with a gun in either hand and ordered us to "hands up."

Up went our hands without any delay and before we had got a good look at the stranger. When we had time to look him over, we sized him up for a chap who knew all about the highwayman business, but was short on the noble game of poker. When we had descended and shelled out, we felt to inquire if he rated himself a good hand at the game.

"Do I" he yells at us in reply. "Why, blame your eyes, but that's my best hold!

PART OF THIS PAGE MISSING

IN PANTHER VALLEY

A Revenge That Was Bought With a Tes-rible Price.

At a c'clock in the afternoon, as we were marching up the eastern branch of Tongue river, a man in citizen's dress came riding furiously from the east. For five minutes marching up the essection around of though river, a man in ditizon's dress came riding furiously from the east. For five minutes after he reached us he could not answer an inquiry. Then he wept and raved by turns, and it was a quarter of an hour before he told his story. It was the one so often heard in those days—an emilgrant family—a dash by a small band of Indians—killing, scalping and making captive. His two children were dead, and his wife was carried away on the saddle before a warrior. He was wounded by arrows and bullets, but as we wheeled squarely to the right and rode for Panther valley he was with the captain at the head of the troop.

We were riding to intercept the Indians at White creek. For two hours every horse is kept at full speed. Then we struck the ek, followed it through the scrub and in the ridge, and as we broke cover there the Indians coming up. One of the most had the woman before him. There the valley—five miles wide and with cover—a dozen Indians—50 troopers. ha wild cheer we dashed at them. As is we rode, the wounded and bereaved.

s we rode, the wounded and bereaved a rode faster. He had borrowed a sa-

blame your eyes, but that's my best hold! I'd never have turned to this if I could is we rode, the wounded and bereaved a rode faster. He had borrowed a saone of the men, and as he rode into bareheaded and his face covered with ains and the saber waving in the sun and catching its rays, the Incided out in affright and wheeled iloped down the valley. By one we overtook them. Our were jaded, but theirs even worse, ined on them an inch at a time, and there a bullet from a carbine ed a warrior from the saddle, but in asses the saber did the work. Not an a threw up a hand in token of surren-Loaded down with plunder and a scalp at each belt, they must have zed that no quarter would be shown. It is a seal to a scalp at each belt, they must have zed that no quarter would be shown. It is a scalp at each belt, they must have zed that no quarter would be shown. It is a scalp at each belt, they must have zed that no quarter would be shown. It is a scalp at each belt, they must have zed that no quarter would be shown. It is not that the sole of the scale is a scalp at each belt, they must have zed that no quarter would be shown. It is not that the sole of the scale is the sound and rere, but they did not even glance back are to the south and their eyes on the ground. A foot or two nearer, and the saber whirled through the air, and the trooper rose in his stirrups to give the cut which cleft the skull as if it had been paper.

Three are down—five—seven—nine. Of these the avenging husband has killed three. His saber is red with blood, and

The state of the control of the cont

other things, that, in great not to young recruit's nerves too much he, when learning to fire, "shoot touch r only from the pan, and so by de-earn to shoot off, to bow and bend y, and so attain the level of an as-hot, readily to charge and with grace discharge, making choice of k with quick and vigilant eye."— y Review.

rd Brassey's Amusement

Lord Brassey, the English yeatheman who went around the world in the Sunbeam, navigating her himself, takes with him on his cruises a large and powerful hand organ, with monkey attachment of the kind familiar to dwellers in all the large cities. Upon this instrument his lord-ship is accustomed to perform every evening, finding in the operation a congenial

ing, finding in the operation a cong

form of amu

with the reaction in stocks singular case is that of a well known and esteemed merchant, whose memory so treacherously failed him one morning after leaving home that he was totally unable to locate his, offices, and was actually compelled to inquire as to their whereabouts. Another interesting example is that of a popular novelist who-had nearly finished an important work upon which he was engaged when a sudden failure of memory deprived him of his plot and necessitated the laying aside of the book for more than a week, then an association of ideas recalled the massing plot, the novel was brought to a missing plot, the novel was brought to a wice sexful issue and enjoyed a wide of cut attom.—Boston Globe.

When Powder Was New.

