

ANNOUNCEMENTS.
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Sir Knights attention. Report in full dress uniform at the I. O. O. F. hall at 7:30 p. m. tonight. By order of F. S. HITCHKINS, S. K. C.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the First M. E. church will meet this (Wednesday) afternoon in the southeast class room of the church. All members are urged to be present. Mrs. Lydia Sheppard, Secretary.

"Rags" a constant companion of Wm. Caswell and who had endeared himself to his master, departed for the canine heaven at high noon yesterday. There were no indications or apparent preparations for the trip. "Rags" walked into the house with less hesitation than usual and a moment later dropped. It was not necessary for him to have any warning to die, for he had long since associated himself with good dogs and a long sickness was not necessary to bring him around to the work of preparation.

A member of the school board said yesterday that the indications are favorable for a meeting of the board in a few days. He did not know, however, whether the meeting would be called before Sawyer and Platt report for duty. He believed, however, if the fifth ward members consent a meeting could be held most any time.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.
Carnegie will spend \$750,000 on his public library at Pittsburg.
Chauncey M. Dwyer carries life insurance amounting to \$500,000.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain recently won \$1,000 francs on a horse race.
Historian Emerson says that he feels as well as he did thirty years ago.

Edison is a theosophist and has grown feisty and his hair is whitening.
The Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has done a great lot of partridge shooting this year.

Jay Gould holds \$20,000,000 of the \$30,000,000 of capital stock of the Western Union.
James Russell Lowell says that he is going to spend the remainder of his life in America.

Herman Schurig, the German sculptor, has come to the United States to make a bust of Edison.
Friedrich Spielhagen, the most popular German novelist, recently celebrated his 70th birthday.

Vice President Morton will receive a rental of \$40,000 a year for his new apartment house in Washington.
Oscar S. Straun, administrator to Turkey, makes a hobby of collecting and studying books of American history.

It cost Andrew Carnegie about \$300,000 to allow his men to attend Superintendent Jones' funeral by shutting down one day.
Edwin Everett Halsey says that when he was in college he and his claim took the first dictionary ever made in Boston.

M. Naudet reached the Paris exposition after a seven-day's journey from Brussels in a pinion drawn by a pair of dogs.
Brayton Ives, of Wall street, has perhaps the finest and most valuable collection of old manuscripts, musicals and rare books in the United States.

Robert J. Rudolph, the professional humorist, has been acting as pastor of the Lower Merion Baptist church, Philadelphia, during the last summer.
Dr. Talmage estimates the net loss to his church from the recent fire at about \$83,000. The total insurance on the building and contents was \$129,450.

Mr. Gladstone has found a rival in Cardinal Manning, who since the London dock strike, has been called by his admirers "The greatest old man of our times."
Edwin Booth is an enthusiastic whist player. He plays scientifically, and nothing pleases him more than to have a good rubber with three other good players.

The late Willie Collins never passed a day without taking up one of the Waverley novels. He had a very warm admiration for the genius of the elder Dickens and of Balzac, but especially the former.
Marshal Von Moltke is one of the most venerable veterans living in a double sense. He began his military studies when a boy of 12 years, and on the 29th of November he entered upon the 90th year of his age.

Gen. Grenfell, the hero of the last Egyptian campaign, was given a glorious reception at the hands of his fellow townsmen of Swansea, in Wales, recently, on his return to his native city. The freedom of the city was presented to him with imposing ceremonies.
Gen. Boulenger has been compelled to confine his diet to fruit and cereals. He is allowed to drink milk, but is rigorously denied wine. His complexion is very pale and he looks far from well. He is now obliged to pay more attention to his own constitution than to that of France.

Professor Todd, of Amherst, who has charge of the expedition to St. Paul de Louanço, on the west coast of Africa, to view the eclipse, has planned a system of pneumatic valves, to be operated by electricity, by which the photographic apparatus may be operated automatically during the period of total eclipse.

Sir Frederick Young, who is over 70 years of age, has returned to London after a remarkable journey. During the sojourn in South Africa he has visited the Kaffirs in their haunts, passed a fortnight in the bush without entering a house, interviewed Mr. Paul Kruger, completely traversed the Transvaal and traveled altogether just 16,000 miles.

