rom the wagon, and away they went. The

panther clung to the tongue, and never

moved those glaring eyes from me. My has

rom working about the pumps. In despera-

tion I struck a match and set fire to my hat,

waving it and yelling at the top of my voice The fire lit up the scene. The panther glared

at the blaze, his long tail waving to and fro.

the burning hat at him. He jumped from

the wagon tongue, but crouched at the road-

side, still intent on me. Then I whipped off

my coat and set fire to that. I waved it

yelling like an Indian. According to all I

had ever read about nanthers, this one

should have instantly turned and rushed

away in terror, but he was evidently not one

of the kind you read about, for instead of

feeing in terror from the blaze he rose in

one grand bound, passed straight through

the fire and landed on my chest with his

great forepaws. Fortunately for me the

burning coat clung to the panther. That was

more than the fierce beast could stand, and

with a shrick of pain and baffled fury he

caped from the wagon and bounded into

the woods. The burning coat caught on the

brush and was forn off the panther, but

the smell of singed hair and flesh the disap-

pearing beast left behind indicated that be

had not got away unscathed. I heard that

panther's vells for a long time, each one

however, growing fainter and fainter in the

listance. I lost no time in hurrying on a

fast as I could go in the darkness. I had

not gone far before I met a couple of the

drillers, who had heard the cries of the

panther, although their camp was a mile

away, and had come out to see what was

going on. I didn't find my horses until

Firing a Bear.

"To this day, if you should ever go into

the Cherry Tree Run district of the Oil

reek region, you will be sure to find some-

ody who will remember how I set a bear on

fre once in that district, and set two of

three miles of creek on fire in doing it

You may never go over there, though, so

I'll tell you about it myself. Folks may

not know it, but bears can swim like ducks

don't know whether they can dive or not

ut if they can my bear made the mistake

of his life by not diving and swimming

under water from one bank to the other of

the stream he had ventured into. Good pay-

ing territory had been found and a number

of good wells put down in the vicinity of

Cherry Tree. Trout fishing was excellent

not having yet been produced in sufficient

quantities along them to mingle with the

water and spoil it for fishing. I was an en-

thusiastic trout fisherman and one day in

lune a fellow operator and I went for a day's

fishing almost to the headwaters of one of

the small creeks that emptied into Cherry

free Run. It had got along toward dark

mouth of the creek. We were loaded down

with trout and about as nearly tired out as

two vigorous young fellows could well be-

In fact, we were so near tuckered out that

we concluded to camp at the mouth of the

creek for the night rather than trudge the

fire was still burning brightly and as I lay

there looking at the broad pathway of light

t cast across the run I saw the water

where the light rested upon it suddenly be-

bear curiosity or attracted by the scent of

our trout, bears being particularly fond of

A Run for Cover.

more than twenty feet from the run. The

appearance of the big bear and his im-

spell that held me. I sprang to my feet,

grabbed a blazing stick from the fire and

hurled it at the approaching animal, who

was then almost within arm's length of me.

The brand struck the bear. If I had been

frightened at the first appearance of the

bear in the run, I was simply terrified when

the burning stick hit him, for like a flash

of gunpowder flames burst from the poor

beast, enveloping him from spout to tail.

With a howl that filled the woods with

frightened echoes and brought my sleeping

companion to his feet, the blazing bear

urned and fied to the run and plunged in.

If he had expected to find help in the cur-

rent of the stream he was wofully mistaken.

for in an instant the run, from bank to bank

the forest for rods on either side and form-

ing a spectacle awful beyond description.

There came from the stream of roaring

flame one long, unearthly wall of agony.