Ome very amusing and interest ng desoft training and drill are given by a tary writer named Davis in hs. "Eng's Trainings, 1619." He proposes, go ther things, that, in grder not to eyoung recruit's nerves too much he to who ped that dollar and more, but he whooped and called us a coycle, and we had to do it. When we laid down our hand, he sat and of looked at us for a couple of minutes with out saying a word. Then he whispered:

"Critter, lead the way! I'm a reptile as never breaks my word!"

We offered him his liberty, being a bit anxient continue on to Lone Tree and take our esteemed contemporary, but he missing plot, the novel was brought to a missing plot, the novel was brought to a word. Then he whispered:

"Critter, lead the way! I'm a reptile as never breaks my word."

We offered him his liberty, being a bit anxient continue on to Lone Tree and take our esteemed contemporary, but he may not to the lockup that against him. He because of the book of the book

SOMETHING THAT GROWLED. He Wasn't Dead Certain What Kind of an Animal It Was.

A circus train had been smashed up at he junction, and many of the cages had been broken and their occupants given a chance to escape to the woods and fields.

"DOES YO'R SACRED BULL GROWL!" While we were waiting for the wrecking crew to clear the debris away an old dar-ky with a business look about him approached the circus manager and asked:
"Boss, do I git anythin if I cotch de giraffee what got away last night?" "None of the giraffes got away," was the

"None of the giraines got away," was the reply.

"Wall, I cotched sunthin ober on my place dat must have got away from some-body. My ole woman dun says it's a giraffee, but mebbe it's a elefant."

"Our elephants are all here, but one of the camels is gone."

"Mebbe it's a camel, but I dunno. I nebber seed no camel. He hain't got no wings nor nuffin."

"Does it look like a horse or a cow?" or nuffin."
"Does it look like a horse or a cow?"
"No, sah. My boy Hehry says it's a noseros, but I'ze a leetle suspishus dat it

"We have no rhinoceros, but it may be our sacred bull from India." "Does yo'r sacred bull growl like a dawg "No."
"Does he walk around a nigger's cabin an take a dog by the nock an shake de life

"No. It noust be one of our lions! You

An Old Settler's Story A PERTH COUNTY PIONEER'S EX-

A Simple, Humble Game That Acted as a Mild Tonic.

A GREAT GAME.—When we came into town last Saturday on the Lone Tree trail with a man walking beside our mule, and that man was duly turned over to the city marshal and locked up, The KICKER office was besieged with anxious inquirers. When it was further known that our prisoner was Black Dan, the stage robber and highwayman, we were obliged to take our stand on the city hall steps and explain to the crowd how we captured him.

We started for Lone Tree about 9 o'clock in the forenoon and were cantering up the hill on the far side of Horse creek when a human critter jumped out of the bushes with a gun in either hand and ordered us to "mands up."

Up went our hands without any delay and before we had got a good look at the stranger. When we had time to look him or we, we sized him up for a chap who knew all about the highwayman business, but was short on the noble game of poker. When we had diese canded and shelled out, we felt to inquire if he rated himself a good him wid dis stick. Much obleeged, sah. I will now go out an see if I can't dun cotch sunthin wid wings on it!" Trowbridge is a pretty little village in the county of Perth. It is five miles from a railway, and gains in runmiles from a railway, and gains in rural quietness a compensation for the loss of the bustle of larger towns. One of the best known residents of the village is Mr. Isaac Deleyea, who has lived there for upward of forty years, in fact ever since the "blazed" road through the woods led to the site of what was then laid out as the district metropolis. As far back as the writer's memory goes, Mr. Deleyea has been sick nearly all the time, and unable to work, and when it was reported last will now go out an see if I can't dun cotch sunthin wid wings on it!" An Unfinished Story.

After considerable coaxing the stranger, who had given himself the title of colone on the hotel register, agreed to tell us about the battle of Antietam, and he cleared his throat and began:

"There was a battery on our right, and before"

"Excuse me," interrupted the man who had said that he was looking around the country for walnut logs, "but do you mean an electric battery?"

"No, sir" replied the colonel, with a great deal of emphasis.

"Oh, very well; go on, colonel. I am interested in electricity, but if this wasn't an electric battery I won't ask any questions."

"Just before we got the order to charge."

"Just before we got the order to charge."

