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1891.—The Pittsburgh Post.—1891

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Reports Printed.

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The year 1891 promises to be one of greatest increst at home and abroad to newspaper readers. The Pittsburgh Weekly Posr is the largest, as it is admittedly one of the best bemorratic weekly papers in the United States. Each issue contains twelve pages or four more than the usual size of city weeklies. With finereasing facilities for gathering and printing the news, it will interest and entertain its readers as never before. POLITICAL.—The closing year has been crowned by unparalled Democratic victories in the State and nation. With the new year Governor Pattison will enter upon his duties. The ground work of the great Presidential battle of 1802 will be laid this year. Congress and the State Legislatore will be in session. The Weekly Pogr will gather all the political news so important to every well-informed Democrat, and will discuss it with fairness and candor from the standpoint of Democratic principles.

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ment by life-like description of men and events.

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MARSH STEAM POMPSER

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES. Do you know how the tale of the buttercup

Became the song of the daisy, As they grew beside the meadow bars, In the spring-time soft and hazy? Was there promise of gold in the buttercup? Was there promise of snow in the daisy? As a boy and girl came after the cows,

John West and his playmate, Mazie? "Wo'll name the cows," said Johnny West. "Oh, so we will," said Mazie;
"Yours shall be named for this buttercup, And mine called after this daisy."

They lingered so oft by the pasture bars
That in after years a daisy
Would remind John West of a sunny-haired girl, His blue-eyed playmate, Marie. Ten years! and again by the meadow bars John West confessed to Mazle; "I would give all the gold of the buttercup

For the golden heart of the daisy." And thus the tale of the buttercup Became the song of the daisy.

As they kinsed across the mendow bars,

John West and his sweetheart, Maxie. -Annie A. Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Re-

THE 16TH CHASSEURS.

The Last of Their Number Fell Fighting Hungry Wolves.

In the French invasion of Russia in 1812 the Sixteenth Chasseurs were detailed as skirmishers. They had fought in Spain and Germany and had gained a high reputation for bravery. On the way to Moscow they made themselves dreaded by the Cossacks and the sound of their battle cry was enough to put the "foxes of the plains" to flight. As is well known, the Russians offered no serious resistance, but their heroic policy of self-sacrifice in destroying all crops and provisions that lay in the path of the invader made the enemy's progress very slow.

However, Moscow was reached at last and promised to prove a haven of rest. Then the Russians crowned their previous efforts of devotion to their country by setting fire to their old, sacred town and in the depths of winter the intruders were forced to commence a dis-

ustrous retreat. The bitterly cold and pitilessy northeaster moaned and howled through the scanty and stunted trees standing here and there on the side plains of Western Russia. It whisked sharp snow particles high into the air, whirled them into shadowy shapes and drove them furiously after a small troop of French soldlers that were slowly and painfully plowing through the rifts.

No one would have recognized the gay sabreurs of the Sixteenth Imperial Chasseurs in those wretched bundles of rags that tottered feebly westward. Three weeks before that regiment had led the way into Moscow, two thousand strong, mounted on fine horses, and the sun had glistened brightly from their uniforms of light blue and gold. When Moscow went up in flames, they had protected the rear of the retreating army; when the retreat became a rout, they had still showed their teeth to the enemy. But harrassed hourly by the relentless Cossacks, tortured by hunger and cold day by day the regiment had lost scores of brave men-till hardly one hundred remained. Weak and worn, they still had a cheery word for one another, and hoping against hope, every man expected to see once more his beloved France-one thousand miles away. Of their horses but three were left-tottering along under stacks of straw and horseflesh, they were but specters of those fine steeds that once needed the restraint of curb. Marching westward wrapped in the cloaks of their dead comrades, their legs and feet bundled in horse bides, tied with the bridles and stirrup leathers of their dead horses, staggering under the bur den of their carbines, the Sixteenth

