

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, LOUISIANA

THE WAIF.

Just a lonely little maiden from the city's
dust and heat,
A homeless, lonely little waif with blue
eyes sad and sweet;
No father's hand with thoughtful care
the little life had blessed,
No mother's touch of love had e'er the
tangled hair caressed.

Her ears had heard sin's blasphemies, her
cheeks had felt its blows,
And in the wide, wide city she had lived—
just how, God knows.
But now, out to the country—kind hearts
had planned the way—
She rode to breathe the summer breath a
fortnight and a day.

Oh, joy of all that journey! and sweeter joy
to come
When Farmer Stebbins took her to his
pleasant upland home.
The wide old-fashioned wagon was a
chariot with wings,
And the big house on the hillside looked
grander than a king's.

All the beaming bliss of sunshine, all the
woodland's song and stir,
All the bloom of rural beauty was paradise
to her,
And the hum of bees that wandered in the
daisy fields all day
Was music of another world that stole her
heart away.

She knew the spreading maple that the
robins loved the best,
She found the clump of grasses where the
ground bird hid its nest,
And when the wind at evening whispered
through the orchard boughs,
She went with Farmer Stebbins to help
drive home the cows.

And when, at quiet bedtime, with touch of
tender care
Kind Mother Stebbins' gentle hand brushed
back the tangled hair,
One little heart with happiness was full
and humming o'er,
One little soul was filled with love till it
could hold no more.

Too soon the visit ended, the parting time
drew nigh,
She kissed kind Mother Stebbins, bid the
birds and bees good-by,
And climbed into the wagon with its wide
old-fashioned seat,
Once more a homeless little waif with blue
eyes sad and sweet.

But when they reached the station and
heard the whistle's blast,
Around the farmer's sunbrowned neck two
little arms clung fast.
"Don't send me back! Don't send me!"
the sobbing creature said,
And Farmer Stebbins swallowed hard,
then bent his bushy head,
And soft unloosed the clinging arms and
put the grieving child down;
He stooped and kissed the tear-stained face
and smoothed the hair of brown;
And then—the long train sped away around
a distant hill,
But a happy brown-haired maiden stays
with Farmer Stebbins still.
—Sheldon C. Stoddard, in Youth's Com-
panion.

AT ELLIS' MILLS.

Story of a Desperate Fight in Rev-
olutionary Days.

"I don't believe there is anything to
be afraid of."
"I'm much of that same opinion my-
self."
"Then why does old man Ellis want
to keep such a guard in his mill?"
A dozen men on duty here, when there's
something going on around New York
and in the south."

The speakers were two men named
Cox and Skinner, who formed a part of
a guard of 12 men at the mill of
Scotchman Ellis, or "Old Man" Ellis,
as he was familiarly known. This mill
was built over the Mohawk river,
where its swift current grew swifter
within a narrow gorge, and where to-
day the steep rocks that rise along its
sides form the foundation of many
busy factories. But this conversation
we have quoted occurred in the sum-
mer of 1780, when there were special
reasons why the patriots wished to
protect Ellis and the property, which
was a patent from Sir William Johnson.

Fort Dayton and Fort Herkimer were
both largely dependent upon it for their
supplies, and the few families at Ger-
man Flats had no other place to which
they could carry their corn and have it
ground into meal. There was a small
settlement near the mill, but there were
not enough men to protect the property,
and so 12 soldiers had been de-
tached from the continental army to do
duty as a guard every night until the
pressing necessities of the forts and
scattered settlers had been supplied.

The soldiers had been there now for
a week, and, as no signs of an attack
had appeared, they were becoming tired
of the monotonous life. The wildness
of the region and the novelty of their
duties at first had been sufficient to
interest them, but now they were eager
to return to the forts, and such words
as these we have quoted were frequent-
ly heard.

But at the very time when Cox and
Skinner were complaining to each other
a band of Indians and Tories were
moving amongst the hills in the dark-
ness, and their destination was Ellis'
mill on the Mohawk. Perhaps Johnson
had some desire to regain the property
from which he had so easily parted;
and if his band should succeed, there
would certainly be no haggling about
the price to be paid, for Ellis would be
a prisoner, unless, indeed, he fell in the
defense, which it was well known he
would attempt.