"Just wait a minute, colonel, "put in the sawler am I have not done a month's earse dro"—

"Just wait a minute, colonel," put in the sawler and I have not done a month's earse dro" or my men to adjure them by an ducy heres seared to"—
"Just wait a minute, colonel," put in the sawlog man. "You rode out in front of your regiment. Were you in a coupe or on hossback?"
"Sir, I was in the saddle of course!" hotly years and I have not done a month's work in ten years. I became all bloat-

move forward."

"What was your object in giving that order?" asked the sawlog man.

"Sir, I am not addressing you!" exclaimed

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and bought a property of the lightest description. A year ago I read of the wonders done by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and bought a property of the lightest description.

An Unfinished Story.

body, and by contemplation, fasting and

body, and by contemplation, fasting and neglect of the ordinary usages and requirements of life to mortify the flesh and become absorbed into the divine soul, which is, according to the tenest of pedantism, the spring and essence of existence, surpass the physiological possibility and necessarily engender imposture, which may be conscious or unconscious, or both.

The element of imposture, involuncary or designed, enters into all their proceedings, and is seldom either diligently looked for or detected. The love of the marvelous is strongly developed among Orientals, and fakir stories must be taken with a liberal grain of salt. Tales of prolonged living burial are common enough in India, but in no case has the proceeding been subjected to scientific observation or systematic scientific observation or systematic to scientific observation to systematic watching, and ip some instances the grave in which the devotee has proposed to hi-bernate has been uncovered after the lapse of a few days and its occupant found dead. —British Medical Journal.

A peasant boy visiting with his mother in Palermo was stricken with cholera recently. When he fell in cramps and cried out for pain, the mother thought him possessed of a devil. She carried him to the Convent of a devil. She carried him to the Course of St. Antonio and begged the monks to drive the evil spirit out of him. They placed the boy in the middle of the church and for hours said prayers over his body. The boy died in agony on the floor of the church. The municipal government in Palermo has

newsboye keep yourselves clea Boy—Huh! Wot's the good low feeling above his occupati

From the Listowel Banner.

sawlog man. "You rode out in front of your regiment. Were you in a coupe or on hossback"?

"Sir, I was in the saddle of course!" hotty exclaimed the colone!.

"Oh, I see! You adjured your men. 'Adjure' is a little beyond me, colonel, so you mean you addressed them?"

"They answered me with cheers," said the colonel after a long look of contempt at the other, "and then I gave the order to move forward."

work in ten years. I became all bloated out and my legs swollen very much. From this trouble I could get no relief. The medicines I got from the doctor helped me but did not sure me. Nothing would take the swelling away and I was beginning to feel that my condition was desperate. I could hardly be about and could do mo work, not over the lightest description. A

what was your object in giving that order?" asked the sawlog man.

"Sir, I am not addressing you!" exclaimed the colonel.

"But I want you to. I want to hear about that battle. You moved forward. Pretty soon you struck a farmhouse. Did you stop there for supper?"

"Are you a fool?" howled the colonel as he jumped out of his chair.

"Now, what's the matter with you?" replied the sawlog man. "If you can't tell us about the battle of Autictam without getting mad about it, I for one don't want to hear the story. Just be cool and calm. You adjured your men. Then you went forward. Then you struck a farmhouse. Then what happened?"

"Gentlemen, good night," said the colonel as he bowed to us and moved off up the veranda. And though we drove the sawlog man clear of the hotel and over the river, and threatened him with death if he came back before midnight, ve couldn't get the warrior to return and floish his story.

LIVING BURIAL IN THE EAST.

Fatal and Nonfatal Inhumation by Natives.

cure anyone who gives them a fair chance. Ask any of my old neighbors how sick I was, and how I have been cured Why, I not only feel like a new man but look like one. I can do all nly work that I formerly had to have hired done, and I do not feel the least fatigue. With me it is no guess work, but a case of demonstration, and everybody who knows me knows that I have been cured and by the us of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I

cannot speak too highly of them. for such diseases as locomoter ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, the tired teeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. The build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks.

strange and large chapter in the history of human crime. The phenomenon of hibernation yields some sort of countenance to the idea that the animal organism is capable, under certain circumstances—namely, conservation of the body, heat, perfect inaction and preservation from all external stimuli—of living for weeks, if not months, without food or drink, and records of prolonged fasting, with or without sleep, are forthcoming with the regularity of the announcements of gigantic goose berries, sea serpents and eight legged calves.

