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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

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FULL WEIGHT ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE
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The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York. [9-25,'82.-1y.]

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Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Habit Life." Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Coburn, O., proprietors.
For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take
Bottle $1.00. Six Bottles, $5.00.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.
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SALARY $20 per week to live agents. Something new. Sells on sight. THE TEMPLE OF LIFE; representing the Past, Present and Future. A fine lithograph in six elegant tints. Size, 22 x 33. Comments of Press. "It is a beautifully finished work of art, nonsectarian; conveys the truth of immortality in an unpalatable manner."—Pitts. Chronicle. "A great deal of ideality and artistic taste shown in composition, clearly and gracefully blended into a harmonious whole."—Pitts. Evening Telegraph. Sample free. Send for circular
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Books & Bibles

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them to your breast;
They will soon enough leave your broo ding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run!
There may come a time in the by and by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Whence youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

"REVENGE IS SWEET."

A MOUNTAIN MURDER FROM A POLITICAL QUARREL—A PENNSYLVANIA STORY OF NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

On the evening of September 9, 1839, two men were having a fierce and angry dispute upon the subject of politics in the bar-room of the only hotel—it was called a tavern in those days—in the town of Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sitting around them and listening to the dispute were the landlord, two or three of his guests, a couple of stage-drivers, the tavern hostler, and one or two of the townspeople.

The disputants were, politically, a Whig and Democrat; in business one was a peddler, who, with his team, and wagon load of notions, stopped for the night on his way from Wilkesbarre to Montrose; the other was a traveler, who, it appeared, had at previous times met the peddler at other towns between Wyoming valley, on the old post road, and Philadelphia.

They had been disputing before supper, and now had resumed it with an earnestness and vigor which was fast changing the political differences of opinion into a personal altercation. The peddler, who was a Whig of the Henry Clay stripe, became violent in his denunciation of Van Buren, free trade and everything connected with the then dominant party, and his antagonist, the traveler, was equally as bitter in wordy invective against the aristocratic Whigs, their protective tariff and all the principles of the party.

The peddler was George Riker; the traveler had made himself known to the landlord as Amos Elliott.

In the little bar-room gathering was one man who sat apart, or rather in the corner near the stairway door, and somewhat in the shadow of the not very brightly lamp-lighted room. He was evidently a stranger to those present, and, according to the landlord's statement as a witness, was a commercial traveler for a Philadelphia dry goods house and had stopped over one stage to transact some business, and on this occasion he was waiting for the next stage to go on his way over the mountains northward to Montrose.

He was apparently not inclined to be social; he had said but little to any one, but it was noticed that he was intently interested in the dispute between Riker and Elliott.

At last the peddler became terribly excited, and from politics launched into bitter personalities, and Elliott retorted equally savagely, and at last, jumping to his feet, he exclaimed:

"I say that Henry Clay is nothing but a Kentucky gambler, a trickster; and those who believe in him are no better than he is!"

"You're a liar!" cried the peddler; "and your whole Locofoco party is made up of the ruff-scuff, rag-tag and bobtail of the States—the prison birds, the scum of creation—and Kinderhook Van is the biggest scoundrel of the lot."

"Do you call me a prison-bird?" cried Elliott facing the peddler with clenched fists, his eyes gleaming with passion.

"You're a Locofoco, and that covers the ground," replied the peddler sturdily and with an equal show of ferocity of purpose.

In a moment Elliot struck at the peddler with his fist. The peddler partly evaded the blow, and then the antagonists clenched, and there was every promise of a lively if not dangerous bar-room fight.

The witnesses to this encounter leaped to their feet, and two or three of them, including the landlord, rushed in and with some difficulty pulled the beligerents apart. Elliott's face was bleeding.

"Damn you, I'll be even with you for this before your a day older, you infernal thieving peddler."

The peddler's answer was a derisive laugh.

"There'll be one less vote in your party next election, you—low lived—"

The landlord stopped him in his speech, and after some persuasion Elliott was ordered to be quiet.