The Indians and the no less cruel
Tories stealthily made their way
through the darkness. They were fa-
miliar with every foot of the ground,
and the dim light of the waning moon
was all they needed. As they moved,
past the few scattered log houses in
which the hardy patriots dwelt. They
had no time; and but slight disposition
to trouble them now, for most of the
men were in the army, and as for sup-
plies, the country had been pretty well
stripped already. Besides, if the expe-
dition against the mill should be suc-
cessful, perhaps flour and meal would
be found in quantities sufficient to last
the marauders for some time. If the

patriots could not be subdued in any
other way, then starvation could be
tried; for few men would remain in the
army if once they heard that their
wives and children were perishing from
hunger, and Ellis' mill was the only
source of supply in all the region.

Cox and Skinner had ceased from their
conversation. It may have been that
under their false impression of security
they were dozing a little. The sound
of rushing water becomes monotonous
after a time, and as a narrow rim of
the moon was all the light that re-
mained, and even that was obscured by
a cloud, it was nothing strange if the
men forgot their duty.

But they were suddenly recalled to it.
With a yell that was prolonged and
thrown back and forth by the rocky
cliffs, the Indians and Tories made a
rush for the mill. Every one within
at once knew what it meant, but they
were taken off their guard and were
poorly prepared to receive the attack-
ing party, which far outnumbered their
own.

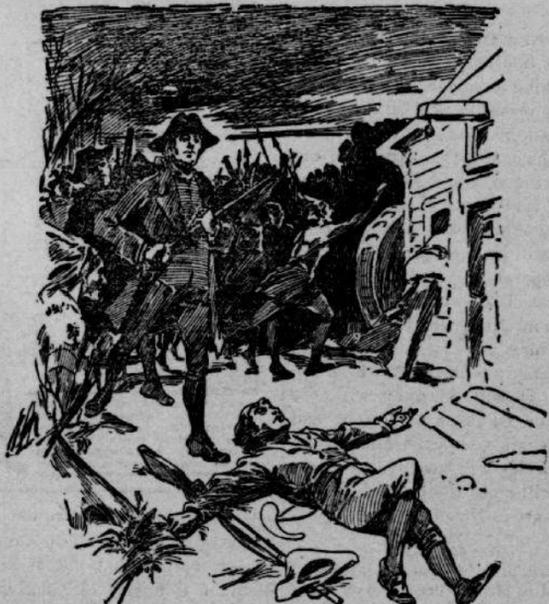
There was a quick discharge of guns,

"Suppose they should start up the
wheel?" whispered Cox.
"It would be all up with us if they
should," replied Skinner. "It would be
just like the Redskins to try everything
about the place."

In suspense they crouched lower and
waited. They could hear the men as
they rushed about the mill, but they
were searching for prisoners, and as
yet had no thoughts of setting the
great wheel into motion.

"Men! That's what I've been afraid
of all the time," said Cox, after a few
minutes had passed. He had caught
the reflection of a light, and the strange
silence which had fallen over the place
for a brief time was now explained.
The attacking party had set fire to the
mill. The flames climbed higher and
higher; the roar was sounding now
above the noise of the waters and the
shouts of the men. The entire place
grew bright and the timbers began to
crack and fall. The windows fell, and
in the freer draught the flames mounted
higher and higher.

"The wind's the other way. That's



ATTACK ON THE MILL.

and one of the defenders fell dead. The
Indians already were making a way
into the mill, and it needed but one
quick glance to convince the guard
that all attempts at resistance would
be vain; then every man turned to seek
safety in flight. But the Tories lined
the bank, urging their Indian compan-
ions to enter the mill, and there was
no hope in that direction. Many of
the guard leaped out of the windows for
the river bed below. Hard as were its
rocks, they were not so hard as the
hearts of the savages, and the desperate
chance was quickly seized. "Come on,"
called Cox to his companions, as soon
as he saw there was no hope of defend-
ing the place.

"Where?" inquired Skinner, who was
so dazed he scarcely knew in which di-
rection to turn.

"Here. This way!"—and the excited
men started and ran swiftly towards
the mill-race. Two of their compan-

our only hope," whispered Cox. "If
the mill falls it'll be apt to go the other
way. If it should fall this way!"

But a groan was the only reply of his
companion. How ghastly their faces
were in the light of the flames. Each
thought he would scarcely have recog-
nized the other. They could occasion-
ally see the faces of the men they had
left in the mill race. They would gladly
have come to them now, but their only
hope lay in their escaping the notice
of the band, and any movement on their
part would surely be seen. They must
remain where they were, while all
around them fell the glowing embers.