For a moment we saw the blazing form of

the wretched bear writhe in torture in the

ourning creek. Then we neither saw nor

"The heat from the moving wall of fire

drove us back late the woods, where we

remained more than an hour. Then the

stretch of fire died gradually away and be-

came extinct, leaving upon us and about

us such a sense of gloom and ghostliness

that neither of us had the courage to

remain longer on the spot. We lost no

time in making our way in the darkness to

our shanty up the run. Upon reaching

there we learned that an oil tank had sprung

a leak that evening, and before the break

could be repaired a great quantity of oil-

hundreds of barrels-had run into the stream

and floated down on the surface. The un-

fortunate bear had swam through this, and

his fur had become saturated with the in-

flammable stuff. My firebrand had ignited it

instantly. In returning to the run, all

ablaze, the bear had set the whole oily

As to Knowledge,

Detroit Journal: "You would be pretty,

persisted the other, "if you didn't know it

The gorgeous Boston creature shook her

"I can know nothing," she argued.

am pretty, quod reat demonstrandum.

The Prodigal Outfit.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: He went away rom home a spindly youth, with shrunk

hanks and a neck like a Garcia camp fol-

He came back a professional bicycle rider,

with huge legs and muscles like iron.
"I see the prodigal has returned," said the next door neighbor.

"Yes," replied the father, thoughtfully, as he stared in amazement at the bulging

hosiery of his hopeful; he seems to have re-turned and brought the fatted calf with

Corea Will Adopt Gold Standard.

easily to be swept away, for all that.

yourself!

surface on fire, and met his terrible fate."

"The spot where we had camped wasn't

wide and deep there

again at night

but it did not frighten him away. I thew

Disguised as Men They Fought Bravely and Well in the Civil War.

GIRLS WHO FOLLOWED THEIR SWEETHEARTS

Their Sex Discovered in Most Cases Only When They Were Wounded -Others Thought to Have Served Undetected.

It may be safely assumed that no woman Is wearing the blue and shouldering a rifle with the American volunteers in the present war. The methods of physical examination employed in the selection of volunteers preclude such a possibility.

Physical examinations during the civil war did not amount to much more than the recruiting officer's eye measurement of the applicant's inches. If the applicant approximated five feet in height and was not obviously blind, halt, lame, or deaf and dumb, instant admission to the ranks was given. The wonder does not, therefore, seem so great that a considerable number of during the civil war. A majority of these adventurous women enlisted on the union side, relates the New York Sun, and their sex in most cases was only revealed when no doubt a great many more women who enlisted in the northern army as men than the records show-women who, having escaped wounds and detection, were mustered effort to conceal her sex. out at the close of their enlistments or at the conclusion of the war without their sex ing a convent near Wheeling, W. Va., ran rades. It seems almost incredible that some circumstances, but the fact remains that soldierly roles.

A Washington man who has been in the War department for forty years and during that came to his notice wherein women were discovered under arms in both services, federal and confederate, gave the reporter access to his "Women Soldiers" scrapbook the other day and the following stories are presented as showing that the girls of the early '60s aspired to more venturesome work in the war than that of nursing sick or wounded soldiers.

Wounded and Detected. A girl of 22, named Frances Hook, who is

described as of "about medium height, with dark hazel eyes, dark-brown hair, rounded features and feminine voice and appearance," enlisted, with her brother, in the Sixty-fifth Illinois Home Guards shortly after the beginning of the civil war. She and her brother were orphans. In enlisting, the girl assumed the name of Frank Miller She served three months and was mustered out without the slightest suspicion of her sex having arisen. Her brother was killed in action soon after he enlisted. After receiving her three months' discharge the girl Frank Miller re-enlisted in the union army, this time in the Ninetieth Illinois. She was taken prisoner in a battle near Chattanooga. In attempting to escape she The confederate soldiers who picked her up searched her for papers and discovered her sex. The confederates respected her sex and gave her a separate room in the military prison at Atlanta. The girl claimed that during her captivity she received a letter from Jefferson Davis offering her a lieutenant's commission if she would enlist in

"Go home?" she replied. "Go home, and world, killed by my side at Pittsburg Landing? I've got no home to go to, and I would not go to it even if I had one, until the war is over."

Following Their Sweethearts.

