

RIBAUB, THE MISER.

For five years up to the 29th day of December, 1874, James Ribaud lived in a little roadside cottage with a stone's throw of a post-house on the highway leading from the village of Rainey to Paris. He was a little hunchback old man and a miser. Report had it his boardings were nearly a million francs. He had lived alone, but once his house was entered by robbers and himself so terribly beaten that his life for a time was despaired of. The robbers got nothing for their pains. He then resolved to live no longer alone.

He engaged a young and sharp-eyed girl from Rainey as a house servant. Unknown to him the girl, Fanchette, had a lover—Adolphe, a student—whom once a week she was in the habit of slyly meeting at the post-house. Once a month she had a holiday and passed it with her lover at Rainey. Ribaud, so the neighbors said, had once been a rag picker in Paris. On the morning of December 29 Fanchette had her usual holiday and went to Rainey, returning to her miser master's house at nightfall.

During the night two of the hostlers of the post-house, who by the light of a lantern were playing cards in one of the stables, heard a wild cry of agony, as of one in mortal terror. It seemed to proceed from the direction of Ribaud's cottage. They laid down their cards and listened, then went outside. All was dark at the cottage; not another sound did they hear. They returned to their game of cards. In the morning they informed the landlord of what they had heard.

Stupids! why did you not go to the cottage? Now you go there and see if all is right.

The hostlers obeyed, and reaching the cottage, to their surprise found no one stirring. The miser was always an early riser. They knocked and called louder, but no answer came. They tried the door. It was unlocked. In the front room they beheld a horrible spectacle. They saw Ribaud lying in the middle of the floor, his throat cut and his head beaten as if with a heavy bludgeon. Blood was scattered and clotted on the floor, on the walls, on the bed. In the rear room they heard a woman's voice faintly crying, as if smothered: "Help! Help! There they saw Fanchette, gagged and bound, hand and foot, face downward.

The two men ran out and gave the alarm. The girl Fanchette was released, and when sufficiently recovered, told her story. It was brief. She did not see the old man murdered. She only knew that just as she was preparing to undress—the miser allowed her no light—a heavy hand was clasped over her mouth; she was then thrown violently backward. She fainted and knew no more. When she came to consciousness an hour later she was helpless; all was silent as a tomb. She knew nothing about his hidden hoards. The cottage was searched, but no valuables were discovered. The police were at fault; they could only vaguely surmise. The miser was buried, the cottage razed to the ground, and Fanchette returned to Rainey.

On January 2 the account of the murder was published in the Paris papers. On the third a shabby old man came to the perfect of the Seine.

Monsieur, he said, I am a rag-picker. I knew this poor Ribaud, the miser. We worked together until he left Paris.

But what has that to do with the murder? Why come to me?

Because Monsieur, I may aid in the finding his murderers: You see, he had one treasure of which only he and myself knew. You remember that ten years ago a jeweler of the Rue Biron lost and set the police in search of two magnificent diamonds, the largest ever seen in Paris, except those in the emperor's possession. They were intended for the Duc d'Aumale.

Well, ragman?

They were never found, for Ribaud had them safely hidden. He had them in his cottage.

Nonsense! The diamonds were lost, not stolen.

Not stolen? That depends. I know Ribaud had them. Monsieur, you will see me again. The person

who now has the diamonds is the murderer of Ribaud and knew where to find them.

The rag picker left the office, but at the corner of the street he was arrested by an officer of the prefect.

This fellow knows more than he will disclose. I'll keep him a while in secret.

During the following month of February Paris had a sensation in the appearance of a washing couple. The Count and Countess De Trouville, as they reported had just returned from a continental tour; on their way to their chateau near Malines. They hired magnificent apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain, and astonished even the ancient noblesse with the extravagance of their style. At the opera, the theaters, on the boulevards, among the shop-keepers and tradesmen they became notorious. Evidently the count's wealth was inexhaustible. In their apartments they held at times high revel, and the count and the friends he had made had the wildest orgies. The police kept a wary eye upon them, for they could gather no information as to where the count obtained his funds.

July came, with the heat. Meanwhile the rag-picker was released, but still kept in surveillance. Jacquard, one of the keenest of Parisian detectives, was sent to Rainey by the prefect to endeavor to find a clue to the murderer of Ribaud, the miser. The girl, Fanchette, had disappeared. Her lover, the student, it was said, had gone off with her. She asserted that she had received a large legacy from an aunt in Normandy. The detective returned to Paris with only a minute description of Fanchette and her lover. One day he saw the Count and Countess De Trouville on the boulevard in an open carriage. To the prefect he said:

The student lover Adolphe and Fanchette, the servant of the miser, are in Paris. They are now called the Count and Countess De Trouville.