But suddenly the hearts of Cox and
Skinner almost stood still. There came
a yell louder than before from the In-
dians, who were now seen gathering
by the raceway and running along its
side. Had they been discovered? They
tried to shrink farther back under the
wheel. But after a moment they saw



CAPTURE OF EDICK AND GETMAN.

ions, named Edick and Getman, fol-
lowed them, and in a few moments all
four of the men were crouching low in
the swift, cold water. They kept their
bodies under, exposing only their faces,
and then awaited the issue. Their
teeth were soon chattering and their
hands grew numb and stiff. But they
were not mindful of such little things,
for the yells of the Indians were still
sounding, and they concluded that sev-
eral of their companions were pris-
oners.

"I can't stand this," said Skinner,
when ten minutes more had passed.
"I'm going to get out."

"Where are you going? What do you
mean?" whispered Cox. "You can't get
up the bank, and the mill is full of In-
dians."

"I'm going, though," said Skinner,
with determination. "Will you come?"

Slowly he made his way along the
mill-race, but Cox was the only one
to follow him. They crawled on, stum-
bling often and almost overborne by
the swift waters, and fearful every
moment that their presence would be
discovered but at last they reached the
great water wheel and concealed them-
selves under its broad blades.

that their two companions were the
objects of the attacking party, and that
they had been discovered in their hid-
ing place.

"Come up out of there," shouted a
Tory. "Come up and we'll roast you.
You'll boil where you are."

A loud laugh greeted his words, but
Edick and Getman, well aware that
their only safety lay in surrendering,
grasped the outstretched hands and
were drawn up on the bank. Their own
hands were quickly bound behind them,
and they were led away.

Meanwhile the fire burned on. The
timbers fell about the men crouching
under the wheel. The air was filled
with smoke and flames, but they reso-
lutely held to their positions.

But all things have an end, and even
the horrors of that night passed at
last. When the morning sun first ap-
peared, as no sounds from the enemy
had been heard for some time and only
a smouldering mass remained of Ellis'
mill, Cox and Skinner crawled forth
from their hiding place, unharmed.
They saw no signs of the Indians and
Tories, who, with half a dozen pris-
oners, well satisfied with their night's
work, had long since sought shelter far
away among the hills.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A man is willing to admit that he
is foolish, but he hates to have other
people throw it up to him.—Atchison
Globe.

—Bacon—"Is he an astronomer?" Eg-
bert—"No, indeed." "Some one told
me he had made money out of the
stars." "That's right. He's a theatrical
manager."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Deacon Black—"How did you like
it down at Bloomtown?" Rev. White—
"I'll tell you they're wide awake down
there." "Oh, then you didn't preach
for them?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Master—"Well, Tommy, you were
not present yesterday. Were you de-
tained at home in consequence of the
inclemency of the weather?" Tommy
—"No, sir; 'cause of the rain."—Tit-
Bits.

—Highly Progressive.—"Is Seryms-
er progressive?" "Progressive? Why, that
fellow can tell when his wife is going
to make mince pie; he always has the
nightmare the night before."—Chicago
Record.

—A Domestic View.—"Mamma, what
is the bicycle industry?" "Well, it must
be the way we all have to hop round and
wait on your father when he takes a
notion to clean his wheel."—Detroit
Free Press.

—A Bond of Sympathy.—"Sir," said
the medicant, "I have spent many days
on the road." "Poor fellow," mur-
mured the man approached. "Here's a
dollar. I've traveled on those south-
ern railroads myself."—Philadelphia
North American.

—A visiting woman in town went to
church, attended several receptions
and went to a church social, but she
didn't succeed in meeting all her old
friends until the fire bell rang. There
was a fire, and she went to it and met
everybody she had ever known in the
town.—Atchison Globe.

—The Lover's Apology.—An illiterate
young man once got a friend to write
a letter for him to his sweetheart. The
letter was rather prosaic for a love let-
ter, and he felt that an apology was
due to his sweetheart for its lack of
tender nothings. It was as follows:
"Please excuse the mildness of this
here letter, as the chap wot's writin' it
is a married man, and he says he can't
hide any soft soaping—it allus gives
him the spazums."—Tit-Bits.

NEGLECTING THE HINDOO.

Deplorable Condition of India's Suffer-
ing Thousands.