The stranger, sitting in the shadow, made no move, as did the rest of the crowd, to interfere in the fight; he simply sat there looking on, silent and apparently unconcerned as to the result of the brawl.

Elliott sat near the bar, scowling grim and eyeing the peddler as a panther might glare at its victim before springing upon it.

"What time will the stage get here?" said the stranger to the landlord.

"It's nigh upon eight o'clock. It ought to hev driv in before this. You see, after it gits out of the valley the pullin's hard on the horses, 'specially as it is now, after a heavy rain like we had to-day. But I guess it'll be along soon. Sometimes they git a little breakdown, or there's a break in the harness and makes delay."

Nine o'clock came, and yet the stage had not arrived, and stage stories occupied the time of the tavern sitters. A few minutes after nine the peddler, taking the hostler's lantern, started for the stables, which were at the rear of the tavern; and separated from it by a wide yard used for the wagons and vehicles of travelers.

Elliott, a moment later, went out by the front door, as was supposed, to look up the road to catch a glimpse of the expected stage.

Fifteen minutes later, according to the testimony of those present, the stage lamps were seen in the distance. The arrival of the stage was a daily event, the excitement of which made the tavern loungers forget everything else. As the stage drove up to the door, Elliott suddenly went up to the landlord and said:

"Landlord, how much is my bill? I'll take this stage and go to Montrose to-night."

In the hurry of the moment the landlord merely named the amount, took the money and thrust it into his pocket. There was the regulation change of horses, the banter between the driver and the hostlers, the usual getting out of passengers to "moisten up" at the bar, and the bustle of getting ready to start.

At ten minutes of ten, as the landlord averred, the stage was driven off, and rattled away up the street into the darkness of the mountain road to Montrose.

Scarcely was the stage out of sight when Jack Shaw, the head hostler, rushed into the bar-room with blanched face, his eyes distended with terror and trembling in every limb.

"My God! There's been a murder! Come quick—in the stable yard—quick!"

Those present at once ran out, following the frightened hostler, who led the way, holding up his lantern in his quivering hand. Sure enough there was a murder.

There, directly behind his fancifully-painted wagon, in the darkness and on the soft stable ground, lay the fast-stiffening form of George Riker, the peddler, one of his hands clenching as in a death-grip the tin lantern he had taken out with him, and his lower limbs drawn up in his last agony. The appalled group, their faces strangely pallid in the dim light of the hostler's lantern, looked down at the motionless form. The face of the dead man was covered with blood, the eyes wide open and stonily staring upward. His throat had been cut from ear to ear.

An hour later the body was lying on a wooden settee in a little room adjoining the bar-room. Upon examination it was found that the peddler's money, of which he had considerable in his pocket, was undisturbed; his watch and all his valuables were upon his person as he wore them in life. Therefore robbery was not the motive of the assassin.

Suspicion pointed at Elliott. His threats in his rage at the peddler; the assertion that there would be one vote less in his (the peddler's) party; his surly nature, and his evident retention of his anger after the quarrel, all indicated to those present that he was the assassin. Added to this was the now particularly remembered facts that he had gone out of the bar-room a few minutes after the peddler had started for the stables, and when the stage drove up he had, apparently greatly excited, paid the landlord his bill and departed for Montrose.

In the early morning examination of the ground where the peddler's body was found resulted in the discovery of an ordinary pocket knife, and on the little silvered plate inserted in the bone handle were the initials "A. E."

"Why, it's Elliott's knife—Amos Elliott," was the exclamation, mental or spoken, of all present.

The tavern suffered from no lack of custom on that day, for it was thronged by the excited townspeople. The sheriff and three of his deputies mounted horses and started in pursuit of Amos Elliott. Down the rugged descents of the road, up the winding turns of the way around the mountains, they rode at breakneck speed. At Montrose they found the driver of the coach, some of the passengers, and among these the stranger who had been so quiet a spectator of the bar-room quarrel, but no sight of Elliott.

