

warriors around the council fire. All day long he had been sitting alone on the estated her gaze upon the deep mi raters of the lake. The Ong? and I will tell you of the Ong. One was a large bird, greater Be houses of the white men. Its wer longer than the tallest Its face was that of an inheat covered with hard scales, its feet were wobleed. Its next dep down in the bottom of the set in the center, and out of the set in the center, and out of the lake. There are no rivers to the lake, only the waters from the lake, only the waters from the set. All the waters flow as at the bottom, in great underseas and after passing through the set of the nest are seent forth. Every plant and hird and anihat gets into these undercurs and sometimes even the great are swept into the meshes of set and are there held fant to furthed for the Ong.

Is the everything, he liked everyshed for the Ong.

Is the everything, he liked everyshed for the Ong.

Is the verything of Eigh poor

THE GREAT ONG.

take as were drowned in these watake their bodies were carried to
to boy's nest and no morael ever
taged him. Sometimes he would
beat the shores in quest of some
s, or woman or hunter, yet he was
sand soward, and was never known
issue; anyone in camp, or when
sow more were together. No arrow
is pierce his feathers, nor could
see the states on his face and
set his craven's heart made him
shor finds toes had no claws, and
south no beak.

It is craven's heart made him
shi, for his toes had no claws, and
south no beak.

It is was the sweetest note the
sex all the Washoe Indians
making their final hunt before
to the valleys and leaving the
leaked in its wister snows. The
standard of the state of the
sale the greatest here in the
far between the state in the
standard here was sixteen yours
and before leaving the leake he
to the valleys and leaving the
sex and before leaving the
leaked in its wister snows. The
standard for such had
the custom of Washoe chiefs
sheet the greatest here in the
far between was this daughter,
stay unmarried brave and warthe tribe wished that he had
famed doeds of greater prowess,
to big council fire, and was
the file pipe and recount to the
solution of washoe chiefs
the big council fire, and was
the file pipe and recount to the
solution of washoe to this event and
the big council fire, and was
the big council fire, and was
of many years the warniors
of reckless daring performed
who hased to well the
solution of washoe to the
county dampiner.

The thing was all the trible with the sould
choose, and the wood to
the pipe and great level to
the with a service of
the big the pipe and recount to the
sould chos

SIX BUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

Now An Innocent Man was Sus-

A little story was told at the New Willard Hotel in Washington the other day by a New Yorker who was traveling on a Pullman car between St. Louis and his home, which goes to show the danger of convicting a man on circumstantial evidence. The principal figure in this incident was not convicted, but had it not been for a fortuitous circumstance it might have gone hard with him.

"It seems that one of the occupants of the car on getting out of his berth to dress missed his vest, which was a rather serious affair, inasmuch as it contained in an inside pocket a roll of money which consisted of six brandnew \$100 bills.

"A little later he picked up the gar-

money which consisted of six brandnew \$100 bills.

"A little later he picked up the garment on the floor, but on searching, the
roll of money was gone. It was a
clear case of robbery, and the man
naturally raised an excited outcry,
which drew the attention of all his
fellow-travelers. Early in the game
the proposition to search everybody in
that ceach was made and adopted w. h
but a single dissenting voice. One man
stood out flercely and indignantly
against it, and said that he would
never consent to such an indignity, but
would oppose it with all the force he
could employ.

"This man was at once an object of
suspicion, and many whispers directed
at him went around. Every other individual aboard voluntarily submitted to
being searched, yet nothing was seen
of the r olen bills. At this point some
amateur Sherlock Holmes cornered the
porter, and by adroit questions and
threats made that rascally employe
own up to the heft, and also made him
disgorge \$600 in handsome notes that
appeared to be right from the Printing Bureau. The owner of the money
was overjoyed and all hands congratulated him on recovering his meney.

"About this time the obdurate gen-

was overjoyed and all hands congratu-lated him on recovering his mency.

"About this time the obdurate gen-tleman who had resolutely declined to be searched secured the floor. 'Now, my friends,' said he, 'I will tell you why I risked your suspecting me of the theft,' and what did this man do but the down in his him product and fatch theft,' and v hat did this man do but go down in his hip pocket and fetch up a roll of money that he counted out in our presence, and, as sure as I am a living man, in this roll there were just six—no more and no less—brandnew bills, each of \$100 denomination. Positively there was no way of telling them from the bills that had been recovered. Then we all knew why he had declined to be investigated."

Brief Thanks to the Ladies.

Brief Thanks to the Ladies.

Jonesbero (Ark.) Evening Sun.

The members of the Citizen's Band ask the ladies who gave the supper for the benefit of the hand on Wednesday night, August B, to please accept their smeere thanks. It is the wish of every member that when these good ladies have done all the good deeds here that God would have them do, that they be gathered home to join the heavenly band, where all be joy, happiness, and good music, which all who live as these good ladies have lived shall enjoy, and may the influence of these good ladies have lived shall enjoy, and may the influence of these good ladies ever guide the members of the Citizens' Band to a higher stand of morality and fame, and may we never cease striving until we have reached the topmost round of the ladder of fame, when God, in His wisdom, shall call us home, and when we have played our last tune here on earth, may we be gathered with these good ladies around God's throne, where we can play on God's instruments of gold, where our music will be sweeter, through the ceaseless ages of eternity.

and the darkness crept over the lake, and into the darkness the Ong van-

and into the darkness the Ong vanished.

