



no powger 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 the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cass. ROTAL BAKING FOWDER Co., 106 Wall SL. NEW YORK.



SICK nd to give us a call before buying elseore, no we are confident that we can diate equally devery want and please every taste. plaint, while

H. CHILDS & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale

Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES

RUBBERS,

PITTSBURGH

Dec. 14, 1888. - 4m.

day were below the cape. Then the wind died out flat and dead, and all day As from the house he went away; For he was glad of what he'd done, long we hadn't sufficient to ruffle a feather. I had been watching the new men closely since Needham stated his suspicions, but not a thing could I dis-As lightly as when the elves advance Upon the green in merry dance; cover to confirm his statements. They were cheerful, prompt and respectful, and I quite dismissed any thought of conspiracy. If Needham had heard or Dark-browed was he, as stormy night, And raven were his locks, and green

And he sang soft and he sang gay,

And thus the little sonnet run:

It is my love, my love, my love, Descending from her hower above."

Each open line he swiftly wrote.

His eyes shone out with pealous light; He spied the sonnet, and between

With pencil dipped in gall and spleen, What changed the tenor of the note;

Then noisclessly he went away, As night does flee from bright-eyed day.

Thon came the maiden, richly dressed

And when on table's spacious round

Her fond, true heart gave such a bound

she saw the sonnet from her lover.

It made her blush bright red all over; Alas! her joy took wings and fled,

For this is what the maiden read:

Upon the stairs and in the hall, Driving away my dream of blass;

As lightly as when elves advance She thinks she stops, alack! slack!

It is my love, my love, my love, The goose, the golden egg shall lay,

Descending from her bower above,

To name for me the fatal day."

Twas deadlier than Egypt's asp.

1 -----

ind, with a shiver, shrick and gasp.

She tore the sonnet thrice in twain,

And loved a poet ne'er again. -J. P. Sjolander, in Yankee Blade.

---

STORY OF A MUTINY.

How It Was Put Down by the

Captain's Fair Daughter.

For two years I had been mate of

the schooner Jessie, Captain Martin,

plying regularly between Sydney, New

South Wales, and Hobartstown, Van

Dieman's Land. We had a trim craft,

easily handled, and our crew never

Upon the green in merry dance, What elfin tramps with such a whack?

'I hear my lady's footsteps fail

As loud as any dragon's is-

In silk and gold, and to her breast Her two white hands were lightly pressed;

A villain came upon the scene,

I hear my lady's footsteps fall,

Upon the stairs and in the hall,

seen any thing further he had not reported it, although invited to do so. The captain's trick that night was from eight to twelve o'clock. At nine o'clock I was asleep in my berth, the captain was lounging and smoking, and Jess was in the cabin after some article of clothing. There was no wind yet, while the night was soft and starlight. There was a man at the wheel, but this was more form's sake, he having nothing to do. All of a sudden, as the captain paced the quarter, some one in the fo'castle shouted "Murder!" There was a scramble and a rush, followed by a splash, and a choking voice from the water gasped out: "It's mutiny, captain, look out!"

It was the voice of Needham, who had been stabbed and flung overboard. Next moment the captain saw every other man before the mast advancing aftarmed with capstan bars and belaying pins. The negro cook was with them, and the old man was not long in realizing that something worse than mutiny was on. Instead of ordering, or arguing, or waiting for explanations, he leaped down into the cabin and bolted the heavy doors behind him. I had heard the row, and was now dressed, and so it came to pass that the capitain, Jess and myself were together aft, and all made prisoners at once. "It's mutiny, Mr. Loring!" shouted the captain as I entered the main enbin. "Arm yourself and we'll teach the rastals a lesson not to be for-

1.000

schooner we'll burn her and you with her! I'll give you half an hour to think it over." Wedidn't want two minutes. We were determined not only not to leave the schooner, but to recapture her. We expected to be attacked first by the skylight, but this was a small affair, and did not command but a portion of the cabin. And, as we afterward ascertained, the only firearm among the mutineers was a double-barreled pistol, which had already been discharged, and could not be reloaded for want of ammunition. They would also

