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se Pay for your paper before you stop it, if sto; you must. None but scale wags do otherwise.

Cambria



Muculin.

have no hemes, are picked off of the

streets by the observant pickpocket,

who takes them to the secret schools,

where they are trained by the Fagins

in charge of them. The little novices

are taught all the secrets of petty

thieving, and, after awbile, graduat-

accomplished pickpockets. They are

taught, also, to recognize at sight the

different people who flock to London.

They know the Frenchman from the

native, a German from a Russian, and

Americans are told at once. How do

they do this? Sometimes by the cut

of one's clothes, by the manner of car-

rying jewelry. You brought your

clothes from New York, did you not?"

were fresh from the shop of an Amer-

ican tailor, at which Sergt. Donny

smiled, and added that he would have

taken me for an American "on sight."

"The great headquarters of our Fa-

gins," he continued, "are the dark and

dismal purlieus of St. Giles, White-

chapel and the long, low wharves of

the Thames. They are there by thou-

ands, young and old and both sexes.

They have societies and even savings

banks, and when one of their number

is in our hands the others are willing

to put up money to get him out. I do

not wonder that some tourists get

robbed. They will go down into these

parts of the city without a proper es-

cort, and the next day they are at

Scotland Yard, telling a story of woe.

I had an amusing experience once with

one of this class. He was a nice-look-

ing man, indeed-was an American pro-

fessor. He came to London, so he said:

for the purpose of making a study of

our criminal classes. I did not know

this, of course, until after the experi-

"Well, our professor went down into

St. Giles, and while exercising eyes and

ears he was robbed by a boy scarcely

ten years old. The little fellow was a

shrewd pickpocket, and as I had had

some experience with him I guessed

that he was concerned in the robbery.

though the professor maintained that

he had been robbed by a man from

whom he was trying to obtain some

statistical information. Accompanied

by the complainant I went to the dan-

"You must discharge this child, sir,"

"'Just as you say,' Lanswered with

"The boy, who felt that I know he

neriedly departed and walked on.

ment, to his amazement, I pulled out

" Pray, how did you get hold of it?"

"The boy gave it to me. He

"touched" you while he was thanking

you for asking me to discharge him.

in a short time we shall have your

the boy Billy was the person who had

taken the purse, but the adroit theft of

the watch went a long way toward

hinting that he might be mistaken;

noon, upon my return from a walk, 1

was surprised to have my landlady

"It was brought to the house by a

well-bred gentleman, who begged

cave to say he was sorry he had not

seen your notice sooner," she said in

explanation. "He was very polite, and

when I offered him the guinea he said

he could not think of taking it, as you

"Did you ask him for his address?" I

"I thought of doing so, for I imag-

ined that you would wish to thank him

by post, but he was gone before I could

put the question, touching his hat po-

That was the end of the whole mat-

ter. Of course I had no cley to the

man who had returned the ring, and

when I narrated the incident to Sergt.

Donny he smiled, and, having consult-

ed his fat forefinger, like the immortal

Mr. Bucket, said he presumed I would

never forget my little experience with

the light-fingered gentry of London .-

T. C. Harbaugh, in Cincinnati Gazette.

A Lake Nearly a Mile Deep.

world is Lake Balkil, in Siberia, which

is every way comparable to the great

Canadian lakes as regards size; for

of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes

the volume of its waters almost equal

to that of Lake Superior. Although

its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level,

its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it.

The Caspian lake, or sea, as it is usually

The Crucial Test.

while its area is over 9,000 square

By far the deepest lake known in the

litely as he went down the steps."

had been put to so much expense al-

inquired.

hand me the identical souvenir ring.

"The American could not believe that

his watch and extended it.

ourse as well."

for it had taken place on his gr

ence I am about to relate.

I acknowledged that my garments

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME XXV.

EBENSBURG, PA, FRIDAY DECEMPER 18, 1891

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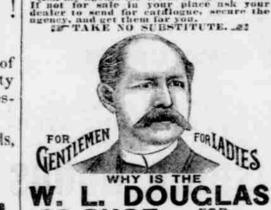
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Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Monday, Conn.