The betrothed of a young Ohio girl had enlisted and she determined to join him. She was inspected, accepted and sworn in with the rest of her company. The company marched to Camp Jackson, O., and drilled there for several days, when the girl was sent with the Third Ohio regiment to Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati. Here

she assisted in all the duties of forming a new camp, handling lumber, doing sentry go, etc., for a couple of weeks, when, ascertaining for the first time that there were two Camp Dennisons, and that her betrothed was stationed in the other one, near Lancaster, Pa., she went to her commanding officer, Colonel Morrow, and requested to be transferred to the Camp Dennison in Pennsylvania, giving as her reason that she preferred to associate with Americans and that most of the men in the outfit to which she was attached were foreigners. Colonel Morrow, a shrewd man, discovered the girl's

sex and dismissed her from the camp.

A girl named Fanny Wilson enlisted in the Twenty-fourth New Jersey in order to follow her sweetheart, who was a member of the same regiment, into the field. He knew nothing of her action, but she saw him every day, and came near to being assigned to the same mess tent with him The Twenty-fourth New Jersey fought through the first campaign in western Virginia, the girl soldier carrying herself valiantly. Then the regiment was ordered before Vicksburg. The girl's lover was wounded, and, without revealing her sex, Miss Wilson nursed blun. She only made herself known to him just before he died. The girl herself became ill when her lover was laid away, and, with a large number of sick and wounded, was sent to Cairo, Ill. Here her sex was reyealed, and, upon her recovery, she was dismissed from the service. The girl was thrown upon her own resources in Cairo and for a time she served an engagement as a ballet girl. Then she went to Miniphis and enlisted again, this time in a cavalty regiment, the Third Illinois. Her sex was discovered after a couple of weeks. She was stopped by the guard and arrested for being years this old men has lived in "single a woman in man's clothing. She was taken to the office of the commanding officer, it being suspected that she might be a confederate spy, but she made it clear that she was a good, loyal federal soldier. She vas provided with an outfit of woman's clotnes

and sent back north. A young woman named Mary Owens of Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, enlisted in order to be with her husband. The girl's father was violently opposed to her marriage. The couple were married secretly, and the young wife donned the United States uniform, enlisted under the name of John Evans in the same company with her husband, endured all of the nardships of the camp and the dangers of the field, saw her husband fall dead by her side, and returned home wounded. Her sex was not discovered while she was in the service. She was in the service for eig' teen | next day. months, took part in three battles, and was afterward, while he was firing a salute at of my horses, which began to snort and wounded twice, both times in her arms. San Domingo, both of his arms were blown plunge. The next second the panther sprang She dressed her wounds herself in order off by the explosion of the gun. Strange to and landed square on the wagon tongue bea Welsh girl, and pretty and clever.

listed as a drummer boy in one of the Penn-

the war. She gave the name of Charles Mar-tin. She was of good stock, apparently, and COAL OIL AS A LIFE SAVER WOMEN ENLIST AS SOLDIERS the war. She gave the name of Charles Marhad evidently enjoyed the advantages of an education, for she wrote an excellent hand, and she made herself useful to the officers of the regiment in the capacity of a clerk. She was involved in the chances of five bat tles, but she escaped unharmed. The officers never dreamed of any question as to her sex. She was finally taken ill with typhoid fever and was removed to the Pennsylvania hospital In Philadelphia. Here one of the female nurses discovered her sex and the brave little girl was returned to her own people.

Bravery in Battle. A Brooklyn girl, whose name is not given tried hard to enlist in several Brooklyn recruiting offices, without success. She went to Ann Arbor, Mich., where she had relatives, and remained with them long enough regiments. Then she went to Detroit, where she joined the drum corps of one of the Wolverine regiments. Her sex was not discovered and she was sent with her regiment. to the army of the Cumberland. She survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where so many strong men went vision of the gallant Van Cleve and during struck in the left side by a minie ball. The surgeon discovered her sex and told the girl women actually soldlered as uniformed men a letter to her parents in Brooklyn and died ent use of crude oil. The treatment was by within an hour after she was shot

Mrs. Belle Reynolds, the wife of Lieutenant Reynolds of Company A. Seventeenth Illinois regiment, was with her huchand durthey were wounded in action. There were ing several heavy battles, including Fort Donelson, and for her valiant conduct was commissioner a major by Governor Yates of Illinois. Mrs. Reynolds, however, made no had to make a trip over the mountains.

