

A SEARCHLIGHT.

There were five of us encamped one night on Lightning creek in eastern Wyoming.

Dick Benton, familiarly called Double Voice Dick, the best ventriloquist I ever knew, was one of our little party. During the evening he told the following story:

"It was not far from here that I had one of the narrowest escapes of my life.

"That was in the summer of 1875, at the time of the first mad rush for the new found goldfields of the Black Hills.

"I had caught the fever and was making for the new Eldorado with old Jim Scott for a companion.

"He had the greatest faculty for detecting the presence of Indians—why, he could actually smell them in the dark.

"We had settled down for the night in a little bunch of timber, but had not built a fire, for the trees were as thick as hornets, and we did not believe in hanging out a sign to notify them where we were.

"They were doing their level best to keep the whites out of the hills, and the soldiers were aiding them by stopping trains, confiscating property and marching paleface intruders off the reservation.

"Well, we were just dozing off to sleep, when of a sudden old Jim sat bolt upright in the darkness—it was an unusually dark night—and listened.

"Silence! he whispered. I heard something just then.

"It was so weird and mournful that it sent a cold chill over me.

"It sounds more like a woman's cry, I am going out there to investigate," was my excited declaration as once more the cry sounded, nearer and plainer than ever. "If that's a woman and she should die out there alone, I should never forgive myself."

"Nearer and nearer we approached to the sounds, but as we approached we became more uncertain as to their location, for they seemed to shift about in a remarkable manner.

"Suddenly old Jim sank down with a low hiss. I quietly dropped by his side, asking in a whisper what had caused the act.

"Injuns! he replied as guardedly as possible. 'That cry is a trick of the pizen critters! They are trying to draw us into a trap!'

"Suddenly a most startling thing occurred. A flood of light that seemed to burst from a point in the darkness was turned directly upon us. Amazed and filled with a sudden fear, we lay motionless in the long grass.

"It seemed that with the searchlight—which was probably a lantern with a powerful reflector—our red enemies could easily accomplish their object of destroying us.

"But fortune had favored us at the start, for the light began to move here and there over the plain, and once more we were shrouded by darkness.

"Come on! hissed Jim, and with great swiftness and caution we hurried towards the timber where we had left our horses.

"We were not to escape so easily. Once more the old paleman sank down with his warning hiss.

"What is it? I asked, crouching by his side!

"The pesky red devils hev cut us off from our horses," was his startling declaration. "They're a-twixt us and the camp."

"The strange cries had ceased with the first appearance of the light. There was no doubt concerning their nature.

"The light which had been moving here and there, finally fell upon us again.

"Once more we dropped into the grass, but a cry of triumph told me that we had been discovered. The cry was answered on every side of us. We were surrounded.

"In sudden desperation I lifted my revolver and fired at the man I knew must be behind the light.

"It was a thoughtless act, but good fortune directed the bullet, for there was a cry of pain, and the dreaded light dropped into the grass.

"But our trouble with the searchlight was not ended. Once again it fell upon us, but as suddenly disappeared, showing that the lantern could be closed with a slide.

"That infernal light'll be the death of us yet!" declared Jim. "We've gotter get rid of it somehow."

"He softly cocked his long rifle as he whispered. I knew he was a dead shot and waited developments, every nerve strung to the highest pitch.

"Again the light flashed out, but barely had appeared when the report of the veteran's rifle sent its echoes into the darkness of the night enshrouding plain. There was a crash of glass, and the light disappeared.

"The destruction of the lantern was greeted with howls from our red enemies. In that manner they informed us of their position, to which fact we owed our final escape.

"When we were within what we knew was a short distance of one side of the circle that surrounded us, we paused again.

"Then a sudden thought came to me.

"I would use my ventriloquial power to aid us to outwit the human wolves.

"Placing my lips close to my companion's ear, I communicated my intention to him, but he did not have much faith in it, for I knew he shook his head.

"It is a very easy thing for ventriloquists to tell about throwing their voices, but in fact they do nothing of the kind.

"They really talk in such a manner it is difficult to tell from what point the sound comes. It is easy to make a listener believe it comes from a certain point, but his attention can be drawn to that point by some action of the ventriloquist.

"In the darkness this would be impossible.

"All I could do would be to so another my voice that any one

in the vicinity would not be able to locate the sounds.

"Without delay I attempted the trick, making it appear that two persons were holding an excited but suppressed conversation somewhere in the vicinity.

"It was not long before my little trick bore fruit. A dark figure came creeping through the grass, with the stealth of a cat stealing upon its prey. It was a redskin, and he was looking for scalps.

"He met his doom instead, for when he came within arm's reach old Jim clutched his throat and gave him the knife.