"WHEN MY SHIP CUMES IN." When my ship comes in," runs the young

man's song, "What brave things shall I do Nith the strength of my wealth and the joyous Of friends stout-hearted and true ""

le watches and waits 'neath storm and sun By the shore of his life's brond sea, And the days of his youth are quickly run. Yet never a sail spies he. 'My ship has gone down?" in soberer strain

Sings the man, and to duty turns. He forgets the ship in his toll and pain, And no longer his young hope burns. Yet again by the shore he stands grown old

With the course of his years well spent,

And gazing out on the deep-behold, A dim ship landward bent! No banner she flics, no songs are borns From her decks as sho nears the land; Silent with sail all somber and torn She is safe at last by the strand

And lo! To the man's old age she has brought Not the treasures he thought to win, But honor, consent and love-life-wrought, And he fries: "Has my stip come to -M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jun., in Harper's

IN THE SMALLEY SET. The Ambition of a Life and How

it Was Realized. Very few of the women in Pottstown could have told you, if suddenly questioned, what were their aims in life. They tried from day to day and hour to hour to their duty to husband,

children, home and the church. But Mrs. Loper had one ambition, one clearly defined purpose. It was to be admitted to the Smalley set. She probably never put this desire into words, even to herself, but it dominated

Now the Smalley elique did not by any means comprise the most scholarly or refined or best bred, nor even the wealthiest, people in Pottstown. Their elaim to social distinction was based solely upon the fact that they had lived in Pottstown longer than their neighbors. Outsiders wondered why anybody should stay in the little smoky mill town who could get out of it. Bu these people, simply because they had lived for three generations in its smoke and grime, held thendelves hanghtily aloof from later comers, whom they regarded very much as the nobles of Saint Germain did the canaille of Bona-

Mrs. Loper was a newcomer. She was descended from a good old revolu ionary family. Her husband was t awyer of ability; his eloquence has ained him a reputation throughour he state. He was a man of integrity f much distinction in manner and haracter; he was able to support hi Affe in comfort even laxury. Bu Irs' Loper, coming to live in Potts own a few years after her marriage

elt herself to be one of the ennaille. Mrs. Smalley did not call upon her. There were many other women in he town outside of this exclusive cirle. Mrs. Judge Pierce, the stately old ady in the great house on the hill, rad quietly withdrawn from it. She ooked with cold disapproval upon drs. Smalley and her fast, foolish The Langdons gathered a

nusical. literary group about them and ceenly enjoyed their social life. There were many carnest, devout people, too, who were wholly occupied with charitable and religious work, and never spent a thought on their fashionable

Mrs. Loper knew that she could find congenial companions among any of these people-in her secret soul she neered at little Mrs. Smalley's ignorance and vulgar pretensions-but she was wretched as long as that arbiter of society in Pottstown did not call nor

nvite her to her receptions. For, although the Smalley set was pretentious and under bred, it was acknowledged to be the haut ton of Potts town. If you had a card to Mrs. smalley's receptions, you belonged to "society." If your house stood upon he hill on which she and her friends lived, it was worth several thousands more than if it was in a pleasant quarter. (Of course it is only in Pottstown

that this absurd condition of affairs exists in this country). Mrs. Smalley appreciated to the full the power which circumstances had placed in her hands. Her favor was not easily won. Years passed and she had not yet recognized Mrs. Loper's presence in the town. In that time Sarah Loper, who had much strength of character, would have accepted and submitted to any other misfortune-

blindness or a lame leg, for example. She would not submit to social ostra-

"I must visit in the best society or not at all," she told her husband. She worked her way into a charitable organization in order that she might meet Mrs. Smalley on the committees. Next, she gave up the pew which they occupied in the old church and took a costly one in the new edi-

fice in which most of the Brahmin caste were members. Now, her husband protested vehe-

mently. "I am deeply attached to old Dr. Malling," he said. "He helps my soul on its way to Heaven. As for this flighty boy in the new church, I cannot hear him with patience; he is shallow and inexperienced. I will not promise to go with you, Sarah." Mrs. Loper was daunted, but only for a moment. The prize was so great for which she played. To gain it Mr. Loper might submit to be bored for an

hour on Sundays, surely. She took the pew and contributed largely to all church expenses. When after a month or two, some of the exclusive set called upon her, her triumph was so great that she scarcely noticed that her husband remained at home on Sundays and by degrees became indifferent to all church work. When they were first married they formed the habit of studying a chapter in the Bible together every morning. But Mrs. Loper's time was so occupied now with her social duties that she neglected it. At first, when she saw her husband sitting alone with his Bible, her heart gave her a wrench o pain, but after a few weeks he, too,