batter in the doors of the companion, but we hoped to hold them at the barriende. They could not come at us by way of the hold, for that was full. We got a bite to eat from the pantry, had a glass of wine, and by that time were hailed for our answer. The captain replied that we would not go, and defied them to do their worst. We heard them moving softly about, and at her own request Jess was allowed to pull away a portion of the barricade and creep up the stairs to listen, while the captain and I stood with our guns ready to repulse any attack by the skylight. Jess was returning to report when a battering ram drove in the doors hardly an arm's length away, and the men who had wielded the spar raised a yell at sight of her. Not one person in ten thousand, man or woman, would have done as she did. Instead of springing over the harricade, she leveled her revolver and shot one of the men, the leader of the mutiny, through the head as he stood above her. As he threw up his arms and fell she shouted to us to come

up, rushed up the stairs, and we E SHOT BETTER heard her fire twice more before we "After your grandfather had re-Most of the bushrangers at that got over the barricade. ated his adventure to her, she said: time were escaped convicts who, not 'And what a good thing, dear, that you When we got on deck no one but daring to be seen in the town, were Jess was to be seen erect. Two dead did not have the money with you!" obliged to live in the mountain caves; men and one wounded unto death and when they got to hear of a mailwere lying on the deck, and the other " You had? Where was it?" coach being likely to mass with gold three had fied to the fo'castle. Two " My father went outside, and, re for the bank, they haid plans to rob it minutes later they were begging for on its journey to the city. their lives, and they crawled like curs Now these are almost things of the as they came up to be bound. Jess past, for there are branch banks in had killed two of the new men and every part of the colonies, and money mortally wounded the negro cook, and is so securely guarded that there is the mutiny had been put down and great wonderment, and exclaimed; very little prospect of success for a bushranger. Still, now and again we the craft retaken before you could count a hundred. Her movements the saddle.' hear of coaches being robbed, and . " So they did, dear, but they forgot had been so swift and her aim was so farm-houses or "sheep stations" befortunate that every thing had to go ing attacked by these daring men. lt would have made your hair old Brown, the saddler, in my little Only a few years ago Molbourne was room at the hotel, and before I left. thrown into a state of fright by the stand up to listen to the confessiona news of a gang of bushrangers shootof those rascals. The seizure of the ing a police-trooper dead, who went schooner had long been contemplated. to arrest them for stealing horses, and a part of the plan was to get hold They escaped, and, embarking in a of the girl. Had we accepted the offer career of crime, for some time were of the boat we would have been successful in evading justice by hiding killed as soon as we reached the deck. stitched through.' themselves in caves in the Strath-The leader was an ex-convict named borie Ranges; but one day they were Ike Reese,, and he proposed to turn captured by some mounted povorse for that. And so my father the craft into a regular pirate, lice. They were tracked to a strengthening his crew from such aved the little church £500. small wooden dwelling where liquor small craft as he might overhaul. The was sold, kept by a woman negro died within an hour, and we named Jones; and after barricading the hove the three bodies overboard withdoors against the police, the hut was out ceremony. During the forenoon set fire to, and they were caught and we worked the schooner to the east, they had taken a fancy to 'Bonnie afterwards hanged. and about noon got a couple of hands Bess,' which they would undoubtedly I was living in Victoria at the time. have done had she not been lame, from an English merchantman and but had been to Sydney for a trip; and they might have carried off the saddle put into Melbourne to report and deas it was the day after the burning of liver up our prisoners. One was the hut, and our overland express hanged for the crime, but one died bepassed quite close to the ranges, we fore the trial and the other escaped made up a party for the purpose of and was shot dead by the officers in visiting the smoldering ruins. When pursuit -N. Y. Sun. I returned to Melbourne the following New - and at 191 day, and had related our experience, A ONE-ACT TRAGEDY. my dear mother seemed highly interat money. How He Won and Lost a Bride All or ested; and as we sat around a cozy Account of an Uncle's Beath. fire that night, and I had been ques-"Then this is your final answer, tioned all about this gang of bush-Miss Stubbles?" rangers, she said, in her yery quiet I think, during that night. I had an "My final answer." manner: -" Nothing can move you?" "I think I could tell you something "Nothing." rather interesting in the way of 'bushskin.- Little Folks. "Then my life will be a lonery one ranging adventures." and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle We were all attention at once, for STRANGE MISTAKES. with whom I lived, has just died and mother's takes of her youthful days left me-" were always liked by us; and as we "Just died?" Eastern Bookseiler. gathered our chairs closer around the Says a Portland bookseller: "Yes, and left me-" bright blaze that was thrown out from "That fact somewhat alters the the huge log, she began: case, Henry. I can not be harsh to . "All of you children know how your one who has sustained such recent begrandfather left England and landed in New South Wales when quite young. reavement. If I could believe that you are sincere-" up for some one; 'Is this "The City of It must have been about 1840, as far as God?"' 'No, I guess not, 'he said, "Sincere? Oh, Miss Stubbles!" "You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time I can recollect, when he was made a without looking round, 'at least I sort of banker. Tom will perhaps wonnever heard it called that before. It der why. Well, at that time there was is generally called the Forest City. to think of it. "How long?" no bank out of Sydney, and as the lit-Perhaps it is Brooklyn." He afterward tle town of Richmond was miles away extinined that he thought I had found "After all, why think of it? Henry, it was not only a tedious but a very exn reference in some book to a place 1 am yours." pensive journey to the city of Sydney eniled the City of God and wanted to "Oh, Genevieve!" for the farmers. Your grandlather know what city it meant. was very much respected, and as he " Do not squeezo mo so hard, Hen-"On another occasion a woman was the only magistrate then in the with a value in her band rushed in ry. Your poor uncle! Was he long district his advice was asked upon and asked a new boy if he had . That In band of Mino' in our store? He various matters. "The event I am going to tell you "Three days." ame rushing out to me in the back " It is too bad! You say he has left about happoned after an Easter Sundop and said a woman wanted to you ?\* day. He had attended divine service know if her husband was in our store. "Yes, he has left me. some miles away, and, as is usual in "How much?" I surmised what the trouble was and Australian country churches, there was attended to her myself. "How much? I said he had left me. an Easter collection. This Sunday the "Some of the most annusing mis-He had nothing else to leave. I am collection was unusally large on acalos, however, are those made by done in the world now, homeless, pencount of the good sesson the farmers pounds who get the titles of books niloss, but with you by my side-Grahad had; and in addition to the collecwrong. They read about them in cious, she's fainted! tion money there was about £400, some catalogue or newspaper, but Curtain.-Boston Courier. the result of the sale of some don't more than half temember the ---church property. The trustees of name, and the result is, to say the About Laying Up Grudges.' the church knew that on the following least, testiliar. Ous woman came in It is a good thing to be economical Tuesday your grandfather intended the other day and asked for The but it does not profit one much to be visiting the city, and so begged that Rhinestone," and want out mad be always laying up grudges. When a he would take the sum-which altocause one of the clerks told her we man gets into that condition that he is gether amounted to about £500-and didn't sell jewelvy. Another wanted always congratulating himself on his "The Cardinal's Letter," by Hawdeposit it in the bank. This he deown good qualities, and takes pleasure cided to do, but not without some in calling attention to them, he is like slight misgivings;" for bushrangers a horse with a blind-bridle on: there were doing wild deeds at that time,