A young woman 19 years of age, attend-

in 1862. She enlisted, undiscovered as to her and long before he got to the place he was of these women, whose cases are well au- sex, in the Second Tennessee cavalry and headed for he was pretty well tuckered out. thenticated, should have carried out their accompanied the Army of the Sumberland He had smeared his bald spot generously deception with such success under difficult to Nashville. She was in the thickest of with crude oil before leaving, and the heat the fight at Murfreesboro and was wounded of the hard journey had caused it to take on very few of them were discovered to be in the shoulder. The surgeon who dressed a more penetrating and far-reaching odor women through their poor acting of their her wound discovered her sex and General than common, and had distributed the Rosecrans was made acquainted with the grease pretty generally over his head and case. Rosecrans was very favorably impressed with the girl's nerve and himself the civil war kept a record of all the cases saw to the arrangements for shipping her pack peddler trudging along. He walked to her people. She did not proceed to her home, but went to Bowling Green, where the peddler's pace was slow, and he pulled she enlisted in the Eighth Michigan as a regimental bugler. She was a first rate dred yards when he came to a little rivulet horsewoman and bravely endured the hardships incident to the life of a soldier. She gained some reputation as a scout, having spring being almost hidden by overhanging made several remarkable expeditions which were attended with signal success. She was a tall girl of good figure, auburn hair and and shoved his head through a small openbig blue eyes. When her sex was discovered for the second time and she was mustered out she took it good naturedly and went to the home of her parents. This young woman stated that she had discovered a great many women in the army and young woman who held a lieutenant's commission. She had, she said, assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times, whose sex was unknown to any but herself.

The history of Major Pauline Cushman, the federal scout and spy, is familiar to students of the civil war. Miss Cushman resided in Cleveland, O., and, upon going to Louisville to take part in a theatrical entertainment, she was arrested as a southern spy by the federal authorities. She was shot through the calf of the right leg. proved her loyalty by offering to enter the secret service of the union army. Her services were accepted and her achievements are a matter of history. She penetrated the southern lines time and again in the disguise of a confederate soldier and her identity was never discovered.

A girl named Annie Lillybridge of Detroi became betrothed to a lieutenant in the the confederate service. This, however, was Twenty-first Michigan and determined to not established. The girl had no home and share the fortunes of war with him without no relatives, but she said she preferred to his knowledge. She enlisted in the same fight as a private soldier for the Stars and regiment, but in another company, and care-Stripes than to accept any commission up fully preserved in secret her identity. One to that of lieutenant general in the confed- of her comrades, after several months of erate army. She was finally exchanged, She hard service alongside the girl from Kensaid, upon reaching the north, that her tucky, became aware of the secret as to captors tried to extort from her a promise her sex, but promised to hold his peace that she would go home and not enter the about it, but when he was killed in battle the girl found his body on the field. She was finally disabled by a shot in the arm my brother, the only relative I had in the and her sex being discovered she was sent home.

## A REFORMED GIANT.

Once Tall and Wicked, Now Short and

a Preacher. The Rev. Charles Kesterson was born in the wilds of Hancock county, Tennessee, seventy-three years ago. His father was one of the early ploneers and his mother was a member of the tribe of the famous Malungeons, who compose nearly the entire population of Hancock county now.

The Rev. Mr. Kesterson is no ordinary man, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He is one of the tallest men in Tennessee, perhaps in America. His height is seven feet eight inches, though he claims that when in the prime of manhood he was over eight feet tall. His weight is 309 pounds.