gave up the habit. In other ways their lives were affected by her new ambition. They had nourished high hopes for their children, and made many anxious plans to insure them sound hearth. sane, strong minds and noble characters. When Bob was but a year old they had begun to examine into the

ciaims of different colleges. While Nelly was a baby on her breast Mrs. Loper had dreamed out her future as a

helpful Christian wife and mother. Her aims for the children were changed now. Bob was kept away from school to practice a part in tableaux and private theatricals, in which he appeared in a Directoire costume of velvet and lace. Nelly soon learned that the object of her life was to dance, to sing, to appear in pretty new gowns, to make herself conspicuous among the other children, in the hope that Irene Smalley would invite her to her Christmas ball.

Their father made a feeble protest. "Our whole motive of life is changed, Sarah," he said. "The minds of the children are filled with trifles. Our home life is gone, and instead there is a constant buzz and tumult about dress and balls or some other folly.

"I do not consider the social position of my children a trifle or folly," she replied, sharply

"I only know," he answered, "that you once hoped to fit them to be God's servants in this world and the xt. Now your highest hope is to fit .. em for the Smalley set.' She did not reply. The subject was

never broached between them again. Mr. Loper's death a year later left her a wealthy widow with no restraint upon her social ambition. She succeeded in gaining a foothold in the fashionable circle. It was not secure, and she was perpetually forced to curry their favor by mean little arts for which she despised herself. Bob, much to her delight, became the intimate friend of Jem Smalley. It was whispered in Pottstown that Sma ley was corrupting the boy, and would make t m as profligate as himself. But his metaer, when she saw her boy driving or riding with the leader of fashion, tid not ask what lesson of life he was

Nelly gave her mother many a heartache. She had formed an attachment to a poor young clerk who had no capital but industry and energy. When Dr. Soames began to pay her attention, mother compelled her to encourage

tearning from him.

"He is old enough to be my grandfather." the girl protested. "He has been a life-long drunkard. I cannot even respect him and-I love another "He has reformed," urged Mrs. Loper. "You ought to respect him. He

is Mrs. Smalley's cousin. He can give you as good a position as hers in Pottstown. As for your fancy of love, every girl has some such silly affair before she takes up life in earnest." Nelly was timid and weak. She yielded and married a man whom at heart she despised.

A few months after her marriage Mrs. Loper became seriously illeDeath came slowly to her, so slowly that she had time to look back at her life and judge coolly of the value of her suc-Her son would look in sometimes at her for a moment with a bloated face

and red eyes, bid her "cheer up," and vanish to be seen no more for a day or "He does not waste a minute on his dying mother," she mouned once.

Where is he going, Nelly?"

"To the races, I believe. He and Smalley own a horse together.' A faint smile crossed Mrs. Loper's gaunt face. "Bob keeps good company," she murmured. Then she scanned Nelly's thin face and painted cheeks and heavy, hopeless eyes. The girl wore a Parisian gown. She was the leader of fashion in Pottstown. But even that thought did not seem to give her mother satisfaction as she lay there with death coming nearer, nearer. Did she see in her child's face the dumb accusation of a lost life-a soul

tainted and ruined? As the day crept into night she lay silent and motionless, summing up her life's triumph, it may be, to comfort herself withal.

"Mother," Nelly said once, "would you like me to send for a minister? Or -shall I read a Psalm to you?" Mrs. Loper knitted her brows trying to think distinctly. Nelly talked of such unfamiliar things-she scarcely

was acquainted with the minister, and as for the Psalms, she used to read them long ago, long ago. "I can't attend to that sort of thing just now,dear. When I get well-Nelly, what is going on to-night? The car-

riages-and I hear a band-" "Mrs. Smalley has a reception, mother. Everybody is going." "And they know-they know that I

She put her hand over her eyes to shut out the life which had become so paltry and base. Some one said to Mrs. Smalley that

night: "Your friend, Mrs. Loper, has just died, I hear." "Ah, indeed! I'm very sorry! We were scarcely friends, however. Mereaequaintances. A clever woman though a good deal of a snob. Do take Miss Price out for this waltz, to oblige

Mrs. Smalley stood smiling as she vatched the waltzers; the music rang out gay and sweet. Mrs. Loper lay dead. Her ambition was gratified. She was one of the fashionable set in Pottstown.-Congregationalist.

