AN INCIDE IT OF LIFE IN THE WILD DAYS OF THE GREAT WEST.

Jeff Dason Saved the Horses Bare Back and Almost Naked Through the Ranks of Murderous Apaches and Bringing His Herd Safe to the Ranch.

If in those days any of the boys had If in those days any of the boys had been asked to pick out the coolest and bravest member of our wild, woolly gang, almost any one would have been selected before Jeff Dason. Gentle, smooth veiced, freekle faced and red headed, our horse wrangler was chiefly remarkable for his love of the caballade. (horse herd) over which he had charge. Every morning sunrise saw Jeff swing to his saddle and drive the band to Cajou canyon, and sunset saw them rolling the dust back to the big corrals. It was only five miles to Cajou, but the Apaches had raided the ranch itself, and Jeff's position was no sinecure. So it was that one glorious August morning, just as the sun came blinking lazily up over the great eastern plains, Joff and the

band started for the grazing ground.

In among the mesquites a few dauntless songsters were protesting against another day of Arizona sun, and the earth was trying to smile in spite of the fact that another fourteen hours of sti-fling, gasping heatwas at hand. Across the broad, white, alkali flat swung the band, raising great lazy clouds of the pungent dust, and finally rounded the canyon point, out of sight. It was cool in canyon point, out of sight, it was cool in Cajou, for the cedar-crowned rock walls were untouched by the sun kiss yet, and the fragrant breath of a restful night still lingered lovingly over the green grass carpet and along the redrock walls.

The forenoon passed like other forenoons with Jeff, the horses drank, grazed or lay down, while their watcher.

ed or lay down, while their watcher played numbletypeg, or gambled with four pebbles against an imaginary opponent for fabulous sums, or dozed with his hand on his horses' picket rope. About 2 o'clock Jeff discovered some About 3 o'clock Jeff discovered some pinion trees on top of the canyon walls, and tying old "Bonapart" to a mesquite, proceeded to investigate the condition of the nuts. It was a hard climb, but after he had reached the top and found the pinions would be sticky for a month to come, he lay down to gaze on the long, level stretch of plain below.

APACHES ON THE TRAIL.

Perhaps he lay thus fifteen or twenty Pernaps he is, thus niteen or twenty minutes, when he saw something that brought him to his feet, wide awake. Off to the southwest, about two miles away from the mouth of Cajou, came five mounted Apaches, riding slowly toward him. With beating heart Jeff watched those used in the resident him. watched them until the point hid them from view, saw them come in sight again at the broad mouth of the canyon, watched them as they stopped and ex-amined his horses' tracks, and noted two dismount and start up the rocky point afoot and the others start across to take station at the mouth and turn the horses when they came down away from the ranch. Then he started down the bluff, slipping, sliding, jumping and clinging, until he reached the meadow below, bruised and panting, but resolute. To escape without his ponies was not to be thought of. The Apaches stationed below will finish the stampede that the two creeping up will attempt. But they shouldn't have his beauties, his pets, every one of whom seemed doubly dear just then.

Had he not broken many of them, and did he not know the faults and virtues of every woolly scamp among them, and was there one in the lot that should be ridden, beaten, starved or saddle galled by those red devils? No! No! Better death twice over than that they be thus abused. With quivering lip and sobbing breath he draws old "Bony" close to the wall and with trembling hand loosens. wall and with trembling hand loosens the cinchas, throws the saddle into a rift of the canyon wall, and stripping off all clothing save drawers, shirt and stockings, hurls them after the saddle. Slipping the bridle on "Bony" and throwing a double blanket over his sharp back, he slides six or eight cartridges from his belt, catches up the revolver and stands waiting. Presently Broncho Duke raises waiting. Presently Broncho Duke raises his head from the grass and sniffs the air suspiciously, then with a wild snort and a nervous stamp of his forefoot he is off down the canyon with the band close fol-

THE RACE FOR THE RANCH

Right behind them are Jeff and Bony-part, the old war horse, with nose high in the air, chafing under the close rein. Has he not won many a close race, and why should his young rider strip and ride with only a blanket unless he meant to show these young upstart colts that old Bony was chief still. So they race down the canyon, splashing through the seep-age pools, rattling over the pebbly drifts, swishing through the sage and mesquite bottoms, and whirl from the canyon's mouth like bounding bowlders. A start-ling yell from the waiting Apaches, and Jeff tightens his grip and digs his bare heels in Bony's flanks as the watchers sweep out toward the band. The horses snort and shy, but the old racer is stretch-ing his long less on the opposite side and ing his long legs on the opposite side and Jeff's pistol is hurling a stream of fire that holds them steady. They race thus perhaps seventy-five yards, but old Bony crowds them so close that, bewildering and confused, they break and sweep be-tween the howling, astonished Indians and take a bee line for the ranch.