Years ago, when Hancock county was not o thickly populated as it is now with men of education, and when lawlessness was at its height, the Rev. Mr. Kesterson was the terror of that part of the country. Brought note he never heard the whistle of a locomotive or saw the iron monsters till a year or so ago, when he went to Knoxville, Tenn. The Rev. Mr. Kesterson, it is claimed by many of his neighbors, has killed at least about that wild region, where rattlesnakes seven men. The old preacher denies this; he acknowledges the errors of his youth, but says that he never has killed that many. As to the number of men that have bitten

the dust at his hand he is silent. About thirty years ago he joined the Baptist church and began preaching. Until he reformed he ran a moonshine still on Walker's Ridge, and woe betide the revenue officer that dared molest him. In fact it is said that no revenue officer ever bothered him much, he was so well known and they knew his deadly aim. Now, however, since his conversion, a change has come over him, He does everything he can to break up lawlessness and is "death" on the moonshin-

When not preaching in the different school houses he farms. He works hard, though getting along in years, gives his money to the poor and needy and lives a happy fife. Though old in years he would not be taken for a man over 50. He is an inveterate chewer and smoker. For seventy-three

## A Man with a Past.

"One of the unluckiest fellows I knew in the civil war, that survived his army extells a grim old veteran to the perience." Detroit Free Press man, "was a man named Horton, from Plainfield, Conn. At the breaking out of the unpleasantness he en-listed in the navy and was wrecked at the Bahamas. Shortly after that he undertook run a prize into port, but was himself run in by the enemy and brought up in

"That was hard luck." "That's only a beginning of my story. When Horton was exchanged he was on the member, and while he was attempting to rescue some of the crew he drifted off into

weish girl, and pretty and clever.

A bright little girl but 12 years of age enlast risk he ever took."

Bylvania regiments in the early period of got married."

Guards a Bald-Headed Man from the Fangs of a Rattler.

TALL STORY OF A HAIR RENOVATOR

Some of the Effects of Rockefeller's Moss Grower on Panthers and Bears on the Lookout for Oil Creek Pilgrims,

"In trying to make hair grow on his bald head," said Asa Bushnell, an early operator to ascertain the whereabouts of the Michigan in the Venango county oil fields of Pennsylvania, to a correspondent of the Philadel-"Dan Mitchell was saved from the most borrible death that a-man can die, I suppose. He was prospecting for oil. He had a bald spot on top of his head and t worried him a good deal. A native told him that if he would keep the spot well down. Her regiment had a place in the di- anointed with crude petroleum it would restore the lost hair to the spot, and cited the battle of Lookout Mountain she was many cases to prove it. The native didn't lie to Dan, either, about those cases, knew of many bald heads myself to which that her wound was mortal. She dictated the hair had been brought back by persistno means pleasant, and I don't suppose it could well be used anywhere outside of the oil camps and towns of that day, where everything was saturated with crude oil; but it will knock baldness just the same.

"Dan began the treatment and used the odoriferous cintment liberally. One day he The journey was through the woods, and a rough one. When Dan got ready to start he found that some one had stolen his horse becoming known to their officers or com- away from the institution to join the army so he went on foot. The weather was warm,

"Dan hadn't gone far when he overtook a along with the peddler a short distance, but on ahead. He had gone, perhaps, a hunthat ran across the road, and he saw that it came from a spring at the roadside, the bushes. He was parched with thirst, and he got down on his knees, took off his hat ing in the bushes to get a drink. The spring was deep and about two feet in diameter. He quenched his thirst, cooled his face it the water and proceeded on his journey. He had gone only a few paces, though, when he heard a yell behind him. He turned that she was intimately acquainted with a quickly and saw the peddler lying in the road in front of the spring writhing in Dan hurried back. The writhing peddler was livid and with one hand was clutching his neck. His eyes were staring and bloodshot, and with a look of horror in them. He pointed toward the spring and

