

SAM LEE'S CHUM.

BY W. HARTWELL FRESTON.

"Git a rope, boys, an' we'll string 'em up to the first tree we come to."

"An' his chum, Tom Malone, we'll string 'em up long with 'em—eh, boys?"

"Yer jist bet we will! When a white man gets so low er ter associate with a Chinese, it's ter he was strung up."

"Yer bet, that's right. Give 'em both a dose of the same medicine, they's chums."

There was considerable excitement in the little mining town of Cedar Hollow. A large amount of gold dust had been stolen the night before from one of the miners of the North Bend mine. The miners were sure a Chinaman, named Sam Lee—who lived with his chum, Tom Malone, an ostracised white-miner—had committed the crime.

Without stopping to think they might be wrong, they at once concluded to hang him. The reason they suspected the Chinaman was because they hated all members of the race, and only wanted such an excuse for putting him out of the way.

They were angry with Malone because he had taken up with the Chinaman. Any man, they thought, who would chum with a Chinaman had fallen pretty low indeed. Hence the banishment of Tom Malone.

The miners at once started for the cabin of the chums, fully determined to put an end to the Chinaman's existence at least. Border justice is sure and deadly; there is no discount on it.

One of the miners carried a rope, with the noose in readiness for use. There was not one among the miners who was not anxious to see it fitted to the neck of the poor unsuspecting Chinaman.

Slowly the miners toiled along the rugged road which led up the side of the mountain, and finally reached the cabin of the chums. It was a little cave in the side of the mountain, and the claim which the chums worked together was just back of it.

Sam Lee and his chum were hard at work when the miners reached the spot. They stopped, however, when the crowd approached, and looked at them inquiringly.

"Ah, ye flat-nosed Mongolian!" roared bury Jack Arms. "Come up out o' that, an' be hung ez yer order, ye pig-tailed eater o' rats."

Malone dropped his pick and stared in open-mouthed wonder. What the trouble was he could not surmise, while Sam Lee's teeth commenced to chatter and his knees to knock together.

"Me no wantie chum lup!" he stammered, in faltering tones. "Me no wantie be hung!"

"It don't make any difference what ye want!" roared Arms. "We want ye to come up out o' that. Come, move lively, now! We've got a rope already fer ye, an' we're anxious to see how it will work!"

Sam Lee was the very picture of fright. He fell on his knees, and, raising his eyes with appealing grief, he implored the miners to spare his life. He knew the miners were in earnest; but why they should want to hang him he could not surmise. He had done nothing out of the way that he knew of; certainly nothing to deserve so terrible a punishment.

"Say, boys, fore ye take 'em let us what he's done, will ye?" said Malone, in a firm voice.

"That's none o' yer bizness, Tom Malone. We'll let yer know, right now, we ain't answerable to sich men ez will chum with a Chinese. We want that yaller dog—we know what fer—an' that's enuff. Come up out o' that, now, ye pig-eyed rater-eater!"

"No yer don't!" said Malone, in a determined manner. "Fore ye take Sam Lee out o' this pit, yer hev got ter tell what it's fer!"

"We hev, eh!" yelled Jack Arms. "Well, we'll jist see about that! Boys, step this way!"

"Stop, or I'll shoot!" cried Malone, leveling his pistol. "Ye don't take Sam Lee unless ye walk over my dead body first, without ye tell what it's fer. He's a Chinese, I know; but he's my chum, an' he'll hev fair play if I hev anything to say."

"If ye shoot airy one uv us, Tom Malone, yer a dead man!" cried Arms, as he leaped down into the claim, followed by three or four of the miners.

Malone took aim at Arms, and at first was going to shoot him down, but on second thought he concluded he wouldn't. He could not take his life, even in defense of his chum. Throwing down his pistol and leaping in front of the miners, he cried: "Run, Sam! run for yer life! I'll try an' keep 'em back awhile!"

The Chinaman clambered up the steep side of the claim, took to his heels, and made good his escape, just as the miners sprang upon Malone.

There was a short struggle, a fall, a cry of agony, and Tom Malone lay in the bottom of the claim, his life-blood gushing from a knife-thrust in his side.

"See what yer git!" said Arms, half angrily, half remorsefully, as he looked down at the dying man. "I guv ye warnin'."

"I—I—I know it—boys," gasped Malone; "but the—the—the Chinese wuz good—ter—me—he wuz. He took me in—when—an—I had no money in—friends—an—I—sick uv lever, too. He—he—hussed me—an'—brung me through all right. I—I couldn't see him hung—without I

knew what it wuz fer. I—I bear no mal—malice—ter ye, boys, an'—an'—now I'll bid yer all—good—"

His heavy eyelids closed, and the heroic soul of Tom Malone passed to another world.