As the victorious horse and rider whirl past they receive a flight of arrows, Jeff stopping two and the horse catching one, stopping two and the norse catching one, which he notices by a squeal and a kick as he thunders on after his mates. How old Bony did enjoy that race with free rein and the long, level plains before them! How he showed those conceited young horses how horses ran in his day! From one side of the band to the other terrestated," with ears laid flat and he "weaved," with ears laid flat and eyes fairly bulging in his excitement. As to those Apaches ever overtaking them, he snorted at the idea.

So they raced, and the sorely wounded rider, sick unto death, gamely clung to

his back, though thigh and loin were crying out with their burden of an arrow each and the froth was on his purpling lips. Yet a little further and they would be safe at the ranch. Yet a little—and here is the corral gate, the boys pouring out of the cabin, the horses saved and, even as he stops old Bony with a sharp pull, his strength forsakes him and the horse rustler of Cross L ranch has passed the divide across the range, while the shell he tenanted so well, and that we called him, falls like a sack of wheat into our eager, outstretched arms.—Denver (Colo.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Toad and the Spider.

A story copied into The Sun reminds me of a still more striking instance of the toad's indomitable pluck than anything I have ever seen in print, which was observed in my boyhood at the door of a farm house in Fairfax county, Va. The doorsteps were cut from the trunk of a large tree, and a large spider had spun a strong web in a cozy corner near the ground, between the rounding curve of the block and the side of the log house. The grass had been worn from a space four or five feet wide about the entrance to the dwelling, leaving exposed a patch of hard, reddish soil. There were locust trees around the house, and bunches of plantain leaves grew rankly in the thin grass of the

It was late on a drowsy summer afternoon. The spider was basking in the sun waiting for flies, when a valorous young toad appeared on the scene, hop-ping directly toward the spider's citadel. As the enemy appeared in sight the spider seemed to swell in size and put on his war paint, for, whereas he was dull in color before, he now became all aglow with brilliant hues. The toad advanced boldly to the investment of the castle, halting for a second or two below, and leisurely surveying the field. When these observations had been taken, he leaped up half a dozen times in quick succession at the enemy, and then rapidly retreated to the nearest tuft of plantain leaves, from which he nipped two or three pieces and swallowed them. or three pieces and swallowed them. Returning to the attack, the same series of operations were repeated many times, until the spider had spent all his venom, it is supposed, and the web was broken down and the brave defender was dead.

It was nearly dark before the combat closed. Nothing could exceed the courage of the defense unless it was the per-

ge of the defense unless it was the persistency of the attack. I would not ven-ture to guess how many times the toad got a dose of virus from the spider, and can account for his resort to the plantain leaves only on the supposition that the courageous little warrior there found a courageous fittie warrior there found a sufficient antidote for the spider's poison. But throughout the whole of the lengthy contest it was the gamest assault on an intrenched enemy I ever witnessed. Be-sides this it afforded an example of pertinacity on the part of the despised toad which fully parallels the heroic quality of the spider, made familiar to us in youth by the story of the Bruce encouraged to renewed effort by the example of one of these little insects.—Baltimore

Seville's Cigarette Girls.

One of the sights of Seville which no tourist misses is the cigar factory, in which the government employs about 5,000 women and girls. The showing about of visitors is accordingly looked upon as a regular source of income by the porter and the matrons.

After getting permission to enter, you are placed in charge of a matron, who shows you through her own department and then passes you on to another, and so on, until your stock of pesetas and half pesetas put aside for fees is exhausted.