### Tussle with a Rattler.

"'There he is! Keep back, for God's sake! He struck me in the neck!" "Dan looked where the peddler was pointing and saw an enormous rattlesnake coiled at the edge of the bushes, its big head raised above the coil, its eyes blazing with fury, and its rattles sounding. Before Dan could make any move toward killing the snake the peddler threw himself forward, and with an oath seized the snake. As he did so the rattler struck him again, sinking its fangs into his wrist. The peddler tore the reptile in two, threw the parts on the and, to tell the truth, I was scared; so ground, and, rising to his feet, stamped much so that I couldn't stir. I lay there the ugly and still defiant head of the snake scarcely daring to breathe, with my eyes deep into the ground. This was all done

so quickly that Dan had no time to interfere. The peddler's neck and face and arm had swollen frightfully. Still stamping the snake, he fell to the ground in paroxysms. Dan forced the contents of the whisky flask down the unfortunate man's throat. The peddler was able to say that he had stopped o drink at the spring, but had no sooner put his head through the opening in the trout. bushes than the rattlesnake, which lay oiled in the ferns on the opposite side of the spring, struck him. The fangs had sunk so deep in his neck that when he threw himself back into the road he drew the snake out of its ambush with him. It had instantly coiled for another attack. The man died in a short time, suffering terribly to the last. Dan placed his body in the bushes and hurried on to get help to bury t. He found an oil shanty two miles furher along, where some drillers were putting down a well. He told the story of the

peddler's fate. " 'Mighty lucky for me that the rattler wasn't there when I stuck my head in the spring, wasn't it?' said Dan, shuddering

"That snake was there, all right,' said one of the drillers. 'I see you're doctoring for a bald head. There's where your luck comes in, young man! If it hadn't been for the smell of that hald head cure the and far above and below us, became a line peddler would have been here now asking of leaping fire, lighting up the gloom of us to go back and help plant you instead of up more than 100 miles from a city of any you doing that favor for him! Rattlesnakes just squat and lay low when they get a whiff of crude grease."

"And that was a fact, as the pioneer oil men found out before they had roamed long were as common as flies. So Dan saved his ife by trying to make hair grow on his hald head. The drillers went back, dug a grave in the woods and buried the unfortunate peddler. They named the spring Dead Man's spring and it is so called to this day.

## Experience with a Panther.

"The Oil creek country was largely an unproken wilderness when the first operators went into it and fierce wild animals abounded. The panther still lurked in the mountain fastnesses, the Canada lynx was by no means uncommon and there were so many wildcats that I have heard many s night made hideous around the drilling camps by their yells. As for bears, they were so common that after we got used to things out there we never thought it worth while mentioning the fact that we had met or scared up a bear in the woods.

"I had a lively experience once with a panther in that region. I was driving through the wods over a road that had been cut into a new territory. The road was so bad that it was dark long before I got to the place where I was going and I began to feel uneasy. I knew that some drillers were at work in the woods somewhere along there and I gave a shout, thinking they might hear me and take me into their shanty for the night. My shout was answered, as I supposed, by a man in the distance. I repeated the call several times I and was answered each time, the answer coming from nearer and nearer. The last response to my call was quite close and then it struck me that the voice did not have much human quality. I didn't shout again but the voice in the woods did, and ther ship that was to tow the Monitor to Charleshere was no mistaking it. A panther had of that ferocious and treacherous beast, and before I could think of what was best for the gulf and was not picked up until the me to do I saw the flery eyes of the animal next day. He came through all right, but glaring on the roadside not ten feet ahead to preserve the secret of her sex. She was relate he was again a hale, hearty man tween the horses, and there he crouched his when his wounds healed." eyes blazing straight at me. The horses tried to run, but the heavy road, full of 'No. sir: the durned chump went and stumps and roots, prevented them drawing the wagon at any great speed. In their the gold standard.

### plunging about, though, they broke loose REVEALED BY THE CLICK

and clothing were saturated with crude oil How a Telegraph Operator Discovered His Friend's Murderer.

VICTIM PINNED DOWN BY A DAGGE

Seene of a Tragedy and a Train Robbery Laid Between Omaha and Sioux City-Assassin Led to Justice.

I had knocked around in Australia for five rears, put in a year's service in India and had a whack at the Transvanl Insurrection ists as a volunteer, says a writer in the Chicago Chronicle, and settled down at last as a telegraph operator at Rocky Forks, a telegraph station between Omaba and Sloux It was my business to transfer mes-City. sages between the two places and to connect with points further along. The next station fifteen miles further up the road, was Dismal Point, and here Tom Brown, my oldest and truest friend, operated. Tom and I had roughed it all over the world together and when we settled down here it was to be near each other.

