

ON THE PLAINS.

It was before the war. In front of Fort Gibson, a military post, situated on the borders of the Indian Territory, a number of officers were amusing themselves with games, races, shooting and boxing.

Suddenly an Indian mounted upon a splendid stallion was seen galloping toward them along the bank of the Arkansas, close to the edge of the stream. He checked the smoking animal near the group, which soon gathered around him, admiring both horse and horseman. He had caught the beast only two days before upon the prairie, where it was roaming in native wildness, and was returning, as he said, toward the settlements in order to barter it for the same articles with which the savage had become acquainted, but which now were indispensable to him.

"What to the settlements?" cried a captain of dragoons named Brown. "You are going to the settlements, Kolibri? What would the people there do with such a noble animal? Come here, Indian. I will buy him of you, but you must first shoot me an antelope from his back without losing your seat. If you can do that, I will give you the half of what you ask and my gun into the bargain."

A smile of mockery played over the Indian's lips as he listened to these conditions. "Lose his seat! The thought was an insult."

"Let the longknife," he replied, "ride this mustang only a single time before that skin that is spread out yonder, and if he does not then kiss his mother I will try what I can do upon the skin that covers the live animal."

"Good!" cried the bystanders, and Brown, with a laugh, accepted the Indian's challenge.

The Indian beckoned to one of the soldiers to step forward and directed him to hold the horse's head, while, in spite of his kicking and plunging, he put saddle and bridle upon the animal. In the meanwhile Brown, who was an excellent horseman, having satisfied himself that everything was in order, grasped the bridle and leaped into the saddle.

The Indian at once set the snorting beast at liberty, and it bounded away like the wind, leaping and plunging as if resolved to unseat its rider. But the bridle was in the hands of a master. It was, in truth, a charming spectacle to see the prudence, firmness and dexterity with which the captain initiated the noble but restive animal into the mysteries of the snaffle. After its headlong fire had somewhat abated and before he touched it with the spur, he rode it slowly and quietly back and forth across the prairie, and Kolibri watched with admiring satisfaction.

After having ridden the horse around in a wide circle, Captain Brown galloped back toward the spectators and then turned the animal's head suddenly and sharply toward the frame pointed out by the Indian, upon which hung a fresh and still bleeding buffalo skin. A slight elevation of the soil as yet prevented the horse from seeing it, but he, doubtless, scented it, for he stopped short, snorting and stamping, and drew in his finely arched neck. But a horseman like Brown cared but little for the fear of the foaming stallion. A slight touch of the spur sent him leaping furiously forward, and at the third bound he found himself close and directly before the object of his terror.

For a moment a cloud of dust hid man and horse. When it disappeared, Captain Brown was seen as firmly seated in the saddle as ever.

Laughing, he galloped back to his comrades and gave the bridle into the hands of the Indian.

"The savage has acquired a good idea of your horsemanship, captain," said one of the officers. "He was astonished to see you manage the beast so well."

"Yet it is singular," replied Brown, "that so shrewd an Indian does not seem to understand how to anticipate the movements of his horse as well as a white man. All he thinks of is to guide and restrain his beast, to keep his seat and to shoot game from the back of the animal when at full speed, while perhaps at the very moment that he leans to one side for this purpose the horse starts toward the other, and then he is almost sure to be thrown."

"I do not quite comprehend," said the officer, who had but lately been transferred to the distant western regions.

"Well," said Brown, "when, for example, you bend sideways from the saddle to take aim at any object while riding at full speed and the horse shies toward the other side or leaps backward, it is pretty plain that man and horse must part."

"But how do you explain that? I do not understand!"

A sudden exclamation from Kolibri interrupted this grave dissertation. He was pointing toward the horizon. The officers had scarcely looked in the direction toward which his arm was extended when the joyous cry, "Buffaloes!" echoed from mouth to mouth.