Chasseurs retained not a particle of

their former splender. Twilight was fast fading into night when the little band reached a sligh but welcome shelter from the icy fury of the wind under the bank of a small stream. A halt was made and a fire kindled. Their supper was of melted snow and boiled horseflesh. Guards were posted and the weary men slept. As morning broke savage yells re sounded on all sides and bullets came pinging through the camp. A party of about two hundred Cossacks had accidentally come upon them, and the superiority of the enemy in weapons and numbers gave them but little promise of a successful resistance. Volley after volley of the Cossacks could only be answered by a few well-directed shots, for their ammunition was getting low and they dare not waste a bullet. The Cossack grew bolder-circling nearer and nearer round the camp, seeking a weak spot for one of their resistless charges. Suddealy they clustered together, pointing toward the east and gesticulating vioently-then spurring their horses they all rode off to the west. As the enemy led the French raised a shout of victory -feeling sure help was near at hand. Probably a large detachment of the re-

eating army was coming up and in eir joy they rushed out of their shelter and poured a hail of lead after the rapidly disappearing Cossacks. Looking astward they discerned on the horizon a long black line, but blinded by the glare of the snow they could not at first make out what it was. But the horrors of their situation burst upon them when the faint but terrible, ominous sound of rolonged howling reached their ears. That long line meant wolves. Despair was in their hearts, but they

at once began preparations for a stout defense. Twenty had fallen beneath the bullets of the Cossneks-only eighty nen to face hundreds of wolves. They zathered the rifles of the dead Cossacks and of their dead comrades and hastily threw up an embankment of snow. Bounding with long strides over the undulating stretch of frezen plain on came that ravenous host of fierce brutes. Howling and velping they came straight was now but a dim speck on the hori-

bodies of those who had fallen beneath the French fire, and an attack was inevitable. Every face in that doomed little body of soldiers was pale, but their courage never faltered. On came the foremost wolves. They reached the dend Cossaelts, and a tumbfiercely as, with horrible cries and yells, they fought for a piece of flesh. Teeth gnashed and furious fights took place between the discoverers of the feast. Then they scented the other prey and rushed for the encampment. Crack! grack! crack! and eighty carbines sent

their dread warning tearing through

the ranks of that wolf army. The fore-

most fell and the charge was checked

for an instant. The extra guns poured out their lead, but the fury of the welves seemed to increase. Before the gallant band of soldiers could As I saw it in my childhood's happy days,

reload hundreds of wolves were among them, and a terrific struggle began. Bayonet crashed through shaggy breast, gleaming brute teeth tore at human throats, snarls and howls, yelps and eries, groans and moans-who can describe the horrors of that awful struggle! The snow was soaked with the mingled blood of man and beast. Back to back men fought as never men fought before-hunling the savage, leaping beasts down to the ground with deadly thrust of stell. Numbers fell, but num-

The little troop of soldiers fought on till but a score remained to defy those cruel teeth-fought on till but ten still faced the foe-fought on as long as five could raise a hand-fought on till the last man sank beneath those tearing fangs-conquered but not subdued. But the wolves did not profit by their victory

bers stiel pressed on in overwhelming

The fleeing Cossack band met a regiment of Russian lancers and told their tail, and the whole force went to the rescue. Too late to save a man, they reached the scene of the struggle in time to drive the victorious brutes from their prey. Three hundred wolves lay dead in and around the encampment, showing how fierce had been the defense, and with military honors the Russians buried the bodies of their brave enemies -the last of the Sixteenth Chasseurs .-Detroit Free Press.

THE HUNTER'S RUSE.

How the Slayer of "Big Ben" Got His Prize Conveyed Home. Years ago, near a place called Enterprise, on a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days a certain big alligator used to lie basking in the sun. He was well known to the whole neighborhood. The entire coterie of sportmen at the only hotel used to call him "Big Ben," and proud hunters would talk, and even dream, of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever any one, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near he would slide off into the waterwhich meant "good-bye" for the rest of

the day.

One fine morning one of these sportsmen paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his cance, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way o Enterprise with his small cance. A bright idea struck him. He put his visiting card in the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. A number of funters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them, with apparent sincerity, that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the "'gator," who was, no doubt, still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion, it was unanimously agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of com-

mand. As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly; and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently asleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could scarcely control his feelings. The boats were silently drawn up within easy shot, and the word was given. Bang! bang! went a score of rifles, and Big Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point! With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope around the dead alligator speedily towed him to Enterprise. There the original slayer awaited them upon the wharf. When Big Ben was laid upon the shore, opening the animal's mighty jaws he disclosed his visiting card, and thanked them most politely for their kindness in bringing his 'gator home for him.-Ciarence B. Moore, in St. Nicholas.

