#### WINNING HIS WAY.

("Ho-Daniel Webster-was obliged to desist in running his father's saw-mill, which he has since affirmed was the best school that he ever attended.")

It may not yet have jumbled down, That mossy pile in Webster town, Near which the mountain streamlet

1037162 There sturdy woodmen rolled their logs. There creaked the mill-wheel's wooder

The saw's harsh music dally rang.

Its sharp teeth, never known to flinch, Through bark and knot tolled inch by inch: And there a boy sat, hook in hand.

As through the long stick, scarred and

brown, saw went flashing, up and down, He solved tough problems, thought and planned.

And, laughingly, in after years, Vet with a dash of honest tears, He spoke of his rude schooling there;

said, while compeers round him drew.

"The happiest hours I ever knew Was when I breathed home's mountain

Oh, youthi however low thy lot. Let not this losson be forgot-Toil on! still nobly upward climb! Like Webster, every hour prize, Fate facing with unqualling eyes.

And, ever patient, bide thy time. --George Bancroft Griffith.

BROWN'S BABY.

Erown was returing to Toronto from a business trip of several weeks. It had been successful, and Brown was in his best spirits and temper.

A little over an hour would finish his journey, and when the conductor sang out at the inst stopping-place, "Ten minutes for refreshments," Brown embraced the opportunity to compound with his appetite on the terms of a cup of coffee and a sandwich, for he didn't care to spoil the good dinner which he knew Mrs. B. would have in walting.

Just before him, as he elbowed his way back to the car he had left, his attention was drawn by a pretty woman carrying a baby, who seemed much in-convenienced by the jostling crowd. Now, Brown, be it remembered, was in an amiable mood. He took an in-terest in bables, withal, having one of ais own, an infant paragon, for whose sake Brown felt impelled to patronize babies generally. "Allow me to assist you, madam,"

he said, extending his arms for the

pretty woman's charge. "Thankee, sir." she replied, handing 't over at once, and tripping briskly into the train.

Brown followed as closely as he could; but, encumbered as he was, sevral passengers got ahead of him. Inthe there was a general scramble of the new-comers for seats, and Brown's attention for the time was fully occupled in maintaining his right to his

The confusion over, he looked about for the pretty woman, but she was no-Brown felt nervous, WHERE CO or fust then the whistle blew, and the tin loops - move.

laybe she - gone forward to an sther car, finding no room here," said Brown to himself, "expecting me to ollow

Catching at the thought, he rushed through, from car to car, scanning sugerly every face he passed, till he reached the smoking-car, and from that he would have passed into the onggage-car, but that he found locked.

### cumbed at last, and fell into a quiet

Brown became more composed by degrees, and more capable of looking, the situation in the face,

As he looked upon the little creature now smilling sweetly in its slumber, his heart began to relent. It bore a striking likeness to his paragon at home; and if Polly's consent could only be obtained to adopt the little waif as a twin brother or sister, as the case might be, of their own baby, wouldn't that be the easiest way of escape from the ridicule which was Brown's great-est dread? Sam Twiggs, the only one present who knew him, might be per-

suaded to silence, Big with this project, Brown reached his home, and Polly was running forward to fling her arms about his neck, when, stopping short, "What in the name of goodness have you there?"

Brown stammered out an incoherent explanation, winding up with a state-ment of the plan he had been cogitating.

Polly Brown was a woman of not more than average jealousy; but from her husband's composed manner and singular proposal, the shadow of the green-eyed monster grimly rose before her fancy, and her wrath waxed fierce and hot. "How dare you insult me to my

face?" she screamed, in a voice that made Brown tremble.

"If-if you'd only look at it, Polly," Brown pleaded, "and see how much it looks like our own darling, you'd feel kinder towards it; it was that that first softened me."

This only added fuel to the flames. To Polly it was only fresh proof of her worst suspicions.

"Take it away! Take it away!" she cried, falling back on the sofa in high hysterics. "It would blast my sight to look at it!"

"But where shall I take it to?" queried Brown, helplessly. "To the foundling hospital-the poor-

house-anywhere away from here."

"Polly, I assure you—" But Polly drummed violently with her heels on the carpet, and would not listen.

