are 24 floors on the highest mountain planned by Mr. Christensen. 15 floors on the next highest and 10 on the lowest. The low mountain contains a number of small caves, to be used for restaurants, stores and stables, and the large one level with the base for a natatorium. A complete water supply system provides for the entire mountain, and the water is carried to the top of the mountain in which trees are planted, and furnishes natural springs, which unite in streams, flowing down into a lake at the base—Buffalo Express.

Havana's Busiest Man. The busiest man in Havana is not Martinez Campos, military dictator, but an old chap, Jose something or other. He is a Cuban, and a very unique but definite character. His profession is that of suffering vicarious imprisonment for the editors who offend the government.

Of course the press censor, especially in these times like these, sees to it that none but loyal stuff and news favorable to the Spanish side gets into the papers. But now and then some bold editor sneaks in an insinuation or a veiled attack on the Cuban side. If then, the censor is not satisfied with the result, he doesn't let it go himself. Not he. Instead he telephones for Jose something or other, who generally may be found at a certain corner saloon.

Are you editor of El Pais? asks the judge. 'I am,' replies Jose. 'Did you publish this?' 'I did.' 'Ten days in jail.' And off to jail Jose goes. In these busy times he is generally satisfied with his sentences, but in more calm and dull seasons he occasionally asks the judge to send him up for 15 or 20 days instead of 10. Jose's regular compensation for representing journalists in jail is \$4 a day.

He has been in the business several years, and is a well known character in Havana.—Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

Efforts to Abolish a Superstition. The French critics established in the town of Langres are determined to call attention by every means in their power to the absurdity of the superstition about presents of knives—cutting friendship. The belief, they allege, no doubt with some show of reason, is injurious to their trade. Among the wedding gifts presented to a newly married couple, for instance, one never sees any knives, although many articles of other kinds are never wanting. The Langres critics have therefore begged the French minister of public works, M. Dupuy-Dutemps, to accept a little present of two fancy knives and a pocketknife of fine workmanship. M. Dupuy-Dutemps has graciously accepted the gift without sending the traditional penny or halfpenny in exchange with which the superstitions ordinarily seek to disguise the nature of such a transaction.—Paris Letter.

THE PRIZE FIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

As It May Be Served Up by the Reporter as a Hundred Years Hence.

"Denver Ed" Smith stopped into the ring and bled hands with Bill Higgins at precisely 9 o'clock. First Round.—"Denver Ed" led with a bunch of silver statistics delivered rapidly. Higgins countered with a quotation from Adam Smith. Light sparring, Charles C. Christensen is this engineer's name. The Chicago mountain idea was evolved by him last July, when he was spending the summer in Colorado, and he brought it home with him and made a blue print of it. Mr. Christensen being the estimator for Fraser & Chalmers, the big manufacturer of mining machinery, a citizen of the United States and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, is not to be classed among the wild-eyed visionaries who have been amusing the public so long years. He is an engineer of high reputation, has perfect confidence in his mountain scheme and is supplied with arguments and figures to prove that it is not only practicable, but offers the opportunity for the making of several fortunes. He contemplates a mountain provided with all modern conveniences, such as hotels, sanitariums, pavilions, flats, stores, restaurants, natatoriums and stables, from which a constant revenue would be derived.

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WHEELER'S Cordial
Tuscarora Valley Railroad
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MONDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1895.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 3, A. M., P. M.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 2, No. 4, A. M., P. M.

J. C. MOORHEAD, Superintendent.
T. S. MOORHEAD, President.

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WOOL BOUGHT.
H. L. COOPER.
No. 3 NORTH FRONT ST.
RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
The following schedule went into effect Nov. 18, 1896, and the trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 3, A. M., P. M.

WILBERFORCE SCHWEYER, Attorney-at-Law.
Mifflintown, Pa.
Office in Court House.

H. P. DERR, Practical Dentist.
(Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College) formerly of Mifflintown, Pa., has located permanently in Mifflintown, Pa., at successor to the late Dr. G. L. Derr, and will continue the dental business established by the latter in 1860; at the well known corner of Bridge street opposite our Hotel.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
On and after Sunday, May 30, 1895, trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: STATIONS, Westward, Eastward.

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