Flut swept with sparkling swirls of snow The wastes of western prairie A little child came to my arms To bring me joy-or sorrow may be, And so, beset by vague alarms I sighed: "Another baby!"

Another little walf to tend. Another little holpless stranger, To lead, to feed, to fold, to fend, From every wrong and danger," To make one anxious, make one sad, And fearful for each morrow may be With heart half-sorrowful, half-glad, I moaned: "Another baby!"

And then I thought how near, how dear, The little children God had sent us, How full they made our home of cheer, And how their presence did content us-Hard if but one were laid away This year or next, as might or may be, Our hearts would ache, would burn, would

## And now-Another baby

Ah, so I thought! and so I said, In ecstacy of pence and pleasure, As bending down I kissed the head Of my last, weest, weakest treasure: Oh, dear child of my life and love, What'er you are, what'er you may be, I take you from the Christ above, And thank Him for-Another baby! -Kate M. Cleary, in Good Housekeeping.

> ----STITCHED IN.

An Adventure with Bushrangers in Australia.

In the early days of the colony of New South Wales it was never safe to travel in the bush unless very well armed. No one was safe from the robbers-known as bushrangers-who infested the country, and many a mailcoach driver was shot dead, his coach completely sacked in search of gold, and the unfortunate passengers robbed of their money, luggage, and often left tied to trees until rescued by another traveler.

black-masked, and each with a pisto in both hands.