The alleged proceedings of Indian fakirs and Persian dervishes are cited in support of the possibility of human hibernation in underground cells. The proceedings of these gentry must, however, be very liberally discounted. They certainly achieves some very extraordinary feats of endurance and self abnegation. Their efforts to set at defiance the laws and inclinations of the body, and by contemplation, fasting and of human crime. The phenomenon of hi- Dr. Williams' Medicine Compan

Itch of every kind, on humar of Soda ... animals, cured in 30 minutes by Pure Cr. Tartar... Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blen ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curls, Splints, Ring Bone. Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains. Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY. South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and myster ious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears The first dose greatly benefits, cents. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Ner-yousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South Amerian Nervine, which done me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my prices we will offer you. life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

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wrappers bearing the words Does a Woman Look Old ers, if you leave the ends oper rite your address carefully.

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R. WALKER

#### AN OPEN LETTER

ATHENS, Dec. 20, 1893.

To Our Customers and the Public

After nearly twenty years' experience with a credit busi-After nearly twenty years' experience with a credit businessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific or twenty-five per cent more than for cash. We have thereor twenty-five per cent more than for cash. We have therefore decided to adopt

### THE STRICTLY CASH SYSTEM

We closed our books on 1st Oct, last and now sell for cash or produce only. We have extended the time for payment of all old accounts on our books to Jan. 1st, 1894, and shall expect a prompt response to this last call.

During our time in business we have sold tao great many who have never paid their accounts, and our loss in that way has been considerable. We have also met very many with In the case of men they effect a radical whom it was a pleasure to do a credit business, who paid their cure in all cases arising from mental accounts promptly, and always endeavored to carry out the worry, overwork or excesses of any Golden Rule. To such of you, we are thankful, and trust you nature. will appreciate and approve our forward step, and that we may have the pleasure of counting you ar when we will endeavor to make it clear that it is to your advantage to buy For Cash. Our present stock, which was marked at credit prices, will be Reduced to cash marks, and new goods as they come in will be marked at cash pr sold for eash or produce only. We shall keep no accounts, but will sell so low that yo advantage to buy from us for cash.

> ... for 35c for 36c . 20 lbs. .17 lbs. .3c lb. for 35c per lb. rure Cr. Tartar. . . . for 35c per 10. and spices of all kind and flavoring extracts very cheap. Lardine Oil . . . . . for 35c per gal. Seamless Grain Bags for 2,25 per doz

and all sizes in childrens' Boots at the same reduction.

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Scott St., Toronto, and you will receive by nost a pretty pietry. Great ceive by post a pretty picture, free it, insist on having it, and when you have give it a transform advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to

decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market and it vill only cost le. postage to send in the wrap-OTTAWA

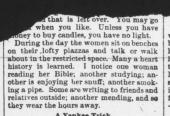


Bavarian War d the Bavarian ed the Bavarian aring that in the ances it was imwith duelling in bespite existing laws said it must be active duel to the duels outle corrections.

ed here of a fight among incoln county, in which ons were killed. The d counter is 150 miles his is the nearest tele-

A Yankee Trick. A smart Yankee ran a nice lot of fine in digars into England by putting them into a box with a false bottom, with a cargo of a ratelesnakes on top. The customs officers did not investigate too closely.

Unblushing Criminals. In a work on criminology the learned in-vestigator says that out of 98 young men criminals 44 per cent did not blush when examined. Of 122 female criminals 81 per cent did not blush.



Sleeping In One's Coffin.

The vicar of a certain Cornish parish is said to have caused his coffin to be made long before his death, and having provided it with mattress and pillows slept in it regularly. The same grewsome custom isnumbered among the coentricities of a celebrated living actress.—London Tit-Bits.

brated living sofress.—London Tit-Bits.

How Mrs. Cron Was Mudered.

CHOLAGO, Dec. 26.—Police authorities have now obtained the true story of the Wilmette murder from Charles Goodrich, who has made a dozen atatements regarding the crime within the six days he has been in custody. He was taken to tryocome of the crime and compelled to valk about the spot where Mrs. Cron was rebed and murdered. When Goodrich was rought back he told the entire story. He stated that he dired the story across