"It is impossible," cried Captain Brown. "By heaven, it can't be! So near, at this season? My horse here, my lad! Glorious! And, in fact, the cloud of dust yonder is almost too thick for a band of traders. What say you to it, Kolibri?"

The warrior had in the meanwhile

removed the saddle and bridle from his animal, and before replying he leaped upon its back and gazed attentively across the prairie.

"Speak, Indian, speak! What sees Kolibri?"

"He sees Captain Brown's gun in his wigwam and buffalo meat before sundown."

"Away, then!" exclaimed Brown, springing quickly into the saddle.

The Indian slackened the bridle to his wild horse, and Captain Brown, who was admirably mounted, spurred closely upon the traces of the chief.

Followed by the remaining officers, they soon reached the herd, which, on perceiving their assailants, at once took to flight. The horses gained upon them, however. Kolibri seemed at first to have selected a fat young cow for his victim, but from a feeling of pride he scorned the easy prey and spurred furiously after the leader of the buffaloes, an enormous bull. By thus aiming at the head of the herd he caused the beasts to disperse in wild confusion over the plain, and the chase became scattered. But in the midst of this disorder Kolibri still pursued the victim that he had selected. He spurred his steed along its flanks, waiting for a favorable opportunity to shoot. Three times he had, Indianwise, refrained, seeking a sure and deadly aim.

The herd now plunged across a marshy spot of ground, and the Indian's horse, although not wearied, had lost somewhat of its wild impetuosity and obeyed more willingly the sure hand of its rider. Dashing through the breaking reeds at the side of the enormous animal, the noble beast found dry and firm soil beneath his feet almost at the same moment that the buffalo extricated itself from the marsh, but on reaching solid ground the latter seemed to have gained new courage. It wheeled suddenly and lowering its shaggy head toward its pursuer it in its turn became the assailant.

This movement determined the chief to shoot. Never had an Indian taken surer aim—never did more agile limbs press the flanks of a noble, wildly rushing steed, when, on the right hand, a second buffalo, which the officers were hunting before them, dashed onward close behind him, but the Indian had an eye for the victim alone. He drew the trigger and pierced the heart of the animal. At that very moment, bending sideways to the right, his steed, already affrighted at the tumult around him, scented the buffalo thundering in his rear. With a start he leaped aside to the left, and the chief was hurled from the saddle upon the horns of the furious animal in the act of passing him.

The next moment Captain Brown reached him, but all was over. Near the dead buffalo lay the pride of the Comanches, his blood mingled with that of his victim.—New York News.

A Lesson in Natural History.

A gilded steer above the cupola on the Exchange building at the stockyards tells the cattlemen which way the wind blows. The steer is a work of art and much admired, and yet it remains a contradiction to the belief that cattlemen are observers of the habits of cattle.

"What does a steer do when the wind blows hard?" an old plains cattleman was asked.

"He turns his tail to the wind, humps his back and waits for fair weather," answered the plainsman.

"There's a steer that doesn't," said his questioner, pointing to the gilded steer on the cupola, which faced a ten mile an hour wind, disregarding the well known habit of his kind.

"Well, if that ain't so, I'll be beat," said the old cattleman. "But it's just like the market, goes by contraries. Perhaps that's why it faces the wind. But I guess more likely they let the contract for that vane to a tenderfoot who never saw a steer and never was out of the city."

Down in the yards the wind blew from the north, and every steer and cow had its back to the wind and stood humped up, placidly chewing its cud.

The pictures of plains cattle in a storm by Frederic Remington all show the cattle with heads away from the wind, and plainsmen swear to the correctness of Remington's pictures. To be consistent, the gilded steer over the cupola should be reset to do as do his brethren on the plains and in the pens of the stockyards. As it is he is an annoyance to many of the cattlemen at the yards, who are consistent in all things.—Kansas City Star.

The Difference.

Big Sister (shouting to Bobbie)—Babbee! You're wanted to do an errand.