" Where's the coin?' "'What coin?' asked my father. "Oh, that'll do, governor. We know all about it?' and at once they hauled him off his saddle. ≥ " 'Now, boys,' said the leader of the gang, who was a big, powerful man. "With these words they instantly proceeded to undress your grandfather. They took his boots off and examined them carefully; they rlpps! open his coat and other garments; and, while he stood shivering there in the cold, they examined every article of clothing he had on.

Suddenly one of the men called out: "Go for the saddle!" and, to my father's horror, they began to examine that.

"After a search which proved fruitless the leader said: 'Well, I reckon it's no good. He ain't got the coin!' "So with a grunt they threw my grandfather his clothes, keeping his boots only. They said: 'You can keep your mag, governor, for he's too lame for us." a present die mans dier "My father, who had retained his usual coolness all this time, said to The buckhorn handle and plain stick is "'Well, I suppose you are the man

who is wanted by the police?" "'Yes, I'm Jacky-Jacky!' " After dressing himself, and thank-

ing the men for not molesting him any further, my father mounted the lame horse, and riding off reached home at about four o'clock in the morning. Of course your dear grandmother was in anawful fright, and had not gone to ied at all.

larity of its knots. Myrtle sticks have a value on account of the pecu iarity of their appearance and are imouted from Algeria. The rajah stick sunother importation and is a species of pain grown in Borneo. Those canes nown as palm canes are distinguished by an augular or more or less flat surace, are beownish or spotted in appearance and have neither lenob not uch. The most celebrated of all palm anes is the mainers, which doubtless will never lose its popularity with men of middle or relvanced age. The malacca stick is cut from a species of calamus, a slender climbing palm, and does not come from Malaeca, as the name would imply, but from a small town on the opposite coast of Su-matra. Other imported canes are of abony, palmetto, rosewood, thorn, "And there they were," literally cactus hairwood, partridge wood and lerced with tiny holes, but none the lots of other varieties. The manufacttre of canes is by no means the simole process one might imagine it to be. "The next morning we heard an ac-In Jersey many families support themcount of the same gang attacking the selves by gathering sticks tit for canes, mail-coach and shooting the driver which they find in the swamps, dead. My father often says that if straightening them with an old vise, steaming them over a common iron kettle, and after roughly scraping them, sending them in bundles to the city manufacturors. Many imported oo, and then of course the money was sticks come in their native twisted or crooked state and have to be straight-"You may be sure the church peoened by mechanical means in the factories. The process is to bury them in hot sand until they become pliable. In front of the sand are boards about six feet long fixed at an angle inclined to the workman and having notches in When mother had finished her tale their edges. When a stick is pliable re were all very sloopy, for it was the workman puts it in a notch and ate; but we were a little bit nervous, bends it in an opposite direction to that in which it is naturally crooleed. awful nightmare, in which I fancied I It is then left awhile to set. To form had money stitched up inside my very an artificial crook or carl for the handle the workman places one ond in a viso and then bends it, at the same time pouring on the yielding wood a constant stream of fire from a some of the Laughable Experiences of an gas jet. Sometimes the wood is charred, but this is rubbed smooth by one time we were carrying a large sandpaper. There are lots of other tock of religious works, and one day interesting points about cases, which I called out to one of my clocks, hold-I have not time to enlighten you upon ing up a book which he had wrapped just now. Come in again and Til telt you some more."-Brooklyn Eagle.

the way of carrying these necessary concomitants of stylish dress," said a dealer in these acticles, "changes from year to year. When our fathers were lads the proper caper was to carry a whalebone or malacea stick. The andles of those days apparently never earned that a cane should be carried in any other way than by its handle. It remained for the young men of the present day to invent the asthetic style of swinging a stick that is deliately balanced between the thumb and forefinger, while the proper accompanying guit was the springing walk. with bent knees and arms akimbo. Then came the genuine resthetic style with all its limpid limpness, by which the languld cano was held in front of the body, while the elbows were well forward and the shoulders more best even than in the swinging style. The fashion of holding the ferrule down followed, then of grasping the stick by the middle with the ferrule pointing forward, and now the cane should be carried by the middle with the handle forward. The material for cases is even more varied than the styles of carrying them. about as popular now as any thing and is the result of the reaction against the eraze for silver heads. Many canes are made from imported woods, the clebrated whongee sticks coming from China, where they are celebrated for the regularity of their joints, which are the points at which the leaves branch off. The orange and lemon are highly prized and are imported principally from the West Indies, although florida is supplying many of these at he present time. The orange stick is known by its beautiful green back. with fine longitudinal markings and the lemon by the symmetry of its pro-

portions and both prominence and reg-

CANDEE RUBBERS BUY NO OTHER.

believe Piso's Cure

Consumption saved life.-A. H. DOWEEL,

m, N. C., April 23, 1887.