"The grip upon his throat prevented his death yell from telling his companions of his sudden fate.

"We succeeded in slipping through the break thus made in the circle around us, and when yells of baffled rage told our escape had been discovered we were far away.

"We did not recover our horses or accoutrements, but we got off with our hair for which we were thankful, for at one time we had been in a mighty tight fix.

"I have since learned the lantern was operated by a white man, Swab Jackson, as dastardly a wretch as ever turned against his own race. But I am happy to say my revolver shot at the light put an end to his infamous career."

—Exchange.

Under the Code.

While a student in the city of Berlin, whither I had gone to finish my education, I became acquainted with a fellow student of the name of Jules Langheim. From the very first we were fast friends.

Langheim was worthy of the friendship I gave him—noble, open, candid, high spirited and generous to a fault. As a natural consequence, our intimacy soon became such that each made a confidant of the other.

One evening on returning from the opera, whither I had gone alone, I found him walking slowly up and down the room, looking very pale and evidently more disturbed in mind than he wished to have appear.

"My friend, what is the matter?" was my first eager question.

"I fear I have some unpleasant news for you," he said, throwing himself into a large armchair.

"Speak, Jules," I cried. "What is it?"

"Over the card table tonight I had an altercation with Adolph Berger."

"Well?"

"His friend has called upon me since, and I have referred him to you. I did not know what hour you would return, but requested him to drop in at 11.30."

"Can the matter not be settled by mutual friends?" I asked.

"I fear not. He accused me of cheating, and I called him a liar. Until his charge is withdrawn, mine must hold good."

"But, my dear friend, you must not fight!" I persisted. "Think how much more you stake than he. He is a mere adventurer, while you have character and high hopes, which will be blasted by this one act, even should you escape with life. You know our college regulations will expel you, and the criminal law will have you at its mercy."

"Still, what am I to do?" If I decline to fight, I shall be branded as a coward."

"It is a hard case," I groaned. "Either horn of the dilemma is bad enough, heaven knows, but still, let the result be what it will, I must insist that you do not give your adversary a meeting. You must summon up all your moral courage and refuse to go out!"

Jules Langheim started up, and with pale cheeks, knitted brows and clenched hands rapidly paced up and down the room some eight or ten times. Then hastily seating himself at his writing desk he seized a pen, dashed off a few lines and folded, sealed and superscribed the note.

"There, Fred, you have your wish—granted to you only of all men on earth. I shall not be disgraced by a duel—there will be no hostile meeting between Berger and myself. When his friend calls, give him that note as your answer, and with that your part in the affair will cease."

He turned away, and at the same moment there came a tap at the door.

"It is Sweitzen, Berger's friend," he said. "I will go out."

With Sweitzen my business soon ended. I handed him the note for Berger, and told him the decision of Langheim would be found in that.

He replied that such a proceeding was irregular. I rejoined that I believed I had nothing further to say or do in the matter, and the interview abruptly closed.

After Sweitzen had gone I anxiously looked for the return of my friend. One, two, three hours passed, and still he did not come. I remained up all night, but he did not return.

I took a long walk through the city to cool my fevered brain and was returning to my room an hour or so later when some one hurried up behind and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and confronted a stranger in the plain garb of a peasant.

"Beg your pardon," he said, "but might you be a student in the college?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might tell me, then, how quickest I can find a gentleman named Frederick Deformo?"

"It is my name," I exclaimed.

"It is curious," returned the countryman, beginning to unbuckle his coat, "that I should have run upon the very gentleman I wanted. Well, at daylight this morning, just as I was coming out of my house, a gentleman rode up on a panning horse and handing me a letter and 10 thalers made me swear to deliver it before night, and here I be."

I seized the letter, tore it open and read the following with feel-

ings better imagined than described:

Oct. 11, 4 o'clock a. m.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Forgive me for paining your noble heart, for, having once concealed from you my real design in declining to fight my adversary. I felt that honor demanded from me a proposition requiring at least as great a risk of life, if not of reputation. You remember you said you would permit the risk of life, providing character were not involved. I acted on that and wrote Berger I would not fight him, but would decide by lot which of the two should put an end to his own existence. I followed his friend to his lodgings, and we speedily agreed to the terms. We drew lots, and it was my misfortune to be doomed. According to the compact, I am to die to-day before sunset in the little village of Neuf, 30 miles from the capital. You will probably find my body at the only inn the place contains. Your dying friend,

JULES LANGHEIM.

On reading this I was so shocked that for some minutes I could not act. My brain swam, and the letters before me seemed to take the color of blood. I roused myself at length with the hope of being yet in time to save my friend and dashed off like a madman, leaving the countryman staring after me. I hurried to the proper authorities and got permission to use the government post horses. In a few minutes more I was on the road to Neuf, the position urging the beasts forward at the extreme speed allowed by law.

