

THE SKELETON'S STORY.

Ride closer!

It is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—two miles of parched turf and rocky space. To the right—the left—behind, is the rolling prairie. This broad valley strikes the Sierra Nevada and stops as if a wall had been built across it.

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. The clean-picked skull grins and stares—every bone and scattered lock of hair has its story of tragedy. And what besides these relics? More bones—not scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebra with ribs attached—a fleshless skull bleaching under the summer sun. Wolves? Yes. Count the heaps of bones and you will find nearly a score. Open boats have been picked up at sea with neither life nor sign to betray their secret. Skeletons are found upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story to those who halt beside them. Let us listen:

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. He left one grove to ride to the other. To ride! Certainly; a mile away is the skeleton of a horse or mule. The beast fell and was left there. If he left the grove at noon he would have been within a mile of this spot at dusk. It is therefore plain that he did not leave until mid afternoon, or possibly at dusk. Signs of Indians may have driven him from his trapping-ground, or maybe he had exhausted the game and was shifting to new fields.

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.

"Step! step! step!"

What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground. Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night. There was the patter of footsteps on the dry grass. He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

"Patter! patter! patter!"

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. A grizzly would rush upon his victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space with a scream to unnerve the hardest hunter.

"Wolves!" whispers the hunter as a howl suddenly breaks upon his ear.

Wolves! The gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin, and poor, and hungry, and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth that could crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet on the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

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. Over space, through the gloom, almost as swift as an arrow sent by a strong hand, but a dark line follows. A line of wolves spreads out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

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 wall of despair. A pigeon could not skim this valley with such swiftness, and yet the wings of fate are abroad, and long and tireless. The line is there—aye! it is gaining! Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eyes take on a more savage gleam as the hunter cries out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers. A wolf falls on the right—a second on the left. Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest? The fall of one man in a mad mob simply increases the determination of the rest.

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. It was a glorious struggle, but he has lost.

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. And now the chase is after the hunter. He has half a mile the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed. Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the tireless legs. Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate as a brave man should. He has halted. In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes, foaming mouths and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

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. As the wolves rest a flash blinds their eyes—a second—a third—and a fourth, and they give way before the man they had looked upon as their certain prey. But it is only for a moment. He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining bullets among them he seizes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock. Even a savage would have admired the heroic fight he made for life. He sounds the war-cry and whirls his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf falls disabled. He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack give way before his mighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart.

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 snarls as the pack light over the feast.

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

RAVAGED BY A HURRICANE.

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

Capt. G. O. Davis, who went to 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. "At 7 A. M.," he says, "the wind changed to south by east, blowing about sixty to eighty miles an hour. The sea rolled in with huge waves, breaking everything before it. We had two anchors out, which held us fast. A vessel that was near us was at last blown over. The Captain then called to me to come on deck. I had the barometer in my hand. It then marked 29.5, and was falling. I stood in the companionway, and the Captain and crew crouched under the railing, the wind being too strong for them to stand up. We were all waiting, when suddenly the Captain and crew plunged over the stern and into the sea. I clung to the tiller ropes and saw some of the crew struggling in the water, but only for a minute, when they were carried out of my sight, I saw the Captain and two sailors clinging to the standing rigging. Then a huge wave came and I was jerked from my position and pitched into the sea. The wind seemed to blow from all quarters. I was almost strangled and could not get into a position to strike out. Though I had heavy shoes on, I could not keep my feet down, but was whirled around on every crest of the waves. After a long struggle I at last reached land.

"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. Toward evening some persons came with a mule to where I was lying. They placed me on the mule. We had six miles to go, and for three miles we waded through a lake of water up to the mule's back, with the rain pouring down in torrents. We at last reached the village of Azua, but what was once a dry brook was now a raging river. I was compelled to lie in an old building containing about thirty families whose homes had been blown to pieces. Out of our crew of seven the Captain, mate, and steward were drowned. All that remained of the schooner was a few pieces of timber that were washed ashore.

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. After delay I procured horses and a guide and started for the city, a ride of 100 miles. The first night we stopped at Acre. Here the sea had destroyed plantations, torn up the docks, and swept away every building in the place. Cattle were killed in large numbers, and the shore was strewn with dead fish. From Acre to Savana la Grande 30 miles, twenty-three bodies were washed ashore.

"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 vessels had foundered and the crews had been drowned.

The brigantine Dauntless of Bangor, Me., Capt. Williams which had brought out a cargo of ice, and which had reloaded with sugar, honey, and wood, was destroyed and her crew of six men all drowned. Capt. Williams' life was saved by a remarkable accident. On the Saturday before the storm he went ashore, and upon starting to return to his vessel in a small boat the wind and current carried him below her. For three days he floated down the coast, finally making a landing and then crossing over to Barahona. He returned to San Domingo city by the English steamer to find that his vessel had been lost.

"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.

"A Dutch vessel was also driven ashore and destroyed. Three of her crew climbed up the foremast, and when she struck the shore they were thrown on land. The others were drowned.

"An English steamer unloading sugar machinery at Palencia 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 forward compartments filling with water, the hatches were blown off and the fire room was flooded. For two hours she lay in the trough of the sea, but finally the fire-hold was cleared and steam again raised. She was then kept with her head to the sea and was finally saved, though badly damaged. The machinery which the steamer had landed, together with thirty lighters was destroyed.

"The American schooner Henry Somers, 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. Of these 600 the hen will lay twenty in her first year; 135 in her second, and 114 in the third. In each one of the following four years the number of eggs will be diminished by 20, and in her ninth year she will lay at most 10 eggs. In order to obtain from them sufficient product to cover the expense of alimentation, they should not be allowed to live over four years.—*Annales de la Sociedad Odontologica, Havana.*

A black woman was brought before a magistrate for unmercifully beating her son a saddle-colored imp, and the Judge was delivering a reprimand, when the woman broke out with, "Judge, has you ever been a parent to a woofless yellor boy like dat ar cub of mine?" "Never," ejaculated the Judge with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk!"