As the miners stood looking down at the dead man, a man came running up and exclaimed:

"They've found the thief boys. It wuz Jim Lane that stole the dust. He guv himself away by gettin' drunk an' flourishin' it round, an' braggin' how slick he stole it."

The miners gazed into each other's blank faces, and Jack Arms was seen wiping away the tears which were running down his face, as he muttered in a husky voice:

"Too late! Too late!"

Then they gathered up the lifeless form of Tom Malone, and carried it tenderly to camp. Next day the miners of Cedar Hollow witnessed the largest funeral they had ever seen.

"Good-bly, poor Tom! good-bly!" muttered Sam Lee, in faltering tones, as he stood on a distant hill-top watching the funeral procession. Then as they passed out of his sight he muttered again: "Poor Tom!" And among the miners of Cedar Hollow he was seen no more.

Light from Air.

There comes to us from the laboratory of the scientist a fascinating story which makes us pause to ask where the list of marvels, which we hear of as being likely of accomplishment, will end, if indeed, there is ever to be a limit to human discovery. Nicola Tesla, a young electrical genius who is budding into fame of late, with promises of great possibilities, has produced light from a vibrating current of air, and the world of science is predicting that we shall soon be able to throw away not only our candlesticks, lamps and gas fixtures, but also our latest triumphs of incandescence; because it will be possible to manufacture daylight itself by means of vibratory currents of air generated by electricity, and at a cost that will make it possible to turn night into day in all the larger centers of population, without undue increase of tax-bills. The idea of having it always daytime in the cities and having to go off into the country for our darkness will suggest itself as certainly novel; and those people who have prided themselves on never going to bed before daylight will be so disgusted, when there is no distinction in so doing, that they will probably conform to regular habits. As to the burglars and the multitude of erratic beings who develop owl-like propensities simply from a natural preference for darkness, they will either have to form an anti-light league or become respectable. Lovers will have to go into the country for their moonlight walks, and, in sooth, it were only meet for them to do so, for Cupid's delicate feet were never made to prance over the solid macadam of city pavements; his home is with the night-tingales and the dryads, the elves and other inhabitants of the sylvan sanctuary.—Demorest's Magazine.

Neglected Opportunities.

The subject of conversation was the "World's Congress of Representative Women," its results as well as its management. The conversation drifted to the multiplicity of organizations that have made demands on men and women during the last decade. When one gentleman had protested against what he believed to be a waste of thought and strength, he declared there were two organizations needed that no one had formed or suggested; they were greatly needed. The first and most necessary was a "Society to Encourage Children to Endure Cantankerous Parents," and the second a "Society for the Encouragement of Home-Evenings," in which the members pledge themselves to remain at home five evenings in the week. Both of these organizations would receive the financial and moral support of hundreds of bewildered as well as conservative men and women if some one would only draw up a working constitution, and pledge and devise a system which, if followed, would make each home the most attractive as well as "the dearest spot on earth."—Christian Union.

At the Squedunk Opera House.

The orchestra was banging and blaring when the scene demanded soft, seemingly distant strains. "Piano! Piano!" whispered the hero from the stage.

"We ain't got no piano!" retorted the leader. "This ain't no parlor band."

And the noise went on.—Truth.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

Commercial Life Has Never Been Conducive to Their Best Interests. The atmosphere of commercial life has never been conducive to the best interests of any woman engaged in it, says Edward W. Bok in an article on women's chances of success in the business world in the Ladies' Home Journal. The number of women in business who lose their gentleness and womanliness is far greater than those who retain what, after all, are woman's best and chief qualities. To be in an office where there are only men has never yet done a single girl any good; it has done harm to thousands. The effect may scarcely be perceptible, but the evil has been done, nevertheless, in a very large percentage of instances. It may be only in a single article of speech; it may be only in an unconsciously assumed manner that be-

longs to men rather than to women; it may be only in thoughts; it may be only in a changed way of looking at things—a "broader" way, it is frequently called—but the one fact remains: The girl has not been benefited by her business career. I know whereof I speak, and I deal not in generalities. I have seen girls enter the offices of our great cities and I have watched them from their first day. I would like to be plainer on this subject if I could, for the benefit of those girls to whom a business career is so attractive. But there are some things better left unsaid. And in these remarks I mean no disrespect to the great army of working girls. They know what I mean; they know how true is the picture drawn. They know how loth they would be to see younger sisters in the places they occupy, unless dire necessity demanded it. A business career is not apt to be refining to a girl, even under the most auspicious circumstances. The best we can hope for her is that she is strong and brave enough to retain every good quality she possessed when she entered upon it; she cannot hope to add to either her gentleness or womanliness. It may not take from her, but be sure it will give her nothing.