Did he come to Montrose? Yes, the driver said, so did the passengers. The town was searched. At length he was found at the house of a Mr. Blodgett, whom he claimed as a relative, and to whom he was as he claimed paying a brief visit. He was pinioned, despite his protestations of innocence and vigorous denial of all knowledge of the crime, and taken back, strongly guarded, to Tunkhannock. He seemed from that time until his trial in October, to be completely broken in spirit, and at the bar he stood up weak, pale and thin—more like a spectre than a being of life.

Briefly, the defense offered by his attorney was that he had always been friendly with the peddler; that there was nothing more than passing anger in his threats; that he did not again see the peddler after he went to the stable yard with his lantern, and that he had loaned the knife found near the peddler an hour before the political quarrel occurred. He also proved his life to have been irreproachable; his disposition to be peaceable except when arguing politics.

Despite all efforts, the evidence against him was unbroken, and when added to this came the testimony of the sheriff, that when arrested there was found stains of human blood upon his coat sleeve, which Elliott claimed was from bleeding of the nose, to which he was subject—the verdict of the jury was guilty. Elliott was sentenced to be hanged the following December.

In the latter part of November there came to the Turkhannock tavern a stage passenger who was recognized by the landlord as one of the guests present in the bar-room on the night of the murder of the peddler; he was none other than the stranger, the dry-goods commercial traveler, who had sat apart, and was so notably quiet for one of his class. He was pale and haggard, as uncommunicative as ever, and was evidently suffering from illness of some kind, either mental or physical. He proposed to rest over night, and proceed on his former journey over his route in the next day's stage.

In the morning the landlord went to his room to wake him. The stranger—his name was Cartwright—was too weak to rise. A terrible change had come upon him. A physician was sent for immediately. He pronounced the disease to be quick consumption, and informed the landlord that with his guest it was a question of but a few hours so far as death was concerned.

"Have you any relative to whom I can send word?" asked the landlord.

"Only one—the woman that was my wife. And thank God she is in a lunatic asylum hopelessly insane—made mad by her own damnable sin," was the reply made in a low, broken tone.

"You know that the doctor has but little hope of your recovery?"

"Yes, I overheard what he said. Send for the judge of the court or the prosecuting attorney who held the trial of Amos Elliott—I wish—wish to see them—or—one of them?"

The wondering landlord found the attorney; the judge was away on circuit duty.

"You are Mr. Leban?" said the dying traveler.

"Yes."

"You believe Amos Elliott murdered the peddler?"

"Beyond a doubt. The evidence was circumstantially the most conclusive I ever heard."

"Sir, Amos Elliott was not the murderer. I came here, knowing that I was nearing my death, to save him. I killed George Riker, the peddler, and I do not repent the deed. Listen. Ten years ago—that was when he first went on the road—I kept a hotel in Middletown. My wife was young, foolish and vain. I loved her, despite her faults. This George Riker stopped in my house frequently; he captivated my wife and finally she eloped with him. I swore to have his life. He and she disappeared beyond all trace until a year ago, and then I heard that on this road he had resumed his former business. At the same time I discovered that he had placed my wife, his mistress, in a lunatic asylum.

"From place to place I followed him, seeking an opportunity to reap my revenge and yet escape the punishment of the law. I had so changed, by growth of beard and mustache and age, in the ten years that, although he met me frequently, he did not recognize me.

"When he went out on that fatal night I saw my chance. I went out to the front door, turned the corner of the house, entered the stable yard and saw him holding up his lantern at the end of the wagon. I crept swiftly to his back, caught him by the hair, pulled his head back, and, with a butcher's short knife I had carried for months, I nearly severed his head from his body. All this was done within ten minutes, and I was back again at the front door, looking for the stage and gloating over my revenge.

"I knew the circumstances would point to Elliott as the murderer. I felt safe from suspicion. When I grasped Riker and pulled his head back, and as I drew the knife across his throat I hissed in his ear the last words he ever heard on earth: 'This from John Cartwright!' and I hope he will be haunted by the same through all eternity."