In India a famine rages and the re-
port of it creates not so much a ripple
of excitement. There is no doubt that
it is a dire calamity. There is no ques-
tion that the southern stars gleam like
wolves' eyes upon vast stretches of ter-
ritory where hunger has weakened the
inhabitants and the very landscape,
and made all look haggard and worn.
In that faraway country there are many
who, at this time, are dying for want
of bread, and whose gaunt fingers would
serve, specter-like enough, to terrify
any banquet gathering. There are
thousands who walk the earth wonder-
ing in their distress and dire agony if
there really is an overruling Providence
and whether, of all the widely cared for,
they are overlooked and forgotten.
They probably know that the whole
earth is not smitten with drought
and shortage, but they live to realize
that that which on earth is abundant is
not necessarily free, and that, although
there may be sufficient for all, some
may still hunger and be left to die.

It does not seem plausible, but there
is a vast disproportion in the quality of
sympathy extended to forms of suffer-
ing generally. If thousands were
butchered by the order of a living
Turk, as in Armenia, there would be a
great hubbub and to-do, even though
there were not much alms distributed
—for a visible "serene highness" would
be clearly at fault; but let nature go
awry in her beneficence and withhold
coolness and rain so that thousands are
brought to suffering, and nothing is
said.

It is not that the agony superinduced
by a destructive season is any less than
that brought about by a destructive
Turk, but only that the latter is where
earthly vengeance may still be wreaked
upon him, while nature is over all and
smiles unchangingly at man's direst
need. With her there is no great and
no small, while with the sultan there
are both, and some who may do him in-
jury. The very thought that sum-
mary justice may be measured out to
an offending monarch—that he may be
dragged down from his throne and
made lowly and miserable—is enough
to excite interest in an authority-loving
worldling. Let it appear, however, that
unconquerable nature is to be hopelessly
buffeted, and behold! its victims are
not worried over, if they be not near.
They may be as miserable as the down-
trodden Armenians, and their death
(as from famine) may be more linger-
ing and more sure, but supposedly they
are at the mercy of God, and therefore
—what of it? The others are under the
sultan, a very much more evident in-
fluence, and therefore all interest is in
Turkey. The Hindoo may perish for
lack of a visible earthly oppressor.—
Every Month.

Steamed Bananas.

Peel the bananas, being careful to re-
move the little sharp-tasting, stringy
portions just under the peeling. Cut
in half-inch pieces. Put in a double
boiler, with the juice of one lemon for
every four bananas. Steam until
thoroughly cooked. This has been re-
laxed by an invalid who was forbidden
to use sugar. Bananas are considered
more easily digested cooked than raw,
and they contain so much nourish-
ment it is worth while experimenting
on them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Almond Macaroons.

Blanch and pulverize half a pound of
almonds, beat the whites of three eggs
to a stiff froth, add one pound of pul-
verized sugar; mix thoroughly; drop on
buttered paper in tins. Bake a light
brown in a quick oven.—N. Y. Ledger.

909 BUR. OATS, 178 BUR. BARLEY.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew
209 bushels Salzer's Silver Min. Oats,
and John Breider, Mishicot, Wis., 173
bushels Silver King Barley per acre.
Don't you believe it? Write them!
Fodder plants as rape, teosinte,
vetch, spurry, clovers, grasses, etc., in
endless varieties, potatoes at \$1.50 a bar-
rel. Salzer's seeds are bred to big
yields. America's greatest seed cata-
logue and 12 farm seed samples are sent
you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse,
Wis., upon receipt of 10 cents, and this
notice, worth \$10, to get a start. [K]

A woman's idea of a man good and true
is one who, on Sunday afternoon, reads to
his child the little paper it received at Sun-
day school that day.—Atchison Globe.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the
senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney
& Co., doing business in the city of Toledo,
County and State aforesaid, and that said
firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dol-
lars for each and every case of catarrh that
cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh
Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D.
1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and
acts directly on the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system. Send for testimonials,
free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When the Lord hands out a woman her
harp, she will not feel as proud as when the
minister asked for a second piece of her pie
at a church dinner.

On Time.

And very early too. That's what any one
should be in treating one's self for inaction
of the kidneys and bladder. The diuretic
which experience indicates as supplying the
 requisite stimulation to the organs without
exciting them, is Hostetter's Stomach Bit-
ters. Don't delay; kidney inaction and dis-
eases are not far apart. For fever and ague,
dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and
nerve debility, also, use the Bitters.

Some of the best people we know are so
fat that they will not be able to reach
their arms around a harp when they get up
Yonder.—Atchison Globe.

If you need anything in the line of Hay,
Coal, Stock, Grain or Cotton Seales, you
should write to the Weeks Scale Works,
Buffalo, N. Y., for catalogue and informa-
tion. This is an old reliable firm, and you
can rely upon right prices and right treat-
ment.