Queer Freak of a Gobbler.

Mr. James Grier, who lives about five miles east of Dawson, has a turkey gobbler that is a curiosity, says the Columbus (O.) Enquirer-Sun. Mr. Grier's turkeys consisted of two hens and the gobbler. The hens made nests about seventy-five yards apart in Mr. Grier's melon patch, laid their nests full of eggs and went to setting. The gobthe proper thing for him to do was to set also. He got an equal distance between the two turkey bens, squatted over a guinea watermelon and set six weeks before he was discovered. Mr. Grier thought his gobbler had been stolen and was utterly astonished when he found him in the patch trying to hatch gat young melons.

At a Pizen Creek Party. Mrs. De Grizzler-You seem rather

folgety this evening, Colonel Whipsaw. Colonel Whipsaw-Yes. just a little. "Is there any thing I can do for you?" "None. You see I've given Bill Roper. over there, all the chance and induce ment to elope with my gal Cycloney that a feller could want, and now if he don't improve this occasion to skip with her he'll be corry."-Texas fiftings.

FURTUNES IN FINGERS.

London Pickpockets Who Could Give Old Fagin Lessons.

in the World-Story of a Ring-Experience of a Scotland-Yard Detective.

and its environs, warned Americans just enough money to last me through

the jaunt In my half-nimless saunterings one morning I turned in the Strand, already bristling with its peculiar life, and had not proceeded far when some one tappe I me on the shoulder. Having no part cular acquaintance in London at that time, I turned quickly and saw a welf-dressed man step back like a

person embarrassed. "Aw, I beg your pardon, sir," said he, politely: "I thought I was tapping the shoulder of a friend; would not have stopped you for the world," and before I could te'l him no harm had been done he was off an't out of sigh

I thought no more of the interruption until, seeing a book which I desired to purchase, I reached for my purse, but it was gone. In a flash the shoulder tapping incident came back with strange distinctness, and I had to laugh at the adroitness of the theft, for I knew I had been robbed while the strange man was apologizing for the apparent blunder. I had not lost much money, owing to the carefulness referred to, but the purse contained a keepsake in the shape of a plain gold ring suitably inscribed. That was worth more to me than the contents of the purse, and, upon telling the bookseller of my loss, he advised me to report it at Scotland Yards, the head-

quarters of the metropolitan police. I had little hope of ever again seeing the ring, for I could give nothing but a vague description of the person who had stopped me, but I resolved to take my complaint to the authorities, as much to get into Scotland Yard, which is world famous, as anything else. Quitting the book-stall, I made my way to the place from which the shrewd detectives of London sally forth to hunt down the evil doers, and in a short time was stating my loss to a little man in uniform, who listened intently, but with a lurking smile in his blue eyes.

When he heard me through, he said that in all probability the keepsake and I had parted company forever; but of "Bleak House." He seemed to have foretinger while he listened, and from the first he impressed me as a goodto deal with the roughs and toughs of

The sergeant and I adjourned to the found that he improved on acquain-

"We have 100,000 thieves in London," gers of our genteel Fagins are very light and shapely. I was robbed once myself, and that while conducting the thief to the station for picking a lady's pocket. I did not know my watch was gone till we came to search the scamp. Your ring, ah, yes," and here Sergt. Donny tore a blank leaf from his mem-

"I think we had best advertise for it," he continued. I was surprised.

chubby little hand running back and forth over the sheet, and when he stopped he read the following adver-

tisement:

Some of the light-fingered gentry are very tender-hearted," said Sergt. Donny when he had read the advertisement, which seemed to delight him. "In a case of this kind we have no accurate description of the thief; therefore, we have to resort to stratagem. Your advertisement will appear in the Times to-morrow, and then we shall wait for results. Meantime, we have nothing to do, and I am prepared to tell you something about the thieves of this great city, seeing as how I have

I was more than pleased that the inspector had turned me over to so clever | miles, making it about equal to Erie in a subordinate, and intimated pretty strongly that I was eager to listen to anything Mr. Donny had to say.

chances are that you would not have been 'touched' on the Strand to-day. August and September are the safest

"A large per cent, of foreign pickpockets have been trained in London We have thief training schools here, lots of them. Precocious boys, who