Fatal miscalculation! In my terrible anxiety to reach Neuf before my friend should put an end to himself, I overlooked the fact that, if living, my arrival in such a public manner would attract his attention and hasten him to the commission of the deed, since it was not his design or desire to have it prevented.

On reaching the inn, with a thundering clatter that drew the whole village out to look at us, I leaped to the ground, seized the astonished landlord and demanded to know if there was a stranger from Berlin under his roof.

"Yes," he answered quickly, catching some of my excitement, "a handsome young man—a thief or robber, maybe—or—"

"Quick, quick!" I interrupted, "show me to his room!"

We rushed away together. I espied an ax and seized it as I passed. On arriving at the room door and finding it fast, I shouted: "Jules for the love of God do nothing rash! It is I—your friend, Delorme! Come to my arms and be saved!"

"Frederick, farewell!" cried a tremulous voice in reply, and at that same moment I heard the report of a pistol.

With one blow of the ax I split down the door and rushed in. There lay my friend in the last quiver of life—shot through the temple—Cincinnati Post.

General News and Notes.

Rembrandt's father is said to have been a miller and farmer.

A teaspoonful of microbes contains over 4,000,000 individuals.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.

The queen of Korea has a lady physician who gets a salary of \$15,000 yearly.

The most prolific of opera composers was Puccini. He wrote over 200 operas.

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spots, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bones, Sweeney, Stiffles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. War-anted by J. Allen & Son.

A rattlesnake in the zoo at Atlantic has not eaten anything since last August.

Unbearable boresness can be changed to bearable eccentricity by the acquisition of wealth.

Marshall Bessieres was a farmer's boy, and after enlisting as a private, rose from the ranks.

Southern Pacific locomotives will soon use for fuel bricks made of coal dust and asphaltum.

Celloidin is paper chemically treated, reduced again to pulp and then moulded into its final form.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer. This is the title given to Scott's Emul- sion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emul- sion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c and \$1.00.

Some characters are like the black bil- liard ball—not black, but called so because of one black spot.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.—Philips Brooks.

A man going shopping with his wife is usually a most welcome looking object. His face always bears upon it the marks of despair.

Perhaps you have heard of "Spartans to the Gladiators." Its author the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, still preaches at Harpswell, Me., although over 80.

A Beverly (Mass.) man was fined \$5 for slapping his wife in the face and \$15 for assaulting the policeman who arrested him. There seems to be something wrong with the Beverly police court's tariff.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

CURES

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BLOOD

NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS

NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

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GENERAL BUSINESS.

I. D. C.

THE MAGNET ATTRACTS STEEL!

High class goods at low prices

ATTRACT CROWDS OF CUSTOMERS TO OUR STORES AT NEWCASTLE AND CHATHAM.

27 inch wide prints—good cloth—3 cents per yard, former prices 7 Light and dark fast colored prints 5 " " " 8

Lovely fast color-prints and Challies 5, 8 and 10c, beautiful designs worth double the money.

Rich white fluff washing materials, in plain, stripe and checks 8, to 10c former prices 15c, just the goods for cool dresses and blouses. Dress gingham, Shirtings and apron gingham, 5c per yard, reduced from prices 8c.

All wool challies reduced from 30c to 20c. Lots of higher priced goods equally cut down. We are handling away at prices during the month of August, of all kinds of merchandise as a midsummer offering to our friends, and the trade.

This advertisement is guaranteed. Call and Judge for yourselves. Of course these bargains cannot last for a month. Call and be in time.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. D. CREACHAN, CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY. SUMMER 1893.

On and after MONDAY, JULY 24 until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, (daily (Sundays) excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton and Chatham. For Fredericton, (read up) For Chatham, (read down)

7:30 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 3:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

7:45 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 3:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

8:00 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 3:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

8:15 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 3:45 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

8:30 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 4:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

8:45 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 4:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

9:00 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 4:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

9:15 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 4:45 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

9:30 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 5:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

9:45 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 5:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

10:00 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 5:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

10:15 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 5:45 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

10:30 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 6:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

10:45 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 6:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

11:00 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 6:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

11:15 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 6:45 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

11:30 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 7:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

11:45 a.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 7:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

12:00 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 7:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

12:15 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 7:45 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

12:30 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 8:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

12:45 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 8:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

1:00 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 8:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

1:15 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 8:45 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

1:30 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 9:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

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2:00 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 9:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

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4:30 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 12:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

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6:00 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 1:30 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

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6:30 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 2:00 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

6:45 p.m. Fredericton to Chatham, 2:15 p.m. Chatham to Fredericton

7:00 p.m. Fredericton to Ch