These matrons accompany the visitors, not in order to prevent the girls from flirting with them (nothing could do that), but to see that no tobacco or bun-

les of cigarettes may disappear.
Before entering each room a bell is rung to warn the girls, who are in great deshabile on account of the heat, to put on their wrappers, and as the door opens scores of round arms and pretty shoul-ders are seen disappearing, while several hundred pairs of coal black eyes are fastened on you.

fastened on you.

The passages are lined with cradles, and the poor young girl mothers to whom they belong implore us with eyes and hands for a penny for the Murillos of the future lying in them.

These girls are more frank than subtle in their flirtations. There is not one in the crowd who will not be immediately conscious of a mark graze fixed upon

tobacco at all.

They are allowed to smoke if they wish, and make use of this privilege. They are remarkably deft at rolling the cigarettes, but not all seem eager to make as many as possible; for some are idling, and others are asleep; but no one cares, as each is paid according to the number she rolls.—Henry T. Finck in Scribner.

The Chinese have contractions for all the characters of their written language, the use of which qualifies them to become shorthand reporters of speeches in their own language. They do not practice speech making, but they write the contractions with wonderful quickness, and the scribes at an imperial audience probably write all or nearly all that is

Robert Browning is likely to be the last of the English men of letters (save Tennyson) who will find a grave in West-minster abbey. The interment of any more bodies there is opposed on sanitary THE OLD MUSIC BOOK.

I turn with silent reverer Its unknown pages o'er;
The dusty lines inspire a sense
Of something heard before,
In days long past, in other lands;
Of ancient melodies; Old harpsichords, and gentle hands That touched the ivory keys.

The book a hundred fancies wears On every yellow page, Sonatas quadnt, forgotten airs, The notes all dim with age, And variations long wore out, And faded songs and old, With trills and turnings all about, 'And graces manifold.

Perchance in those old bygone days My lady sat and played In broidered stomacher of maize, And flowered blue brocade. Her lissome fingers dancing ran, Through many a florid strain, Until Miss Bell behind her fan Eegged "that sweet piece again."

Perchance when summer nights were long,
And soft winds swept the meadows,
Some amorous youth poured out this song
To Chloe through the shadows.
Or beaux and belies of higher state,
In some well lit pavilion,
Trod graceful through this minuet,
Or figured this cotilion.

So vagrant fancies through the mind Play fitful now and then, As, with a smile and sigh combined, I close the book again. I dare not touch its music old In this rude modern day; Hallowed by fingers long since cold, And voices passed away. —Globe-Democrat.

Charles Lamb's Writing

The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humor and what may seem the slightness, the occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies, as in his life, a genuinely tragic element. The gloom reflected at its darkest in those hard shadows of "Rosamund Gray" is always there, though not always realized either for himself or his readers, and restrained always in utterance. It gives to those lighter mat-ters on the surface of life and literature among which he for the most part moved a wonderful force of expression, as if at any moment these slight words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper soul of things.

In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low flying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition to stimulate him into all the energy tion to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable, but rather the reaction of nature after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy, following upon which the sense of mere relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having narrowly escaped or though or ship was finds a caped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in just sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.-Walter Pater.

Consulting the Stars.

It is strange that many persons yet confound astronomy with astrology, a result of the undue importance which personal and private interests have over scientific principles in the thoughts of many persons. Not many weeks ago we received a letter from a subscriber who wished to be informed where he could

find a text book of astrology.

It is said that the astronomer royal, who has charge of Greenwich observatory, frequently receives letters asking what his terms are for drawing a horo-scope! The writers of these letters often promise to make known, if necessary, the true day and hour of their birth. Such incidents call to mind a story told of Herschel, the astronomer.

During a very rainy season a farmer in his neighborhood came to ask his opinion, or rather the opinion of the stars, as to the day that would best suit for making his hay without any fear of losing it by showers.

The great astronomer led the man to

a window and pointed with his finger to a meadow where the grass had been moved and was rotting in the wet. "You see that field," said he. "Well,

it is mine. Isn't that enough to show you that as regards rain and line weather I am not a bit more of a conjurer than any of my neighbors?"—Youth's Com-

A drove of Texas cattle were being driven across the railroad tracks near the Martell house. One of the drove, a large steer, became separated from the others and ran down the tracks into the Vandalia yards. Being close pressed by William Little, the driver, the steer mounted the outside stairs of a two story conscious of a man's gaze fixed upon her, nor will she be the first to turn her eyes away.