One day Tom telegraphed down to me that he would meet me at Rocky Forks next Tuesday for a day's shooting. He said he would come down on the 5 o'clock train in the morning and walt for me to get off at poon. After that we would go up into the hills and shoot along the points of the ravine. I liked nothing better than a day's next day, and I never traveled that road outing with Tom and I quickly ticked back word that he could rely on me next Tuesday as that was my day off.

The following day there came a message through Omaha that the United express would ship a quantity of bullion over the road to Sioux City the next Monday night and that the train would pass through my station, Rocky Forks, at 8:15 in the evening I telegraphed back that I understood it and then opened up the instrument and asked Tom if he had received his message yet. He said that he had and would look for the train seventeen minutes earlier at Dismal

That day and next I passed in my usual way. Sunday was uneventful and would have seemed long, except for the constant ticking of the instrument, which was ken busy sending messages about the important shipment to be made the next day. Monday in the mountain streams of that region, oil evening at 7:30 I looked at my watch. "The train will soon be along," I said. "I guess I will call up Tom and see if he knows where it is." I called up Dismal Point and Tom

"The express train is one station up the road," said he, "and is ahead of time. It will walt here five minutes. I'll let you know as soon as it leaves here. Tomor by the time we had fished down to the

### Hears a Strange Hand.

There was a sudden pause in the ticking and then a strange hand sent the message 'That is all." I called up Tom again, bu he did not answer. I kept calling, but no three miles that lay between there and our response came and I thought that the wires shanty. After a hearty trout supper we had become entangled.

built a big camp fire and lay down on the I waited for the express with its bullion ground near it to sleep. The fire threw a intil 8:15, but it did not arrive. Then I telglare across Cherry Tree Run, which was egraphed up the road to Tom, but there was answer. I waited five minutes longer and "I wasn't long in falling asleep. I never elegraphed again, but still no response. knew what woke me, but I awoke some time "The wires must be down." I said. in the night suddenly and wide. The camp

I walked out upon the platform and looked up the road. To my surprise I saw in the listance an engine coming toward me, slowly swinging down the track. As it came nearer I saw it was empty and as it passed me l

come agitated and I soon became aware that some big object was swimming the stream Reversing the engine I started back up and coming directly toward where I was the road. I went with such fire as I could lying. It was a spooky sort of situation, get up back to Dismal Point. Here, in front of the station, stood the express car, rifled of its contents. Across one of the trunks the express messenger lay dead. The enfixed intently on the approaching object. gineer and fireman were so badly stunned It pulled deliberately across the stream and that at first I thought they, too, were killed. by and by reached our shore, where it but after some time I brought breath into crawled out of the water and up the bank. the life of the former. He, poor fellow, was Then I discovered that it was an enormous too dazed to speak and I lifted him into bear. He paused a moment and then moved the chair, thankful that he was alive. toward the camp fire, either prompted by

When I stepped into the little station where Tom always sat an awful sight met my eyes. There, sitting at the instrument with his back to the door, was my old friend, a dagger sticking through him and fairly pinning him to the table. I grasped the wooden handle and pulled it out with all my strength, only to receive his cold pudent advance upon our camp broke the

body in my arms. Well, they never found out the robbers of the train. The engineer had been struck from behind and could remember nothing and after waiting only long enough to see my old friend buried I resigned my position at Rocky Forks and struck out again. But on Tom's grave, back in the woods at Dismal Point, I put a shaft of wood and on it I carved these words: "Living, I will pursue to the end of the world. Dead, I will come back to you." Below it I put Tom's name and age and vowed aloud the oath that I had there written to find the murderer of poor Tom Brown.