Suppose they are. That does not connect them with the murder of Ribaud.

Monsieur, you do not forget the rag-picker's story of the lost diamonds?

Well? Yesterday one of them was offered in pawn at Monte de Piete by a man evidently disguised as to hair and beard and wearing shabby clothes. Noting a look of suspicion from the bank official, and being asked as to where he got it, he fled away, leaving the jewel behind him. That was one of the lost solitaires of the Duc d'Aumale. The official's description of the man leads me to believe it was the count.

Then he is not likely to return for it.

Within ten days I will satisfy myself. If it was he, then he has the other solitaire, and we have a clue to the murderers.

The detective went to work hope fully. Dressed with faultless elegance he looked every inch the Parisian swell. In two days he made the acquaintance of the Count. On the third he contrived to obtain an invitation to his apartments. The Count received him in what he called his "den" a small room elegantly furnished save in one respect. The open grate, half filled with cinders and half burned coals, was unscrubbed with the usual cover.

Ah, everybody notices that grate. It is my fancy to have it exposed. It is a contrast which to my eye makes the surroundings appear all the richer. I do not permit the servants to disturb it. Besides you see it is a handy receptacle for cigar ends and paper scraps.

Wine was ordered. The count was delighted with his new friend. Adroitly the detective turned the conversation upon diamonds and casually mentioned the incident of the Duc d'Aumale's solitaires keeping his keen gaze upon the count's face.

Instinctively the count's eyes turned toward the grate. The detective poured out a glass of wine, the count did the same.

By the way those diamonds must have been very large—too large for ordinary use. One of them—let me see must have been (here the detective glanced at the coals in the grate) as large as—this piece of half burned coal, and reaching down to the grate he laughingly took up a

large ashen lump in his fingers.

Like a madman the count sprang to grasp the piece from the detective's hand and his face became almost livid. No, no! throw it back. It—it will soil!"

I beg your pardon, monsieur, said the detective, coolly, but really this is the lightest piece of coal for its size. Why, it is as light as wood. What is the matter count? Are you ill?

The count sat glaring, trembling. The detective saw that the bit of coal was somehow leading him to the end of the trail, to the diamond and the man. He examined the lump carefully, but only for a moment. Then he quietly placed it in his pocket.

I will keep this, count, as a souvenir of my visit. An odd souvenir, is it not?

With one bound the Count de Trouville sprang between his visitor and the door and quietly drew a revolver.

Monsieur, your words are an insult. Either toss that bit of coal back into the grate or I will make you.

The detective took out the lump. Suddenly dropping it upon the carpet, he placed his heel heavily upon it. It cracked apart beneath the pressure like the wood, and there, as he stepped back, lay the other lost diamond.

You may keep the coal, I will take the diamond and you.

Before the count could comprehend the movement the detective, by an adroit trick peculiar to his profession sprang upon him, dashed the pistol from his hand and held him at his mercy.

You are my prisoner, Adolphe, alias the Count de Trouville, as Fanchette will be within an hour. I arrest you as the murderer of Ribaud, the miser of Rainey, and she as your accomplice.

An hour later the woman Fanchette resplendent in silks returned from her drive, was put under arrest and with her companion was sent on her way to prison.

That night she sent for the prefect and with tears and lamentations confessed her guilt as an accomplice to the murder of her old master, Ribaud, the miser. Briefly, her story was this:

While in his service she one day came upon him unawares, and unseen by him, saw him remove a brick from the jam of the fire-place in his room and take out two large diamonds, and after examining them replaced them in their concealment.

After this she was stimulated to watch him closer, and she at last found where he had hidden his money—under a water barrel in the cellar. Three hundred thousand francs in cash; besides in the oak chest were 100,000 francs in notes. All this he had amassed while in Paris a rag-picker, and by the purchase of a lucky ticket in the lottery.

She told her lover all. He was poor, unscrupulous. He proposed to murder him and make away with the body. She was to admit him, and the horrible work being done and the robbery accomplished, he was to gag and bind her, and leave her there to ward off suspicion. All worked well. As the Count and Countess De Trouville they came to Paris. The cry the hostler heard while playing cards was the death shriek of the miser.