The woman in business to-day are the truest believers that the commercial world was never intended for their sex. Circumstances drive many to it, but that is all. The home has ever been woman's truest sphere and it will ever remain so. There she is unequalled, a rightful, undisputed queen. There lies her greatest power, her surest influence, and there every true friend of her sex wishes her to remain unless circumstances force her out of it. And then, wherever her lines are cast, may God speed her; may friends help her, and strangers be kind to her.

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.

SPECIAL TERM.

A special Normal term of twelve weeks will be given at the West Virginia Business College, beginning July 15, 1893. Special attention will be given to these branches: Grammar, Rhetoric and Composition, Reading, Penmanship, U. S. History, Physical and Descriptive Geography, Civil Government, Physiology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Commercial and International Law, Arithmetic, (Ray's 3d and 4th books), Algebra, (Elem. and Adv.), Elocution, Vocal Music, etc., etc. Classes will be formed the first week of the term. Tuition \$6 for the term of 12 weeks.

The coming session will have many new features and teachers, those preparing to teach, and those who wish to continue their regular studies will find this course unsurpassed.

The Commercial, Shorthand, Telegraphy and Penmanship Department will also be in session. Teachers of rare ability have been secured for the special summer session. For full information call on or address, A. C. Davis, President, Clarksburg, W. Va. 814

THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN Clarksburg remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. Any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Ask your druggist to show you a bottle of Mayers' Magnebic catarrh cure. One bottle to cure any case, no matter how severe, and will last for 3 months treatment. Sold everywhere.

Take Your Girl to the Fair.

Where are you going my pretty maid? "I don't have to tell you, an' she said, 'But I'm alive and well, I know.' To the Clarksburg Fair this fall I'll go." Remember the date—August 29, 28, and 34. 28 34

NOW TRY THIS.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from la grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Clayton & Dent's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.00. 3

A SMART MAN

Will not hobble around on crutches when he can cure his Rheumatism with one bottle of Dr. Drummond's Lightning Balm, costing only 25c, but worth \$1.00. Enterprising Druggists keep it, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by the Drummond Medicine Co., 42-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted. 284

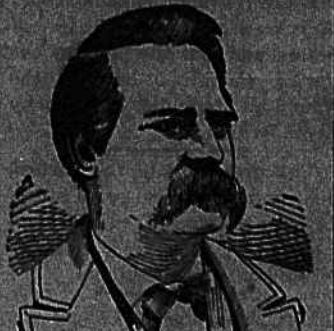
Last fall I was taken with a kind of summer complaint, accompanied with a wonderful diarrhoea. Soon after my wife's sister, who lives with us, was taken in the same way. We used almost everything without benefit. Then I said let us try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which we did, and that cured us right away. I think much of it as it did for me what it was recommended to do. John Herkner, Bethel, Berks Co., Pa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Wells & Haymaker. J

IF YOU'RE BACK ACKS, OF YOU are all worn out, really good for you. It's a general debility. Try BROWN'S BROWN BROTHERS. It will cure your general debility, and give you a good appetite.

ALEXANDER W. TERRELL.

The Gentleman Recently Appointed to the Turkish Mission.

Alexander W. Terrell, the new envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Turkey, was born in Patrick county, Va., November 3, 1830. His parents were both of native birth, of English and German descent respectively. The family removed to Missouri in 1832, where Judge Terrell received his education, graduating from the University of Missouri. He then took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at St. Joseph in 1848. Four years



JUDGE ALEXANDER W. TERRELL.

later he moved to Austin, Tex., and since that time has continued to reside in that state. In 1857 the young man was elected judge of the Second judicial district, and filled the post with honor. Judge Terrell was in sympathy with the movement for secession, but took no active part in the proceedings owing to his position on the bench. Upon expiration of his term of office, however, he entered the confederate army as lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-fourth Texas cavalry. He became colonel later, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade. After a short residence in Houston he returned to Austin, where he now is. Judge Terrell was twice elected to the state senate of Texas and made a brilliant record. He has long been a prominent man in the state, and is regarded as a speaker of force and an earnest student of political economy. During the last campaign Judge Terrell made many able speeches in support of the democratic candidates.

DIAGONAL YACHT SAILS.

An English Invention Which Makes Stretching Impossible.