Afterward Cartwright made the proper affidavits of the truth of his statement. The blood-stained knife, the farewell letter of his wretched wife, left for him when she eloped with Riker, and a letter from the superintendent of the lunatic asylum were found in his valise, and on the day Elliott was to be executed he was released and honorably discharged.

On that same day John Cartwright, the real assassin, breathed his last, his dying words being, "Revenge is sweet!"

"DON'T WORK FOR ANYBODY."—How that phrase can mean the same as "works for everybody," is more than one understands, until a reference to the duties and all-day cares of a house-wife and mother explains the paradox. The *Women's Journal* says: "A little boy, on his way to build fires and sweep offices in Boston, while the stars were yet in the sky, told the writer: 'My mother gets me up, builds the fire and gets my breakfast and sends me off. Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast.'

"How old is the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildering look, he said "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any money into it."

This wife of a day laborer represents a large class of hard-working women.

There is more than one "labor of love" that draws no pay—in cash—but mankind would be a much meaner race if all such labor were turned into a hireling's task. The true wife and mother could not respect herself if all her services at home were counted at a price and settled for in day's or week's wages.

LODGED IN A BATH.—A newly-married pair, who arrived on their honeymoon trip at a celebrated Scotch watering-place at a time when accommodations was at a premium, had a mattress spread for them by a compassionate innkeeper in one of his baths. In the middle of the night the house was alarmed by loud shrieks proceeding from the nuptial chamber. What was the matter? Well, this. The young bride, wishing to ring for a maid, had caught hold of what she presumed to be the bell-rope, and pulled it smartly. Unhappily for her and her spouse, it was the cord of the shower-bath over their heads, and forthwith down plumped such a deluge of cold water as would throw a damper upon the most devoted of honeymooning couples. Her husband, in dismay, caught frantically on another cord on his side of the extemporized couch, but the only response was an equally liberal deluge of water, this time boiling hot. The unhappy pair then screamed in unison and the bride, in the excitement of the moment, uttered sentiments anything but complimentary to her fond husband. When the servants came, they were just in time to rescue the unlucky pair from drowning, for the room was already half full of water, and the wife was perched like a monkey on her husband's back, uttering the most lamentable cries, while her good man was fumbling about in the dark, trying his best to find the door.

THE RAZOR-BACK HOG.—To the traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most peculiar features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text-book on the science of geometry. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on a corns, pecan nuts and roots; when he can spare time he climbs under his owner's fence and assists in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and when his duty to his owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of attention. Crossing the razor-back with the blue blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire or Poland-China hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track the railroad company pays for him at the rate of $1 per pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the country razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine-knot.

EVERYTHING about a church should be pure; but, alas! in many of them even the glass windows are stained.

THE PICTORIAL PRAYER BOOK.

BY GEORGE PARKINGSON.

It was many a long year ago, and the scene of my story is the office of one of the most respectable notaries in Paris, Monsieur Dubois—a man of the old school, universally respected for his good sense, probity and benevolence. There were present, besides the notary himself, a lady of middle age, richly dressed; she could never have been handsome, but perhaps had her countenance been less proud or disdainful she would not have appeared as she did—positively ugly; an insignificant looking little man and a woman, very shabbily dressed, who sat some distance from the others, holding the hand of a beautiful little boy.

"Her death was rather sudden," said Madame Moranville, the richly clad lady, to the man in black.

"Yes," replied he coolly; "but no doubt she was well prepared."

"Have you any idea of the contents of the will?"

"Not the slightest; but we shall soon know. Dubois will open it directly."

"Pray, who is that shabby looking woman? What business can she have here?"

"Oh! don't you know her? It's the runaway niece, Marie, who made such a disgraceful match some years ago with a lieutenant in the army—a man of low birth."