The most Cough Medi-

ine is Piso's CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION, Children take it without objection.

By all druggista, 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR N

UNDERTAKER.

HOME AND CITYMADE

FURNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

ALTOONA, PENN'A

Ler Citizens of Cambria County and all liters wishing to purchase ionest. FUSNI-

THE MILLER ORGAN

RE &c., at honest prices are respectfully

very hewdet. [4-16-'80-if.]

And Manufacturer & Dealer in

CONSUMPTION 6

LYNCH.

Enquirer, Eden-

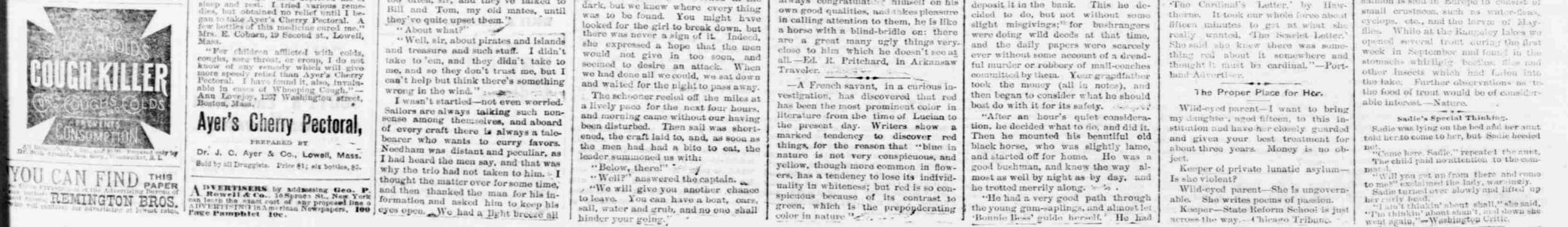
Address MHLLER ORGAN CO., Informed and the LEBANON, Pa

ST. CHARLES HOTEL

Charles S. Cill, Proprietor. Table unsurpassed. Remodelid with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light in all rooms. New steam 511 WOOD STREET, hundry attached to house.

Cor. Wood St. & Third Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.





HEAD exceeded six men. . There was no second mate, and the captain stood his own watch. A year before I engaged with her she had been captured by convicts from the penal settlement, and when recovered, after two or three little pills valuable in so many ways that will not be willing to do without them days she had been supplied with an arsonal. The way of the ACHE The trip which gave rise to the indents I am about to relate, brought he captain's daughter on board for he first time, she having been away "" Lorenze Leven Piezz are very small o school for a couple of years. The chooner was named after her, and if a essel could feel proud of any thing se or purge, but by their gentle action iff who use them. In vials at 25 cents: then the Jessie would have been S1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. puffed up over the good looks of the Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. girl whose name she bore. [ Miss SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR

Martin was a typical English girl, and just as handsome as the best of them. she was then nineteen years old, in the best of health and spirits, and it was as good as medicine for a sick person to hear her sing and laugh. As our- voyages were short and safe we had been able to keep the same row for a long time, but on this trip we we call broken up. Two of the old men had been taken ill while we were loading, a third had mysteriously absented himself, and on the day we were to sail the cook walked ashore in a huff. There was no trouble, howver, in filling the four vacancies. Indeed they were applied for as soon as vacated. The cook was another colored man with good recommendation, while the three sailors were English-speaking and of English

mativity. . When a cre- is .... trom 'a shipping cince, the master must not find mult with their personal appearance. If they are what they claim to be that must satisfy him, no matter if the whole lot are bow-legged, cross-eyed. sald-headed and hump-backed. It is the same when the mate engages men at the wharf. If they satisfy him that they are sailors, he does not find fault with their looks. The three sailor men I engaged for the trip were hard-looking fellows, and I would ot have trusted them not to rob me. but I took them just the same . At son they would have their stations and their orders, and the discipline of a cessel discourages all exhibitions of impudence toward officers. Our crew was now composed of six sailors, captain, mate and cook, and the girl less brought the number on board up to ten.