Brown dared say no more, and lugging with him his luckless charge, beat a hasty retreat. "Oh, mum!" cried the nurse, rushing

in with a frightened look; "whatever shall I do? Baby's lost!" That morning, be it explained, Mrs.

Brown had sent her baby with its aunt and a new nurse she had engaged the week before to the aunt's home in the country, with instructions to the nurse to bring the child back in the evening. Polly went out of her hysterics in less time than it took to fall into them. "The baby lost!" she exclaimed, starting up, her face ashy pale.

"Oh! mum," the nurse continued; "you see, I was getting on the train to come home when a nice-looking gentheman offered to carry baby for me and I let him. I went first and he fol-lowed. After I got in I remembered that I had left baby's hood in the waiting-room. I couldn't turn back for the crowd, and so went on through the car and out at the other end. I found the h ood, but just then the train started, carrying away the gentleman, baby and all, and I've just got here by the next train. Oh! whatever shall I do?"

A new light broke on Polly. "Quick!--call a hack!" said she to the nurse.

In an instant one was at the door; and fast as the horses could go, Polly was driven to the foundling hospital. Brown, who had begun to feel a warm interest in the deserted baby,

#### THREW LIVING INTO THE SEA. Terrible Scenes at the Constantinople

THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Slaughter.

Terrible stories of the recent massacres in Turkey are told by Madji Rahsian, a Christian Turk, who was one of the passengers on La Gascogne, which arrived at New York on Saturday. He was in Constantinople during the three days' massacre, in August.

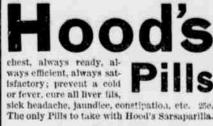
During the three days 3000 Armenians, he said, were slaughtered through the empire. Wagons filled with bodies were constantly passing through the streets in Constantinople. Cartload after cartload of these bodies were dumped into the sea.

The sight was a sickening one, and what added to the horror, was the fact that in these wagons were piled the dead and dying. The feeble cries ot the wounded for release could be heard coming from the carts, but the appeals were utterly unheeded. Whether killed or wounded, all were thrown into the sea.

peans have not been molested up to date. They are leaving Constantinople, fearing that they may be attacked.

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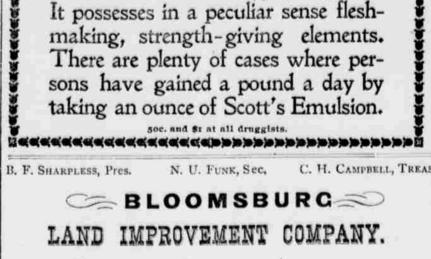


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		32	
1	Rye " " Wheat flour per bbl	.50	
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3	Onions " "	.50	
3	Sweet potatoes per peck	.20	
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З.,	Shoulder "" Side meat ""	.10	
)	Vinegar, per qt	.10	
	Dried apples per lb	,07 .05	
ľ	Dried cherries, pitted	.10	
1	Raspberries	.12	
1	Cow Hides per Ib	-31	
ł	Steer " " " "	.05	
7	Calf Skin	.80	
•	Sheep pelts Shelled corn per bus	.75	
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	Middlings "	.90	
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Mr. Rahsian says that the Euro-Much in Little

"No admittance" painted on the ind loor. But all in vain; the pretty woman was not to be found.

backward search proved equally truitiess, and poor Brown, in helpless perplexity, returned to his seat, and sat down to ponder.

Brown was accounted a shrewd man, a reputation on which he had prided simself. He would have laughed to pimself. scorn the wiles of the most cunning tharper in a trade; knew when to belnow with the bulls, and when to growl with the bears; when to go short in Moonshine Preferred, and when to be ong in Gossamer Common. That Le, the wary Peleg Brown, should have a counterfeit baby passed upon himshould have been taken in by a trick to stale-way too galling to be thought of calmly.

The baby had slept hitherto, but now it woke up. Something in Brown's lace frightened it, and it began to cry. This added to Brown's embarrassment by attracting the notice of the passengers. He endeavored to quiet the little wretch; dandled it furiously; even tried to sing to it. in a low tone, as much as he could remember of Dr. Watte's "Hush, My Fabe," to a tune which resembled "Yankee Doodle;" out his fright ned the baby still more and its serenmy became confluent.