At an Indian's Grave.
Along the shore of Onondaga lake there is an Indian's grave, where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and sways to and fro in the air about twenty feet from the ground, confining its irregular movements within a space about 200 feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would evidently disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a creek in the Indian country containing immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with pick and shovel, according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the creek, as the dream directed. He went to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the creek disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by the mysterious light.—Chicago Mail.

Nasturtium Pickle.
Pick young seeds, put them into bottles, cover with strong white wine vinegar; add one teaspoonful of salt to each half pint of vinegar, half ounce of bruised white ginger, twelve white pepper corns and one blade of mace; cork and seal. The bottles will keep three times as long as the vinegar. Nasturtium leaves are often used instead of capers as an accompaniment to boiled leg of mutton and fish dishes where caper sauce is admissible, and for tartness serves for salad dressing, except in the hot case, they are not nearly so nice as peas dressed as capers; but for those who like the hot taste, the nasturtium pickle is most excellent with cold, white meats, such as mutton, rabbit, fowl, pork, etc., etc. They also give a delicious taste to salads.—London Hotel Guide and Caterer's Journal.

"ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."
It seems so short a time
Since last December's sun
Set o'er these hedged wet with rime,
And furrows purple dun.
Since empty fields were dark and drear
Beside the water of the year.

Green corn, how fast you grew!
Spring sun, how bright you shone!
Deep wondering heart, how soon you knew
What secret was your own!
Soft winds, how sweet your serenades
Soft through ye ripening barley blades!

Oh, what a golden glow
Fills these fields to-night!
The while with eager steps I go
In yellow western light.
Here where ye barley lies in swath,
On either side ye stubble path.

Along the seaward slope
I take the oldest way;
A little tender new-born hope
Springs in my heart to-day.
Who knows? To-morrow I may bring
New carols to my harvesting! —M. C. Gillington.

TWO SCOUTS REVENGED.
From Fort Abraham Lincoln to Fort Sully, both on the upper Missouri river, is a bee line of 160 miles, but the distance as a rider has to make it is fully 250. It is on record that the first dispatch passing between those posts was carried in my pocket, and that at a time when hostile Indians almost besieged both forts. It was on this ride, and about forty miles above Sully, that a strange incident occurred. From Fort Union to Yankton, a distance of 600 miles, the Missouri runs along a chain of mountains on the east, while on the west side there is scarcely a hill to be found. While the route down the east bank is naturally more difficult, it is also more sheltered, and that was the route I took on the occasion I referred to. While there were plenty of Indians in the mountains and mountain valleys, there were none of them on the plains, and my journey was untroubled, such a fortunate horse that wagers were made at Fort Lincoln that I would never be heard of again.

I had a mustang which had traveled over more of the country than any man living, and in all matters pertaining to frontier life he was as well posted as four men out of five. Armed with a Winchester and revolver, and rather proud to have been the one selected out of five scouts to make the trip, I left Fort Lincoln just at dusk one evening in July and proceeded five miles down the river before crossing over. A reconnaissance in force a day or two before had driven the hostiles back, but I might count on finding them within seven or eight miles. I had scarcely forded the river, when a mule, which had evidently been in hiding in a thicket near by, came forward with a low whinny and appeared greatly pleased to see us. A brief inspection proved that he belonged to a scout named Almer Johnson, who had been dispatched from Fort Lincoln to Fort Ransom, 150 miles to the east, ten or twelve days before. The saddle was in place, blanket, coffee pot and other articles secured as usual, and the mule was in the saddle. I was satisfied that Johnson had been shot from the saddle. Nothing could have induced the mule to run away from him while alive. The animal, as I figured it, was making for the fort and was about fording the stream when the noise of our passage alarmed him and he hid himself to see whether it was friend or enemy. I sought to drive him into the water and on his way, but he refused to accompany me, and after finding him obstinate, I slipped the iron bit out of his mouth, that he might smother at the grass, and rode off, with him a close follower.

Between the river and the foothills there was a level varying in width from 50 to 500 feet. This was grown to grass. Along the bank of the stream, with hardly a level for a mile or two, was a line of trees and bushes. The foothills were covered with scrub growth, and between them and the base of the range there was fair traveling and good cover. At every mile or two there were breaks in the foothills by which one could travel far from the level. I did not intend to travel far that night, the main object being to get beyond the hostile lines and take an early start next morning. Up to the time of crossing the river my mustang's feet had been muffled with oak socks, so that he could leave no track. There had been no rain for two or three weeks, and no living Indian could have traced me. Once across the stream I removed the bags. I should leave a plain trail, but must thereafter trust to luck and my own sagacity. It was a starlight night, and as I rode forward I routed up a deer or other wild game every fifty rods. This satisfied me that no Indians were near, and I continued my ride until midnight. By this time I was at least twenty miles below the fort, and I went into camp to wait for daylight. Going into camp consisted of unsaddling the two animals, ridding myself in a blanket and plunging down at the roots of a cottonwood, and I was asleep in five minutes, and when I opened my eyes it was daylight.