The weapons used were a budgeon and a bread-knife. It was the count who tried to pawn the diamond at the Monte de Piete. Fearing that—being tracked by the bank officials and the house searched—the remaining diamond would be found he devised the idea of concealing it in a bit of wood, over which, with a coating of glue, he sprinkled coal dust ashes, and placed it carefully in the open grate, keeping always the door of the room locked.

Adolphe was hanged and Fanchette was sent to a penal settlement for life. To Jacquard the Duc d'Aumale made a generous reward. On the morning following Fanchette's confession the rag-picker came to the prefect.

You see, Monsieur was true. The diamonds and the murderer were together, eh?

How came Ribaud to have them? Ah! he found them in the case as they were dropped by the ass of a jeweler bringing them from the Duc d'Aumale in his carriage. Ribaud saw them drop; he threw his rag-bag

over them until the jeweler entered his shop and then made way with the prize. That's all.

SEMIRAMIS.

The history of this woman is involved in such obscurity that it is difficult to separate the true from the false among the many wonderful deeds attributed to her. But, although many of the details of her story may be fabulous, it still contains some unquestionable facts. There is a mystery surrounding both the time and the circumstances of her birth, but the former is generally allowed to have been about 1215 B. C. She is known first as the wife of a general in the Assyrian army, named Omnes, and, while visiting her husband in his tent, attracted the notice of the king, Ninus. The king immediately fell a prey to her beauty, and determined to have Semiramis for his own. He offered Omnes another wife in place of Semiramis, and, upon his refusal to give her up, the king had him secretly murdered.

After her husband's death, Semiramis married Ninus, and became, indeed as well as in name, the Queen of Assyria. She completely ruled her husband, and he readily granted her request that she might be allowed to rule the kingdom absolutely for twelve hours. The first use she made of her brief authority was to cause the king to be strangled, and at once proclaimed herself his successor. And now life began in earnest for Queen Semiramis. Mistress of herself and sovereign of one of the most extensive of the ancient dynasties, her ambitious spirit had full scope. Not content with her dominions, she put herself at the head of her armies and invaded the neighboring countries of Persia and Ethiopia, of which she conquered many portions. She gratified her passion for adorning and improving her dominions to an astonishing extent. Her greatest achievement was the founding of the magnificent city of Babylon, of which even the ruins have executed universal wonder. It was built in an immense plain on either side of the river Euphrates, and the workmen numbered two millions. The walls of the city were in the form of a square, with twenty-five gates of solid brass on each side, and streets running in parallel directions from side to side. The river was crossed by a bridge connecting two superb palaces, to one of which belonged the celebrated hanging gardens, one of the wonders of the world. These gardens were built in terraces, one above the other; supported by immense stone arches and filled with trees and plants from all the known portions of the world. The city of Babylon was the richest and most beautiful of its age, and Semiramis must have been a queen worthy to rule such a city. Her unconquerable ambition led her to attack India, where she was defeated with the loss of the greater part of her army. Her mortification at this defeat caused her to yield the sovereignty of the kingdom to her son Ninyas, when she was about sixty-four years old. Her death occurred soon afterwards.

The fund for the widows and orphans of the policemen who were killed during the Chicago riots is to be distributed on the basis of a payment of \$1000 to each widow and \$200 to each orphan under 16 years of age.

The Naval Department of Japan proposes that the standing fleet consist henceforth of fifty war ships and several cruisers, involving the expenditure, including the cost of torpedo apparatus, armament, etc., of about \$30,000,000.

A pair of elephant tusks measuring 7 feet 8 inches, were exhibited to a reporter recently. They weighed respectively 139 and 131 pounds, and were valued at \$1000. The same dealer had a pair measuring eleven inches.

Gathering potato bugs is quite a lucrative business in parts of Virginia, and as high as \$2 a day is earned by some of the women engaged in it. Compensation is at the rate of five cents per "yeast powder" canful of the insects.