SHOES FOR WOMEN.

Saplent Remarks Uttered by a New York Society Man. "Why on earth," said a New Yorker the other day after an hour's walk on Broadway, to a Shoe and Leather Review correspondent, "do women who haven't got pretty feet, and who know they haven't got pretty feet, if they know any thing at all about themselves, wear just the footgear that puts their feet at their very worst? A woman with big, shapeless feet or crooked feet can afford to wear but one kind of boot-a laced one-and never a low shoe under any circumstances. A button booo does all very well for the first few days while it still buttons trim and snug about the ankles, but every woman knows that it does this for a few days only; then it osens and begins to take on the shape of the foot, exaggerating its peculiarities every day just a little. And by and , before the boot is half worn out, it is a kind of carleature of her foot, with every defect and imperfection exaggerated. The laced boot doesn't do this,

because it can be drawn up every morning like a new boot, solding the foot always firmly and securely, and so acts an a corrective against any tendency the foot has to be it shaped and appending. But women do not seem to have discovered this as all, or in very few cases, and so they go on buttoning up their street boots with as much satisfaction as if they weren't giving the best possible opportunity to their feet to be as pulpy preading and crooked as they

His Wett Runs Gold and Silver. here is a wonderful well down near over the track of the Cossack troop that | It is an artesian well with an abundant flow of pure water, sufficient to irrigate zon. They would halt to devour the a considerable amount of land. That would be enough for any one but a San Luis man. But this is mineral water. It is effervescent, very palatable and extremely healthful. Nor is this all; the force of the water brings up from the depths an occasional lump of native silver or a gold nugget. The frugal farmer has placed a sack of wire netting over the mouth of the well to catch the metal and prevent it from choking the cows. Local scientists claim that at a great depth and under enormous pressure the water is washing away, a ledge of rock, whose softer parts go into solution and give the water its mineral qualities, but whose gold and silver, not

being dissolved, are brought to the sur-

face in a metallic state.

FARM-HOUSE 'NEATH THE HILL. Of the farm-house 'neath the hill, I can see it

When every thing was new and beautiful to From morning till the sunset's opal blaze. I can see the orchard trees, and I hear the hum of bees

In the bollyhocks and roses near the wall, And where the brooklet flows, a barefoot urchin Again among the cat-o'-nine-tails tall. Down to the pasture spring I walk, and lightly

As happy as in merry days gone by, 🧳 When I wandered in the wood, half lost in hos Or climbed the friendly mountain, looming

How I love that farm-house wide, with its trees on either side, Where I played, and laughed and wandered when a boy! I can see the swallows fly down the chimney from the sky,

Wherever I may go Fil flud no place, I know, That will my mind with awecter fancies fill Fond memory guard the door, and time pass That humble old gray farm-house neath the

And again I dream a dream of vanished joy.

A BALANCED ACCOUNT.

-Moses Gage Shirely, in Boston Globe.

The Thief's Bill Was Settled with a Neat Check.

The following veritable case of kleptomania came under my observation a few years since, the principal actor in which was the wife of a respectable citizen, who resided in a fashionable quarter of one of our Atlantic cities, says an ex-attorney in the New York Weekly.

A shrewd and thrifty young client of ming, who kept a fine establishment upon one of the principal dry-goods thoroughfares of the town, retailed laces and similar ladies' furnishing materials, and had a well-selected stock. which attracted a continual run of goodly customers.

From time to time he missed trifling articles from the counters, but could not account for their mysterious disap-

He directed his book-keeper to open a fictitious account in his ledger, to which he gave the title of "Thief's Accounto the debit side of which were charged all articles that were missed-and which were invariably stolen by some person or persons who visited the store. So the "Thief's Account" was regulary kept up for nearly a year, and a very onsiderable number of items found their way to the debtor side of it, the aggregate value of which had reached ipwards of two hundred dollars, at the close of the first twelve months of my client's business.