Bobby (shouting back)—Tell mother I can't do it now. I'm busy.

Big Sister—It's not mother who wants you; it's father.

Bobby (hastily)—All right. Tell him I'm coming.—London Tit-Bits.

TAMPA, Fla., June 24.—Last Tuesday the steamer Commodore cleared from Charleston for Tampa, loaded with thirty cases of rifles, ninety cases of cartridges and fifty packages of merchandise. The Commodore arrived in port yesterday, and was boarded and searched by a crew from the revenue cutter Forward. The captain said the boat sprung a leak and he threw the cargo overboard. The steamer had time to go to Cuba and return. Some think the cargo was transferred to the expedition which started Wednesday night off St. John's bar.

A DISASTROUS CLOUDBURST.

Great Destruction of Property and Loss of Life in West Virginia.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 25.—Reports from Marshall, Wetzel and Tyler counties, which lie immediately south of here, are to the effect that great damage has been done and some lives lost by a great cloudburst about 3:20 yesterday afternoon. In Marshall the damage in and about Mountsville will reach several thousand dollars. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad track and other property were damaged to the extent of \$3,000 by the washouts. In Tyler county, in the vicinity of Sistersville, the storm created the most havoc.

For two days it had been raining almost incessantly, and the little streams were swollen to twice their natural size. When the cloudburst came they became raging rivers and swept everything in their pathway.

A mile below Sistersville the Ohio River railway was washed out for a distance of a mile and a half, and the rails, with the ties attached, are lying 200 feet out of position. The loss will be over \$10,000. Several houses were washed away, and the occupants narrowly escaped after ropes were thrown to them. The Carter Oil company lost several rigs, and it is thought that damage to the other oil properties in the back part of the county has occurred.

Several instances of teams and cattle being washed away are reported. There were five men in one wagon, and only two of them were rescued alive.

New Martinsville, Wetzel county, is in great danger, as Fishing creek, which runs through the town, is a raging torrent, and the inhabitants of the village have taken to the hills. The latest reports from the country districts are that the damage is enormous. Many houses have been washed away, and it is feared that there has been much loss of life, but reports, on account of the storm, are meagre.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

New York, June 25.—The speculation today was practically monopolized by the industrial shares, and the movements in some of the high priced stocks in this category were especially noteworthy. Sugar, as usual recently, led the market. Closing bids: Baltimore & Ohio, 18 1/4; Lehigh Valley, 33 1/4; Ches. & Ohio, 15 1/2; New Jersey Con., 107 1/2; Del. & Hudson, 127 1/2; N. Y. Central, 97; D. L. & W., 101 1/2; Pennsylvania, 52 1/2; Erie, 14 1/2; Reading, 45 1/2; Lake Erie & W., 17 1/2; St. Paul, 77 1/2; Lehigh Nav., 43 1/2; W. N. Y. & Pa., 29 1/2. *2d ass't paid.