A citizen of New York, whose house was robbed went to report his loss at a police station, but says that when he had made known his errand the sergeant in charge answered, "Oh, go hang yourself." He sensibly wrote to the newspapers of his treatment instead.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL (Absolutely Pure).....
GRANT'S (Alum Powder)*.....
BUNFORD'S (Phosphate) fresh.....
HANFORD'S, when fresh.....
REDHEAD'S.....
CHAM (Alum Powder)*.....
AMAZON (Alum Powder)*.....
CLEVELAND'S.....
PIONEER (San Francisco).....
CZAR.....
DR. PRICE.....
SNOW FLAKE (Groff's, St. Paul).....
LEWIS'.....
CONGRESS.....
HECKER'S.....
GILLET'S.....
HANFORD'S, when not fresh.....
ANDREWS & CO. (contains alum) (Milwaukee).....
BULK (Powder sold loose).....
BUNFORD'S, when not fresh.....

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances." E. G. LOVE, Ph.D.

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure." H. A. MOTT, Ph.D.

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance." HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology.

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome." S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass.

"June 23, 1882.—We have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by ourselves in the open market here, and in the original package. We find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients." JOAN H. WRIGHT, M.D., and ALBERT MERRILL, M.D., Analytical Chemists, St. Louis.

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1874; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Scheller. A one pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Scheller only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

Englishmen's Food.

In the English restaurants and at English tables generally, one is particularly struck with the absence of any great variety of vegetables. There are plenty of meats, fowls, game, fish, and all the rest of the solids, but of vegetables there is a poverty. Potatoes, French beans, French peas, cauliflower, cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, and a thing they call vegetable marrow, about fill out the list. The peas are those little, flavorless things we get in tins in America, the cucumbers are long, thin affairs, sometimes growing to a yard in length, the lettuce is about the sweetest and best thing of its kind in the whole world. Then there is that vegetable marrow! Yes, it is there. And there it ought to stay. It tastes about like what an over-ripe cucumber should taste, having been previously boiled, so that it might be served hot. It is insipid and watery, and soft, and it "squashes" in the mouth. American peas, beans, cucumbers, radishes and potatoes are much better and larger and more richly flavored than are the same articles over here. It is all in the climate, I suppose. Beans peas and those things come mainly from France. Even the bulk of the strawberries, and at least three quarters of the asparagus, consumed in England are grown in the hottest countries. Corn is unknown. Ask for that succulent vegetable and the waiter will stare at you in helpless amazement. Insist on having it, and he will probably bring you some wheat on a plate. Wheat is called corn in England, and corn is called maize. That, perhaps, is why the waiter looks amazed when you ask for corn.

The potatoes over here are generally little things that look like English walnuts. The Irish potato, as seen in Ireland, is a miserable dwarf, and its English cousin is a little or no better. Sweet potatoes they have none. Turnips, parsnips, squash, carrots and the like seldom reach the table. I believe they grow in England, but they don't seem to be much in demand. Tomatoes grow in hot houses, and are costly. They are not particularly liked, either. Peaches, too, are either grown on vines inside the roofs of hot houses or are trained up a south wall. An ordinary American peach tree would have no show in the world in such an atmosphere as this. Peaches are, of course, very great luxuries. They cost at least a shilling apiece if they are of any size, and they are eaten after an elaborate degree of preparation that makes them seem doubly valuable. Melons are

honest, unless they be especially imported from France, and even those do not bear any comparison to our own full flavored, juicy canteloupes. The water-melon is entirely unknown. But there are such delicacies as green walnuts and almonds and green figs within reach of easy importation, and they make up for a good deal in the way of shortage elsewhere.

The Corn Miller calls attention to the fact that where two varieties of corn—dent and flint—were grown on the same farm, care was taken at the husking to determine the relative proportion of corn when in the ear and when shelled. The result showed that the dent variety gave eighty bushels of shelled corn per acre and the flint sixty bushels, but when they were dried and weighed for market it was found that the yield of flint exceeded that of dent.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company uses 6000 tons of coal a day on its various lines, and is the largest consumer of soft coal in the country. It is now experimenting with natural gas as a fuel for its engines, and proposes, if the plan should prove to be feasible, to use gas on all the engines running into Pittsburgh.

—The public revenue of all Australasia amounted in 1884 to £22,285,000, and the public expenditure £20,659,000. The public debt at that time was £97,944,000, the value of imports £64,353,000, and of exports £44,336,000. In the same year shipping representing 10,886,000 tons entered and cleared out of the various ports, irrespective of mere coasting-trade.

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SALESMEN WANTED to canvass for the sale of Chase Bros.' (Book in this paper.)

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Henry Dupp, late of Howard township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate will please make payment thereof, and those having claims against the said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement. GEORGE D. JOHNSON, Executor.