But, as yet, no clew had been had to the actual cause of this unprofitable leak, and for a long time-despite the most careful watching of strangers-the account remained open, and increasing, upon the young merchant's books.

One day there entered the store a well-dressed, lady-like person, whom the store-keeper knew by name, for she had been there before-who bought some trifling articles-and while waiting for the parcel to be made up, the merchant-who stood a short distance from her-observed a small but valuable lace collar slipped from the counter, where there were several paper boxes of goods open; and though he was greatly astonished and could scarcely credit it, yet he was satisfied that this lady had drawn that collar in-

to her capacious must! It had disappeared, at all events. It might have been accidental-it was so. he at first believed; for surely, that nicely-attired lady, whom he knew moved in good society, and who was supplied generously with pin-money by her highly respected and liberal husband-could not be a thief. At night, he said to the clerk at the desk: "Charge Thief's Account' with one lace collar-ten dollars;" for it had gone

and this was always the rule in such And three days subsequently, having thought the matter over, quietly, and called to mind some cases of so called deptomania, of which he had read and heard, he concluded that this must be an instance akin to that disease, which certain persons are afflicted with, and which Webster defines to be "a morbid

and irresistible impulse or desire to steal." But my client was himself an industrious, honest young man, who was not overburdened with capital; and he could ill afford to thus lose his goods, or permit this style of genteel robbery to ge on unchecked. So he said to his book-

"Mr. Quill, draw off the Thief's Account,' and give me a fair copy of it." "What part, sir?" When the clerk handed it to him, he

asked: "How much does it figure up?" "Rising two hundred dollars, sir." "Is the last item charged-the lace

"Yes, sir; ten dollars." "All right. I am going up-town, Quill. If any one calls for me, person ally, say I shall be back in an hour." And, putting on his hat and overcoat, he disappeared.

collar?"

My client had never called at the house to which he was now destined. but he had a slight acquaintance with the gentleman who resided there. Mounting the stone steps, he rang gently, and was admitted.

"Is Mr. 0 at home?" 1
"Yes, sir." said the servant, showing the merchant at once into the parlor, where, after shaking hands with the gentleman of the house, he was just about to open up his business with him, when he heard a light footfall, and immediately his wife entered the apartment, to accompany her husband down to dinner-where she was evidently astonished to meet the dry-goods dealer, who as quickly observed that the lady he remembered had upon her neck his missing ten-dollar lace collar! "My wife, sir," said the gentleman,

presenting her to my client, who said: "Yes, sir-I have met the lady before." Then to her he added: "How do you like your new collar, madam?" "The what, sir?" she replied, coolly. "Your new lace collar, madam. It is very becoming, certainly." "This?" she said.

"Yes, madam." "Oh, it's not very new, though." "No? It is not a new pattern, but it is very pretty. I have a few more like it, and that is the first one that left my store, out of a late New York invoice.' "Your store, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. That collar was upon my counter three days ago, I am cer-

"I think not, sir!" "I am sure of it, madam. It was taken away and without being paid for,

"What do you mean, sir?" said the lady, heightening a little in color, and growing not a little indignant at my client's coolness and seeming offrontery "Just what I have said, madam. That lace collar on your neck was taken from my counter on the day and bour you were in my store, on Tuesday last. I repeat that it has not been paid for; and it is not the first article I have missed,

in a similar way, in the past year. I know of what I speak. I can prove in a court of justice what I have now alleged here. And I have brought my bill here for settlement," concluded the merchant, handing the "Tuief's Account," that Quill had prepared, to her astounded husband.