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, and the other, it was feared, after a few hours could not survive. The three brothers were Samuel G., William O., and Thomas. William O. Rogers is an attorney of St. Louis. Thomas is a farmer, and lived near the scene of the shooting, and Samuel who did the shooting, is President of the Farmers' Bank, in Carlisle. The father of these men, who died at an advanced age, willed his entire estate, which is large, and consists of lands, to Samuel G. and Robert Rogers, and cut off William and Thomas Rogers without a cent. Samuel G. Rogers was made administrator of the estate. The two brothers who were disinherited took legal measures to break the will, and to that end have been engaged several days in taking depositions. Their counsel was the County Commonwealth Attorney, Samuel and Robert employed as counsel Mr. Lytle of Carlisle. During these legal proceedings there have been frequent recriminations between the brothers leading almost to a conflict.

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. In an instant everybody except the contestants rushed out of the room. The firing went on until Samuel's pistol was emptied. He then stepped out of the room and returned to Carlisle, where he was arrested. Dr. French of Cincinnati and Dr. Dill of Carlisle were called to the scene. The room in which the tragedy occurred was small and uncarpeted. William O. Rogers lay on the floor, near the front door. The bone of his right leg was shattered, and there was a bullet hole through his abdomen from right to left. He died at 11 at night. Thomas Rogers received a shot in the right temple, which came out above the left eye, near the hair, and another shot in the left arm. He is still conscious, but his condition is very critical.

Samuel G. Rogers, who did the shooting, says that his brothers reached for their pistols before he began to shoot, but that their attorney denies this, and says that they made no attempt to draw their pistols. Samuel Rogers was the only man who fired a shot, and he emptied his pistol. Each of the four Rogers brothers has a wife and children, and neither of them is under 40 years old. Samuel has the reputation of being a quiet man until aroused, and then it is unsafe to trifle with him. Great bitterness has been engendered between the brothers in this strife over the will of their father. The two who were cut off charged that the old man was in his dotage and had been unduly influenced. He died less than a year ago. Efforts to settle the case amicably have failed, and from the day of the funeral to the day of the tragedy the feud between the brothers has increased.

What the Tobacco Money Bought.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colts-foot, plantain leaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum and a little tobacco. You can't afford, my good brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life. A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.'" And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

An Explanation that Lacked Something.

"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.

"Sah!" remarked the negro.

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

"Yas, sah, certainly, sah. 'Cause yo' foot's un'er mine. Dat's right, sah, take it away. Ef it hurts yer so bad doan put it un'er dar no mo'."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

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. I suffered from rheumatism of the back, used some St. Jacobs Oil, which gave me instantaneous relief and finally cured me completely. I think it a remarkable remedy, indeed." His candid and courteous expression carries weight.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has adopted, under act of Parliament, the boy musician, Henry Stephen Walker. Her husband, Captain Thomas Chanter, 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 Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. This man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said:

"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. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"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.

"Oh, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidney, and travelling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"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. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same entirely harmless remedy. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

"So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin, do you?"

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

"And do you never have any fear of some of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?"

"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."

The policemen, firemen, letter carriers and other public employes in this country have a particularly trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such a man as Superintendent Thomas Curtin of Buffalo.

Matrimonymaniacs.

An Okokomee, octogenarian, who is now a widower for the fifth time, is looking around for a new helpmate.

In Shelbyville, K., there is a widow who has buried four husbands, and now seems anxious to prepare another for the silent tomb.

A Chicago woman is now living happily with her third husband, the others having obtained divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper.

A Maine man secured a divorce from his wife because she made faces at him in the dark. He married again, and now wants to be separated from his second charmer on account of her proclivity for snoring in church.

A negro barber was arrested in the South, the other day, for hiring half dozen wives in as many different towns.

Fashion in colors! The three cornered shape of the Triangle Dye Package has become all the rage, completely throwing the old fashioned square one into the shade. Ask your druggist.

Out of sight, out of "mind"—a disobedient child.

ONE HUNDRED PERCHERON STALLIONS FOR CANADA.—Large numbers of Percheron stallions are being bought in the United States by Canadian breeders to renew the old French blood so highly prized, and also to give quality, style and action to the large English draft and Clydesdale stock which has been bred there so long. Nearly one hundred Percheron stallions have been sold to Canada during the past two years by M. W. Dunham, "Oaklawn Farm," Wayne, Illinois, the greatest importer of the French ranch, who has imported from France about 1,400 head. 390 have recently arrived at "Oaklawn."

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to like our friends in like manner.—*Cyrus.*

From MR. WILLIAM MAGARTE

Brindley, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatin" and the result is that I am now free from pain, and enjoy the full use of my arm. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles relieved me—the third bottle freed me from all pain.

WM. MAGARTE.

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride. Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.—*Young.*

The well-known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

Whenever you command add your reasons for doing so. It is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery and sycophants of admiration of fools.—*Steele.*

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renewing tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws, 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months. (28)

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have as for those they affect to have.—*Charron.*

In the summer and the fall, the urchin climbs the garden wall.

For green apples, in his frolic: He'll eat his fill, till, very ill, He's doubled up with Colic. The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

The ordinary restaurant waiter measures all his customers from tip to tip. Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream, There is naught to excel strawberries and cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Croup, Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

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

The fruit merchant's strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. (27)

Mr. Thomas Coris, an Englishman one 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, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Putnam & Co., Kingston, props.

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

"A. P." 146



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents per Bottle. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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