The animals were close at hand, and each had his nose in the air and was scenting like a dog. I was hardly on my feet before I smelled fire. There was a light breeze blowing up the valley, and the camp fire was below me, or in the direction I proposed to go. I moved into the belt of timber and began to crawl forward for an observation, and after going about a quarter of a mile I saw the smoke. I waited five minutes before advancing nearer, but seeing no movement I crept forward. I saw the body of a white man lying on the ground under the trees. I knew it was by the dress, and now, thinking I had come upon a government scout or some white hunter, I rose up and advanced into the camp. No man ever made a more appalling discovery. It was the body of Almer Johnson, dead and horribly mutilated, and between him and the river, a distance of twenty feet, lay the dead bodies of nine Indian warriors. While a glance sufficed to prove that they were dead, it took me some time to satisfy myself as to the cause. I finally found a stone bottle, holding about two quarts, which I remembered to have seen in Johnson's possession. It had contained whiskey, but was now empty. The posture of the bodies was proof that every warrior had died of poison, but I did not know until a month that Johnson died of his return. He seemed to have a presentiment that he would be captured, and he bought two quarts of whiskey and drank it with erythraemia, knowing that it would surely revenge him.

Johnson had evidently been driven out of his direct course. As I saw by scouting over the ground he was well in the lead of his nine pursuers when a chance shot from a rifle struck him in the right hip and tumbled him from his saddle. His mule had gone on and the Indians had gone into camp to torture the wounded man. They had cut off his left ear, gashed his cheeks, severed three or four toes, and inflicted other cruelties when the poison which they had imbibed in the whiskey began to work. There must have been a high tide among them for half an hour, during which interval the prisoner probably bled to death. Johnson's eyes were wide open, and if the eyes of the dead can reflect anything his surely reflected exultation. The ponies of the Indians were in a grassy dell a quarter of a mile away, and each was mottled. It seemed an awful wicked thing to do, but I approached each one in turn and drove my knife to his heart. Then I gathered up saddles and blankets and larvae and flung them into the river. I took the rifle, tomahawk, knives, wampum, and headresses of the nine warriors and made up a load for the mule, and after covering Johnson's body with brush and stones to keep it from vultures, I went forward on my journey, which was completed without a further incident worth mentioning.

A couple of years later I was transferred to Fort Davis, in the Guadalupe mountains of Texas, and in the Apache country. A com-

mission was sent to the east to locate a point on the Rio Pecos river, and as the country was full of hostiles the party was made pretty strong. There were six scouts, thirty private soldiers, three or four officers and some seven or eight prospectors and hunters and trappers who wanted to get sight of that country. The distance from the fort to the river is about sixty miles, and all open country, and we were accompanied by two wagons and an ambulance. While we did not number over fifty all told, each man was heavily armed and well mounted, and the Apache Indians would have hesitated to attack us in the open. All the scouts were paired off, and the name of my partner was Calvin. He was a rough and rugged man of 50, and most of his life had been spent in the Indian country. He had had a dozen of close calls, and the scars he could show in proof counted up a dozen two more. I did not know until we had started on the march that he had prepared any trick against the Indians, who would be sure to menace us, but at our first camp he showed us a canteen of whiskey, which he said was poisoned. He had about half a pound of smoking tobacco in a bag, and said he had had a fight with the Indians, and that he had hated Indians as bad as Calvin did, but no one else had prepared any such weapons. Indeed it was not looked upon as exactly honorable in a white man.