In despair, Brown halled the prizesandy boy, invested in a package, tore t open, and thrust half the contents into the baby's mouth, at the risk of shoking it with the gold dollar which might have been among them. But haby was too young to like candy, and sputtered it over Brown's doeskins, turning up its rudimental nose in deep lisgust, and rearing louder than ever,

"Hello, Brown! what have you got there?" said Sam Twiggs, coming for-ward and clapping a hand on his friend's shoulder.

A gleam of hope flashed upon Brown. A gleam of hope fached upon Brown, Sam was a well-to-do bachelor, with-out relatives, and would, some day, want an heir to his handsome fortune. Maybe he could be induced to adopt the little stranger. Brown put the case strongly, but Sam failed to see it.

"At any rate, hold it for me a min-nte," requested Brown, offering Sam the baby, "till I see if somebody hasn't such a thing as a bottle or a paregorie, or something to put an end to this confounded din."

'No more at present; yours respectfully," said Sam, turning on his heel and hurrying away abruptly.

'What a pity it hadn't been born three thousand years ago, and found by Pharaoh's daughter in a bunch of bulrushes!" muttered Brown, looking down scowlingly at his vociferous burden.

'For my part," he growled, "I can't imagine whatver put it into the little imp's head to be born at all."

But babies can't cry always. There is a limit to even their lashrymal en-durance, and Brown't baby—it was his, at least, by possessory title—suc-

was in the act of giving it a parting kiss before depositing it in the basket, when he felt a hand upon his arm. "Give me that baby!" cried Mrs. B. fairly snatching it from his hands. "Don't-don't, Polly, for Heaven's sake don't hurt the little creature!" begged Brown, not knowing to what extreme Polly's jealous rage might carry her.

"Hurt it, you dunce!" cried Polly, devouring it with kisses;" why, it's our own baby!

It was a long time before Brown got over a certain feeling of cheapness, quite new in his experience, and still longer before his friends ceased to remember and repeat the story of Brown's Baby.

#### Scandinavian Sailors.

It is no uncommon thing to find Scandinavians commanding British merchantmen. Swedes and Norwegians are natural sailors, and Scandiuavian skippers possess this advant-age over many of their British brethren-they are absolutely trustworthy on the score of temperance. As is well known, drink has sent more ships to the bottom of the sea than any other cause, and this is the reason why English shipowners have taken to em-ploying Scandinavian captains. Scandinavian A. B.'s are much in request on the same account. "Personally," said the mate with whom we were conversing on this subject, "I prefer an English crew, and the reason why I al ways now carry Scandinavians is that when Englishmen get ashore in a foreign port they invariably stay there until the ship is ready to sail. This means that the ship is delayed and ex-tra expense incurred. Several Engcompanies now issue orders to their captains that no British sailors are to be employed if Scandinavians can possibly be got hold of."-Pall Mall Gazette.

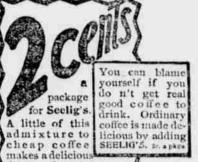
#### Salmon by the Ton.

"If the present run of salmon continues, the packers will get all the fish they can handle for three cents a pound," said the foreman of a large CATARRH cannery to-day. Never has there been a better run of fish. Every cannery in is a local disease this city is swamped, and several have limited their men to 1,000 pounds each. At one large establishment 100 tons, comprising 10,000 salmon, had been received in one day. This cannery will run night and day, and even then will have more fish than can be bandled The night boat, so far as had reported, came in this morning with 4,800 pounds of salmon, the result of a night's work. The haul brought \$216. This morning a fisherman who had worked all through the strike arrived

sown from the Kalama. He said he had earned about \$3,000, which he con-sidered enough for one season. He re-ceived 4¼ cents for his fish.—San Francisco Examiner.







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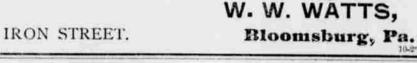
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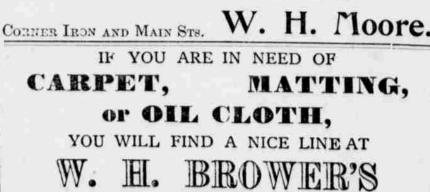


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