They Are Said to Be the Cleverest Thieves

While contemplating a trip to Europe few years ago, I purchased several well-advertised guide books, one of which, dealing chiefly with London against the light fingered portion of its population. Therefore when I went abroad I did so with my eyes open, as I thought, but I was soon to discover by actual experience that a stranger in the great metropolis needs very keen optics to escape the wiles of its Fagins. Having but a moderate purse at my command I took cheap lodgings in Charter House square, and when out sightseeing was careful to take along

gerous quarter and nabbed little 'Billy' before he was aware of my presence. said the American. 'He had nothing to do with the theft. Why, sir, he couldn't take anything. an amused smile, at the same time stealing a look at Billy. had committed the robbery, went up to the gentleman and thanked him profusely for his kindness, after which he Half a square from the scene of the encounter I turned suddenly and asked the professor the time of day. He reached for his watch, but, to his surprise, it was gone, whereupon he looked at me thunderstruck. He was inclined to get angry, saving that he had been plundered while under the escort of a London policeman. The following mo-

calling to his side a man whom he introduced as Sergt. Donny, he went over the story, and then turned me over to the sergeant. Sergt. Donny reminded me of Mr. Inspector Bucket. a queer way of conferring with his fat natured man, too much so, I thought, to be a member of the police force, having

nearest little coffee-house where I said he. "Now, your purse has fallen into the hands of one of them; but which one? The man who tapped you on the shoulder did not do the robbing: he merely secured your attention while his confederate relieved you. You feit nothing in your pocket? No? The fin-

and when, yet that day, I had the satisfaction of restoring his purse, which had been brought in and surrendered by the boy, his wonder knew no bounds. I dare say that your countryman did not venture into the thieves' quarter again without a different opinion of the shrewdness of the gamins who jostle one on every corner there.' The day after my adventure on the Strand my advertisement, as drawn upby Sergt. Denny, appeared in the limes, and several days passed without any results. I was beginning to have a poor opinion of the tender hearts of London's Fagins, when one after-

"You wonder, I see," smiled the sergeant. "Some of our thieves are very sympathetic, and there is one chance in thousand that your purse may have fallen into the hands of a fellow of this

description. We will try first with omething like this:" He wrote rapidly for a minute, his

"Lost-Ring-If the person who found a plain gold ring, inscribed From S. P. to J. C., '62,' will return it to No. - Charterhouse square, he will receive one guinea reward and no questions will be asked. The ring was lost on the Strand and is valued as a memento, being a gift from a dear friend who is dead."

been dealing with them these twelve

"This is June," began he. "If you had come over two months later the

called, has a depth in its southern basin months to walk in or mix with the of over 3,000 feet, Lake Maggiore is crowds on the streets of London. Dur-3,000 feet deep. Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet, and Legodi Garda, another Italian ing these months our pickpockets are lake, has a depth in certain place of at the seaside, working the crowds of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 fashionables who flock thither, or have feet deep and Huron and Michigan gone to the foreign race courses. Thoureach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet. sands of them go to Paris, and huntreds to other places, and we are not so busy with them at home. Yes, sir, we have one hundred thousand of this "I'd die for you, my loved one!" exevil class in London, more thieves claimed the passionate lover. than you have honest people in some "That's all right," replied the matof your pretty American cities. It is ter-of-fact girl; "but will you eat the to our shame, of course, but how are | biscuit I make?"-Judge. we to help it?

CLEAR SHINING AFTER

Thro' cloudy rafts of amethyst The s tring sunlight softy the libs. And wraps the world in amber mist. A new, fresh world it seems to night, Untouch a to any thought of wee; I stand afone, and from my height

Watch the rich colorings come and go, On windows touched to rulify glow, On nearer stroum, that guistous bright

Along its winding, shadow'd flow. One hour age a wild storm at apt These helis and valleys; ands, in rath

The world was bowed-the hinvens wep! that now what changes' the golden mist Creeps over hid and say upain;

Catch God's "clear shiring after rain." So sends He storm to every heart: No perfect pase but can a through pain; We can but calluly have our part. -Grace Adelo Pearce, in Woman's Journal

MY DISOBEDIENCE.

The Terrible Price of an Afternoon's Pleasure.