At that moment Marie approached the speaker; she was scarcely middle age, but sorrow had been beforehand with time in robbing her cheek of its bloom and her eyes of their lustre.

"Pray, what brings you here?" said Madame Moranville, haughtily.

"Madame," replied the poor widow, "I'm not come to interfere with your rights; I know I have deserved nothing from my aunt but her pardon, and I hope to hear she has left me that."

"What!" cried Madame Moranville, "pardon to you, the disgrace of your family, who fled from the protection of your aunt—the best of aunts—with a low fellow?"

"Madame, I acknowledge my fault. I have been ungrateful and disobedient, I know it, but my sufferings have been so great that I hope Heaven will pardon me; for I have looked upon the loss of my husband, and the poverty and sorrow attendant upon it, as a punishment from above."

"And you deserved—"

"Cease thy reproaches, Madame," said the notary in a stern voice; "your cousin's fault is not so very grievous as to call for them."

"But why should you insult me with her presence?"

"She has a right to be here," replied the notary. "She came at my desire."

He then proceeded to read the will, in which, after the usual preamble, the deceased divided the property into three parts.—The first was composed of a sum of eight thousand pounds in the hands of a notary; the second of a furnished seat of some value and some family jewels; the third of an illustrated prayer-book. The will then proceeded as follows:

"I desire that my property may be divided into three lots: the first to be the eight thousand pounds; the second the chateau, furniture and jewels; the third my prayer-book, which is still in the same state as when I took it with me in the emigration during the reign of terror. I pardon my niece, Marie, for the sorrow she has caused me; and, as a proof of my sincerity, I mention her in my will. My beloved cousin, Madame Moranville, will have the first choice, my brother-in-law, Monsieur d'Arlemont, the second, and Marie the last.

"Ah! my sister-in-law was a sensible woman," cried M. d'Arlemont.

"Yes," said Madame Moranville, tittering, "she has given a proof of it. Marie will only have the prayer-book."

The notary, who seemed scarce able to contain his indignation, interrupted the titterer.

"What lot do you choose, Madame?" said he.

"The eight thousand pounds."

"Madame Moranville, you are rich, and your cousin is very poor; cannot you leave this lot and take the prayer-book that this—this"—he seemed for a moment at a loss for an expression—"this strange will has put in the balance with the other lots?"

"Are you joking, Monsieur Dubois? or don't you see my honored cousin has made her will with the express intention that her prayer-book should fall to Marie, who was to have the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"I conclude that she desired her niece should understand that prayer and repentance were the only succors she ought to expect in this life. Ah! she was a saint, that dear woman."

"Saint, quotha!" cried the notary indignantly; "may Heaven defend me from such saints! An unforgiving, unnatural woman! I am wrong. I do her injustice. Her intention, I am sure, was to give you and Monsieur d'Arlemont an opportunity of doing a good, a noble action by dividing the property equally with her poor niece."

"Monsieur d'Arlemont will do as he pleases; I repeat that my choice is made."

"And so is mine," said M. d'Arlemont; "I shall take the chateau and all it contains."

"In that case," said the notary addressing Marie, "I can only give you, my good Madame Le Feyre, the prayer-book."

She took the book and pressing it to her lips, she held it to her son's, who cried out with childish delight at the sight of its richly-gilt cover; "O mamma! let me have it."

"Yes, my boy, you shall have it; it will be the only legacy I can leave you. But never, never, will I part with it. Thank heaven, she has pardoned me. She has said it, and I know she was truth itself."

The notary turned away his head.

"Don't go, Madame Le Feyre," said he; "I must speak to you by and by."

At that moment the boy, in playing with the book, unclasped it, and cried out: "Oh, mamma, look at the pretty pictures. But why are they all covered over with this nice thin paper?"

"It is to keep them from being soiled."

"But why put six papers to every picture?"

His mother looked; she uttered a piercing cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Monsieur Dubois, who said to those present: "Let her alone, it is nothing; she will not die this time. Give me that book, child; you may do mischief to it."