"This seems to me to be a most extrajudicial proceeding, sir," began the husband. "What are all these items here?" "Your lady, possibly, can explain

them, sir. I can't." "But-what-how-when," muttered the man, confusedly. "I can't answer that, sir," continued

my client, noticing the sudden disappearance of the lady from the unpleasant scene. "All I know is that these articles have mysteriously disappeared from time to time from my counters. and that I have found the thief who stole the ten-dollar luce collar; who was seen to take-it by myself and another from my store. This party must pay my bill, here, or I shall immediately take legal measures to collect all I can of this amount." "But this bill amounts to two hun-

dred and eight dollars, sir." "Does it? I did not notice the sum total precisely," said the merchant, indifferently looking it over. "Yes, you're correct, sir; it is two hundred and eight.' "You don't want me to pay-that is,

you don't expect me to pay for other people's-" "Do you know these 'other people' you speak of, sir2"

"No. But-" "Neither do I. I do not know one of the offenders. Will you give me your check, sir, for this bill? It is your mis fortune to have such a wife; but I can

not suffer for it." "You don't pretend that one person took all these goods, do you?"
"I pretend nothing; only I have simply endeavored to state the matter as clearly and politely as the circumstances of the case will warrant. You do not care to have any publicity given to this affair, and I am quite willing to avoid it, I assure you. Now, sir, will you accommodate me with your check? And I will receipt the bill," concluded

my client, rising. "How much did you say?" "Two hundred and eight dollars." The man went to his desk, wrote hur-"iedly for a moment, and said:

"Here it is. Let this be the last of it, "With all my heart," said my client, Good-day, sir. The lace merchant returned to his fore within the hour. "Has any one called to see me, Mr.

Quill?" he asked. "No. sir." 2 Then handing him the check, he said, pleasantly: "Here, Quill; take this, and balance the 'Thief's Account' Is the amount

correct?" "Exactly, sir-to a dellar." "All right. We shall not be troubled with one of our old customers any more,

And the fictitious account in the ledger was forthwith closed, satisfactorily to the merchant, who gave me the above facts afterwards, but without mentioning the name of the unfortunate

kleptomuniac. WORKING THE INNOCENTS.

A Train Doy Who Was a Mighty Good Judge of Heman Natura. The experienced train boy, says the Chicago Herald, was apparently giving instructions to a youth whom he was breaking in as an assistant.

In the seat directly in front of tho two sat Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kerpank, of Georgeson's Cross Roads. It was their first trip away from home. "You can gener'ly tell by their looks," said the peanut boy, oracularly, "who?

er it's gein' to pay to try to come any little game over 'em or not. See that chap half way between here an' the other end of the car? Well, you could sell that man a dime novel for a dollar and a half and rope him in on the dollarin-the-box trick just as easy as look at him. You'd be wastin' your time, though, to try and play any tricks on such people as these two in front of us. They're old travelers. No use to show them any thing but what's bang up gonuine an' cheap. If you've got any thing that's fresh an' with the money, them folks is the kind of customers to take 'em to the first thing. Saide goods won't go down with such customers as them, I tell you. Well, I must work the train now. Remember what I've told

"That boy is a mighty good judge of human nature, Jose, isn't he?" said Harrison to his wife, after the expertenced peanut boy had gone into the forward car to get his basket. "He thought he wasn't talking loud enough for us to hear, but I've got pretty sharp ears. I heard every blamed word he said. Well it's a fact, Jose," he added, "it wouldn't be much use to try any of his little tricks on me. I've got my eye teeth all cut. Here he comes. If he's got any thing worth baying he'll come straight

to us. You see if he doesn't." with Mr. Harrison Kerpunk he had sold him half a dozen prize packages, five | boxes of last year's maple caramels, a lozen sour oranges, three twenty-fivecent books for half a dollar each, unloaded his entire stock of moldy figs on him, and cleaned him out of a two dollar bill on an innocent little trick with a pill-box and a gold coin.

"Jose," said Harrison, after he had sat looking out of the window for about five miles, "durned if don't begin to think he said all that to the other boy on purpose for me to hear it!"

ple of the boring, drilling and pumping

apparatus of the mosquito, a hole could

be bored to the center of the earth in

less than a day.

Power of the Mosquito A scientist computes that with the aid of a machine constructed on the princi-

We reamed the woodlands side by side, When suggests dream with appearise blended, We floated out across the tide. We sang together, gently keeping

That later on we learned to know, And how I prayed that none might find us Where that sweet solitude eashrined us.