## The Assassin Run Down

Three years later I found myself stationed at New Elsworth, a suburb of New York. was in charge of a private wire of the Pacific Telegraph company, which communicated with all parts of the new warld and I was proud to be an operator in its employ. My duty here in part was to transmit the private messages of the higher officials. I never liked the president of the company, though he lived in the handsomest house in the place and treated me with uniform courtesy. He had a cold, uncertain manner that did not seem to be worthy of trust. Certainly, I should not have put up my millions in his hands.

One night when he did not reach home his wife came down to the telegraph office and asked me if I had heard from him. I was forced to tell her no. This happened frequently, and one evening when he had been late and she had made three trips in her carriage to the telegraph office he said to "Tomorrow I will have a private wire put in my office in Pine street and when I am detained I will telegraph you and you can send a message to my wife."

The next day the wire was put in, but a the president came home promptly that night it was not used. But on the following day at 5 o'clock I got a telegram from him telling me he would not be home until o'clock and ordering me to send word to his wife. I did so by the station messenger. An hour later there came another message from the president's office. It was that he would be detained still later and telling me to send word home to that effect.

"Is that all?" I asked. The message came back in short, staccato

have mental impressions, but they do not establish external fact. Externality is a fig-"That is all!" I leaned back in my chair cold and faint, for the hand was the same ment of subjectivity. Ergo, I do not know that had sent me the message on the night poor Tom Brown was kiled. Sasuistical subtleties, doubtless; but not The next day I came to the city on a leave

f absence to investigate the life of Anson Tryson, president of the Atlantic and Pacitic Telegraph company. I found that three evidence, it was not Nanoleon, but Murat. years before he had been a laborer on the Sioux City railroad with not a dollar to his name and that his sudden rise had been the Spain, seems to have climbed this observatory talk of Wall street. Well, I did not let it branches and established his observatory drop there, but I hunted down the case here on the morning of October 16, 1813. until I proved that Auson Tryson, with a gang of accomplices, had robbed the express train that night and killed my old branches and drove the bird from the nest.

Fall of Murat's Lime Tree.

Murat's lime tree on the battlefield of it has several times been struck by light YOKOHAMA, Aug. 10.-Advices reveived YOKOHAMA, Aug. 10.—Advices reveived Leipzig has fallen a victim to a violent filed, and is at last overthrown by tem-here from Seoul say Corea intends to adopt storm, reports the Pall Mail Gazette. The peet. Near it is the ivy-covered monutree which witnessed such terrible carnage | ment to the French who fell, whose epitaph

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was already, according to popular belief, it may justly share, "Let none disturb their

200 years old and more when the 'hres rest." days battle was fought. Perhaps it drew new strength from a soil enriched by the countless dead, perhaps like proud Holing broke "blood watered it to make it grow; in any case, it has survived for more than four score years the great event of its history, and now lies prostrate on the battlefield—the last fallen in the battle of giants The tree has sometimes been called Napol eon's lime, and the legend has been told that the leader of the battle of nations used it as a watch tower at a critical Seried of friend Tom Brown. And one day I took a It is a grand old veteran grand even in trip up country to see him swing for it. death. Its trunk is twenty meters high and one and one-half meters in diameter

Train Strikes a Landslide. MIDDLESBOROUGH, Ky. Aug. 10.— While a northbound train was coming from Norton, Va., it struck a landslide near Pensington Gap and three coaches attached down an embankment sixty feet. About twenty passengers were aboard, all of whom were more or less injured. Superintendent J. W. Logsdon of the Cumberland Valley division of the Louisville & Nashville total had a rib broken and was otherwise badly bruised. Charles P. Perrin, manager of the Wattz Steel and Iron syndicate, was Tinsley of Knox county and little son were considerably bruised. Mr. Tinsley's wounds may prove fatal. Several women were also

Taken along to the Philippines. Those who have relatives and friends in the several expeditions to the Philippine

islands will be pleased to know that a good supply of Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been taken along and more will be procured from the agency in Hong Kong as required. The great suc-cess of this remedy in the treatment of bowel complaints has made it standard over the greater part of the civilized world. During the spidemic of cholera in Honolulu treatment. For sale by all druggists.