Yachtmen will no doubt be interested in a new diagonal sail which has recently been patented in England. Dixon Kemp, in speaking of the new invention, among other things says: "There is no doubt that one of the chief bothers of yacht sailing is the stretching and taking up of sails, but stretching is the worst, and nothing is more annoying in racing than a sail which has grown too large for the spars. The belying has been pretty well got over, and the sail now sets as flat as the proverbial card, but the stretching is as bad as ever. Until the sail area rule of racing came into use this was of much consequence, as the spars could be made longer than the edges of the sail to allow for stretching, but now that every inch is measured, the sail must cover the spars from end to end from starting, and little or nothing can be allowed for stretching.

"Diagonal sails were patented years ago by Matthew Orr, Kipping & Pit-



NEW DIAGONAL SAIL.

tard, and their plans are still in use, but none of them hit on the arrangement of cloths as just patented. In the new patent it is claimed that, by their arrangement, the sails can be made to fit from the start, and will stand as well at first as at any subsequent period. This also means that the sails do not require a continual stretching to get them into shape, and that they will not afterward stretch out of shape. The principal stretching takes place in the direction of the warp lengthwise of the cloths, while there is very little stretching in the direction of the weft, the threads which cross the warp. The shrinkage in the direction of the weft is also much less than in the direction of the warp. By the new arrangement of cloths the weft runs parallel to the foot of the leach, and they claim that the arrangement is suitable for all descriptions of fore-and-aft sails.

It is whispered that some of the big English racers now under course of construction will be fitted with sails of this description, and if this is so the owners of the cup defenders should not be caught napping.

Colored Social Distinctions.

A man who has lived among the negroes and observed their ways declares that there are no people who pride themselves on their social rank as they do. In the same sentiment it is possible to find all grades—"low-down nigger," "common nigger," "gentleman nigger" and "yaller feller," to quote their own nomenclature. The distinctions are apparently traditional. At all events they are not such as a casual white observer can detect. They usually respect white people, but they look at "yallow folks" (mulattoes) as rather inferior to blacks of pure blood.

English Emigrants.

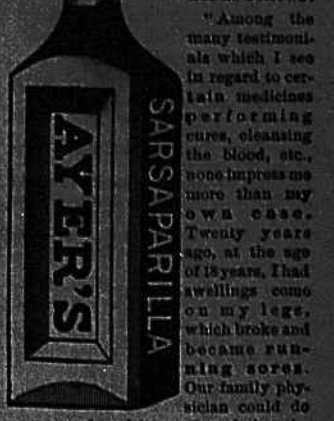
During the last fifty years more than 4,000,000 people have emigrated from England, of whom 10 per cent. have returned.

It is said that when Benjamin Franklin proposed to start a newspaper his mother tried to dissuade him from it because she said there were already two papers in America and there was no room for another.

POTTERHAM, in his "Arts of English Poets," erected two pillars of poetry in honor of Queen Elizabeth. Each pillar consists of a base of lines in eight syllables, shafts of four-syllable lines, and a crown in the same meter at the base.

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUNSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:



me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Rick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Dizziness, Bloating, Acidity, Constipation, Pain in the Side, etc. While these same formidable symptoms have been shown in curing

SICK HEAD

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, neuralgia, indigestion, this purifying compound, which they correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Eyes if they only need

ACHE

In the head, so many times that here is where weakness of the head. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them. In bottles of 25 cents and 50c. Sold by druggists everywhere, or by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Worship Street, W. Va., October 3, 1893.

To Mothers.—Our baby is nearly 14 months old, and we had bought and given it 7 bottles of "Casters," without much change for the better, and it never seemed hearty until we gave it a bottle of Sassafras, which cured it entirely. JOHN D. WILLIAMS, Mrs. MARY M. WILLIAMS.

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NATURAL REMEDY FOR NERVOUS AFFECTIONS. Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysteria, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insobriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon nerve centers, allaying all irritability and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

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LAUGHLIN'S INFANT CORDIAL THE CHILD'S CURE WHEN TEETHING. Relieves the Gums, Allays the Pain, Reduces Irritation, Controls the Bowels, Cures Colic, Vomiting, Diarrhoea, Diarrhoea, and all ailments of Infants. Price 25c per bottle.

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AME BLACKING is cheaper at 20 cents a bottle than any other Dressing at 5 cents.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAYS because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it profitable to buy it at 20c a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in shoe leather.

It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

\$10,000 Reward

for a recipe that will enable us to make WOLFF'S ANAKSIS BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c a bottle. This offer is open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

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(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished fine furniture. One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut or a cherry to mahogany; and there is no limit to your fancy. All retailers sell it.

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