The house was large, the grounds were spacious And she and I, we owned it all— I reveled in the thought; good gracious! How I enjoyed the empty hall, The dinners served for us-us only!

For now, in thinking of what was, wish there had been other bourders Because, alas!-ah, yes-becaus We've been (to write it makes me wince) Boarding together guer stuce -Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck,

A Proposed Reform in Criminal Jurisprudence.

the One He Has Holbed -How the New System Would Work.

From an article in the October num-

far as a fair and impartial hearing, the short of the ends of complete justice. fense against the State rather than is wronged by the law breaker and should therefore include in the punish-

ment inflicted restitution to the former. A thief enters my house and carries away, we will say, property to the value of one thousand dollars. A few days later he is apprehended. In the meantime he has effectually disposed of the stolen goods. I am put to the trouble, and usually some personal expense, of prosecuting him. He is found guilty and sent to State's prison for five years. I have the satisfaction of knowing that this particular thief or burglar is not likely to trouble me

again soon, but does that restore to me my lost property? But suppose the State put this offender to work, hiring him out as convicts are now let, but at a price that will pay the State for his keeping and a small surplus for each day h works; when this sum amounts to the value of the goods he has stolen, then let the State reimburse me for my loss and give the convict his liberty. This would be complete justice-" punishment that fits the crime" and gives full restilution to the wronged

Were such a system as this in vogue there would be but few cases of compounding a felony. To-day, as is well known, one of the most serious obstacles, at times, in the way of punishing a criminal, and especially in cases of arson, theft and embezzlement, is the willingness of the injured parties to forego a presecution in order to secure the return of a part or all of the stolen or lost property; in other words to obtain what the law now fails to give, restitution.

This system, too, would hold good in crimes of all classes from that of a petty larceny to murder. What better or more fitting punishment for him who takes human life than that he should be compelled to labor the remainder of his days, and his earnings. be applied towards the support of those who may have been left dependent on the one he has murdered. Any commonwealth can furnish its convicts with employment on this basis. If not on public works, such as canals, And before the peanut boy was done bridges and buildings, then by hiring the crowd; at length be clears it. Arthem out, as is now done, only for a

this, to them, rainous competition of convict labor.

A large boot and shoe manufacturer contracts with the great State of Illinois for one hundred convicts at eightyseven and one-half cents per day per man, puts his machinery into the prison and sets them to work. He has also a factory in Chicago where he employs, perhaps, two hundred men, boys

NUMBER I.

A SAD RESULT.

The days were long, the nights were splendid Time to the ours' slow chythmic sweeping.

We were the only two that sensor Who came to board. Fate willed it so For a distinctly special reason,

Ab Pata lifety busing strangely orders

RESTITUTION.

The Thiof Who Stea's Should Reimburse

bor of the Statesman, by Ed. R. Pritchard, the following, embodying its salient features, is taken. The writer says: There are few laws on the statute books of any State in the Union to-day that are in harmony with the spirit of the ago in which we live, which have been put there without a fight-I mean it has cost much time and labor, and long, bitter discussion, and they were met with the most determined opposition before they finally became a vital part of the legal code of a commonwealth; especially is this true of those laws which recognize the property rights of women, and which place them on something like an equal footing with men in our courts. So, I assert that progress in law making, that is, in framing wise and beneficent laws suited has been slow and tedious. And further, that in almost every instance a proposition to reform a bad, onjust statute, or to make a new one not in conformity to principles laid down in the old common law books, has come from those outside of the legal profession; while, as a rule, the most uncompromising and bigoted opposition to such measures has come from those within that profession, and,

not unfrequently, from those highest in it, those wearing the judicial crimine. In framing a penal statute the most essential part of it is its penal feature, that is, the punishment which it infliets. It matters not so much the procedure, the exact form of trial, whether by judge, jury or associate bench, but the penalty is all important. It might be well to say too that to-day the rights of a person charged with a felony, so right of challenge, the admission of estimony, etc., are well guarded. This is eminently right and just. It is not with this working of criminal law that we are finding fault. Nor is it with the modes of punishment now in vogue, save that of the death penalty; but in the fact that penalties as now inflicted by criminal procedure in our courts fall Of course I understand that any violation of a penal code is taken as an ofagainst the individual wronged. But I do maist that complete justice should take into consideration the citizen who

