



BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A. COPYRIGHT, 1893 BY CHARLES KING.

A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of these are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease for five years, much of that time very bad, for five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said the son of a sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose, I felt a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost petrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was able to walk. I am now able to work as in my recommendation six months ago, and I take this valuable remedy."

For sale by Isa Leist.

THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

- Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches.
EVANGELICAL—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m.
METHODIST—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m.
LUTHERAN—Church 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m.
UNITED BRETHREN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m.
ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN—Church 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m.
UNITED BRETHREN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m.

COUNTY RECORD

COUNTY OFFICERS.

- Common Pleas Judge..... W. H. Handy
Clerk..... C. P. Probst
Probate Judge..... M. Donnelly
Prosecuting Attorney..... P. Hagan
Sheriff..... J. H. Bess
Auditor..... J. H. Bess
Recorder..... C. G. Droll
Surveyor..... C. N. Schwab
Coroner..... D. T. Burt
Commissioners..... A. J. Baynes
Ordinary Directors..... E. H. Stuckman
School Examiners..... Mrs. W. M. Ward
Janitor..... August Hirsland

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO

- BARTLOW TOWNSHIP.
Ruth Hill..... Doshier
J. M. Patterson..... Doshier
DANACUS TOWNSHIP.
W. O. Johnson..... McClure
John Love..... McClure
FLACKBROOK TOWNSHIP.
Joe Carter..... Florida
Joseph Weible..... Florida
HARRISON TOWNSHIP.
Henry Gehret..... Napoleon
Charles Yarnall..... Napoleon
LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.
John Shell..... Napoleon
David Hopperet..... Napoleon
LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.
Lewis A. Bellard..... Liberty Center
David Latis..... Liberty Center
MARION TOWNSHIP.
J. P. Dunbar..... Hamler
P. F. Spangler..... New Swains
CROSSMAN TOWNSHIP.
W. T. Cheney..... Napoleon
HAPLON TOWNSHIP.
F. D. Printis..... Napoleon
S. C. Haag..... Napoleon
W. A. Troschel..... Napoleon
PLAMANT TOWNSHIP.
G. W. Fisher..... Holgate
F. A. Schrab..... Holgate
Solomon Zarbaugh..... Holgate
MICHFIELD TOWNSHIP.
O. D. Baker..... West Hope
D. W. Barts..... West Hope
KIDWILLAR TOWNSHIP.
Jacob Wolf..... Bigderville Corners
W. B. Tubbs..... Tubbyville
WINDSOR TOWNSHIP.
D. Yonkman..... Colon
S. Ginder..... Texas

TOWNSHIP CLERKS.

- Kidwiler. Clerk. Fosterton
Bartlow..... C. R. Stafford..... Doshier
Danacus..... R. E. Crouger..... McClure
Flackbrook..... H. M. Cline..... Napoleon
Harrison..... H. M. Cline..... Napoleon
Liberty..... H. M. Cline..... Napoleon
Marion..... G. F. Hayes..... Hamler
Napoleon..... L. M. Grove..... Napoleon
Plamant..... W. D. Bissett..... Napoleon
Ridgville..... F. A. Rowe..... Holgate
Ridgville..... F. A. Rowe..... Holgate
Washington..... W. M. Welch..... Colon

"Thank God, Ruth!" cries Fanny, extending one hand to her sister while the other is unaccountably detained. "Thank God! it's father and the Stone-man party and Dr. Gray." And Ruth, throwing herself upon her knees by her sister's side, buries her head upon her shoulder and sobs anew for very joy. And then comes sudden start. All in an instant three rings, echoing down the canyon, the sharp, spiteful crack of rifles, answered by shrieks of terror from the cave where lie the Moreno women and by other shots out along the range. Three faces blanch with sudden fear, though Wing looks instantly up to say: "They can't harm you, and our men will be here in less than no time."

Out on the eastward desert, still far over toward the other side, a little party of Apaches is hurrying to join the fray. Two are riding. Where got half a dozen come along at their tireless jog trot. It was this party that, seen but dimly at first, gave rise to such ebullition of joy among the defenders and defended. It was this party that, closely scanned through his fieldglass, occasioned Lieutenant Drummond's moan of distress. With all his heart he had been hoping for the speedy coming of relief over that very trail—had counted on its reaching him during the day. He was sure it could be nothing else when the corporal reported something in sight, and so when he discovered the approaching party to be Apaches no words could describe the measure of his disappointment and dismay. Not for himself and his men: they were old hands and had a fine position to defend. His thought are all for those in whose behalf he has already made such gallant fight and for poor Wing, whose feeble moaning every now and then reaches his ear.

At 10 o'clock he is able through his glasses to distinctly make out the number and character of the coming party. Nine Apaches, all warriors, but one of them apparently wounded or disabled, for they have to support him on the longed for column issuing from the opposite valley, but it is hopeless. The hot sun beats down upon his bruised and aching head and sears his bloodshot eyes. He raises his hand in mute appeal to heaven, and at the instant there is a flash, a sharp report not 80 yards away, an angry spit as the leaden missile strikes the shelving top of his parapet and goes humming across the gorge, a stifled shriek from Ruth looking fearfully up from below, an Irish oath from Walsh as he whirls about to answer the shot, and Drummond can barely repress a little gasp.