It is a run of over five hundred miles almost due south from Sydney to Hohartstown, but until passing Cape Howe we had the coast in view, and knew where shelter could be had in case of a storm. Our crew went cheorfully to work, the weather favored us. and for three days every thing went as smoothly as you please. I had two of the old men and one of the new in my watch, and on the fourth night, as we just held steerage way during my watch, the man at the wheel, whose name was Needham, and who had been with us several voyages, fussed around for a time, and finally said: "Mr. Loring, I'd like to speak with 

"I don't like them new men, sir." "For what reason?". \*

"They've got their heads together too often, sir, and they've talked to Bill and Tom, my old mates, until

He had scarcely ceased speaking when a bullet struck him in the right shoulder, and a shot fired at megrazed my head. One of the mutineers had fired through the open sky-light. The captain staggered to the sofa, and in a jiffy I had the lights out. Then I pulled the heavy sash down and socured it, and we were safe for the moment. It needed no explanation to satisfy me of what had happened. The crew had seized the schooner and Needham had been murdered because he would not join the conspiracy. I had a revolver, and 1 started for the deck. but the captain stopped me.

"Come back, Mr. Loring. You have no show! They would kill you before you get on deck!" "But we must get the schooner back!" I said.

"Certainly; but we can't do it by throwing our lives away. We are safe for the present. Help me off with my coat and attend to this wound. Jess, you take my revolver and stand in the companionway to guard the doors." 1 got at the wound as soon and as carefully as I could, and was rejoiced to find that the bullet had struck the bone and glanced off. Indeed, it fell out of the flesh as I washed away the blood. It was thus a painful but not a dangerous wound. I soon had it attended to, and the captain thought he would not be prevented from handling a revolver. I had just got him fixed up when some one rapped at the doors, and a voice exclaimed: 5 K-200

"Below, there! I want a word with vouľ "What is it?" demanded the captain. "The schooner is ours, as you, of mirse, know. We don't want your ves. You can have a boat and start off as soon as you please." "But we don't propose to go!"

"Don't get cantankerous, old man. We've got the schooner, and we know enough to keep it. We don't want you here. If you accept our offer, all right. If you want to fight it out, then look out for yourselves!" "That's what we propose to do," re-

plied the captain, and then all was quiet I crept to the head of the companion tairs and heard the mutineers conversing in low tones, and while I sought to catch what they said, a man ran aft to the wheel and the others began to make sail. The calm was broken. I knew the course they would make without seeking a sight of the cabin compass. They would head to the west, probably for King Island, and while between the south coast of Australia and the north coast of Van Dieman's Land, a stretch of over two hundred miles, there would be no fear of meeting with any craft larger than a coaster, owing to the numerous shoals and shallows. The breeze came up lively, and the schooner went dancing away as lively as if all had been

at peace. "They won't try to get at us for a time, and perhaps not until morning." said the captain, "and we must make rendy. Contraction and the

We first made a barricade at the door of the main cabin, using the sofa, table and chairs. Then we got out and loaded five muskets, placed three cutlasses handy, and, in addition, each had a revolver. We worked in the dark, but we knew where every thing

arning in a few minutes, he dragged n the saddle, and placing it on the able, began with his pocket-knlfe to very carefully cat the small stitching adorneath. My mother looked on in But John, dear, you say they searched

that I should be equal to them. I had these notes were carefully stitched in with the padding. You know, dear, that as a rule now notes are morely slipped inside the leather covering, but they did not reckon I should have these really

ple were very thankful, and in icknowledgment of his forethought they presented him with an address, knowing he would necept no present

> -----PERFUMED INSECTS.

Moths" That" Give Off Musk-Like and . Many Other Odors.

Certain moths and butterflies have recently been found to give off odors from their bodies, which are either secroted from organs specially adapted for the purpose and situated near the end of the body, or, as in some butterflies, from certain hair-like scales on the wings. Mr. Meldola has lately detected the scent omitted by the male of a snout-moth, a species of Herminio. This insect possesses a fanlike arrangement of hairs on the forclegs, which he has proved are scent rigans. The oder they produce is like that of artificial essence of intgonelle pear. The willis butterily expels an odor like that of citrons, and in a Brazilian buttorily three different scents neise from as many parts of the body. The majes of Callideyns, a yellow butterfly, give off a musk-like odor, while certain of our Arctian moths give out an intensa odor somewhat like the smell of landanum. The food of trout and the salmon is said in Europe to consist of small crustscon, such as water-fleas,