

THE SKELETON'S STORY.

Ride closer! It is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—two miles of parched turf and rocky space.

What is it on the grass? a skull here—a rib there—bones scattered about as the wild beasts left them after the horrible feast.

Away off to the right you can see tree-tops. Away off to the left you can see the same sight. The skeleton is in line between the two points.

It is months since that ride, and the trail has been obliterated. Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot where the skeleton horse now lies, you would find the last three or four miles made at a tremendous pace.

What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground.

There it is again! It is not fifty yards from where he has last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian.

Now the race begins. There is no shelter until the grove is reached. Instinct guides the horse, and horror lashes him with such a whip as human hand never wielded.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake. A horse puts forth such speed only when terror follows close behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wail of despair.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that a hunter almost believes a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers—recovers—plunges forward—falls to the earth.

The wings of the dark line oblique to the centre—there is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened beasts, and the line rushes forward again. Saddle, bridle and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton.

There is an interval—a breathing spell. He looks up at the stars—out upon the night. It is his last hour, but there is no quaking—no crying out to the night to send him aid.

It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows. Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood. There is a rush—a swirl—and the cry of despair is drowned in the chorus of marls as the pack right over the feast.

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noon-day—the stars of evening will look down upon grinning skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crunch them again.

They will look down upon them as we look, read the story as we read it, and ride away

with a feeling that 'tis but another dark secret of the wonderful prairie.

SAVAGED BY A HURRICANE.

Towns Levelled, Lives Lost, and Ships Blown Out of the Sea.

Capt. G. O. Davis, who went so San Domingo last March from New York, had some remarkable experiences in the recent hurricane. He was in the port of Azua on a small schooner, which he had chartered and loaded with salt.

"I grabbed the roots of the trees at the water's edge and hung on with a death grip. It was impossible to stand, the wind was so strong; but, after lying where I was, about two hours, I managed to crawl under a cover, where I lay about six hours, too much exhausted to move.

At least one-half of the village of Azua, which has a population of 6,000, was in ruins. All the small vessels off the coast had been destroyed, and there was no way of getting to the city of San Domingo, except by the use of horses.

Three days afterwards I arrived at San Domingo, and learned that all the shipping there had suffered severely. Of three brigantines which were laying outside on the fatal evening, nothing remained the following morning save a few spars and pieces of wreckage.

The brigantine Dauntless of Bangor, Me., Capt. Williams which had brought out a cargo of ice, and which had loaded with sugar, honey, and wood, was destroyed and her crew of six men all drowned.

A Spanish vessel which had recently arrived slipped her cables and managed to get out a few miles to sea, but this storm drove her back upon the coast, and her crew of ten men were lost.

An English steamer unloading sugar machinery at Palanca hoisted her anchor when the gale commenced and put to sea. The vessel labored so heavily that it was impossible to pick the anchor up, and it knocked two holes in her bow before the crew could cut the chain cable and let her go.

The American schooner Henry Summers, from Scarborough, Me., which was loading down the coast, was dashed to pieces and her crew drowned.

Products of the Hen.

The hen has in her ovaries, in round numbers, more than 600 egg germs, which develop gradually and are successfully laid.

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SHOOTING HIS BROTHERS.

Dreadful Tragedy in the Mansion of an Old Kentucky Family.

At the old Rogers mansion on Indian Creek, near Blue Lick Springs, Robinson County, Ky., where 101 years ago ancestors of the family fought a bloody battle with the Indians, one of that old family shot two of his brothers, one of whom died.

At noon, when seated in the old residence where some of the boys were born, Samuel drew his pistol in a wordy encounter and fired a shot which penetrated the clothing of one of the attorneys.

Samuel G. Rogers, who did the shooting, says that his brothers reached for their pistols before he began to shoot, but their attorney denies this, and says that they made no attempt to draw their pistols.

What the Tobacco Money Bought.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco.

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bones and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it.

"Will you please tell me why you are standing on my toes?" asked a very polite gentleman of a colored citizen as they stood in a crowd listening to a humorous vendor of patent soap.

"I ask will you please tell me why you are standing on my foot?"

"He has no objection. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, United States Senator from this State, remarks: "My opinion, sir, I have no objection to giving."

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has adopted, under act of Parliament, the boy musician, Henry Stephen Walker. Her husband, Captain Thomas Chatter, who changed his own name in order to preserve the distinguished name of his wife, prefixing his mother's name, Scott, is reported to be insane in an Australian asylum.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

(Buffalo, N. Y. News.)

One morning several years ago just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Barry street, in Buffalo.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y.

"At time when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain and my head seemed dull and heavy.

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bones and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it.

"None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but often because they respect an officer who does his duty."

"I ask will you please tell me why you are standing on my foot?"

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has adopted, under act of Parliament, the boy musician, Henry Stephen Walker. Her husband, Captain Thomas Chatter, who changed his own name in order to preserve the distinguished name of his wife, prefixing his mother's name, Scott, is reported to be insane in an Australian asylum.

Fashion in colors! The shape of the Triangle Dye... come all the rage, completely showing the old fashioned square one into the new one into the "mind" of the child.

ONE HUNDRED PERCHERON stallions are being brought to Canada by Canadian breeders to renew the French blood so highly prized, and the English draft and Clydesdale to which has been bred there so long.

All men have their frailties, and ever looks for a friend without any pretensions will never find what he seeks.

From MR. WILLIAM MAGRATH, Credit P. O., Jan. 5th, 1894. My DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some time since I became so afflicted with rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to be unable to try your "Rheumatism" medicine.

Where we rise in glory as we sink in pride, Where boasting ends, there discerning begins.

The well-known drug firm of Ormsby Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of the "standard summer medicines, and of good sale."

Whenever you command and your subordinates for doing so. It is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from flattery and sycophants of administration.

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, writes us that he has used Burdock Blood Purifier in his family with good effect, and that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and profited of it in high terms of praise.

Men are never so ridiculous for their ties they have as for those they do not have.—Cherron.

In the summer and the fall, the climber climbs the garden wall. For green apples, in his frolic; He will eat his fill, till, very ill.

The ordinary restaurant waiter makes all his customers from tip to toe.

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream, There is naught to excel strawberry cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can exceed Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell added a large room to his Washington office for the daily reception of deaf-mutes, and he will teach there the art of speech.

The fruit merchant's strawberries do not fit the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirement of an unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaints.

Mr. Thomas Curtis, an Englishman of hundred years old, and his wife of eighty have just emigrated from Michigan to Washington Territory, where the old gentleman expects to find good shooting.

CORNS! CORNS! Tender corns, painful corns, itching corns, hard corns, corns of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort.

The German Crown Prince and Princess are to occupy the Prince of Wales's Palace of Aberfeldie this fall.



JACOBS OINTMENT. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, etc.

FOR WESTERN ADVERTISERS. A premium, "BOOK OF PROFITS," only in five colors: Green, Victoria, Blue, Purple, and Red.

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