"Narrow squeak that, Walsh! That devil has crawled close up on us. Can you see him?" "Begorra, sir, I can see nothing at all but rocks, rocks, rocks. How can a man fight anyway ag'in human beings that crawl like snakes?" "Zip! Another shot, close at hand too, and another unseen foe. The first came from somewhere among the bowlders down to the southeast, and this second whizzed from across the canyon. A little puff of blue smoke is floating up from among the rocks 50 yards or so to the north of the narrow slit.

"That fellow is nearest you, corporal. Can you see nothing of him?" "Nothing, sir; I was looking that way, when he fired. Not even the muzzle of his gun showed."

"This is serious business. If an Indian or two can find it so easy to creep around them, and armed only with their muzzle loading guns send frequent shots that reach the besieged 'in reverse,' what can be hoped when the whole band gathers and every rock on every side shelters a hostile Apache? From the first Drummond has feared that however effective might be these defenses against the open attack of white men, they are ill adapted to protect the defenders against the fire of Indians who can climb like squirrels or crawl or squirm through any chink or crevice like so many snakes.

"Well, then, put me on with Moreno, wherever you're going to assign him. Surely if you can trust a greaser you can a white man. I'm only fit to hang perhaps, but I—me if I want to lie here when there's an Indian fight going on."

And so he, too, is loosed and lifted to his feet. Leaning on McGuffey's shoulder and supported by his arm, the 'face' stranger, preceded by Moreno, who goes limping and swearing down the rocky way, is led 100 yards across the canyon where it makes a second bend. Here they can see nearly 150 yards more ahead of them, and here some loose bowlders are hurriedly shoved or rolled to form a rifle pit, and these volunteer allies are placed in position. "We cover the approaches above so that they can't sneak up and have rocks down upon you. All you've got to do now is to plug every Apache that shows his nose around that bend below," says Drummond. "McGuffey, you take post at the point behind. Watch the overhanging cliffs and support as best you can." And "Little Mack," as the men call him, gets further instructions as he takes his position. Instructions which would give small comfort to Moreno could in only hear them. Then back goes the lieutenant to where Wing is lying. Miss Harvey bending anxiously over him.

Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

her beautiful eyes blitting with tears at sight of Drummond's brave but haggard young face. Ruth is crouching by her sister's side, but rises quickly as Drummond enters, her fears lessening, her hopes gaining. "Any news? Anything in sight of ours?" is Miss Harvey's eager query. "Not yet, but they're bound to be along about any minute now. Some Apaches whom I could see coming across from the east have a wounded man with them. It makes me hope our fellows have met and fought them and are following close on their trail. How's Wing?" She can only shake her head.

"He seems delirious every now and then, perhaps only because of so much mental excitement and suffering. He is dozing now."

"Gallant fellow! What would we have done without him? I only wish we had more like him. Think how all my detachment has become scattered. If we had them here now, I could push out and drive the Indians to the rocks and far beyond all possibility of annoying you with their racket. Of course you are safe from their missiles down here."

"Yes, we are, but you and your soldiers, Mr. Drummond! Every shot made me fear you were hit," cries poor little Ruth, her eyes filling, her lips quivering. Then, just as Drummond is holding forth a hand, perhaps it is an arm, too, she points up to the rock above where Walsh is evidently exercised about something. He has dropped his gun, picked up the glasses and is gazing down the range to the south.

"Perhaps he sees some of our fellows coming for this time. Four of them tried it awhile ago, but were probably attacked some miles below here and fell back on the main body. They'll be along before a great while, and won't it be glorious if they bring back the safe and all?" He says this by way of keeping up their spirits, then, once more wearily, but full of pluck and purpose, he climbs the rugged path and creeps to Walsh's side.

"Is it any of our men you see?" he whispers. "Devil a wan, sir! It's more of them infernal Apaches."

Drummond takes the glass and studies the dim and distant group with the utmost care. Apaches beyond doubt, a dozen, and coming this way, and these, too, have a couple of horses. Can they have overpowered his men, ambushed and murdered them, then secured their mounts? Is the whole Chiricahua tribe, re-enforced by a swarm from the Sierra Blanca, concentrating on him now? The silence about him is ominous. Not an Indian has shown himself along the range for half an hour, and now these fellows to the east are close to the copse. In less than 20 minutes there will be five times his puny force around him. Is there no hope of rescue?

Once more he turns to the east, across the shimmering glare of that parched and fawny plain, and strains his eyes in vain effort to catch sight of the longed for column issuing from the opposite valley, but it is hopeless. The hot sun beats down upon his bruised and aching head and sears his bloodshot eyes. He raises his hand in mute appeal to heaven, and at the instant there is a flash, a sharp report not 80 yards away, an angry spit as the leaden missile strikes the shelving top of his parapet and goes humming across the gorge, a stifled shriek from Ruth looking fearfully up from below, an Irish oath from Walsh as he whirls about to answer the shot, and Drummond can barely repress a little gasp.

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THOS. A. CONWAY, Attorney at Law.

C. C. FREASE, Attorney at Law.

J. P. DUNBAR, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

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MISCELLANEOUS. L. R. HUSTON, TONSORIAL ARTIST!