The women had been long in their
huts ere the council fire was kindled,
and the warriors gravely seated themseives in its circle. The loss of a
young brave could not be allowed to
interfere with so important an event
as the marriage choice, and from most
of their minds he had vanished. It
was not so very unusual for the Ong
to claim a victim, and besides, the
youth had been many times warned
by his elders that he should not go
hunting alone as had been his habit
of late.

But while the warriors were working themselves up to a frenzy of eloquence over their bygone deeds of
daring, an Indian maiden was paddiing a cance swiftly and allently
toward the middle of the lake. Nona,
the Chief's daughter, understood no
more than the rest why her lover had
not been dropped into the lake, nor
why the Ong had acted so queerly,
but she knew that she could die with
her lover. She took her own frail
cance because it was so light and
easy to paddle, though it was made
for her when a girl, and would scarcely support her weight now. It maitered nothing to her if the water
splashed over the sides; it mattered
nothing how she reached her lover.
She kept saying his name over softly
to herself. Taboe! My own Tahoe!"
When the council had finished, the
old women went to the Chief's hut
to bid his daughter came and hear the
decision her father was about to render. Their consternation was great,
nor did the tribe rest ustif the rosy
dawn tinged the Washoe poaks and
disclosed to the warriors the vast
body of the Ong footing on the waters above its nest, and beside it a
thay, empty cance. But gently approaching the shore was the strongest
craft that ever feated as water. It
was one of the Ong's great when, and
the sail was the tip of the other. In
the shouts of the tribe should in sect othors arms, was the reang brave Tahee and the daughter of the other la
the shouts of the tribe should in sect othors arms. Was the promag brave Tahe and the daughter of the other.

ORICKANAGUA ANNIVERSARY.

chattanooga was then but a poor, struggling village, never having been even heard of by one in a thousand of those who composed the Northern army. It is now a wealthy, prosperous city of over 60,000 inhabitants and the home of many Northern families. An electric line runs from the city to Chickamagua Park every 30 minutes.

The celebration of the anniversary of the battle, from the 19th to the 23d of September, where the tales of the campfire and the paket line were once more recounted, has been of surprising interest to thousands of old veterans and their quondam foes.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. H. LYTLE.

The battle of Chickamagua, which

The battle of Chickamagua, which followed Chattanooga, was most desperately contested on both sides.

Bragg was reinforced by a veteran corps from Virginia, under Longstreet, and Buckner's Corps from East Tennemee, until his forces outnumbered Rosecrans' by over 12,000, and yet the Northern army, by wise and vigorous marching day and night over mountains and through passes, and by the concentration of widely scattered forces, indicted such terrible losses that Bragg was incapable of any but the most cautious following when Rosecrans fell back to occupy Chattanooga, for which he had been contending.

Among the many brave officers on both sides who gave up their lives for their beloved causes there was none braver, none more mourned than the Union Brigadier-General, Wm. H. Lytie. About to give the order to charge, he was struck in the head by a builtet and fell dying in the arms of his att.

His poem of "Anthony and Cleopa-tra," generally believed to have been composed the night before the battle, but which, as a matter of fact, was an earlier production, has been classed as one of the most masterly lyrics in American poetry.

I Am Dying Egypt, Dying.

I am dying Egypt, dying.

Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark, Piutonian shadow
Gather on the evening biast.

Let thine arm, oh! Queen, supp

Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear, Hearken to the great heart secrets, Thou, and thou alone, must bear.

Though my scarred and veteran le

gions

Bear their eagles high no more.

And my wrecked and shattered galleys

Street dark Action's fatal shore:

Strew dark Actium's fatal shore:
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die, the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions Mock the ion thus laid low; 'Twas no forman's hand that slew him, "Twas bis own that struck the blow.

Ere, then, Fillowed on thy bosom, Ere his star fades quite away, Him who, drunk with thy caresses, Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;
Seek her—say the Gods have told me,
Altars, Augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Xet shall mount the throne of
kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to stygian honors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Caesar crowns and arches
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphis,
Triumphing in love like thine

I can dring Egypt, dring!

Hark! insuffing forman's cry;

They are coming quick, my faichion!

Let me front them ere I die.

Ah! no more amid the battle

Shall my heart exulting swell;

Isle and Osiris guard thee.

Ekopatra! Rome! farewell!

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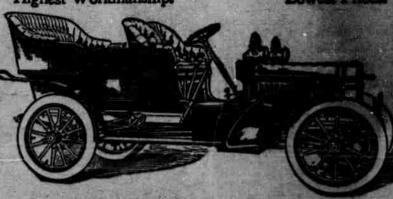
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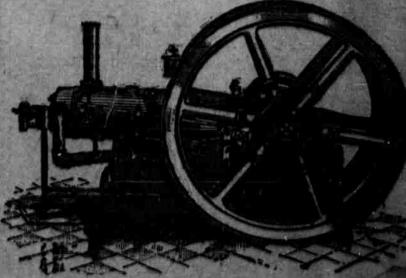


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