little more money. Another advantage of this would be to raise the price of convict labor, and consequently to advance the price of the products of penitentiary labor. which are now produced so cheaply as to force honest laborers to work in many instances for almost starvation wages. All over the land to-day, honest men, who are industrious, lawabiding citizens, are crying out against

and all because he is able to hire conlaws of the land becomes a convict and a slave of the State. The latter pays no rent, pays no board, has no clothes to buy, has no position in society to sustain, and, above all, has not the dispoaltion of his own time, nor any thing to say concerning the wages he shall receive for his labor; while the former

has all these, except the last, and here in effect, the State, which ought to protect and encourage honest industry, steps in to reduce the honest mechanic to practically the same level with the convict. But the Restitution System would do away with this. Another point in its favor: It would tend to discourage the commission of

this class of crimes. Under our presentsystem a man steals say ten thousand iollars; he is sent to the penitentiary for six years, which would be considered a pretty severe sentence. Ho serves his time and comes out nearly ten thousand dollars ahead; supposing of course he has saved his money, or rather some other man's money. Let us, on the other hand, suppose that he knew that a theft of ten thousand dollars would mean, if he were caught and punished, a sentence at hard labor for life, at fifty cents a day, that money all to go towards reimbursing those he has obbed. Would be not hesitate to incur such a fate? This system would, I beleve, almost completely abolish petty thieving; would most effectively stifle the ambitions of a large class of our criminals, such as house-breakers, footpads, till-tappers and sneak-thieves. A. theft of one hundred dollars would mean to them, perhaps, a year's hard labor, at the end of which time they would have been compelled to make full

restitution. In cases where the stolen property could still be employed, the convict's earnings going to the State instead of to the injured party.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH. If a Thing Is Not Perfect, It Is Certainly Not Good Enough.

good as it can be made. The verdict 'good enough," says a well-known writer, which in boyhood passes the defeetive task, will become "bad enough" when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life. "You have planed that board well,

Nothing is good enough that is not as

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It don't need to be very well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobedy will see it." "It will not do MIt is not planed as

have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter of

replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city. "I suppose I could make it smoother," "Then do it. Good enough' has but

nestly and as smoothly as possible,"

one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect' If a thing is not perfect it is of good enough for me." "You haven't made things look very test and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young

Well, I thought it was good enough for back there where things can not be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go. "That won't do," said the merchant, harply, and then added, in a kinder tone: "You must got them of that hind out of your head, my boy, If you bone to raceeed in life. That kind of good

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things, and the oys who dispose of tasks as speedily as ossible, declaring that things will "do" If they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in Hie because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their

enough' isn't much bester than had

will always be true. - Youth's Com-AFFECTING INCIDENT.

How a Young Horo's Joy Was Turned

Into Surrow,

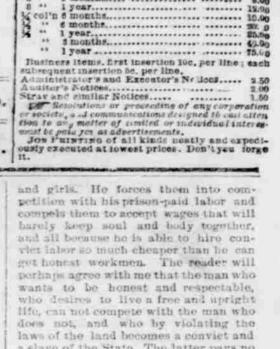
The old adage, "What is worth doing

at all is worth doing well," is as true

now as it was when first spoken, and it

The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for Browerks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI, is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side. campled under the horses' feet, prospitated into the disches of the Rue Royal and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment and lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained ber strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said: "my strength fails. I can go no further." "There is yet a way!" eried the lover, in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his arder and strength. He resists the most violent concessions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, hewith difficulty forces his way through ived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round. It was a different person! Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more: N. Y. Ledger.

The Profit on the Nokel There has been a good deal said, and properly, about the profit insuraby the Government in existing deliars out of 75 cents' worsh of allver, more or ioss. Bits how about the nickel 5-cent piece ? It anald that these pretty coins cost the United States just about a shirl of a gent cach, and are bound for beents, or fifteen times their value a seast of about 1,400 per cout. Sente up on that ratio the milyar deliar would mitare be-



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