We reached the Rio Pecos, opposite Corporal's Peak of the Castle mountains without being annoyed by the Apache Indians, and saw numbers of their scouts and had no doubt that a considerable force was hanging on our flanks. We made our camp in a defensive spot, and after a rest, small parties scouted up and down the river to examine the lay of the country. On the third day Calvin and myself, accompanied by a corporal and two private soldiers, rode up the Pecos about ten miles, crossed over and started to come down on the other side. The ground was more broken on the north side, and we had hardly turned to go down stream when we found the rocks more numerous and far bolder. The soldiers had seven-shooter carbines and Calvin and I had Winchester, and we felt no alarm even when we knew the Indians to number fully one hundred. An ambush was the only thing to be dreaded, and we got into one in spite of our vigilance. Two miles below where we crossed the river, the ground came very steeply down to the Pecos, and this extended from the river back as far as we could see, and we could not flank it. We could have crossed the river here, but our orders were to come down on the north bank. Every man knew that if the Indians meant to attack they would do it here, and the first notice would be a volley from one of the blind ravines.

In this emergency we strung out in single file, the corporal leading, Calvin next, I third, and the two privates making fourth and fifth. We had not advanced forty rods into the "bad ground," and had not caught sight of so much as an Indian's feather, when we received a volley from twenty-five Indians in a gash. They were only 300 feet away, and one would have thought every man of us would have been riddled. On the contrary, however, the last three of us were untouched, and not one of our horses was hit. The corporal and Calvin were both wounded and their horses killed. Simultaneously with the volley a hundred or more Indians exhibited themselves in front and on our left, shouting and firing. In such an emergency every man acts for himself. The three of us wheeled and retreated as fast as our frightened horses could run, all the time under fire. But as soon as we had cleared the "bad ground" we took shelter in a small grove on the edge of the stream and prepared for defense. We were charged by sixty or seventy warriors on foot, who perhaps imagined us badly frightened, but we pegged away at them so steadily that they broke and took to cover, leaving six dead men in plain view.

This was at 10 o'clock in the morning, and we did not get another glimpse of an Indian until 4 in the afternoon, when I climbed one of the trees and saw a body of them making off to the mountain. I then made a scout of the neighborhood, and soon ascertained what had occurred. Both Calvin and the corporal had been put to the torture, but they were amply revenged. The six we had killed lay where they fell, as our fire commanded the spot. We found, in a sort of pocket, covered with bushes and limbs, eleven other dead, every one of them dead of poison. One was Chief White Bird, a noted warrior, and the others were veteran warriors of his band. The bottle was empty, and the tobacco bag had been turned wrong side out. Three or four years afterward I met an Apache who was present on that occasion, and he said that White Bird and his chosen few drank the whiskey and then smoked their pipes while the others were making the preparations ready for torture. The corporal died before they could make ready, and when the warriors began to die of the poison Calvin was soon dispatched by a blow of a tomahawk. The bodies were badly mutilated, but it was mostly after death. The band lost seventeen to our two, and was so disheartened that it retreated and went into mourning for weeks.—New York Sun.

Eradiating Fish Worms.
A German lady states that for two years she was tortured by fish worms, and finally eradicated them by the following method (diet, exercise and sleep, of course, being first considered): Twice a week she took a Russian bath, using the cold shower afterward, and invariably taking an hour's nap, rolled in blankets, afterward. She then used at night on the affected parts of the face a wash of borax and water. As her nose was chiefly affected she rubbed it smartly with a piece of coarse toweling after she was very lightly but thoroughly, she rubbed in a little olive oil. Twice a day she applied a weak solution of sulphate of zinc. This, with general care of her health, entirely eradicated the "fish worms" and restored her skin to its former condition of smooth fairness. Citizens most afflicted with this difficulty exist. The use of the fish brine on the body is an admirable "tonic," so to speak, for the complexion, and well managed gymnastic or dumb bell exercise is also beneficial.—Philadelphia Record.

FOX & SON.
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Prices on all Cloaks and Shawls this week. Too many they must go.

A lot of genuine French Broadcloths twilled back and fine finish, worth \$1.50; a great big value this week at 65c.

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It's better—easier—quicker than soap for washing clothes and housecleaning; if that's not true, what becomes of the many, many millions of packages sold annually? What induces the hundreds of imitations? Did it ever occur to you as strange that almost every imitation of Pearlina is given a name ending in INE? A "wolf in sheep's clothing" trick; depend upon it, their tricks don't stop there. Peddlers and unscrupulous or misinformed grocers will tell you this (an imitation) is as "good as Pearlina," "same as Pearlina," etc., etc. It's false—there's nothing like Pearlina—nothing as good as Pearlina. Why?—that's our secret—but you will recognize and share the benefits of that secret when you use Pearlina. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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