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25.—Flour weak; winter superfine, \$2.20@2.40; do. extras, \$2.50@2.65; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.00@3.20; do. do. straight, \$3.25@3.40; western winter, clear, \$3.20. Wheat weak; June, 62@63 1/2c. Corn quiet; June, 32 1/2@33 1/2c. Oats dull; June, 23c@23 1/2c. Hay in fair demand for good; choice timothy, \$13 @16.50 for large bales. Beef easy; city family, \$9.50@10. Pork dull; family, \$10.25@10.50. Lard weaker; western steam, \$4.20. Butter steady; western dairy, 9@12c; do. creamery, 11 1/2@15 1/2c; do. factory, 8@11c; Biglins, 15 1/2c; imitation creamery, 10 1/2@12 1/2c. New York dairy, 10@15c; do. creamery, 11 1/2@15 1/2c. Pennsylvania and western creamery prints, strictly fancy, 17c; do. choice, 16c; do. fair to good, 13@15c; prints jobbing at 12@21c. Cheese dull; large, 5@6 1/2c; small, 5@6 1/2c; part skims, 2@4 1/2c; full skims, 1 1/2@2c. Eggs steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 12@12 1/2c; western fresh, 10 1/2@11 1/2c.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, June 25.—Beeves slow, but steady; native steers, poor to prime, \$3.30 @4.65; oxen and stags, \$3@4; bulls, \$2.40@3.25; dry cows, \$1.50@3. Calves active and firm; poor to prime veals, \$3@4.75; buttermilk calves, \$2.25@2.75. Sheep slow and weak; lambs active; poor to prime sheep, \$3@4.25; common to choice lambs, \$4.25@6.75. Hogs steady at \$3.40 @3.50.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., June 25.—Cattle steady; extra, \$4.30@4.35; good, \$4.10@4.20. Hogs steady; prime light, \$3.60@3.65; best medium, \$3.55 @3.60; common to fair Yorkers, \$3.50@3.55; heavy, \$3.20; roughs, \$2@3. Sheep steady; prime, \$3.00@4; good, \$3.65@3.80; fair, \$3.25 @3.50; common, \$2.50@3; culls, \$1@2; choice yearlings, \$3.75@4; common to good yearlings, \$2.50@3.50; choice lambs, \$5.50@5.25; common to good lambs, \$3.50@4.25; veal calves, \$4.50@4.75.



The dream of Ponce de Leon was that he might discover the fountain of perpetual youth. He died searching for it. The fountain he was looking for was an impossibility, unnatural and chimerical. The nearest thing to the fountain of perpetual youth is a fountain of perpetual, perfect health. Health keeps people young. Sickness makes them old. Health means first of all, strength and regularity in the digestive functions. Put indigestible matter into the stomach, and it is likely to find lodgment in the bowels. It will stop there and act as a poison, refuse matter, which should have been thrown off, is retained in the body, and as it cannot go any place else, more or less of it gets into the blood. That's constipation. It is such a wonderfully simple thing that people do not regard it seriously. They let it run on, let it grow worse, become chronic, and show itself all over the body in fifty ways before they consider it important. Constipation causes nine-tenths of all human ailments. Its first symptoms do not seem very serious, but even they are very disagreeable. A few of them are sour stomach, flatulence, heartburn, distress after eating, foul breath, coated tongue, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sick and bilious headaches, general lassitude and debility. When any of these symptoms show themselves, you should immediately take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, according to directions. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules, made on purpose to cure constipation. They do this perfectly and quickly, and they are the only preparation in the world that will do it. There are plenty of medicines that will give relief as long as you keep on taking them, but you can't stop. They don't cure; they give merely temporary relief. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets give immediate relief and produce a permanent cure.

DID YOU SEE OUR AD LAST WEEK?

WELL HERE ARE SOME OF OUR

BARGAINS.

We are still selling all Summer Goods AT COST. All Silk Shirt Waists, all Straw Hats and in fact everything

IN THE SUMMER LINE.

We have just received a beautiful line of Hammocks from 98 cents up. A nice line of Window Shades from 9 cents up.

Remember we are still agents for the Domestic White, New Home and Climax

SEWING MACHINES.

We sell either for cash or good terms on time. If you need a machine notify us and we will send one around for trial.

M. T. YOUNG.

REMOVAL.

I wish to inform my friends and patrons that I have changed my place of business to the new store on the "Best Corner" across the street from my old stand. Since moving I have added very largely to my stock of goods and am better prepared in every way to wait on the trade.

In addition to my time trade I am now prepared to offer

Bargains to the Cash Trade.

I can please you in

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., &c.

Can supply your wants in

FURNITURE.

IN GUANO

We carry the following standard brands: Orinoco, Farmers Bone, Cotton Seed Meal, Eclipse, Acid Phosphate, Kainit. Give me a call at my new stand.

J. C. Hadley.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

New line dress good. M. T. Young