The two rich legatees went away, commenting not very charitably on Marie's swoon and the evident interest the notary took in her.

About a month afterward they met Madame Le Feyer and her son, both well-dressed, riding in a very pretty carriage with two horses. That unexpected sight led them to make inquiry after her, and they found that she had purchased a handsome house, and was living in a quiet but very good style. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, they went together to question the notary. They found him at his desk.

"Do we interrupt you?" said the lady.

"I am not particularly busy; only making out an account of bank stock I have just bought for Madame Le Feyre."

"And for heaven's sake where does it come from?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"No; how should I?"

"Did you not see what was in the book when she fainted?"

"No."

"Well, then, I must tell you that the prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each was covered by six bank notes of fifty pounds each!"

"Good heavens!" cried the gentleman.

"Oh! if I had but known!" said the lady.

ONCE A KING, NOW A MINER.

At Pueblo, Colorado, there is a man who once reigned as a king. This royal personage came to the State penniless a few months since, and, strange to relate, here he met an old companion who was with him when he ruled a kingdom and held dominant sway over one of the richest little principalities in the world. He is an American by parentage—Col. A. B. Steinberger—and has relatives living here.

His old companion-in-arms is Mr. Syl. Wright, well known in Denver, and a wanderer who has visited all the inhabited portions of the globe. The story of Steinberger, as told by Mr. Wright to a *Tribune* reporter, forms a chapter unequalled in fiction, and shows what a man can do when he is blessed with plenty of self-assurance and reliance. Some twenty years ago Steinberger, then in Chili, which he had reached from San Francisco, sailed in a yacht across the smiling Pacific, intending to reach New Zealand and Australia in the frail craft. Directly on their route were the Samoan Islands, one of the largest and most important groups in the vast expanse of water. There they landed to supply their larder with provender and make necessary repairs before proceeding further on their hazardous voyage.

They were so kindly received by the natives that their stoppage was prolonged, and ere long they had grown so attached to their new quarters that they refused to go further. The natives, from sailors who had previously landed, had learned of the republic beyond the seas, and had a faint conception of its power and grandeur, and they wished to place themselves under the protection of so great a country. They feared they would meet the fate of their more barbarous neighbors, the Fiji islanders, and be placed under British rule, and such a condition of things they did not at all relish. They communicated their plans to Steinberger, who, of course, heartily approved of them, and at the same time saw he might become the representative of a great government, as also the real ruler of one of the garden spots of the earth.

Before these plans were fully matured, however, Steinberger had been in the country over three years, and had taken unto himself a wife from among the natives, and had greatly increased his power and prestige in the land. Finally he commenced his preparations for a return to the United States. His yacht was rebuilt and enlarged, and it was not long before he was once again in his native land, and was presenting his claims to General Grant, who was favorably impressed with the idea, and the necessary credentials and papers of authority were made out and given to him.

Armed with them, he returned to the Island Paradise and his wife. Arrived there, he placed the islands under the courted protection of the republic—that is, he pretended to do so—but in reality he assumed complete control of the islands, and ere long he was crowned king, and his power was supreme. He made a great many improvements in the islands, all of which were greatly admired and appreciated by his subjects. However, it must be said that these benefits were introduced merely from selfish motives, for as the kingdom increased in wealth and prosperity, so did his coffers grow heavier with gold, and his affluence became more and more felt. An unlucky day came, however, a day fraught with political disaster and financial ruin. One day there sailed into the harbor of the capital an English man-of-war, with orders to take possession of the islands and convert them into marine stations for that great maritime power. In short order Steinberger was deposed, his kingdom upset and his treasures taken from him. The English took possession, and history tells what has since occurred in the island.