I was always afraid of father, but with poor little mother it was another thing. Father was hard and stern with us children, and when he told me to do anything I just stepped: but she was too gentle and loving to say a harsh word, and I often took advartage of that fact in father's absence. Toward him I felt little emotion except that of fear, while I loved mother with all the strength of my passionate nature; yet her I often disobeyed; him,

How well I remember my last and greatest disobedience and the bitter lesson that I received in consequence. I was about fourteen at the time, and we were living on a farm some distance out of the village where my father was an overseer in the mill. Bad buck had followed him for some time and he was quite beavily in debt. My three older sisters had one by one ground when uninsured, and in the elfort to save some of the furnitues father was badly injured and had to stop work for some time. So when the new house was built and furnished he had to run behind a good deal, and we had to practice the strictest economy

gain, and my long semmer vacation ad begun, when yet another misortune came to us, though I was too coung and thoughtless to realize much about it. Mother began to show signs of the same fatal disease that had laimed my three sisters, and her trength failed quite rapidly However, she would not allow father

or the time being without one if the washing could be put out and I would stay at home and help. That is how my life's sorrow found me Although, as I have said. I loved my nother passionately. I was not always as good to her as I should have been. I was full of life and spirits and did not realize her condition, and the confinenent at home was often very irksome o me. So I began to slip away with the boys and leave her alone, for hours

and that she loved me too well to tell him of my neglect and so bring down apon me a well-merited punishment. Mother still kept about the house and looked after her work, and I never realized until afterward how hard it was for her. She grew paler and thinner day by day, and the brilliant red that glowed fitfully in her cheeks and made her look so lovely would have told a more experienced eye than mine that the gentle, loving woman was fast going where sickness and sorros are unknown. As for me, I cemainolind to it all, and often grumbled at

asked me to do. Naturally enough, I grew more wild and rebellious with every indulgs. and my neglect daily became more np-

parent. But the end was near. The Champions, a boys' baseball slub of which I was the catcher, had arranged to play a match game with the Victors, a team from a neighboring and rival village, one Wednesday afternoon. Of course it was all we boys could talk about for a week before the event took place, but at last the day actually arived. The game was to begin at halfpast one, and I would have to start as

soon as possible after dinner in order to get there in season. I did not dare mention the match to father, for I knew he would surely forbid my attending it. My rival, Billy Atwood, would be only too glad to eatch, and if he did I might lose my position in the nine and that I could not bear to think of. No; I must be

what they would. Father came home to his dinner, and it was nearly one o'clock that day before he started back to his work. Mother had been feebler than ever all the morning, but I never noticed anything about that. The coming ball game filled my head so full that there

started to slip out the back door, but quiet as I was about it my mother noticed me. "Won't you get me some fresh water, Henry?" she said, in a low, gentle

very thirsty. With a frown on my face I caught the pail angrily up and went hastily out into the yard. It was only a minute's work to fill the bucket at the pump and I was soon back again.

mother, as I came in with my pail "The well water is so hard I canno drink it. Please get some; it won' take you very long." Now the spring where we got mosof our drinking water was nearly quarter of a mile across the fields and it-was already a quarter past one. In my mind's eye I saw the game already begnu, myself absent, and Billy behind

"Oh, that water is good enough and I'm in a hurry. Don't be so fussy," I

water and it makes me feel unwell too. Your father wants you to stay and help me, you know. Can't you do that much for your poor, sick mother,

Oh, yes: I suppose I can. You arbound a fellow sha'n't have any funthough, and always contrive some way to stop it. Give us the old pail," I burst out in a rage as I caught it up and

started for the door again. My mother never said a word in reply to my disrespectful and brutal speech, but she gave me such a reproachful look from her unnaturally large and brilliant eyes that I felt a strong impulse to turn back and ask her pardon then and there if I had to lose the ball game in consequence. I noticed, too, how pale and slight she was growing,

and I saw her tremble as she stood beside the table watching me out. But I drove away my good angel and went out with the water pail, banging the door after me. I started slowly off toward the spring without a single look behind me, though I well knew the tender glance of those lovely, reproachful eves was following me as I went."