He Was a Stayer.—He—"I'm going to kid
you when I go." She—"Do it now while I'm
still young."—Town Topics.

Sudden weather changes bring rheu-
matism. St. Jacobs Oil makes prompt cure.

Let the good book you read have an ap-
pendix in your life.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use
Star. It is not only the best, but the most
lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

A man's importance cannot be deter-
mined by the number of initials before his
name.—Atchison Globe.

We think Pio's Cure for Consumption
is the only medicine for Cough.—Jennie
Pinckard, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

It will be heaven to the women because
the angels don't wear corsets or tight
shoes.—Atchison Globe.

Cascara stimulate liver, kidneys and
bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

The more grateful we are for our bless-
ings, the smaller our trials will look.

Put a pain to sleep? St. Jacobs Oil does
this with sciatica. Torment cured.

Borrowed trouble demands large interest.
—Chicago Standard.

True Blood Purifier

Is Hood's Sarsaparilla as proved by its won-
derful cures of scrofula, hip disease, and all
forms of impure blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Spring Medi-
cine. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to
take, easy to operate. 25c.

True Bearings

Perfect bearings are of vital
importance in your bicycle.
Waverley bearings are true,
and remain true. A new and
simple principle. Dust proof,
too.



\$100

'97 Waverleys are built for
those who desire the finest
product of mechanical skill,
regardless of cost.

For those who want a good bicycle at a
low price, we continue making Waver-
leys, improved and perfected—\$65.
Catalogue free.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

1,340,000 CONSTANT WEARERS.

DOUGLAS'S SHOE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

For 14 years this
shoe by merit alone,
has distanced all
competitors.
Endorsed by over
1,000,000 wearers as
the best in style, fit
and durability of
any shoe ever ad-
vised at \$2.50.
It is made in all
the latest fashions
and styles and in
every variety of
leather.
One dealer in a
low price, every-
where. Write for
a splendidly illus-
trated catalogue
and price list.
W. J. DOUGLAS,
Brockton, Mass.

Send 15c. in postage
to the undersigned and
you will receive either
a splendidly mounted
map of the United States,
or a pack of best quality
Playing Cards.

Burlington
Route

L. W. WAKELBY, Gen. Pass. Agt.
"Burlington Route," St. Louis, Mo.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for \$400 Invention
Wanted. \$1000 Salary & 50,000 Shares.

Woman's Nerves.

Mrs. Platt Talks About Hysteria.

When a nerve or a set of nerves supplying
any organ in the body with its due nutri-
ment grows weak, that organ languishes.
When the nerves become exhausted and
die, so to speak, the organ falls into de-
cay. What is to be done? The answer is,
do not allow the weakness to progress;
stop the deteriorating process at once!

Do you experience fits of depression, alter-
nating with restlessness? Are your spirits
easily affected, so that one moment you laugh
and the next fall into convulsive weeping?
Again, do you feel something like a ball rising
in your throat and threatening to choke you,
all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to
light and sound, pain in ovary, and pain espe-
cially between the shoulders, sometimes loss
of voice and nervous dyspepsia? If so, you are
hysterical, your uterine nerves are at fault.
You must do something to restore their tone.

Nothing is better for the purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound; it will work a cure. If you do not understand your symptoms, write to
Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will give you honest,
expert advice, free of charge.

Mrs. LEVI F. PLATT, Womlesburg, Pa., had
a terrible experience with the illness we have
just described. Here is her own description of
her sufferings:

"I thought I could not be so benefited by any-
thing and keep it to myself. I had hysteria
(caused by womb trouble) in its worst form. I
was awfully nervous, low-spirited and melan-
choly, and everything imaginable.

"The moment I was alone I would cry from
hour to hour; I did not care whether I lived
or died. I told my husband I believed Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would do
me good. I took it and am now well and
strong, and getting stouter. I have more
color in my face than I have had for a year and a half. Please accept my
thanks. I hope all who read this and who suffer from nervousness of this
kind will do as I have done and be cured."

Ironing is hard enough.
Save your strength for that. Make the rest
of the washing easy with Pearlina.
Soak; boil; rinse—that is all there is
to it. The clothes are cleaner and
whiter than in the old way; colored
goods are brighter; flannels are softer
and won't shrink.

Use your Pearlina just as
directed on every package, and
you'll get the best results. Don't
use more—that only wastes it;
don't use less—that only increases your work. Use it alone;
no soap with it; nothing but Pearlina.