Some will wink, and even throw a kiss from a distant corner at the rich Inglese (all foreigners are supposed to be wealthy Englishmen). Englishmen).

They are a merry lot, on the whole, these poor girls, the eleverest of whom make only two pesetas, or forty cents a day, for which they have to toil twelve or fourteen hours in a tobacco reeking atmosphere. Not that they object to the telepase at all. ter having completely wrecked the room, leisurely descended the stairs and was captured.—St. Louis Republic.

Coal for the West Indies. The import of coal from the United States to the port of Havana during 1888 is stated to have amounted to 97,547 tons as against 53,255 tons in 1887, and that from Great Britain to 50,378 as against 74,843 tons. Thus the American import exceeded the average of the last ten years, which is calculated at about 66,000 tons, while the import from Great Britain fell far short of its average of 80,000 tons. That a further alteration in the relative proportions of the coal im-ports from Great Britain and the United States may take place is not improbable. American speculators are arranging for large shipments of coal from the Alahama mines to Cuba and other West Indian islands. Should this enterprise prove successful, the effect on British trade would be most unfavorable, as it would obviously be difficult for British exporters to compete with Americans in the matter of freights.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Estate of Mr. John Sigmund, deceased, cetters of Administration on the Estate of Mr. John Sigmund, late of Woodvale borough, Camoria county and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, naving been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them duly authenticated for settlement to GOTTHOLD SIGMUND. Administrator.

UDITOR'S NOTICE .- In the A UDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the re-estate of Hugh Gaffney, late of East Conemaugh borough, Cambria county. In re-estate of Hugh Gaffney, late of East Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, deceased, And now to-wik, becember 2, 1889, on motion of T. J. O'Connor, Esq., M. B. Stephens, appointed Acuditor to distribute the funds is hands of John C. carroll, Executor per curiam. Notice is hereby given that i will sit for the purpose of the above appointment at my office. In Johnstown, on Tuesday, the 28th day of January, 1880, at 10 A. M., when and where all parties interested may attend it they see proper, or be for ever debarred from coming in on said fund.

Johnstown, Jan. 3, 1890-36.

Auditor, Auditor, NO. 2,739.

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A UDITOR'S NOTICE,—In the Orphal's court of Cambria county. In reaccount of Wm. Cole, executor of M. Maguire, deceased. And now, to wit: December 4, 1889, on motion of ino. P. Linton, Esq., the Court appoint James M. Walters Aduditor, to report distribution of the funds in hands of accountant. For Curlam.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the above appointment, I will attend to the duties of same at my office No. 2 Alma Hall, Main street, Johnstown, Pa., on Thursday, the 6th day of February, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. ons interested may attend or be forever of arred from coming in on said fund. JAMES M. WALTERS, Auditor Johnstown, Pa., January 8, 1890.

sept12-tr A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. A—Aotice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Thomas Walsh, late of the borough of Cambria, county of Cambria, and the State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Jamess B. O'Connor, of Johnstown, Pa., to whom all persons Indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to the undersigned at the same without clay to the undersigned at the same without properties. Sprank-lin street, Johnstown, Connor Bros., Sprank-lin street, Johnstown, Edward and James B. O'CONNOR, Administrator.

DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. — MINISTRATORS NOTICE.

— Notice is hereby given that Letters of, dministration on the estate of Chas. Schnurr, ate of the borough of Conemaugh, county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, nave been granted to Lena Schnurr, of said borate are requested to make payment, and those tenders of the cone of the

jan15 A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. A .-Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration de bonis non cum testamento annexo on the estate of Edward Weakiand, of Johnstown, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to James King, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JAMES KING, \*\*
Administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo.

annexo. Johnstown, January 1, 1890. A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Administration on the estate of Charles E.
Hallen, late of the borough of Johnstown, county
of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, deceased,
have been granted to James King, to whom all
persons indebted to said estate are requested to
make payment, and those having claimsted with more
make payment, and those having claimsted with more
lay to the undersigned.

JAMES KING, Administrator.

Johnstown, January 1, 1890.