But the tempter is always near to a wavering mind. The thought of avhat was losing came back with redoubled force as I neared the spring, and my ndignation toward the poor mother who had unknowingly kept me at home nerensed in the same proportion. "You can go and play ball and then come back and get the water as soon a-

the game is over," he whispered That will do just as well. She won tell your father and he will never find In a moment the pail was hidden in the ferns beside the spring and I was off across the fields as hard as I coulcan. Ten minutes later I reached the all ground, hot and breathless, to find was just in time to prevent the gam-

om beginning without me, and with Billy Atwood for eateher. The match was long and close, but it ended at last. I caught a magnificent game and was so excited that I never once thought of the poor sick mothat home with nothing to quench be thirst but the nauscons well water dur-

getful of my disobedience, and burst

noisily into the house, crying out: "Mother, mother, we best 'em! we beat 'em! The Victors are victors no longer, and everybody says I caught a plendid game." But there was no answer. The

kitchen was silent and forsaken, so wa the sitting-room. Where could the little mother has I soon ascertained that she was not about the house, and thought, with a sinking heart, that perhaps she had gone for the water h --- !! membered my disobedience taca, and

bitterly did I regret it.

I fairly flow d wa the path to the spring, and as I nonred it I saw a mothank on fi care lying beside the wall, it the full clare of the bluzing sun. I was mother. In an instant I was leverling at he me and pleading for formiveness. ome that she remained auroassion of my tears and prayers, then the love

, languid eyes slowly opened, an he gazed up into my face with th same loving, represental look finger ing in their douths "Forgive me, mother; only this time and I will never do so again! I sobbed She tried to an wer me, a shudder shook her slight frame, and then the blood burst through her drawn lips i a bright scarlet stream. Another shud der throbbed through her emiciated

beautiful eyes half closed With a wild cry I field from the spot and rushed to the nearest neighbor's or help. It was only a few minutes till I was back again with four mount men, but to me it seemed an oge-My mother's fragile form was placed on an improvised stretcher, and tenderly borne back to the house of which she had always been the light and the unedian angel; while my father an a obysician were hastily summoned

Both came immediately, but they were

too late. She was gone.

form, then her head dropped and the

Yes; my mother's pure, loving, plameless life was over. That walk to the spring in the hot sun, together with the effort she made in climbing over the wall, had been too much for her remaining strength. My cruel, wicked disobestionee had killed her. I wai ed for hours with traatic grief and repentance when they told me the bitter truth, but it came too late

Never upon earth might I atone for up

eruel neglect, for those beautiful ey-

were closed forever. I had refused her

last request, and her last look had been one of sad and tender reprouch. No wonder I felt like a murderer. Years have passed since that terrible afternoon, yet the last look I saw i. my mother's eyes haunts me to-day. 1 always will. I can never forget the my unfillal conduct embittered til last moments of an idolized parent, an that when my own time shall come last, and I enter the city not ma with hands, I shall be confronted the damning record of my sinful way wardness. God grant that when meet my mother's ransomed spirit, be youd the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, I may not see the reproach ful look I remember so well sa shining in the beauteous eyes!-O. L.

Young, in Goodall's Sun. Cappourd Love. An Englishman who once traveled

on foot through Norway says that be

was much attracted by the tameness of the horses and cows which he saw feedinc along the roadside. It indicated a kindly disposition on the part of the people, he thought; but he adds: In my original notes I find a long paragraph overflowing with sentimental tenderness relative to these affectionale cows, that followed and overwhelmed me with their loving licks; but I do not transcribe it, as upon further reflection it is evident that the lieking was mere emploard love. All cattle in inland, and especially in mountainous districts, have a strong craving for salt, and these cows were merely lieking the deposits from the sea suray that had fallen on my clothes during the recent voyage. This discovery was mortifying to my feelings. Man wishes to be loved for himself alone, and the spontaneous manifestations of those pastoral, unsophisticated cows seemed to respond to the heart's fond yearnings. But, alus' even the cows of Surrendal were licking me for the salt I

flushed with triumph and entirely for-

Father had gone back into the mill

to hire a girl as long as we were in lebt and she could keen about, and ather at last consented to get along

at a time, knowing my father would not be home from the mili till night,

the little things that she occasionally

there and catch, be the consequences

was room for nothing else. As soon as father was out of sight 1

voice. "That in the bucket is stale, and it is so warm this afternoon. I am

sancily answered. "But, Henry, I don't like the well

"Why didn't you get me some nice, cool spring water, dear?" said my the bat. Such thoughts were unendurcarried. - Youth's companion.