However, that was not the last of Steinberger. Insult was added to injury on the island, and when, finding things too hot for him, he sought to make his escape, he found that his yacht had been stolen, and nowhere could he find it, though he went to the several islands assisted by his native friends.—He remained on the island for some time from necessity; but finally a trading vessel came along, on which he took passage for Melbourne. There he strayed about for some time, and one day while strolling on the docks with one of his old trusty lieutenants, Mr. Syl Wright, mentioned above, he saw his yacht anchored out at some distance. As several men could be seen on board, no effort was made to retake it. After a time he again returned to America, where his identity was for a time lost. The next heard of him, he was in Leadville, during the early days, engaged in mining. He made some money there, and has since been engaged in mining in different parts of the State, and is now east, negotiating for the sale of some of his property.—*Denver Tribune.*

A VERY CURIOUS RIDDLE.—Here is a curious old story that is something like a puzzle: A crocodile stole a baby, "in the days when animals could talk," and was about to make a dinner of it. The poor mother begged piteously for her child. "Tell me one truth," said the crocodile, "and you shall have your baby again." The mother thought it over, and at last said: "You will not give it back." "Is that the truth you mean to tell?" asked the crocodile. "Yes," replied the mother. "Then by our agreement I keep him," added the crocodile; "for if you told the truth I am not going to give him back; and if it is a falsehood, then I have also won." Said she: "No, you are wrong. If I told the truth you are bound by your promise; and, if a falsehood, it is not a falsehood until after you have given me my child." Now the question is, who won?

THE REASON

WHY BOYS DESERT THE RURAL HOME AND FLEE TO THE CITY.

Numerous writers have been heard from upon the question of why boys leave the farm, and the suggestion has been made that one reason is that the rising generation is becoming depraved. This is not true. They do not leave the dear old farm, where industry and virtue have their eternal abiding place, to mingle with the mad follies of city life. Boys do not desert the quiet homestead, and the fond parents, whose life has been devoted to their children, for the reason that they want to mingle in the giddy whirl of metropolitan life and become sharks in business and immortal society stars.

No farmer boy ever forgot in his successful years the quiet home, the sturdy labor or the numberless attractions of that old farm, and during the cares and perplexities of commercial or professional life in a great city there is forever in his heart that picture of contentment and rest, that haven secure from the storm-tossed billows of uncertain trade and the snares of an artificial existence.

Other reasons as varied as the human mind lie at the bottom of this dissatisfaction. The same causes, perhaps, never led different boys to desert the rural home and flee to the city.

We can state why we left the old farm if it would contribute anything to science or aid in settling a long agitated question.

Our last season on the farm was an unfortunate one. The frost didn't get out of the ground till haying, and just as the season opened, the old bay mare became a parent, and the spring plowing had to be done with a fractious pair of mules. We had just become attached to these mules and felt a friendly interest in them, when a little incident occurred which changed the whole current of our life.

We decided one day to reach the iron gray mule in order to give him chic and tone. It would take too long to give the particulars of this occurrence, but suffice it to say that during our convalescence we went into town and secured a position there. We did not plunge into the false gaiety of town because we loved it or because we shunned the solemn calm and holy hush of nature in that beautiful valley where we had spent many happy years. Those who accuse us of that do us an injustice and cast upon us an insinuation which is ill-deserved and unfair.

The life of a farmer boy is clouded with many nameless annoyances of which the great heart of traffic wots not. He who has not passed through it, ought not to write about it, for he cannot deal with the trouble understandingly. If you have been a farmer's son and have swung an old scythe all the forenoon and come at noon, hot and hungry, wearing an old pair of overalls, of which you are a little doubtful, and an open-backed shirt, with your sun-burned spinal column sticking out of it clear down to the waistband, and found on your arrival a sweet little city dumpling dressed in cool muslin there to greet you and look you over, and smile at your costume and appetite, you can say something, perhaps. If you have beat your aching form over a two acre field all day, feeding Paris green to the voracious potato bug, and then milked nine cows, and labored with a primary class of nine calves, trying to teach them how to drink, and experienced the rural joy of being butted over into the cucumber patch by each one of them, and then crawled into your bed with sunpeeled nose and blistered hands at night, you know a farmer boy's communion with nature. It is true that mach